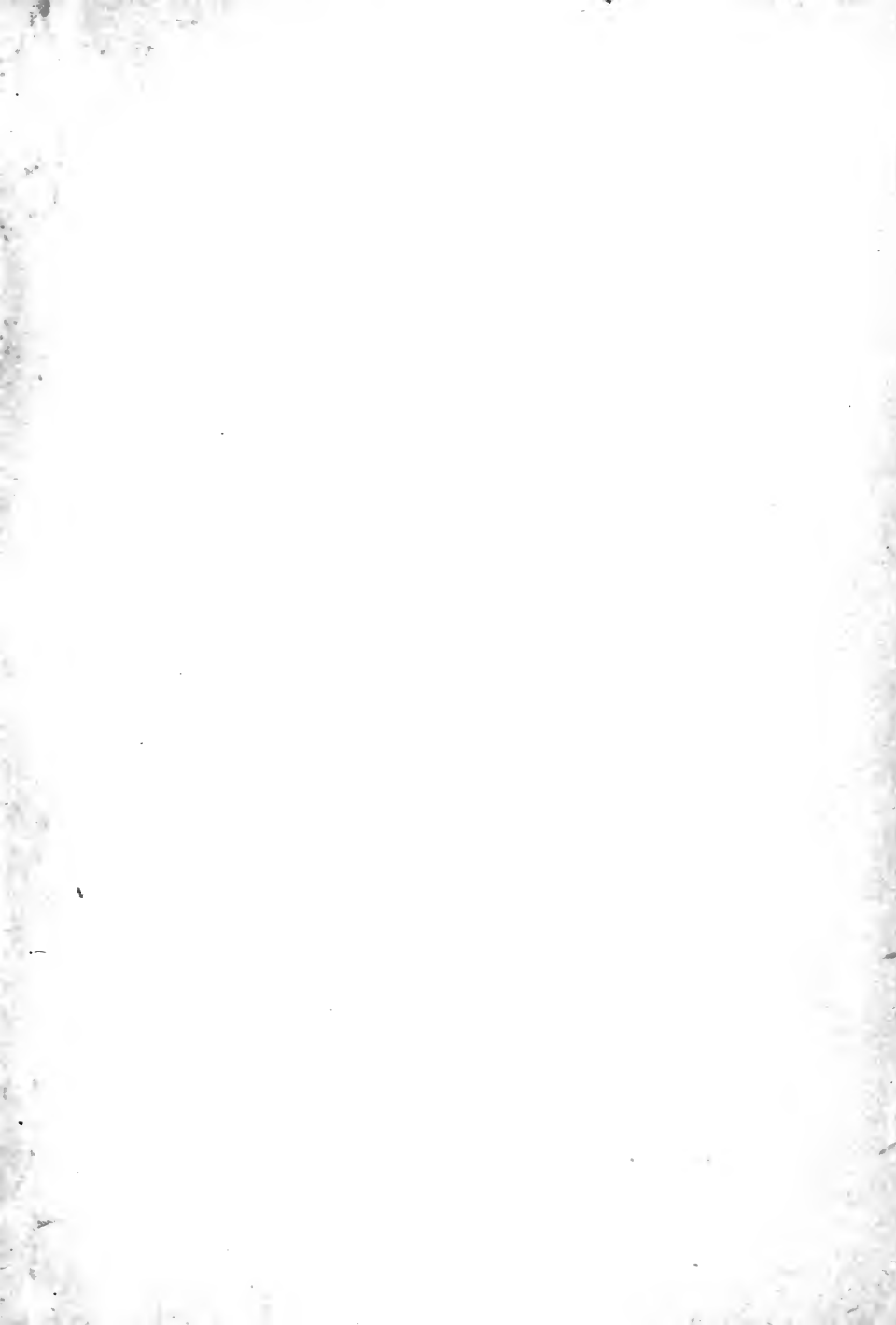


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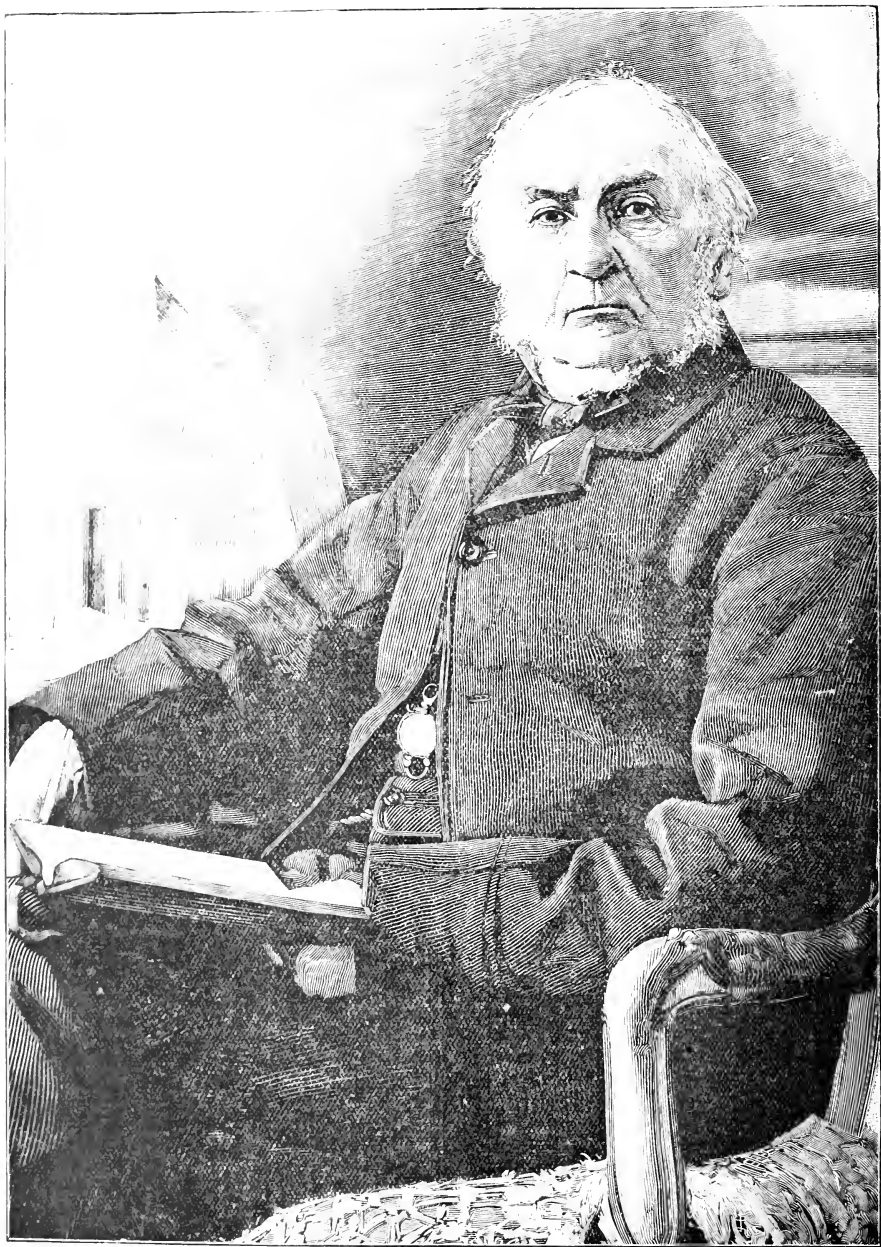






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MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY.

THE YOUNG MAN.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine.

Conducted by FREDERICK A. ATKINS,

Founder and Editor of "The Young Woman," "The Home Messenger," etc.

Author of "Aspiration and Achievement: A Young Man's Message to Young Men,"

"Moral Murder: A Book for Young Men," "First Battles, and How to Fight Them," etc. &c.

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THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

REMINISCENCES OF MR. GLADSTONE.

BY THE REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

It is not easy for anyone who has known Mr. Gladstone, and has learned by observation of his public life, or still better, by personal intercourse with him, to understand and admire his character

and work, to write of him in moderate terms. It is becoming more apparent since his retirement from public life how high was the estimate formed of him even by political opponents. According to the evil habit of our party strifes, it was thought becoming, so long as he was a leader,

that they had everything on the highest authority, to find now that the charges which they were so eager to collect and propagate had only been made in a Pickwickian sense, and that the politicians who made them would have been shocked at the idea that they could be taken by anyone as literally true. It is an unhappy feature in our public life that this kind of attack should be possible. In the meantime, however, it intensifies the passionate attachment of loyal followers to a great leader whose

worth they in some measure appreciate. Assuredly, the virulence of the attacks to which Mr. Gladstone has been so long exposed has reacted in the case of his friends, and a sentiment of chivalry may have

helped to colour their estimate of one whose true character seemed to be so little understood by others.

Some of the reasons for the passionate feeling, approaching to personal hate, with which Mr. Gladstone



"VERY GOOD!"

[Drawn by F. C. GOULD.]

to speak all manner of evil against him—whether falsely or not did not seem to be a point of any great importance. There were numbers ready to believe anything or everything against a statesman hated because he was feared, and feared because he was at once so able and so high-minded. He is happily still with us, but already we have some indication as to what the judgment of posterity will be upon him. It must have come as a surprise upon the *ignobile vulgus* of traducers who had gone up and down spreading their ridiculous and malignant slanders about him, and assuring their credulous listeners



"WHAT'S THAT?"

[Drawn by F. C. GOULD.]



ONE OF THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF MR. GLADSTONE.

[From a Photo by BARRAUDS.]

has been pursued through a large part of his public life may become apparent in the course of this sketch. In general, it may be said that a man who is head and shoulders above his fellows, with whatever grace and meekness he may bear himself, will of necessity provoke some envy, and envy is infinitely skilful in masking its true character. It is certain, too, that a man of strong individuality will kindle strong antipathies as well as ardent attachments. This is pre-eminently true of Mr. Gladstone. He has been the head of a great, for a long period the predominant, party in the State. But he is in no sense the child of that or of any party. In his early days, when he was the young Ascanius of the old Toryism, he was a puzzle to those who were looking to him with fond hope, and the elders often shook their heads in wonder and doubt at the vagaries of their youthful champion. So, also, in the party of his adoption, though he has been faithful to its principles, he has frequently pursued a policy which those nurtured on old Whig traditions have regarded with extreme distrust. All this was inevitable. Men who think and act for

themselves are sure to be sometimes misunderstood by others whose first principle is to stand in the old ways.

Mr. Gladstone's policy has always been unintelligible to those who were so hide-bound by precedent and tradition that any departure from them savoured, in their view, of revolution. To others who really know him, nothing could well be more ridiculous than the association of his name with the idea of revolution. There is not a man in the Cabinet to-day who has less sympathy with ideas and measures which have this brand upon them. He is singularly hospitable to new ideas, ready to open his mind for their consideration, even to afford them kindly entertainment, and to give full weight to all that can be urged on their behalf. But there it ends. There is no disposition towards a too facile acceptance of them; still less is there a forgetfulness of the case on the opposite side. It is true that when fully convinced he shows a resolution and courage in obeying his conviction that is rare among statesmen. Here, as everywhere, he is a distinct and vigorous individuality.

He has been compared with different eminent statesmen, but there is but faint likeness in him to any of them. Between him and his great rival the contrast is perfect; and between him and Earl Russell, his predecessor as Liberal leader, there is little resemblance save in the high moral purpose and sincere attachment to liberty of both. He has always spoken of Sir Robert Peel with the respectful affection which a loyal disciple cherishes to his chief, but the difference in temperament and character between them was very marked. It would be folly to name a dilettantist like Melbourne, or a believer in compromises like Lord Palmerston, in connection with him. The position he occupies among the Queen's prime ministers is absolutely unique, and unique chiefly because of the marked originality of the man himself.

The transcendent ability of Mr. Gladstone will scarcely be questioned except by partisans so utterly blinded by bigotry that they have lost the capacity for seeing the great qualities of opponents. All candid men will admit the marvellous genius of the man, albeit there may be those who would regret that it has not been employed to better purpose. On the last point they will probably be better

judges when the heat of party conflict has passed away, and when experience has shown how great the loss which the country has suffered by his removal from public life. But as to the first point, a man must have sunk to the very depths of political or ecclesiastical prejudice if he is not able to recognise the wonderful combination of gifts in Mr. Gladstone. A visit to one of those delightful breakfasts which at one time he used to give was itself sufficient to show his extraordinary versatility. The memory of such an occasion, indeed, marks one of the red-letter days of life. The guests were scattered over the room, seated at small tables, so as to give greater facilities of intercourse. The genial host and equally charming hostess moved from table to table, so that there should be an impartial distribution of their favours, and everyone should be made to feel at home. In the company there were sure to be men of eminence, whether as theologians or politicians, scientists or travellers, scholars or artists, and nothing was more interesting than to see Mr. Gladstone flitting from one to another, and plunging at once into the special subject of each, which he would discuss with him as though it were also a study in which he was himself an expert. I do not suggest that he was the equal of these experts in their own department. But what I do mean to say is, that whether he

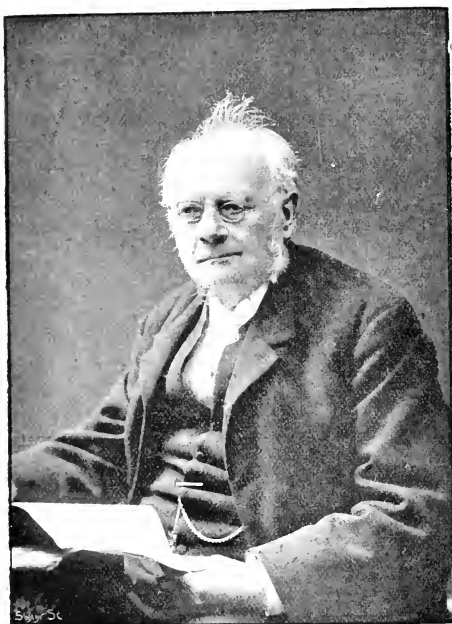
talked about some point of archaeology with an antiquarian, or some recent discovery with a scientist, or some moot point in biblical criticism or theology with a divine, he was always at home, and argued with as much subtlety and intelligence as though he had been expounding some doctrine of political economy, or going through some perplexing figures in a Budget speech. No doubt the experts would remain satisfied with themselves, and probably with the theories he may have questioned, but even they must have been surprised at the extent of his reading, the breadth of his information, the independence of his views, and perhaps more than them all, the extraordinary versatility of his powers.

Hardly less remarkable is the rapidity with which he passes from one subject to another. I remember a very striking illustration, which also, in another respect, throws light on Mr. Gladstone's mental habits. On June 18, 1892, he did me the honour to pay me a visit, and meet a large number of Nonconformist friends. The occasion was one of extreme interest to himself. A day or two before, the great Orange Convention had been held in Belfast, and the address was to be a reply to the challenge which had then been given. He had, in fact, made the meeting the opening of the great campaign of the General Election. His address was



HAWARDEN CASTLE.

[From a Photo by G. W. WILSON & Co.]



THE REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

[From a Photo by E. PANSELL, 49 St. George's Road, Brighton.]

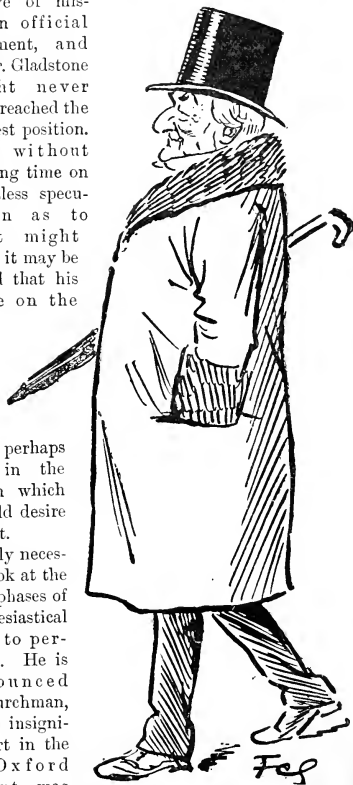
singularly eloquent and exhaustive—as exhaustive of the subject as it must have been of himself. The sight of that noble veteran at eighty-three years of age unfurling his standard and in clear, trumpet-like notes summoning his forces was a spectacle never to be forgotten. When the meeting closed, I was anxious to secure him refreshment and rest, and so got him into my study for a cup of tea. I soon found, however, that he was not too weary for conversation. “Didn’t I see Dr. Reynolds at the meeting?” he asked. “Certainly,” I said. “Would you like to see him?” In compliance with his request, my dear friend Reynolds was brought, and in a few minutes they were in the midst of an interesting theological conversation about a book which one of Dr. Reynolds’ students had published, and in which Mr. Gladstone was deeply interested. It was a striking example of his power to detach himself in a moment even from a subject which seemed to be all-absorbing, and pursue another of an entirely different character.

It showed also his strong tendency towards theological inquiry. It could not be repressed even in presence of the exacting issues of a General Election on which so much depended. Since he retired from office it has become more conspicuous than ever. It has sometimes been said that he ought to have been in the Church, and in that case

would have become Archbishop of Canterbury. That is, to say the least, doubtful. It would be rash, indeed, to assert that the ablest man among the clergy is always selected as Primate. It is easy to see how Mr. Gladstone must have attained to high or rather pre-eminent distinction, but it by no means follows that he would therefore have occupied the chair of Augustine. His independence of spirit, his scorn of mere conventionalism, his lofty conscientiousness, would hardly have helped him into high office. In the State he has been emphatically the elect of the people. In memoirs which have been already published it is clearly shown that aristocrats of both parties regarded him with doubt. But there was an appeal from Tapers and Tadpoles and party managers and party chiefs to the people, and the people instinctively recognised a true and noble leader. In the Church, however, there is no such corrective of mistaken official judgment, and so Mr. Gladstone might never have reached the highest position. But without wasting time on profitless speculation as to what might

have been, it may be safely said that his influence on the Anglican Church would have been very great, and perhaps not all in the direction which some would desire and expect.

It is only necessary to look at the different phases of his ecclesiastical activity to perceive this. He is a pronounced High Churchman, played no insignificant part in the great Oxford Movement, was the friend of Newman and Pusey,



OFF FOR A STROLL.
[By F. C. GOULD.]

and to this day shows a profound deference to Church authority. But at the time of the Ultramontane development and the Vatican decree there was no one who assailed the papal claim to infallibility with more thorough determination and more trenchant vigour. How, while his celebrated pamphlets remain, anyone can suggest that Mr. Gladstone is a Jesuit in disguise puzzles my comprehension. But so it is, and some of those who propagate it take credit for being

believe. The saying had a certain smartness, but in reality it only showed that the speaker had not a standard by which to measure so many-sided an intellect. For so far as moral qualities are concerned, Mr. Gladstone has a remarkable simplicity and singleness of eye. He is utterly incapable of playing a part. With him duplicity is an impossibility.

For beyond everything else he is distinctively a good man. It would be superfluous to speak of



MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY.

[From the Portrait by MR. J. McLURE HAMILTON, now in the Luxembourg Gallery.]

good Christians, nay, eminent saints. They do not seem to realise the gravity of an accusation which means that a man's life has become a lie; still less do they appear to understand that to circulate such a story without a scintilla of evidence in its support is itself a lie of a very dark complexion. It certainly shows their utter ignorance of the man whom they calumniate. For he is singularly transparent in his character. His intellect is subtle and acute. Mr. Forster once said that he had the capacity to persuade himself into anything that he desired to

his loyalty to the Christian faith. That has been abundantly demonstrated by his writings. It is rather of his religious spirit and life that I speak. No one can be with him and converse with him with any degree of freedom without feeling how thoroughly he seeks to live ever "as in the great Taskmaster's eye." There is nothing ostentatious, nothing unctuous, nothing ascetic about his piety, but this very quietness makes it the more impressive. He is one of the most regular and devout of worshippers, but it is in the practical



THE LAUGH THAT GREW.

[By F. C. Gould.]

life of every day that his highest worship is rendered. If I were to single out one virtue by which, more than another, he is distinguished, it is his magnanimity. I have talked somewhat closely with him on political subjects, but I never heard him utter an unkind word of a political opponent. The resentment which some of us have often felt at the ungenerous and truculent, at times almost brutal, attacks directed against him, was not shared by himself. One of the keenest things I ever heard him say was in relation to one who absolutely refused to forgive some political assailants who had been unjust to him. "And yet," said Mr. Gladstone, "I have no doubt that every

day he prays 'Forgive us our trespasses as we also forgive them that trespass against us.'" The remark, which, let me say, had no reference to anyone now living, shows where his own guiding principle was found. It is a great thing to have seen, known, and talked with such a man. He has done a noble work, and yet it is only beginning. He could not live in public without exerting a mighty influence. But it is only when the inner story of his life comes to be told, when the "true inwardness" of the man is revealed, and men can look at him in a light which is not clouded by the mists of party feeling, that his real worth will be understood.



SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[By F. C. Gould.]

CITIZENSHIP.

BY THE REV. JOHN WATSON, M.A.
 ("IAN MACLAUREN.")

WHEN St. Paul, facing a furious mob, and in actual danger of life, demanded a hearing, and asserted himself as "a citizen of no mean city," one has an incidental illustration of his intense civic loyalty. The Apostle of the Gentiles might very well have divested himself of the memories and claims of his native city without reproach. He had left it as a youth to study in Jerusalem and risen to be a member of the National Council, so that he was lifted above local life. Afterwards he had cast himself into the great enterprise of Christ, and ceased to have a home as he carried the cross through the Roman Empire. The dignity of a Sanhedrist, the sacred office of an apostle, might surely have obliterated the modest honour of being a free man of Tarsus. Amid his vicissitudes and wanderings, his sufferings and labours, it would not have been wonderful if this man of affairs had forgotten his early days. But it is shallow and selfish men who make light of youthful associations and pious ties; and it was characteristic of St. Paul's strong, faithful nature to carry graven on his heart the city of his family and boyhood. He was the better Christian because he was both a national and civic patriot.

St. Paul's public spirit is an example to men of all communities, but especially deserves to be laid to heart by the inhabitants of our modern great cities. Under present social conditions, in every country the population is leaving the quiet country homesteads and flocking into the centres of manufacture and commerce. If this immigration continues it will not be long before the mass of a nation will be crowded together in narrow areas of toil, poverty, noise, and smoke; while the green lands will be left almost without inhabitants. Whether this tide can be turned is a serious question, and one that must lie near the heart of anyone that loves his land. But in any case there must always be cities, and their life must always have many drawbacks. What alone will redeem the city life and make it noble is that which it is often difficult to create in the new cities, a spirit of civic pride and devotion. Yet without the safeguard and reinforcement of this spirit, such places will be a curse and an eyecore in the land.

It is the disadvantage of this newness that their inhabitants are apt to fail in citizenship. If one happens to be born in some ancient town, he is generally possessed with a spirit of proud and intelligent loyalty. The traditions of his native place, the names of its famous men, its venerable buildings, its environment of beauty,

are dear to him. He is determined to preserve its amenities and add to its riches: if his lot be cast in a distant land, he remembers his birth-place in his benefactions. During his hard labours this man is sustained by the hope that in old age he may return and spend his last years under the shadow of the cathedral or castle that first awakened his boyish imagination. The great cities are, with few exceptions, less fortunate. They gather their inhabitants from all quarters; they send them forth again to distant lands; there is a constant coming and going. Amidst this constant flux of strangers even those born in the place do not realise their nativity, but become sojourners also with detached minds and interests. It is not in such circumstances traditions flourish, or attachment can be easily created. Yet without reverence and love citizenship cannot exist, and if there be no citizens there can be no city.

Apart from the special circumstances of modern cities, two influences militate against a strenuous and effective ideal of citizenship, and the first is the commercial spirit. Men are apt to come to a city with no sense that they are joining an organised community, with great institutions—its colleges, schools, charities; with accumulated possessions—its people, wealth, influence; with pressing problems—its poverty, vice, ignorance. They are not ready to take a share in these responsibilities and opportunities, and to fling themselves into the common life. The city has little or no hold on them, because their minds are preoccupied with private ends. The city is not a commonwealth of which they become a part, but a place where they can earn a living and gather riches. While they are achieving this task they have no leisure for the community, and when it is finished they forsake the place. This poor city, with its immense claims, its infinite pathos, its unimagined possibilities, has been only a workshop where one toils for a tale of years, and leaves at its appointed close, as a miner escapes from the depths of a pit. It is surely of the irony in things that the city should receive this ingrate and send him forth rich and increased in goods, and yet have no service of him, neither of his time nor of his talents.

The other influence which withdraws men from civic duties is the love of ease, and this nowadays is a great social danger. Young men are not prepared to live as hardly as their fathers either in the amount of work they do or the pleasures they deny themselves. They are more luxurious,

extravagant, delicate. The hours of labour are neither so long nor so arduous—and the surplus of leisure is not so carefully saved for personal culture and public service. Our fibre seems to be relaxed, and we are giving amusement a scope that can be warranted neither by conscience nor reason. Life is being reduced to this formula: Work that you may get a living, and after you have secured bread give yourself to pleasure. It is not out of this stuff that citizens can be made, for no man can hope to do his part by his city who is not toiling to deny himself, who is not serious, resolute, convinced, who has not considered the life of his fellow-men and the methods of government.

Do young men understand what will happen if they will do anything and everything with their spare time—swim, boat, ride, cycle, play lawn-tennis, football, cricket, billiards—except lay their hands to civic duty? Do they not see that the affairs of a city must be carried on, and someone must hold the reins? If the mass of respectably-born, well-educated, bright-minded young fellows take no interest and give no help, then there will not be one but three disasters. Devoted men to whom the general good is dear, and who are always ready to fling themselves into the breach, will be crushed and beaten, to the breaking of their hearts and the reduction of the moral capital in the community. That will be one disaster, and young men who are too lazy to relieve those true spirits will have the shame. Rule will fall into the hands of professional politicians whom no one trusts, or ignorant fanatics whom everyone despises, and the affairs of a city will be either exploited or mismanaged. That will be the second disaster, and young men who are content to allow anyone to govern so long as they are not troubled must again take the shame. All this time the mass of toiling people at the base of society are waiting in vain for relief, comfort, hope. This is a third disaster, and it also will lie at the door of men who are so busy with their pleasures that they have no time to help their fellow-men.

Surely there is work to be done in a city that might well fire the imagination and brace the energies of youth. It were something to secure for every citizen a well-built, well-drained,

well-lighted house, in which he could live as becometh a son of God; to see that the densely inhabited areas be ventilated and relieved by open spaces of greenery; to bring museums, libraries, picture galleries, and every other means of culture near to the humblest of the people; to take measures that the poorest to whom the Almighty has given understanding shall have his due opportunity of gaining knowledge and becoming a strength to the commonwealth. Were a young man to give himself to municipal politics for such ends, he would have done something worthy of his manhood.

May it not also be urged that he is bound to render service on the ground of gratitude? Past generations have established and built up his city, so that strangers come from distant places and make their home under its shadow. Men of foresight and enterprise have created markets where the produce of the world is bought and sold, and an open field is afforded for each man's ability. By many experiments, failures, losses, the whole social and municipal economy of this city has been created, wherefore citizens can now pursue their vocations in peace and security. Is not every full-grown man the heir of this past, and must he not be its custodian? Has he not a debt to pay? and is it not assigned to his own day, so that each generation may hand their city to the next, richer in knowledge, virtue, and beauty? And men of this spirit shall not miss their personal and present reward. No culture is more successful in producing character than intelligent and disinterested public service; it broadens the vision, it inspires with sympathy, it moves to self-sacrifice. In every city there are a few heroes, whom the most frivolous, the most unworthy, the most bigoted persons respect, against whom no one dare lift his hand, on whose name no one dare cast a stain. They may or may not be rich, accomplished, and eloquent; they are ever men who through a long and honourable life have devoted themselves to the welfare of their city. They have not wrought for wages, and wages they do not receive, but instead thereof the unpurchasable gift of love from the people among whom they have lived, for whom they have laboured.

The Home Messenger, the popular penny monthly conducted by the Editor of *THE YOUNG MAN*, is well on the way to a sale of 200,000. If all our readers will order the January number, which commences a new volume, we shall at once attain that circulation. This number contains a "Message for the New Year," by Ian Maclaren (with a new portrait); the opening chapters of a new serial story by Edward Garrett; a paper on "Courtship," by the Rev. J. G. Greenhough; some valuable advice on

"Food and Drink," by Dr. Gordon Stables; a fully illustrated article on "Our Lifeboats and Lifeboat Men"; a New Year's Poem by Mark Guy Pearse; a complete story for the children by Rev. J. Reid Howatt; a portrait and sketch of Hesba Stretton; a "Brief Sermon for Busy Readers," by Dr. Joseph Parker, etc. etc. There are also many illustrations by eminent artists, and one of the full-page pictures is separately printed in coloured ink on plate paper. (Horace Marshall & Son, 1d.)

"THE BOULEDOGUE."

By GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

I.

"ROBERTS, you are a disgrace to the school, sir. Always fighting."

"Please, sir, I"—

"That will do. No explanations. I used to listen to them, but I cannot take your excuses now. Nature has made you one of the most pugnacious boys it has ever been my misfortune to try and educate. You will write out two hundred and fifty lines—neatly, mind, if you can with those bruised knuckles. Mr. Jamieson will give you a Latin imposition, and you will come up to my desk to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

I wonder how many times the dear old Doctor said those words to me after I had been taken to task for fighting. I don't know, but it was nearly always the same; and when I went up to his desk next morning, he would pay no attention to me, being deep in some curious old Greek work, till he would draw a deep breath, as if full of satisfaction, and take out his little gold snuffbox, see me standing there, and say, with a pleasant smile on his handsome old face—

"Well, Roberts, my boy, what's the stumbling-block—something you cannot construe?"

"No, sir; you said I was to come up to your desk at ten this morning."

"Did I?" he would say, as he took his pinch of snuff and carefully flicked a little of the brown powder from the beautiful plaited cambric frill of his shirt. "Dear me! I have forgotten. What was it about?"

"Fighting, sir."

"Dear me! yes, of course, I meant to punish you. I remember now. Really, Roberts, my dear boy, this is a very sad trait in your character. Every week nearly there is an episode of this kind. Now it is with one of your schoolfellows, then complaints come from someone in the village. You really must not go on thrashing everybody in this way. It is not Christian-like—it is not gentlemanly. Of course I knew many of the ill-behaved young dogs of the village are rather fond of insulting my pupils, and when you thrashed that big, ill-conditioned fellow Miggles for interfering with Hampton junior it was very right and manly of you to defend your weaker comrade; but you really must reform, my dear boy—you must indeed. There is something, to my mind, low and degrading in fighting; and by the way, Roberts, while I think of it, how often we can learn a lesson in history from the names in our neighbourhood or journeys for pleasure. We find signs of the Roman occupation in the *cesters* or

casters, their old camps; of the Saxons in the terminations *by*, *burgh*, and *thorpe*; and here again we have a most remarkable instance in this name Miggles—a familiar name, as you know, in this fishing village and the neighbouring seaport. Now, my dear Roberts, what do you make of Miggles?"

"He's a blackguard, sir, and a gipsy. He always throws stones at the fellows."

"Right, my dear boy, in the first instance," the Doctor would say, laying his hand upon my shoulder. "He is a—well—er—ill-conditioned young rascal, but not a gipsy. That dark complexion, eyes, and hair endorse the opinion I formed of the name Miggles, a family that has been settled here on this part of the coast some three hundred years. Miggles is not a nice-sounding name, but it is only a corruption—Miggles from Miguel, Spanish for Michael. That rough lad is of possibly Castilian descent, and I should say his ancestor was one of the unfortunate sailors of the Spanish Armada whose ship was wrecked upon the coast. The result of fighting, my dear boy. There, we shall not say any more about it this time. Go and resume your studies, and don't let it occur again."

I'm afraid that with all a boy's thoughtlessness I used to laugh with my companions at the Doctor's absent-mindedness, and his pleasant ways of imparting portions of the vast stores of knowledge he possessed, and to which he was continually adding; but experience of my fellow-creatures has taught me how fortunate I was in being placed in the charge of so genial, true, and scholarly a man, who did his best, and successfully, to start those he taught on the highroad to manhood well equipped for their journey.

I'm afraid I was what people used to call "a pickle," and from my undoubted pugnacity I was constantly fighting. Not that I enjoyed giving and taking blows, but only that I instantly resented bullying and ill-treatment from my elders. That which some lads would have borne roused me at once to a pitch of fury in which I never thought of danger, and I was certainly so thoroughly British that I never knew when I was beaten. The consequence was that the younger and weaker boys made me their champion, and though I was more often in trouble than any other lad, I was, I honestly believed, one of the most popular boys in the great school. In fact, when the fighting fit was not upon me, I was merry, light-hearted, eager for every game, and ready to help any of our lame dogs over the stiles which stood in their way, for learning was comparatively easy to me—that is, in the more

ordinary branches of education, though I never showed the promise of becoming a scholar.

In due time I left school, with the prospect before me of working hard for my living, and after some years passed in a newspaper office, where I began by copying letters and making the files of the daily papers ready for reference, I was set to study shorthand, and in due time found myself able to take down a speech pretty skilfully, and write it out after with a few improvements. At last, at six-and-twenty, I had an offer of an engagement in Paris, upon a paper published for the benefit of the English and American visitors and residents of the great pleasure-loving capital.

I hesitated about accepting the offer, and consulted the editor, who made my cheeks flush by the warmth of his remarks, for he spoke of the deep regret he should feel at losing me, said a good many flattering things, but ended by telling me that he should be standing in my light if he attempted to influence me to stay.

"I'm not fond of Paris and the French with their gay, frothy life, but a few years there would give you so much insight into character and continental politics that it would be invaluable to you in the future. You would thoroughly master the language, too, and if you could acquire German as well, so much the better. Yes, Roberts, you must jump at the offer. Make up your mind to go for five years at least. You will come back riper and more fit to take an assistant editorship of a good organ, and when I am getting ready to resign my post here, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you seated in my chair."

I thanked him warmly, and said that I should certainly follow his advice, though I regretted leaving.

"Not more than I shall regret losing you, Roberts. But it will do you good. You are becoming too much of the bookworm, too modest and retiring. You must have been a very tame, inoffensive lad at school."

I stared.

"Contact with the brisk young French journalists will do you no end of good, for you have plenty of common sense, and I am sure will be led into no dissipation. Do them good by showing them what a man should be, without cant or flam, with your straightforward, honest hatred of all that is low and vile. And mind this is not flattery, my lad, but the plain statement of what I think of you. There, I won't preach, only say God bless you, Roberts, and if at any time you want the help or advice of a friend, wire or write to your old editor at once."

At one moment I felt flattered and vain, at the next I felt moved by the genuine fatherly way in which he addressed me; and I was going, when as we shook hands he said merrily—

"You are not a fighting man, so I need not fear your getting into broils. Recollect it is not fisticuffs and the so-called 'noble art of self-defence' there;

but you are going to associate with fire-eating young Gauls who are always talking of *ma mère* and *l'honneur* and *la gloire*, and ready on the slightest provocation, especially the journalists, to challenge any man to meet them with pistol and sword."

"I know, sir," I said, "but you are right: I am not a fighting man."

"No, of course not," he replied. "I'm afraid they are terrible humbugs many of them, for I don't think much of their honour, and they have had more glory than is good for their constitution. There, I'm busy. Good-bye."

II.

Two months later I was quite settled down in Paris. The novelty of my new position had worn off, and the nervousness and anxiety consequent upon fitting myself to my new duties had passed away, and I was working as if I had been used to it all my life.

Certainly the change was not so very great. My portion of the paper was in English, but English made lighter and more sparkling, to suit the taste of my fellow-countryfolk and Americans who had acquired Parisian tastes.

As our paper was published both in English and in French, there were naturally two staffs under the same roof, and in our hours of leisure as well as those of business we Englishmen came constantly in contact with our French colleagues, and for the most part the best of fellowship prevailed; but I was not long in finding out that the young English journalists strongly imitated their French friends in habits and dress, while the latter looked down with a good-humoured, tolerant contempt upon the former.

I made a remark to this effect upon one occasion to the man with whom I was most thrown into contact. He shrugged his shoulders, and I laughed.

"Hallo!" he said; "what's that for?"

"Only an endorsement of my remarks," I said. "That was a thorough French shrug."

He laughed too.

"Can't help it," he said; "man is naturally an imitating animal. You'll be just as bad when you have been with us a year."

"As good Durance would say. He seems to be under the impression that I am a barbarian whom he is in duty bound to turn into a Parisian."

"That's it," said my companion, "and he will, too."

"I doubt it," I replied. "I don't think a life passed here would make me anything but what I am—an Englishman."

"We shall see," he said; and we did: for an event or two occurred before six months had passed which made my colleague express disgust with me, and finally declare that I was right.

It was through the handsome young Frenchman Durance, the dandy of our staff, a gentleman who spent the greater part of a fair salary upon jewellery



"I WAS STANDING OVER HIM WITH CLENCHED FISTS,
READY TO STRIKE AGAIN."

and dress. He could not go to report upon any entertainment without new kid gloves of the most delicate tint—lemon and pink were his favourite hues; and his constantly renewed suits of ultra-fashionable clothes were as much the envy of his younger brethren as his carefully waxed Napoleonic moustache.

I offended Alcide terribly one day by bluntly refusing to lend him twenty louis, which I did upon several grounds. His income was half as liberal again as my own; I knew that he had been borrowing of nearly everyone in the office and never repaid, and thought it a bad thing to begin lending to him, for I had been warned of his weakness; and lastly, I had only about half that amount in hand, having remitted a sum to England, and only retained enough for my immediate necessities. Hence if I had granted him the loan, I should have had either to run in debt or to ask for an advance from our employers, either of which things would have been excessively unpleasant to a man dwelling among strangers.

He stood twisting up the points of his moustache, and staring at me with surprise and disgust, while his tone throughout had sounded as if he

thought he was conferring a favour upon me.

"You ref—fuse?" he said in English.

"Yes, my dear Durance," I said. "I have not so much money by me."

"It is not true—it is a lie!" he cried angrily. "You insult a young gentleman, sir. You think I do not pay you back."

I felt the colour come into my cheeks a little on being told in so point-blank a manner that I was a liar; but I laughed it off, and this seemed to annoy him the more, for he gave me a furious

look, bit his lip, gesticulated as if he were struggling to find words, and then brought his hand down heavily upon the desk where I was writing, making his delicate yellow glove split from button to finger.

"There," I said coolly, "you had better have believed me, and not done that. Gloves of that kind are three francs a pair."

"Bah!" he cried; and he turned and strode to the door, where he faced me once more, looking sallow now with rage.

"You—you are not gentleman," he cried, and went out and banged the door.

"Absurd ass!" I said to myself, for I felt nettled; but I was too busy to think about it, and went on with my writing, but I had not written a paragraph before Anderson, one of my English colleagues, came into my room.

"Here, Roberts," he said, "what have you been saying to Durance?"

"Nothing particular," I replied, and I told him what had passed.

"I'm sorry," he said, "for he is an awkward fellow to offend, and will never forgive you."

"I could not lend him what I had not got," I said quietly.

"No, of course not; and if you had lent it, you would never have seen the money again. It's very awkward, for he has so many opportunities for making himself unpleasant."

"Oh, he'll soon forget it."

"Not he, I'm afraid. He has been raving about it to the other fellows, and saying that you were insulting to him."

"Not true: I only laughed."

"But you must not 'only laugh' at a French journalist. These gentlemen have a bad habit of calling a man out for less things than this."

"Calling a man out?" I cried. "What do you mean?"

"The duello, my dear boy. It is an institution here, and it is unpleasant to have to stand before a man armed with sword or pistol till honour is satisfied."

"Rubbish!" I said petulantly. "He'd better not send a challenge to me. And now please go; for I have an article to write."

"Well, I'm sorry," he said; and he left the room.

He was right in his fears, for from that day Durance seemed to devote himself to the task of making himself as offensive to me as he possibly could be, but always in a cold, measured, semi-polite fashion, and taking care that it should be at times when several of our colleagues were present. More than once it was at the café where we partook of our meals, and after these occasions Anderson, who was wonderfully French in feeling, observed to me that he had been afraid of this, and that for my own sake, if I wished to retain the respect of my colleagues in the office, I should have to call him to account.

"You mean pick a quarrel with him and fight?"

He nodded.

"Not such a donkey," I said sharply. "Too English, my dear boy."

"Too obtuse, you mean," he said angrily. "Why, my good fellow, for half the offensive conduct he has displayed to you, one of his French friends would have fought him."

"More idiot his French friend," I said.

"But he will insult you more and more openly; and don't you see that you are losing caste—that the men are growing cooler to you day by day?"

"Oh yes, I can see," I replied; "but I give them the credit of being too sensible to go on when they see that I treat it all with contempt."

"But you cannot treat such things with contempt in journalistic France, my dear Roberts," he cried. "Come, be a man for the sake of English prestige, and next time he insults you with one of his sneering remarks before the fellows, throw your glove or the napkin in his face. Then there will be a meeting, neither of you will be seriously hurt, honour will be satisfied, and all will be well again."

"Humph, will it?" I said angrily. "That is a matter of opinion."

"But as I said, for the sake of Old England."

"Old England can take care of herself when there is real cause for her to stir, without me playing the tomfool because a Parisian fop chooses to take offence at nothing."

"Ah, well," he said, "we shall see."

Within a week, during which time I had been annoyed twice by Durance's offensive manner, I went into the café to have my dinner, after a very heavy day's work, and as I entered I noticed that at a neighbouring table several men I knew were seated in company with Durance.

I nodded after my abrupt English manner, and felt a little nettled upon seeing Durance reply with a cold and insolent stare, as if I were a perfect stranger. But I took no notice, went to my table, partook of my soup, and while waiting for my cutlet, I rose to go to an empty table and pick up an evening paper to take back to my place and read with the rest of my meal.

At that moment Durance rose, walked quickly from the other side, and snatched at the paper just as I took it in my hand.

"How dare you!" he said; and as I retained my hold of the journal, he tore it away, passing his arm across my breast and giving me a thrust as he seated himself at the empty table, opened the paper, and calling loudly, "*Garçon!*" began to read.

My blood seemed to boil in my veins, and my first idea was to snatch the paper from his hands; but I felt that it was a planned thing—that our friends were assembled on purpose to see me publicly insulted and forced to arrange a meeting.

"They don't know their man," I said to myself, and I walked calmly back to my table, sat down, and finished my meal with a worse appetite than I had ever had in my life.

I had not been back in the office half an hour before Anderson and one of our French leader-writers came to me, looking both pale and excited.

"Now, my dear boy," said the former, "you see there is no alternative."

"What do you mean?" I said, while the Frenchman looked on curiously.

"That you must send a message to him at once. We will arrange a meeting at the Bois in the morning, and as you were the insulted party you can choose which you like—sword or pistol."

"I never handled a sword or fired off a pistol in my life."

"It will not matter: you must go through with it for form's sake."

"Kill him or let him kill me!" I said angrily. "You've got the wrong man, Anderson; and I'm surprised at you, an Englishman, proposing such a thing."

"But I tell you, man, you must go through with it for all our sakes."

"And I tell you my life is too valuable to me to risk it because a French impecunious fool chooses to be offended that I would not lend him my small earnings."

"Sir, you are insolent," said my French friend.

"Then pray do not stop and listen to me, sir," I said. "I have no quarrel with you."

"There, I told you he would, now," cried Anderson. "It's all right. Come, Roberts, we will take your message at once."

"Very well, do so, then," I said. "Tell Alcide Durance that I will look over this, but if ever he publicly insults me again I'll publicly horsewhip him, till he can hardly stand."

"Is this all you have to say?" cried Anderson angrily.

"Everything," I replied.

"Do you not see that you are making your English colleagues' position insufferable?"

"I give my English colleagues credit for too much sense."

"But you will be sent to Coventry."

"If this sort of thing is going on, I shall send myself back to London."

"You will be sent there, sure," cried my would-be second. "You disgrace the noble profession of the journalist."

"Thank you," I said; "that will do, sir. Our opinions are diametrically opposed, and we shall never agree, so we will neither argue nor quarrel."

They left me to myself, and for three days I was treated with the most scathing contempt. On the fourth, when I went to the café as usual for my modest dinner, I saw with half an eye that a party was gathered at the opposite table, with Durance at their head.

Then my nerves began to tingle, for I felt that something was coming. But I took my place as usual, and was about to order my dinner, when the proprietor came up and respectfully asked me to withdraw, as the gentlemen at the opposite table objected to my presence.

"Go and tell the gentlemen at the opposite table to mind their own affairs. Send me the waiter. I shall not go."

I suppose I spoke pretty fiercely, for the proprietor withdrew and bore my message, when a loud whispering arose, and Durance started up angrily, with a light cane in his hand, strode across the floor, frowning fiercely, and—half in French, half in English—ordered me to leave the room.

"How dare you!" he said. "This *salle* is for gentlemen. *Allez, lâche! cow-waird!*"

As he spoke he struck me sharply across the face with his light cane.

I don't quite know how it happened, but I suppose I must have sprung up and rushed at him, my left fist flying out, backed up by the full weight of my body, for there was a dull thud, the smashing of glass, as Durance's head struck heavily against the corner of the marble buffet, and I was standing over him with clenched fists, ready to strike again.

But I did not strike at the fallen man. The

whole room was in an uproar, and half a dozen of Durance's companions rushed at me to expel me.

I have some recollection of feeling as I used at school, and striking out right and left, till I was standing in the middle of a circle, with two more men on the floor, while the hubbub had given place to a dead silence, which was broken by a low groan.

That cooled me, for it was from Durance, and I went to where he lay, raised him into a chair, gave orders for a doctor to be fetched, and proceeded to bathe his face, for he was stunned.

Ten minutes later the medical man arrived, examined his patient, said that there was concussion, and possibly fracture, from the poor fellow's head coming in contact with the marble top of the buffet, and he was taken in a fiacre to his lodgings, while there was some talk of my arrest.

But that did not follow, and every day for a month I used to go and see Durance, to keep up his spirits in his long illness, while my colleagues were terribly cool to me, and there was some more talk, so Anderson told me, of a petition to the proprietors for my dismissal, and in case of this not following, they intended to leave *en masse*.

But the proprietors did not dismiss me, and the staff did not leave *en masse*. In fact, they gradually became friendly, and I stayed there to the full extent of my five years.

As for Durance, we became hard workers together, for the excitable, hysterical Gaul was touched by my attentions to him; but after a time, in our more friendly moments, he would laugh in a peculiar way and say—

"You English are so coarse—and so unrefined. Your manner is so brutal—the *poing*! when there is the small sword or a pistol to settle the differences of gentlemen in matters of *l'honneur*."

Perhaps he was right. It was brutal, but it was the influence of the moment; and they found out that I had qualities which, to some extent, modified the coarseness of my nature. At any rate, I thought, and think, I was right not to be dragged into what I look upon as a disgrace to a clever nation, and which is a barbarism of the past. So is the use of the fist, perhaps, though I did break out in my sudden rage, and earn for myself the nickname of *Le Bouledegue*.

Still one thing came of it: we followed out the aphorism, "Let sleeping dogs lie." They never tried to wake me again.

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

OUR readers have responded very generously to our appeal for funds to provide a solid meal and an evening's entertainment for some of the poor and neglected children in our great cities. If our friends in London would like to see one of these Dinners, we give them a cordial invitation to the Clerkenwell Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, where we hope

to entertain some hundreds of children on Thursday, January 2nd, at six o'clock. Tickets can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to the Editor. Next month we hope to give some account of the various Dinners, and the first list of contributions will then appear in THE YOUNG MAN.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE HOME.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

It happens frequently that a young man, after an interval of years, finds himself once more, for a time, in the old home of his childhood. He has gone to school as a young boy, and then only his holidays were spent at home. But after his school or college days are over, it is often his destiny to reside under the old roof, during the earlier part of his career, either in his father's business, or in some one of the many occupations provided by great cities. Now, this renewal of the old home-life, under changed conditions, may be either very delightful, both to himself and to all his family, or it may be intolerably irksome.

It will be delightful, if, having learnt unselfishness and self-control, the youth brings back with him, not only his mature strength and healthy frame, but also the flower of all the best morality which he has learnt from parents, teachers, and companions.

It will be intolerable if he has not learnt the meaning of the lesson that no man liveth and no man dieth unto himself; and that the life of egotism and self-indulgence, though it has its root in pride and vanity, is worthy only of the animal, not of the man with the dignity of God's image upon him, and the sign of his redemption marked visibly upon his forehead. In the bearing of the young man in his home there may be an exhibition of all fair humanities—of all that is courteous, pure, lovely, and of good report—of true manliness and beautiful chivalry; or, on the other hand, an offensive display of paltry animalism and odious ingratitude.

Concrete and real examples may perhaps give more definiteness to what I have to impress.

But first I must pause to say a word to parents. They cannot be reminded too often, or too earnestly, not to fret, not to *worry* their children. That may sound like very homely advice; yet it has been thought worthy of a place on the sacred page by the Apostle of the Gentiles. The clause, *καὶ οἱ πατέρες μὴ ἐρεθίζετε τὰ τέκνα υἱῶν*, rendered in our A.V. "and ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath," means exactly "do not *irritate* your children," "do not rub them up the wrong way." Parents must respect their children, as well as children their parents. The whole sacredness of humanity lies in every human being; and it involves an independent individuality, a separate development. Our children are not, and cannot be, either pale or brilliant reflexes of ourselves. They have separate wills; they are new and peculiar entities; a whole eternity lies in them;

the soul of each of them is an island, and it is surrounded by an unvoyageable sea. We must recognise their separateness, and not try to cramp the forming crystal into an impossible mould, which would but flaw and ruin it. Obedience and love from their children are the happy due of all parents who have faithfully done their duty, but the nature and the limits of the respect alter with the advancing years. There is such a thing as the unnatural repression of grown-up children by their parents, and the continuance of unfair demands upon their loyalty. And in the case of young men we have especially to remember the ebullient life which for us has long passed away. We have to make allowance for the faults and tendencies which are as inherent in youth as they are in childhood. "Young men," says Lord Bacon, "in their conduct and management of actions, embrace more than they can hold; stir more than they quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; use extreme remedies at first, and, that which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them." Over young men, therefore, we must aim to establish a wise influence, rather than a galling control; and without too obtrusive a resort to didactics, we must lead them to feel the force of the warning of Ecclesiastes: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the light of thine eyes: but remember"—and this memento is uttered rather in the spirit of genial kindness than of unsympathising menace—"but remember that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment."

Here, then, are specimens of some "young men at home"—faithful and unfaithful, obedient and disobedient, happy and unhappy, wise and unwise.

1. I recall three, who were, in succession, "young men in the same home." One was training to be a doctor; the second to be a civil servant; the third to be a clergyman. The home was sufficiently comfortable and well-to-do, but simple. It was so occupied with the round of incessant duties as to leave less room than might be desirable for the graces and innocent amusements of society. Yet each of those youths in succession resigned the games and cheerful society of boyish life; fell quietly into the home routine. They worked heartily in their

own rooms; made themselves bright, happy, and contented; tried faithfully to prepare themselves for the battle of life and the struggle to earn a living; and never gave their parents an hour's anxiety by unreasonable demands, or extravagance, or dubious pleasures, or even by that reserve and reticence respecting their aims, pursuits, and friendships which may sometimes create heartburn and misgiving even where there is no reasonable ground for it. And so they passed away to life, or early death, leaving behind them good hopes and happy memories; they left their homes to become "profitable members of the Church and Commonwealth," and, hereafter, we hope, "partakers of the immortal glories of the Resurrection."

2. I recall another young man in his home—a very great and famous man whose name I must not mention. His was the case of a man of genius, born of parents who had no pretensions to genius at all, and who was incomparably in advance of his parents in culture and education. Many a young man so circumstanced has been tempted to give himself airs; to look down upon his parents as inferiors; to shudder when they drop their l's; to condole with himself as the offspring of bourgeois or plebeian people, of whom he is obliged to be ashamed. Not so the young man of whom I speak. He had taken as his rule of life the highest of all ideals—the ideal of Him "who went down to His parents at Nazareth, and was subject unto them." I have sat at his table, and heard him pour forth the stores of his unexampled eloquence, and unroll the treasures of his large heart, in lessons full of depth and beauty;—and then his dear old mother—a perfect type of English middle-class womanhood, with something of the holy Philistinism of a narrow creed which invests its humblest votaries with self-imagined infallibility—would lift up her monitory finger before the assembled guests and say, "Now, William,"—we will call him "William," though that was not his name,—"listen to me." Then, while he and we respectfully listened, she would lay down the law with exquisite placidity, telling him how completely mistaken he was in these new-fangled notions—

Proving all wrong that hitherto was writ,
And putting us to ignorance again.

"Yes, mother," he would say, when her little admonition ended; and then conversation would resume its flow quite undisturbed, and the dear old lady was more than satisfied. It was the *greatness* of her son's genius which made him so good a son. A smaller mind would have winced, or been contemptuous. "Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius," says Wordsworth, "but because they have *not enough genius*: a mind and sentiment of a higher order would render them capable of

seeing and feeling all the beauty of domestic ties."

3. Another young man in his home! He was at College, and had several young brothers at Eton, or preparing for Eton. He was not at all a saint, but he was a gentleman, and the one element which helped to make his life useful and honourable was his sense of duty towards his home. One day the brothers were sitting together, and no one with them but another young Trinity man, when one of the lads made use of a coarse word to a younger brother. Instantly the elder brother started up, and, without saying a word, gave the boy a sound box on the ears and turned him, then and there, out of the room. I am quite sure that the young Etonian learnt a lesson for life. He learnt that respect was due to his younger as well as to his elder brothers; and that, if ever he could sink so low as to use coarse language, at any rate he should *not* do it in his father's house.

4. Now in this instance we see one great sphere of influence which a young man may exercise in his home. He may be of the greatest use to his sisters by enabling them really to estimate the worth or the worthlessness of the young men who visit the home, and who may aspire to be their husbands; but he may be of *incalculable* use to his younger brothers. He has seen more of life than they have. They naturally look up to him for their views as to what things are, or are not, to be desired; what things should or should not be pursued. I have known elder brothers who were a source of blessing and inspiration, and others who were a downright curse to the younger members of their family.

5. I think the elder brother of the Prodigal must have been a specimen of the latter class,—not, indeed, by any directly perverting influence, but negatively, by the selfishness which was incapable of forbearance and sympathy. Absorbed in his own laborious virtues, he despised the young ne'er-do-weel, his brother, and let him take his own line, without troubling himself to guide or love. But for him, and his hard immaculateness, unsociability, and lack of love, the Prodigal might never have become a prodigal; and since he had no love for anyone but his estimable self, it is no wonder that when the poor youth came back, hungry, degraded, and in rags, the elder brother, so far from sharing in his father's joy over the son who had been dead and was alive again, who had been lost and was found, had nothing for the occasion but unforgiving jealousy, cold sneers, and harsh exaggerations. Such young men are an alien influence in the homes where they abide.

And what a fatal loss they suffer! For, as Mr. W. H. Mallock says, "A man's home, his family, his means of livelihood, these are the chalice which holds the sacramental wine of his

life; and if we allow the chalice to be soiled or leaky, the wine will be defiled or wasted. God wills that it should not be wasted. . . . If we are responsible when we make our brother to offend, are we not equally responsible if we make him to offend by leaving him in conditions where nothing but offence is possible?"

6. But I know an elder brother very different from this, who has been an inestimable blessing to all of his family. He and they were left orphans, and there were several young boys, as well as the girls, who had to be started in life. Without a murmur, in complete self-sacrifice of his own hopes and his own interests, this young man undertook the entire responsibility of his family. He gave up all present thoughts of marrying, or surrounding himself with the comforts and pleasures which might otherwise have been in his power. He regarded the younger orphans as his sacred charge, and even now is toiling on to supply them with the means and the opportunities of which they had been deprived by the loss of their parents. How invaluable is the work of such a young man in his home! how high the reward which his unselfishness should earn, when his brothers and sisters rise up and call him blessed! "The essence of greatness," says Emerson, "is the perception that virtue is enough." "If the home duties be well performed," so wrote Confucius, some twenty-five hundred years ago, "there is no need to go afar to offer sacrifice."

7. The experience of life brings before us, alas! bad examples as well as good. I recall young men whose inconsiderateness and misconduct made home unendurable alike to their families and to themselves. They would have their latchkeys; they would be out to any hour they liked; even if they were engaged in things not necessarily harmful, and with friends not necessarily pernicious, they would not deign to share their thoughts or their proceedings with the home circle, and did not greatly care if they surmised the worst. Their silence was more cruel than bitter words. I have known such a state of things end in the abomination of mutual quarrels, and even of deplorable scenes, between sons and fathers, until it became impossible for them to live at all under the same roof. The prodigals went their way, perhaps to lose all and forfeit everything, and to end by earning scant and laborious livelihoods under harder conditions than those of the ordinary English labourer, and with barely, perhaps, even the prospect of a workhouse at the close. I have known them make miserable marriages, squander their inheritance, and shatter every high hope which had once been formed for them. I have known them come back from the Antipodes, wretched and penniless, and yet walk again and again before the door of their parents, afraid and ashamed to knock or to lift the latch, not knowing what

welcome would await them, afraid even that they might be altogether and deservedly repulsed. And the most frightful cases of all have been the cases of young men left in the homes of widowed mothers. What can a poor widowed mother, struggling for bare existence, do with sons who, living under her roof, choose to be wild and unruly? She may have been a good mother, but if her sons are not to be controlled or coerced by the indefeasible sacredness of motherhood,—if they forsake the guide of their youth and forget the covenant of their God,—if in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night, they will go as oxen to the slaughter and as fools to the correction of the stocks, till a dart strike through their own liver,—what can the poor helpless mother do—perhaps heart-broken and sick, and struggling, and vainly trying, it may be, to prevent the daughters also from following the revolt of the sons?—what can she do in her helplessness, in her widowhood, under the hard conditions of her life?—what can she do in that most pathetic of all lots, but uplift to heaven her appealing hands and tear-dimmed eyes, and

fall with all her load of cares
Upon the world's great altar stairs
That slope through darkness unto God?

Oh! if of those who read these pages there should be but one young man whose conscience shall here start up before him with menacing finger and outstretched hand, and say to him in that still small voice which is louder than the thunders of Sinai, "*Thou art the man!*" let him for very shame amend his ways. For metaphorically as it may be expressed by Eastern imagination, there is yet a stern truth in the saying—so heinous in God's sight is the sin of ingratitude and unfilial disloyalty to parents—"The eye that mocketh at his father or his mother, and despiseth to obey, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

8. There is then ample verge and room enough for noble life to every young man in his home. The foe to the accomplishment of these aims is the inveterate pride and self-assertiveness of our nature, the rank and flaunting weed which is the devil's favourite flower, because he well knows that its poisonous seeds are prolific and multiform. The longer I live the more it seems to me that humility is the most characteristic of all the Christian graces. It is the root of that love which is the very bond of peace and of all virtues. When once a young man has learnt that life is service;—that it is not *he* who turns the crank of the universe!—that he, and every one of us, is in ourselves profoundly insignificant;—and that in this

Endless trouble of ants mid a million million of suns,
our sole importance springs, not from ourselves,
but from conformity to the will of God, and

union with our fellow-men:—when once he has learnt that the true significance of life lies in service rendered to our brethren, as the outcome of love and obedience to God:—when he has thoroughly learnt this, he cannot easily blind himself with clay. The warning which might be addressed to hundreds of young men is, “Ye think too much of yourselves, ye sons of Levi.” And this is what gives such value to the advice of Henry Ward Beecher: “Let me say to every one that is beginning life—Do not begin with exaggerated ideas of your own worth. Do not think that you, without battle, ought to be the victor, and walk from the beginning with those laurels about your head, which are to be twined there, if at all, only at the end of the campaign. Do not mistake your own turbulent pride, your own false-interpreting, lying vanity. Do not begin your life fancying that such a fine young fellow as you are, one so spruce, so handsome, so well-dressed, so accomplished in various ways, deserves a high place. Do not flatter yourself that life owes you more than it owes anybody else. It owes you, in common with all others, just as much as, climbing, you can bring down. It owes you a chance to be something. It will give you that and nothing more.”

* * To our next number DEAN FARRAR will contribute a paper on “THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS.”

A PARCEL OF BOOKS.

Life with a Purpose (Nisbet and Co., 1s.) is a little book for young men, by the Rev. J. Reid Howatt. Need I say more? Mr. Reid Howatt is an old friend of the readers of THE YOUNG MAN; indeed, a large part of his new work has been reprinted from this magazine. It is a capital book, cheery and wise, racy and helpful. In *The Jays at Home* (Ward, Lock), Mr. Douglas Sladen gives us a wonderfully clever and vivacious account of life in Japan. He knows what he is writing about, and the book is informational as well as amusing. *Spring's Immortality and other Poems*, by Mr. Mackenzie Bell (Ward, Lock), is a book which not only shows the true poetic gift, but which also cheers the heart and brightens the spirit. The poems are simple and unaffected, but always fresh and tuneful. *Modern Science in Bible Lands*, by Sir J. William Dawson (Hodder & Stoughton), will be invaluable to Bible students. *London Idylls*, by W. J. Dawson (Hodder & Stoughton), is interesting, but unpleasant, clever, yet painfully morbid. Some of the passages in “The Shadow Between Them” are unnecessarily coarse. And in “An Historic Incident” there are sentences which can only be described as revolting. We read of a soldier at Waterloo “wi’ all his brains spilt over his coat.” “Another one was ridin’ up an’ down with his left arm hangin’ loose. . . . When he see it, he jest tore it off, an’ flung it up, . . . an’ rode off shoutin’ an’ yellin’, wi’ the blood spoutin’ out’er ‘un like a main

Many young men, like many young women, act like caged birds beating their wings to pieces against what they regard as their too narrow cage, and longing to wing their way into the boundless blue. Rightly regarded, their cage may be to them a universe, which shall give large scope for their best and highest faculties. We may give them the excellent advice which Carlyle wrote to such a young lady in 1866: “Were your duties never so small, I advise you set yourself with double and treble energy to do them, hour after hour, day after day, in spite of the devil’s teeth! What is our answer to all inward devils?—‘This I can do, O devil, and I do it, thou seest, in the name of God.’ Were it but the more perfect regulation of your apartments, the sorting away of your clothes, the arranging of your papers, ‘whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might’ and all thy worth and constancy. *Much more if your duties are of evidently higher, wider scope; if you have brothers, sisters, a father, a mother, weigh earnestly what claim does lie upon you on behalf of each, and consider it as the one thing needful to pay them more and more honestly and nobly what you owe.* What matter how miserable one is if one can do that?”

had burst.” Later on, we read of a soldier “ridlin’ over all they dead men, an’ every time he felt the horse’s feet crunch inter some poor chap’s face, he shuddered. It were horrible to feel that soft give o’ flesh an’ bone under him, specially when the men writhed an’ hollered.” I am inclined to agree with *The British Weekly* when it describes *London Idylls* as “in no sense a religious book, . . . indeed a great deal less Christian than the best parts of Balzac.” To one who is intensely grateful for *The Threshold of Manhood* and *The Makers of Modern English* it is no pleasure to say this. From Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton I also receive Ian MacLaren’s new book, *In the Days of Auld Lang Syne*. It is quite as good as his *Bonnie Brier Bush*—and no higher praise can be given. It is as fresh and bright and inspiring as a spring morning—full of genial humour and genuine pathos. In *The Epistle of James and other Discourses*, by the late Dr. R. W. Dale (Hodder & Stoughton), we have some of the last sermons delivered by the great Birmingham preacher. That they are strong, deep, and of real and permanent value goes without saying. *W. F. Lockhart: Merchant and Preacher* (Hodder and Stoughton) is the interesting life-story of a very remarkable man who for thirty years was a successful merchant and a devoted pastor—a combination which should be more common: men are always ready to listen to a preacher whom they know to be disinterested. H.

The Young Woman for January contains three complete stories by Jane Barlow, Sarah Doudney, and Deas Cromarty—all fully illustrated. Adeline Sergeant contributes a remarkable paper, entitled “The Girl who Feels Restless”; and there is a

delightful interview with Mrs. Chandler Moulton. Articles by Mrs. Mayo, Miss Friederichs, Mr. Dolman, Mr. W. J. Dawson, and Mrs. Esler, help to make up a very full and attractive threepenny-worth. (Horace Marshall & Son, 3d.)

SIR ROBERT BALL AT HOME.

THE Observatory, Cambridge, over whose work Sir Robert Ball has presided since the lamented death of Professor Adams, is a three-miles' drive from the railway station, right through the town and along the pleasant Madeley Road. On encountering Sir Robert Ball at the end of a leafy carriage-drive and observing the comfortable-looking house with its pretty gardens, my first words to the popular scientist are of congratulation on the pleasant quarters which he occupies as Director of the Observatory and Lowndean Professor of Astronomy at the University.

"Yes," he replies in the genial voice which everyone who has heard him lecture must well remember, "I hardly know which I like better—my old quarters at Dunsink or these I now occupy. I had more ground in County Dublin,—some sixteen acres, in fact,—but with these gardens, some shady walks, and yonder field, I have all that I want here. You see, one is not so isolated from the world close to the town of Cambridge as I was at Dunsink, where we had to provide our own milk and eggs, and where I had a small herd of cattle. I rather liked farming, but of course I have not the same leisure for it here, if I had the land."

With his ruddy cheeks and sturdy frame, and in serge suit and brown leather boots (a costume befitting the bright summer day), Sir Robert looks much more the country squire than the learned scientist who has spent his life pondering over books and studying the heavens. I have met Sir Robert Ball several times, under different circumstances, but he has always given me the same impression of a good-natured disposition and a happy temperament, enjoying life to the full on his own part and desiring that others should do the same.

"It is, of course, holiday-time for us in Cambridge," he remarks a few moments later, when we have joined Lady Ball at luncheon, in allusion to the University vacation.

"I suppose as Lowndean Professor you are as much occupied in the University as at the Observatory?"

"Yes, I daresay I do as much work there as here. At Dunsink, as you know, I spent nearly all my time in taking observations; here, I have to leave that work almost entirely to my three assistants. But, you must understand, my position at the University is really independent of my position here. Both appointments, however, are in the gift of the University, and it is considered advantageous to confer them upon the same man. As you know, Cambridge professors are usually chosen from Cambridge men. It was quite an exceptional thing to choose a Dublin man like myself. They have been, I must say, most kind to me, electing me a Fellow in order that I may enjoy

the opportunities of social intercourse with University friends which that position gives."

This compliment to Sir Robert Ball was made possible, of course, by the recent repeal, at Cambridge, of the rule enforcing celibacy on the part of Fellows.

"As you may suppose," Sir Robert remarks, "this change has led to some increase in the population of Cambridge. Quite a number of new villas have sprung up, inhabited by Fellows who have married and settled down here. In one term there were no fewer than thirty weddings. Formerly, a man could hold a Fellowship for life or until he was married. Now, he holds it for seven years, whether he marries or not. As by the end of such a period most men would either have resigned their Fellowship or received some University professorship, the change has been a very popular one. At Trinity College, Dublin, where this prohibition of marriage still exists, the Fellows marry in spite of it. The Provost, in his *official* capacity, chooses to know nothing about it, and it is nobody's business to bring it to his official knowledge."

Lunch over, we take a seat on the lawn, where the presence of croquet implements betrays one of the recreations of the scientist.

"I was very fond of tennis," he says, "until the sight of my left eye almost entirely failed me. Then I gave up tennis, because to play it at all well one must have, as you know, very quick and accurate sight. Croquet, on the other hand, one can play almost as well with one eye as with two. Lately I have gone in for golf,—there is an excellent green at Royston, a few miles from here,—in which I find my defective sight of little consequence. You can take your own time in measuring distance."

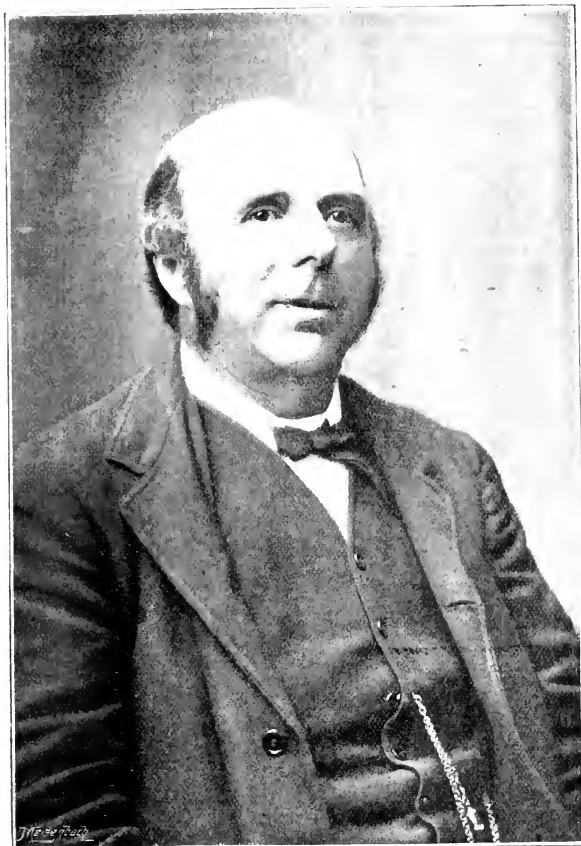
"Was the defect due to your assiduous work with the telescope?"

"Oh no; it was the result of an accident. As a matter of fact, I always use my right eye for the telescope—you get in the habit of doing that just as you get in the habit of using your right hand to hold things. The constant use of the telescope does not entail any very severe strain on the eyes—certainly not nearly so much as the microscope."

Having finished a cigar—my host, I learn, is a non-smoker—Sir Robert takes me for "a look round the place." We begin with the library, a large lofty room filled with books of a scientific character and with manuscript volumes of the observations taken at the Observatory for many years past. On the walls are prints, maps, and charts, among the subjects being the great nebulae of Orion, the big telescope at Lick Observatory, and portraits of eminent astronomers.

"What is the history of the Observatory?" I ask Sir Robert.

"It was built about sixty-five years ago with funds raised by public subscription. The name most



SIR ROBERT BALL.

[From a Photo by FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

associated with it is, of course, Professor Adams, whose life-work was done here, and whose services to science were almost invaluable. I felt it an honour to be appointed to succeed such a man. His predecessor was Airy. For the past fifteen years the Observatory has had its special work in examining a zone of the sky, near the pole-star, in accordance with a plan initiated in Germany and adopted by a number of Observatories. This study and the work of classifying the results is now approaching completion, and I hope soon to resume here my special work at Dunsink—the work with which I am most familiar—of measuring the distances of the stars.” Sir Robert then points out to me an engraved portrait of Adams and a painting of Airy which hang in the company of Isaac Newton.

We had proceeded from the library into the

Meridian Room—as it is called—and were approaching the big telescope, when Sir Robert suddenly stopped and put up his finger as a signal for silence. Following his look, I saw a young lady, seated at the telescope, and so intent upon the task of looking through it that she did not notice our presence. Sir Robert Ball turned and on tiptoe gently made his way from the room—an example which, of course, I promptly followed. When we reached the library he gave me, in bated breath, an explanation of this curious conduct.

“My young lady assistant, Miss Walker, is engaged in making an observation of the pole-star. She has to reckon the time from the tick of the clock by her side, and any slight noise might render the tick inaudible, and so spoil her last night’s work. I didn’t know she was then engaged in this task—it only takes a few minutes—or I would not have disturbed her.”

So, pending the completion of this delicate operation, we went into the grounds again, and visited the Equatorial Room, which is about fifty yards from the house. Here Mr. Newhall, another assistant, was engaged in some work with the spectroscope, and here Sir Robert Ball showed me the splendid equatorial telescope which Mr. Newhall’s father had presented to the University. It is one of

the largest in the world, having a lens thirty-six inches in diameter, and cost a thousand guineas to make.

On Mr. Newhall’s initiative the conversation turned on the total eclipse of the sun which occurs next August. The two places from which the phenomenon will be best seen are Nova Zembla and Japan, and Sir Robert Ball has some hope of witnessing it from one or the other.

“It seems rather a long way to go, however,” he remarks, with a smile, “does it not, for the sake of an experience of two and a half minutes? It is rather unfortunate, perhaps, that we can’t get a total eclipse like that in one of Rider Haggard’s novels, which, if I remember rightly, lasted thirty hours.”

“And what has been the longest known?”

"Oh, about ten minutes."

"Speaking of astronomy in fiction, have you read Hardy's *Two on a Tower*, Sir Robert?"

"Yes, I read it only a short time ago, and was much pleased with it. And, on the whole, I think the science in the book was very good. At any rate, I can't remember a blunder."

Strolling through the gardens, Sir Robert Ball tells me how much in and about his home he owes to his predecessor, the late Professor Adams.

"These shady walks were arranged by him—the trees carefully planted and arranged under his supervision. The old man, I have been told, took a great pleasure in his garden."

"I am fond of a garden and garden-work, too, but I haven't much time for it now. With the growing interest in astronomy, I have more applications for magazine articles than I can comply with, and then I have to fit in my lecturing engagements with my professor's work in the University."

"Have you been preparing any new lectures lately?"

"No—I have a list of about a dozen subjects now, you know; and I never give really the same lecture twice. Every time I give it I introduce some new matter—a fresh illustration, another way of putting a point. I can do this the more easily as I never take on the platform with me the manuscript in which I first wrote out the lecture."

"In what part of the country is the subject of astronomy most popular, judging from the demand for your lectures?"

"Well, that is very curious—the demand seems to fluctuate from year to year. One season I receive a great many applications from the Glasgow district and comparatively few from Liverpool and Manchester; the next season I have many more engagements in Lancashire than in Scotland. I used to think that in the Midlands my audiences were much more intelligent—much quicker to seize my meaning—than they were in the South of England. But during the last year or so, when I have lectured much more in the Southern counties, I have had reason to doubt whether this is really the case."

"I suppose, on the part of audiences generally, you have noticed an improvement in their understanding of your subject?"

"Yes, I think I have. One has to explain less, and I sometimes find that I can go a bit deeper into the subject than I intended. It is not only that owing to School Boards education is rapidly spreading. Among all classes of people there is, I fancy, a greater liking for the study of astronomy. Then, in Cambridge the study has been much stimulated by the scholarships which a private gentleman, an enthusiastic astronomer, recently founded, and I have had my lectures exceedingly well attended—among others, by the students of Girton and Newnham," Sir Robert adds, as through

an opening in the trees we get a glimpse of the red brick walls of the former College.

"I suppose there is no reason why the Girton girl should not distinguish herself in astronomy as she has done in other subjects."

"No, indeed. Miss Walker, whose work we disturbed just now, is a most ardent and diligent astronomer."

Returning to the house, we ascended the tower where the sunshine is recorded for the information of the Meteorological Office, and from which a splendid view can be obtained of the surrounding country. The elevation is not considerable, but across the even surface of Cambridgeshire Newmarket Heath, fourteen miles distant, is clearly visible. The hours during which the sun shines in this tower are measured by the burning of a line along a sheet of paper placed behind a large glass ball. On the other side of the tower another instrument measures the velocity of the wind, and a record is also kept at the Observatory of the amount of rainfall.

When we were again seated on the shady lawn, I questioned Sir Robert regarding the future work of astronomers.

"I attach great importance to the aid which we are now deriving from photography," he remarked. "Since the introduction of the photographic telescope by Professor Pritchard, of Oxford, a few years ago, a number of Observatories have been systematically photographing the heavens, and there will soon be available a collection of something like ten thousand photographs."

"It is the introduction of more sensitive plates which has brought photography to the aid of the astronomer. With a second's exposure we can get a picture, and with an exposure of an hour or two we can get a picture of *millions* of stars. Then, it enables us to do so much more as regards the nebulae of the stars. For example, the nebulae of the Pleiades have been invisible to the finest telescope, but we can now photograph them. I expect to do even greater things with a photographic telescope which is now being made for this Observatory. It is the result of joint counsel on the part of several of us, and embodies quite a new principle. For one thing, instead of looking up, we shall look down—that is to say, we shall look at the reflection of the object instead of the object itself. Hitherto, the Cambridge Observatory has not had a photographic telescope, and I have missed one very much."

Sir Robert Ball is not hopeful of any great improvements in telescopes—improvements, it must be understood, which would be great in relation to the immense distances that have to be traversed if our knowledge of other worlds is to be much enlarged.

"I am only waiting," said Sir Robert, "for the new telescope, which will require another little house to itself in the grounds, before resuming my work in measuring the distance of the stars."

The photographic telescope, it seems, not only secures permanent records, but also enables more accurate calculations to be made of the relative positions of the heavenly bodies. The negatives are placed under a microscope having an apparatus for measuring the space between the different objects photographed.

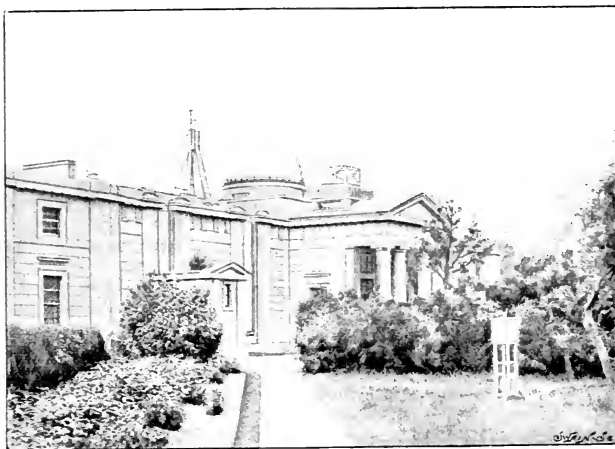
The story of Sir Robert Ball's career, as he tells it in his quiet, cheery fashion, is of great interest. The son of a naturalist of distinction, what first gave him his love for astronomy was the reading of a little book by an American writer, called *The*

Orbs of the

Heavens.

When he went to Trinity College, Dublin, he devoted himself to astronomy and mathematics, in both of which subjects he gave promise of his after distinction. On leaving the University, the late Lord Rosse, one of the most distinguished of amateur as-

tronomers, offered the young man the dual position of tutor to his son and assistant in his well-known Observatory near Parsonstown, King's County. Sir Robert Ball stayed there two years, and was then appointed Professor of Mathematics at Trinity College, in which position he won fame in scientific circles by his *Theory of Screws* and similar dissertations. At the end of seven years, in 1874, Sir Robert gave up his Professor's chair to become Astronomer Royal of Ireland and Director of the Observatory—which is partly maintained at the expense of Trinity College—at Dunsink, in the county of Dublin.



THE OBSERVATORY AT CAMBRIDGE.

"After filling the same place for eighteen years," my host remarks, "it was rather a wrench, in 1892, to give it up and leave so many of one's friends. But, as I have said, I have made excellent friends in Cambridge, and, on the whole, a scientific man of my tastes could not desire a better billet than I have here."

With tea on the lawn my very enjoyable visit to the popular astronomer's home comes to an end. As Sir Robert Ball walks slowly with me to the entrance gates we have a little talk about his books—*Starland*, *The Story of the Heavens*, *Time and Tide*, *In Starry*

Realms, *The Story of the Sun*, and *In the High Heavens*.

"They have all been written," the author tells me, "at odd times and in fragments—being first put together either in the shape of lectures or of contributions to magazines. My latest book, *Lives of the Great Astronomers*,

was a series of biographical sketches contributed to *Good Words*, as you may remember. *Time and Tide*, which, although the most abstruse of these books, had a sale of two thousand in six weeks, was given first in two lectures at the Royal Institution; and *The Story of the Heavens*, which has been by far the most popular, formed the series of Christmas lectures one year to the juveniles at the Royal Institution—the first that were not delivered by either Faraday, who was the originator of the lectures, Huxley, or Tyndall."

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

CARLYLE was not a man of business, but he would have made a success of it had he tried it. In his writings one finds these lines of solid business truth:—"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market." "Have a smile for all, a pleasant word for everybody." "To succeed, work hard, earnestly, and incessantly." "All honest men will bear watching; it is the rascals who cannot stand it." "Better have the window empty

than filled with unseasonable and unattractive goods." "When you hang a sign outside your place of business, let it be original in design and of good quality." "Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation its power of endurance." "Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, a spirit of sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright."

THE DANGERS OF ATHLETICISM.

BY SIR BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

I HAVE for such a number of years been an ardent supporter of athletic exercises, it seems strange to me to write about the dangers of athleticism. So many persons, however, as well as the able Editor of this journal, have questioned me on this topic, I venture to contribute a few words upon the subject, with the truth always before me that love for a thing or an act should never cover its faults, if there be any, and if they require to be duly pointed out and explained; with a warning sign how they may be avoided.

The reason why I have been a supporter of all good athletic exercises is that I have had a theory in my mind that perfection of bodily form, symmetry, and balance has more in it than is generally attributed to it. Persons admit, as a rule, that athleticism produces strength and beauty, and in our art galleries artists see portrayed the finest indications of what athletic skill can affect. They praise the Greek school; they revel in the idea of the Olympian game; they say the pictures and statues are among the riches of the arts because conveying the virtues of strength and beauty. I sympathise, but I see a grander worth in athleticism; I see mind or soul as well as bodily form. As we build the body, so we are. That which animates our body is without change or shadow of change, is ready to enter what is made for it, and as the common atmosphere, by its eternal pressure, forces itself into our organised fabric according as we let it, so this *vis animæ*, as we let it, fills our organisation, and is.

For this reason, according to my view, so much should be made of athletics. Beauty, form, grace are results, or should be, as a matter of course, but they are secondary. The first place is for forming the nobler part. Light will enter a cellar, a hovel; but it is most splendid when it enters the palace, and we want the body to be the palace of life.

But what if, in trying to glorify the body, we, by our errors, are led to disfigure it, and make it the impossible residence for a perfect life. We do so in many ways and through many evils. We do so through the use of strong drinks, through improper foods, through irregular hours, through too much work, through exposure to polluting influences, and we may even do so through what are called athletics; for, strictly speaking, they mean competition, and competition constantly tempts to the display of dangerous ambitions; attempts to do and perform feats and acts which one body is not fitted for as against another that is better fitted, and then comes the danger. Also, there are some so-called athletics which of themselves, although they may be wonder-

ful, are not intrinsically worthy, and which lead to deformed physique, physique shorn of beauty, and bad instead of good.

Athleticism means competition of a physical kind; the dangers of it lie in the trials so often made of one body testing its powers against another. If all were of the same cast the trial might be fair and to a considerable extent free from risk, because the over-strain even of the weaker might be small, and skill might win. The risk comes in from the efforts made by organs of different qualities, qualities not understood by their owners, and liable to the most serious misunderstandings by them.

The organs that suffer most in athletic contests are those of the circulation, and here there are two sets to be considered: the one the heart, or central propelling and at the same time regulating organ; the other what is known as the peripheral surface or that extreme surface into which the blood, propelled by the heart, is distributed through the final vessels of the circulation all over the extreme parts in which the nutrition of the body is carried on. To my observation, which is often taxed on these points, the heart is usually the first sufferer. Its work is great; it suffers from the direct task put upon it, and it suffers from impulses which are in their way mental in character. In all cases, the heart, which is a muscle, wants to be in accord with all the other muscles of the body that are taken into requisition, as well as with the nervous action which excites them into motion. If, in order to supply the muscles that have to be competitively worked with sufficient blood, it must itself overwork, then it becomes damaged in structure and in function. It becomes too large and powerful; it is one organ assisting many, working for all that are demanded immediately, as well as for other organs which have to be kept regularly in play and in repair. Its openings or floodgates become distended. Its valves go out of gear with the parts they have to defend; its muscular structure is over-developed, like the muscles of the blacksmith's arm or the dancer's leg; and, in time, it is worn out relatively, or it is too strong for its duty towards the delicate parts it supplies; or it wears out too rapidly, and becomes too weak. I have witnessed all these changes and the damages that follow them, and I cannot too earnestly call attention to them. The heart must also be stimulated into action by its own nervous supply; to it the mind speaks or strikes, and thereupon, under great competitive exertion, there is exceedingly strong requirement and frequent failure. Many an athlete loses what he most wants by such oppression. They say he is well-built, and for a

time powerful, but he is not of "lion heart." He has striven his best, has failed, is dejected, and must try again. He tries again and again, and still fails from the centre of his life: athleticism in pursuit of danger.

Even the skilfullest and most commanding athletics are not safe. They pursue their glory. The young athletic does not make an old one, and in nine cases out of ten the first failure is of the nature described. The watch is over-wound.

The central difficulty of athleticism is, as a rule, primary, but the danger in the widespread, minute, nutritive circulation is not far behind. When motion is too rapid and too tense from the centre of life, and when living action is too rapid and too tense in endings as well as beginnings, there is again danger. There are no two circulations in the extreme parts that are the same in capacity and adaptation and liability. The outskirts and, if it may be so expressed, the tactical necessities are different. The most passive organs are not the same in any two individuals, and the competitions therefore cannot be the same. If the life and living actions be disturbed from the centre, be over-run, overpowered, or overworked, the qualities of separate centres will be strained, shortened, or enfeebled. The distant parts are in some way hurt or worn low. The elastic tissue of parts is specially liable to injury. If we put an india-rubber band around letters or parcels it holds well at first, and it holds long if it be kept on with no

more than moderate firmness. In like manner, the elastic and rebounding tissues of our organs, and specially of our minute channels of circulation, keep strong, and will do so, if they are not too long and too often subjected to tension and pressure. If they are, like the rubber, they give way and rupture and lose their sustaining power. Then we see the athletic engine, the body, destroyed for athletic work, often before its prime. It should last in fine play, say, twenty years; it begins to fail in fifteen, and it is practically dead in twenty. The man is considered to be too old, and must make way for the younger aspirant. If good physical exercise could, therefore, be kept free of competition it would be far better for the world at large. It is possible that it will, but we know not when the desire to excel will cease to be the one desire. It must come to an end by the very success of it in some far distant day; but, meanwhile, though we cherish the desire, we ought to show some wisdom in the efforts, and apply the knowledge that we are constructed as working machines which possess but limited capacities; capacities that will not, desire as we may, be encroached upon by our follies.

I have spoken in this paper of exercises that do not, at once, make a disfigurement of those parts of the body which are visible. But some disfigure rapidly, and should be brought first of all under correction. They add ugliness to danger, and whenever that is the case are instant monitors of wrong.

"FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT."

TALKS AT THE CLUB.

THE Debating Society was a dreadful failure. We prepared our papers very carefully, and we chose subjects that we considered of abiding interest, such as the Authorship of the Letters of Junius, the probable identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, and whether the execution of Charles the First was justifiable or indefensible. But our friends declined to attend the debates, and our audience consisted chiefly of small boys who asked derisive questions from the gallery, or made impertinent or irrelevant observations, such as "Put his head in a bag!" "Stow that!" "Who cares?"

The biographer of Cleg Kelly says that when Sabbath-school scholars refused to profit by the instruction offered to them at the seat of learning frequented by his hero, it was usual to chuck them out of the door, and that when a Sabbath school was located at the top of a staircase was not infrequent to find the latter packed full of chucked-out boys. But this forcible method of conquering prejudice or indifference cannot be resorted to in a Debating Society, the occupants of the platform

having more personal dignity, or perhaps less conviction of the profitable nature of their conclusions. We recognised that the Debating Society was a failure, and we refrained from forcing it on the community.

Not anticipating this collapse, we had hired the rooms for the winter term. There are few things more humiliating than to be compelled to go back from your agreement, to invite the other contracting party to relieve you of your bargain; it is a practical recognition of defeat from which we shrank. If the public would not visit us, except under humiliating or annoying conditions, we determined to take the initiative and exclude the public, occupy the hall privately and for our own pleasure of evenings, talk exactly as we liked and when we liked, and say the things we believed without thought of their being the things expected of us.

Stanhope said this was a great relief; he said there was no use in our beating ourselves into a white heat now over Charles the First, and as

regarded the other mysteries, discussing them only exposed one to contradiction. He said debates were unreal things, they were a kind of verbal gymnastics, and he rather approved of the people who derided them.

Norbury said if people refused to listen to what they did not credit, or what they considered vain and useless iteration, regular attendance at church would be seriously minimised. Stanhope answered that there was a difference between debating and sermonising, that debating was voluntary and uncalled-for, whereas sermonising was an essential, like newspaper-writing. You had to preach on Sundays if you had been consecrated thereto, and you had to fill up your columns if your daily bread depended thereon, and this involved much strenuous speech, verbal or written, though oftentimes there was no living thought in one's mind to vitalise it. Stanhope said when a topical writer is at a loss for subject-matter, he discourses at large or attacks women; when a political writer has nothing of any moment to say, he reviles a prominent member of the Cabinet or of the Lower House; when a theological writer wants to put unusual vivacity into his discourse, he attacks an opposing creed and calls its advocates men of Belial.

I asked Stanhope if he wished to abolish the press and the pulpit as well as our Debating Society, and he said he had not fully thought out the subject, but he did not think he would go altogether as far as that. Rightly directed, the influence of press and pulpit was beneficial, but he would be disposed to silence periodically men who talked nonsense in high places, or wrote nonsense for the aggravation of the multitude. Henley laughed, and said Stanhope would rusticate men from their theological calling or from their holding on the Fourth Estate, as men were rusticated from the universities, and that if the plan were feasible it might not be altogether an unworthy one. In rural solitudes the absentee would have time to consider his duty, his influence, and the claims of his clients.

Norbury said there was a great deal in the suggestion, though of course it was only feasible in Utopia. He felt sure men would both write and preach much more aptly if they always did so in view of possible immediate rustication. But the difficulty would be to find censors capable of judging between the admirable and the inadmissible. Some people liked oratory that strengthened their prejudices, that encouraged their own unreason, that attacked the 'ism or the 'ology they disliked; others enjoyed novelty, were amused by hearing what they had never heard before, and

much preferred freshness to wisdom; while a third section found merit in sheer fatuity.

Henley thought that since nobody would listen to anything we wished to say, the time had come for us to decide what we should do with established systems and abiding powers, and that we had better determine there and then whether the Church, the State, and the Press should be abolished, or allowed to continue; if the latter, under what conditions and modifications.

My own impression is that Henley had been a loss to the Debating Society, although I refrained from telling him so on that occasion. It was impossible to get Henley to look at anything seriously. He was far too fond of speaking with the authority of the three tailors of Tooley Street, and people could never feel quite sure whether his attitude towards the community and those he addressed was respectful or derisive. People hate a systematic joker, and Henley annoyed us all frequently.

I suggested that over-productiveness was at the root of much of the discursiveness, vain repetition, and wordiness of the age. A man utters a truth and the world cries "Speak on," wanting another truth, while he imagines they want more words from him, so he follows his first good saying with commonplaces that may degenerate into mere froth and folly. I suggested that when people had done one able thing, written one great book, delivered one stirring oration, placed one perfect thought before the world, they should be paid to neither utter a word nor produce a sound in the ears of the million for three years subsequently; at the end of that time they would probably be ready with another masterpiece. What struck me was that few people knew how to behave well on the apex; toiling upward, they seemed sincere and strenuous creatures, simple-minded, labour-loving; once on the leisured summit, they lost their heads sometimes, and made themselves spectacles for the community.

Stanhope said he knew people who refused to speak when they had nothing to say, who refused to enter high places if they thought a more suitable occupant was available, who declined honours of which they believed themselves undeserving, to which Henley answered something vulgar about his eye and Betty Martin.

Norbury said the age was too self-assertive, or too rapid; that people learned to listen to words that had no thought behind them; that the openings for voicing oneself were countless; and that the community could often not discriminate between the song of the lark and the cackle of the barndoor fowl.

Henley answered that the first essential was to educate the public.

NORMAN FRENCH.

THE only freedom I care about is the freedom to do right; the freedom to do wrong I am ready to

part with on the cheapest terms to anyone who will take it of me.—*Professor Huxley.*

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WANTS TO WRITE.

By COULSON KERNAHAN,

Author of "God and the Ant," "A Book of Strange Sins," "A Dead Man's Diary," etc.

My friend Mr. Atkins, the Editor of this magazine, has asked me to send him an article upon "The Young Man who Wants to Write." Why he should select an author with so slight a literary equipment as mine to speak upon so big a subject I cannot say, unless it be that he wants this paper to be practical, and knowing that only five years ago I was one of that audience whom I am now presuming to address, he thinks that my experiences may be fresh enough to be of value to others. Or it is possible that he has asked me to step up thus upon the platform, because he remembers my having once told him that when I first began to send my manuscripts to the magazines I was absolutely without "a friend at court," and that he thinks my advice and experience are likely to be of more practical use to others, similarly placed, than that of those who had a less uphill battle to fight. If this be so, I can honestly say that my counsel is given right willingly, for the bitterness of rejection and the joy of acceptance are still fresh enough in my memory to render me especially tender-hearted to that victim of long-deferred hopes and sickening suspense—that eager, anxious hoverer betwixt delirious joy and cruel, crushing disappointment—"the young man who wants to write."



MR. COULSON KERNAHAN.

[From a Photo by A. L. SHEPHERD, Westcliff-on-Sea.]

I.

Before going into the practical side of the question I should like to have something to say upon its general aspects. No one thinks more highly of the profession of letters than I, but I may as well at once confess that great as is my love for my craft, and

generous and large-hearted as I have always found men of letters—at all events, large-brained men of letters—to be, I cannot profess much sympathy with the fussy folk who seem to imagine that God made this world and the infinite worlds around it, sea and sky, flowers and faces and little children, Life and Death, and the human heart with its joys and sorrows

and hope of immortality, for no other reason than that they and others like them should have something to write about. Instead of recognising that it is only the unintelligible riddle of Life and Death which makes literature of any consequence, they seem to fancy that literature—especially their own literature—is the chief end and concern of man's being. As a matter of fact, literature is to life what a dog's tail is to his body—a very valuable *appendage*; but the dog must wag the tail, not the tail the dog, as some of these gentry would have us to believe. You may screw a pencil into one end of a pair of compasses and draw as many circles of different sizes as you please, but it is from

the other end that you must take your centres; and what the pivot is to the pencil, life should be to literature. If there is one phrase which I detest more than another, it is the phrase "a literary man." To be "a literary man" is not, I must confess, and never has been, my ambition. "A man of letters"—a *man* first and a *littérateur* afterward—is quite another thing, and is a title of which anyone might be proud if he have honestly earned it. For myself, I am not overmuch in sympathy with the "literary young man" of the present day. The men of the older generation may be as they were in an end-

of-the-century phrase of detestable taste recently described "back numbers," but they had at least certain old-fashioned qualities which are but indifferently replaced by the "up-to-date" cocksureness of a later generation.

I yield to no one in my admiration for Mr. Kipling's genius, but I cannot picture, say Mr. Lang, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Dobson, or the late Mr. Frederick Locker, taking upon himself to patronise and encourage one of the great soldiers of the day (I say nothing about what has sometimes been supposed to imply a gratuitous and undeserved insult to another distinguished member of the same profession) by putting him metaphorically upon the back, with the assurance that—

'E's a terror for 'is size,
An'—e—does—not—advertise—
Do yer, Bols?

Is this the "touch satiric" which we have learned to associate with English light verse, or is it glorified journalism of the personal paragraph description set to banjo music? In speaking of these lines as "glorified journalism" of the personal paragraph description (and most journalists will agree with me that they are in questionable taste), I mean no slight, I need hardly say, to a most honourable profession. The time has long gone by when men said of the journalist, as Nathanael said of Jesus, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" for journalism to-day counts no less distinguished men among its members than does the profession of letters, and holds an equally honoured place. But the journalist who joins the sacred choir of poets (and a curiously large percentage of recent singers is drawn from the ranks of journalism) must not carry his notebook with him under his surplice into the chancel, nor must the scratching of his pencil be heard in the Temple of the Muses, as it is heard—so, at least, it seems to me—in the lines to which I have alluded. That it would be most unjust to take such an extreme instance as typical either of Mr. Kipling himself or the new school of poetry I fully admit, but I have quoted the lines here because they are a glaring example of that obtrusion of a journalistic note into literature, and especially into poetry, which so differentiates the work of the men of the 'sixties and 'seventies from the work of the men of the 'nineties. That the work of the men of the 'nineties is as virile and as original as the work of the men of the 'sixties and 'seventies would be as easy to maintain, as it would be difficult to deny that much of it lacks the taste as well as the scholarship of the men of the older generation.

It is possible that this change for the worse is due to the Americanising of our journalism and the commercialising of our art. It is not love of letters, but the price per thousand words, which is too often the incentive to writers of to-day; and scholarship being at a discount in the eyes of the

"Literary Agent," is relegated to the "back numbers" and to the "old fogies." These are the days of the "young man," and the young man is fully alive to the situation, and does not allow any false delicacy to prevent him from making the fact equally plain to those who are not young. It is the young man who is "dined" at the literary clubs; it is the young man who proposes or responds to the toasts, and the veteran is either not asked to the banquet at all, or is only asked because it is thought that his name will look well in the reports which young men write for the morning papers. For the young man's sake, more than for any other's, one could wish it were not so, for only too often he gets the malady which is known as "swelled head," and his work suffers in consequence. I take it that the young man whom I am now addressing is not likely to have had this complaint, and I hope he is too sensible and steady a fellow ever to be in danger of doing so.

And now I will proceed to consider the subject of "the young man who wants to write" from a more practical standpoint.

II.

And first of all I would say, "Be content with small beginnings." Don't set to work upon a novel until you have written a good many short stories. The novelist must serve his apprenticeship to his craft no less than the builder, and no sane builder would set an apprentice to build a castle before the lad knew how to construct a well-planned cottage, any more than a schoolmaster would set a sum in decimal fractions to a scholar who had not mastered addition, subtraction, and multiplication.

Let us suppose that your first attempt is a short story. You send it to some half-dozen magazines, all of which decline it. If you are wise, you will conclude that something is wrong, and will carefully re-read the MS. in order to discover what is amiss. Perhaps you may detect the crudity of style or construction which led to its rejection, and may re-write it altogether before sending it on its travels again.

In this way you learn your own strength and your own weaknesses. Success is only to be attained as the result of many failures, and we probably profit more by our failures than by our successes. But that is no reason why we should spend more time and energy in making failures than is necessary, and for the novice to set about a three-volume novel before he has acquired some mastery of the short story is a great mistake.

As the literary adviser to a large publishing house I have some experience of manuscripts, and I confess that it goes to my heart to have to reject work over which infinite pains and time must have been expended, but which is quite hopeless because of faults which a little more experience in the art of story construction might have prevented.

The next point which I would impress upon the "young man who wants to write" is that he must send his story or essay (and what I have said about small beginnings in the writing of stories is equally true about the writing of essays) to a magazine which is likely to accept the kind of contribution he has to offer. Each magazine appeals to some special public, and the literary aspirant would do well to keep a notebook containing a list of periodicals, and to enter therein not only the names of the editors, and the addresses to which MSS. are to be sent, as well as the purport of the "Notices to Correspondents," but any other information he may be able to obtain about the publications in question.

Against the *Idler*, for instance, he might put—"Address, Howard House, Arundel Street, Strand. Editor, J. K. Jerome. Sub-Editor, G. B. Burgin. All MSS. sent must be type-written. They take short poems, stories, and humorous sketches."

Should his MS. be a serious essay on the Drink Traffic he would know that it would only be wasting time and postage stamps to offer it to Mr. Jerome of the *Idler*. If the aspirant takes my advice, he will not send any MS. to magazines unsolicited. The best way is to make out a list of all periodicals which publish contributions of the sort he has to offer, and to write the editors, one at a time, stating the subject and length of his article, and asking if he may submit the MS. for consideration. A stamped cover for reply should in every case accompany this letter, and if the editor consents to consider the MS., stamps for return if unaccepted should also be enclosed.

If the editor have an opening for such a paper as his would-be contributor proposes to submit, the latter has at least the assurance that his MS. will be examined, and may even be accepted. If the editor have no such opening, it is better that one should be aware of the fact than that one should pay money in postage to no purpose, for if the paper be sent to take its chance, it may lie about for months before it is returned, much the worse for wear and tear, and probably when the subject with which it dealt has lost its freshness.

Perhaps I ought to say a few words about the MS. itself. If possible, it should be type-written, as a type-written MS. has a better chance of acceptance than one which is in ordinary handwriting, and the charge for type-writing is only 1s. to 1s. 3d. per thousand words. But if it be not typed, the handwriting must be of the plainest. We cannot all write copperplate, but everyone can at least write legibly, and so long as the writing is plain it does not matter if it be the veriest schoolboy round-hand. White "sermon" or quarto paper is the best, but a margin wide enough to admit of interpolation and correction should always be left. On no account roll the MS., and have as few folds as possible. I need hardly add that only

one side of the paper should be written upon, and that the sheets should be paged and fastened together by a clip. And don't omit to put your name and address in the right-hand corner of the first page, and on the back of the last page too if you like; and don't send MSS. out which bear upon them the mark of rejection by other editors.

When I was acting as the editor of a monthly magazine I could generally tell a MS. which had already been offered to and refused by one of Cassell's publications, as that firm appears to have a system of "registering" every MS. received, and of marking the registered number in pencil on the margin. The fact that an article or story has already been offered elsewhere, and refused, does not, of course, imply that it is worthless; on the contrary, some of the finest novels in the language underwent numerous refusals before ultimately finding a publisher. But editors are only human, and the fact that somebody else—presumably competent to judge—has already passed an unfavourable verdict can hardly be said to be a recommendation. A clean MS. fresh from the author's hand has more of promise about it than one which has evidently "been the round."

If your MSS. have suffered rejection at several hands and begin to look dirty, it is not a bad plan to re-write the pages (the first and last generally) which show most signs of wear and tear. The accompanying letter should be short and business-like, and should smack as little of the amateur as possible. Don't tell the editor that you are a beginner, and that you hope for this reason, if for no other, he will accept your paper.

If you wished to get your hair cut you wouldn't go to a man who told you that he had only just started in the business. The fact that he had never cut a head of hair before would render it more than likely he would cut yours badly, and you would in all probability prefer that he should practise on some other head than your own. And as an editor has generally far more MSS. to consider than he has opportunity to read, it is hardly to be wondered at that he should be less inclined to give valuable time to the consideration of a paper which he knows beforehand is only the work of a beginner, than to the work of a writer whose stories have already found favour with the public. Hence the accompanying letter should be as brief and business-like as possible. Don't seek to insinuate yourself into his favour by assuring him that in your opinion his is the best edited and most interesting of all the magazines; and don't seek to enlist his sympathies on the ground of uncongenial occupation, literary aspirations, or of your being the only support of a widowed mother. A conscientious editor must do his duty to his publisher by accepting only what will benefit the magazine over whose destiny he presides, and cannot publish unsuitable "copy" because he feels charitably or sympathetic-

ally disposed to the sender. There is only one way to find favour in the eyes of an editor, which is by sending him good work, and work which suits the public for whom he has to cater, and it is by good work and good work only that the young man who wants to write can hope to make his way.

So much for the details. They are, of course, only of secondary importance, and some readers may think I have dwelt upon them at too great length. But the young man who wants to write has many hills to surmount, and will need to economise his strength for the difficult task of climbing. If he have anything in him he will reach his destination in the end, but I have known men who have had to go such a weary long way round that they reached

the goal of their hopes in time only to realise the truth of Goethe's maxim, "The wished-for comes too late." The greatest of our younger novelists once told me that he feared the bitterness, born of hope delayed, would never quite pass out of his heart. "If only I had known then what I know now," he added, "what pitiful spending of my strength to no purpose might have been saved me!" And that is just it. Many an intellectual giant who knows nothing of what I may call the "ropes" is at this moment sending article after article to the magazines without success, while men who are infinitely his intellectual inferiors are getting their papers published and paid for.

(To be concluded.)

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.

I.—THE ROSEWOOD WRITING-SLOPE.

SERENA BOUNDERLEY bought it in Silover Fair when she was a young and winsome woman, and when captivity to ledgers had no canker. The Cheap-Jack had bidden his porters keep open lanes amongst the people so that buyers got their bargains easily, and with elbow-room for the counting out of coin. Serena stood on the outskirts in company with her father and Zackery Martins, of Knives Green Farm. The two men were gossips since they left a common form in Silover British School. But it needed a fair, or a harvest feast, or jury business, or mayhap a foolish preacher at the Turret Chapel to make either fall readily to talk. The slow currents were moving, however, this morning, and Serena listened with one ear to a trickle of reminiscences, and with the other to a clever blend of bluster and wheedling from the chocolate-coloured van.

"They are the grandest vaunzes money can buy in the Potteries. See the hartist's design—like life! 'Pon my honour, I wouldn't waste your time and mine in praising 'em, ladies and gentlemen, if I didn't know what your friends will say when they see 'em on your mantelpiece setting off your sweetheart's picture—when she *was* your sweetheart, I mean"—

"Yes, sheep-bells used always to be sold at fairs up the Chilterns. I can mind as many as two hundred changing hands at a fair. Lanstable was a great place for it."

"Ah, I remember it, Martins, too. All the ship had bells. The shepherds were hired year in, year out; and when they changed masters they cleared out their ship-bells to the new herds. Queer why they should do it. I never could see daylight."

"You say that, Sam Bounderley, because you've

always been the man to stick to your wheels and your wedges and your paint-pots, and not to poke and pry where you've no call. But there was a reason, as there is for most things except a maid's liking."

The farmer broadened a smile upon Serena at his side, and the flutterless eyes showed him wasted quizzing.

The Cheap-Jack's voice filled the air.

"Now I'm a-going to put up the gem of my special stock for Silover. Here y'are. Solid rosewood, slide, and bar and all."

"What is the reason, Martins?" the wheelwright asked.

"Why, it's simple as hedgin'! The ship won't follow nobbut their own bells. I grant you 'tis queer what's in a tink-tinkle to make the differ. But ship are cunning creatures"—

"This beautiful fancy article, worthy of the Queen's 'ome at Windsor Castle, is positively to be sold. The nicest, nattiest writing-slope in the three kingdoms is going—gone! Lady against the big tree yonder; five and ninepence: braces next."

Had Serena indeed nodded to the orator, whose face was ferret-keen? She feared that such was the case, but it was a moment of confusion, and neither then nor later could she stoutly hold the yea or the nay. The one certainty that forced her hand into her pocket in a vain quest for sufficient money was that a longing for the pretty work-toy had seized her. In mechanical response to the adroit vendor, she might have given the signal.

But the clear, fair skin revealed piteous tides of shame. The grinning clown pushed out his palm and was already impatient. Serena's fevered fingers were fishing in a little old netted purse.

Their report was confirmatory of her despair—three sixpences and emptiness!

The men were talking yet of the riddle of sound-discriminating sheep, and a girl in a quandary must appeal aloud.

"Father!"

It was but a timid, shaken word—the bleat of a lamb, and the clamour drowned it. Samuel Bounderley did not turn. A quick hand, gloved in grey, went up to his arm, and in another second would infallibly have tilted upon the luckless suppliant a sharp avalanche of scolding. She expected no less. But a young man in aggressively new moleskins made his way with scant ceremony across the living blocks that were as spokes radiating from a centre hub. He reached Serena in time to preserve the continuity of her parent's discourse with his, which was at least a laudable purpose.

"You have paid some money, Serena?"

"Yes, eighteenpence; it is all I had. Oh, Enoch!"

There was nothing complex in the cry. Its dominant note was relief, the assurance that with the arrival of Enoch Martins she saw an open door of escape. There would be no scandal.

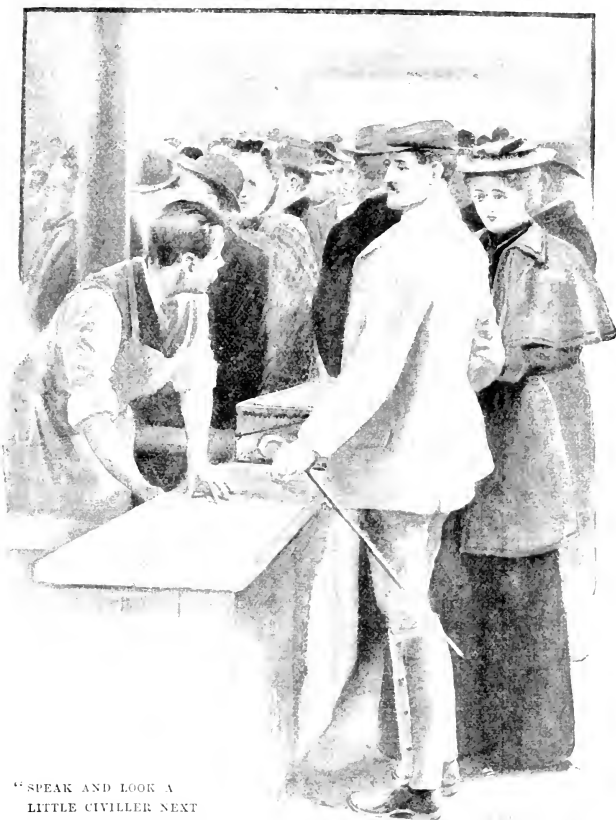
"Four and three besides, I think. There you have it. Speak and look a little civiler next time, my man. Better for business, you know."

The man growled something which the singing in Serena's ears shut out, as was well. He had been delayed by a silly maid buying at a long jump beyond her means, and his paymaster left no margin for that hindrance. Experience taught him that there was a thundercloud forming at the van.

"I—I didn't dream it was going to be knocked down to me."

Serena's apology seemed to Enoch the prettiest imaginable.

"No? Well, now! But it's a real smart bit of parlour stuff, fringed and tasselled main and gay. I thought likely he'd drop a bit lower. Then I



"SPEAK AND LOOK A
LITTLE CIVILLER NEXT
TIME, MY MAN. BETTER
FOR BUSINESS, YOU KNOW."

should have cut in. But it's the same thing, isn't it? Another road, same come out at the end."

"Were you going to buy it, Enoch?"

"Yes, for Serena Bounderley to write up her father's reckonings on. I could see the little hand travelling along and the figures getting blacker and thicker in the columns. I watched it all by Lister's shop."

Then Serena understood, and light entered her soft blue eyes, and a certain terror, too. She seemed as one who would answer, but suddenly remembered, and shut a break hard on speech with woman's vigilance. It was a public place, and the talk of the sheep-bells was done.

"Ho, ho, Enoch! We shall have a fine scholar up 't Knives Green come next barley-cutting if you're for taking the desk and getting to your books. No more forty winks in t' chimney corner."

"Yes, father, I hope so," said the youth thus subject to raillery. "It's main snug when the beat draws you off and your pipe drops plump on old Rocket's back. Good old dog; he's singed all colours—as wide across as my hat; and never a growl. When the ash bites he just shakes it off and 's down again."

It was spoken with the dry drawl of the shire, and with a curious under-thread of deference even in the jest. The yoke of the elders was not cast away though the tongue played with Southern freedom. Serena's glance had a half-reproof in its amusement; but the two cronies laughed in unison. It was "Fair time," and a day, therefore, of such licence as could even be right for the "hearers" of the Turret Chapel; and besides, Enoch had the privilege that sets into the lot of an only son, and withal bore fame in Silover as a wit.

"Eh? I mind mother's said often enow there were a smell of frizzling and frying," the burly farmer answered, with tolerable composure. "I thought it mayhap came from my old sheepskin gaiters. Didn't know Rocket liked hot cinders."

Serena nudged her father's arm, and there was a diversion.

"Sure you won't come in and taake tea, Mr. Martins? Serena 'll put it out spry and proud directly in granny's old china. Do, now."

The wheelwright pressed his fellow-deacon with stiff geniality, but Zachery Martins, with a similar trick of form, preserving subtle differences of caste, declined. He thought no discredit that he liked a stronger brew in the *Wheatsheaf* parlour. His fashion of solemn politeness passed a moment later in a humorous pursing of the lips at Enoch, who held the writing-slope and did not stir.

"The carrier chap here'll taake tea," he said drily. "I'll go bail for him that he'll be there if so be he's asked. What's Cheap-Jack's wage, Enoch, for taaking our parcels? Eh? but I am out on't again. It's the other end where the pay comes in. I'm main dull not to mind that."

Serena's face did not betray her, for the colour had come long since, and stayed. As for Enoch, it was heavy musketry indeed that must have demolished his phlegm. He was not farmer-bred and furrow-hardened for nothing. Besides, all the triflers in Silover who dared banter a man of money had had their quip at gig-wheels that wanted so much tinkering. The pricks had made him proof.

"Up at the van?" Enoch replied imperturbably. "Yes, the money tumbles into the fellow's pockets like corn into a mill-shoot."

His father laughed with genuine admiration of the parry, and dropped the ineffective whip.

"I'll taake a cup o' tea and a round or two of Serena's tasty toast, and pass the time o' day with Amos, some other day, if we're all spared," Zachery Martins said, putting in the peradventure as became the deacon. He gave Serena's hand a fatherly pressure

that seemed to have an odd concern with her long eyelashes, for thereupon they drooped; and in his bluff, brotherly way he wrung old Sam Bounderley's sledge-hammer fist—for the last time.

The prophet who knows is not ashamed. There were three who went down Brick Causeway to Church Place, and one was a young man whose hopes had suddenly shot skyward at a rate that made him dizzy. A glamour was in the keen October air, though he talked of it with a vicarious dislike, fancying that Serena shivered.

"It's a nipping nor'easter before we're out of autumn," he said. "You've been standing too long, Serena."

"No, no! I didn't even feel the wind," the girl protested, and the note of candour contented him.

"You won't have to face it riding, anyhow," he said; "mother wouldn't come t' fair because of it. But we picked a woman up on Knives Down who wanted us to drop her at Sley Bottom. All along the ridge you're right in the eye of it, you know. Well, when we pulled up at the Cross Roads, what do you guess she said? She got down, and then"—

"'Thank you'—what else could it be?"

"She said that she hoped she'd get a ride back as well, and she hoped by then the wind would have turned round."

Sam Bounderley brooded on this for a full half-minute, and then his eye caught a track of light.

"Ah! That's a smart woman!" he cried, with a chuckle in his throat; "she asked for it to come round in her face again, did she? I'd ha' let it bide the way it was for choice. Especially as it touches my chest up."

He flung his arms across his breast once and again in the manner of his work sheds in cold weather, and to the peril of the writing-slope.

"Oh, father, neighbours 'll think you've been to the fair," said Serena, in gentle dismay. The dignity of the senior office-bearer "up t' Turret" was much to his pretty daughter.

But the risk of having the wheelwright's liveliness misinterpreted was lessened by the fact that the only critics were possibly an invalid or two at cottage windows. Silover at large was watching the wonderful fascinating wickedness scattered twice a year in its central open space by mysterious but unquestioned authority. What moral firebrands were not cast there to singe the garments of a staid people!

The trio reached the wide opening where a low bulging house and shop seemed forced out of the true line by encroaching wheeler's sheds. Fair frolic and noise was kept at bay in Church Place. The rabble was shut out by a tradition of wooden posts and a white chain. The posts had decayed and gone, and it was no one man's duty to renew them—hence they were not renewed. But the chain hung yet in a rusty festoon on the wheeler's south wall, and its influence survived. No showman or hawk or horse-runner had ever tried to

intrude on this elect and separate land. It was sanctuary, and Serena on such days as these was very glad. The fair might have its uses, for it stirred life a little where the stream of existence was apt to seem as sluggish as the waters of the loitering Sil. But its tinsel tired the girl, and to Puritan austerity there was a worse taint than the close reek of caravans. She drew a deep breath when it was all left behind in the mid town, and the shouts were only a distant surge through which the nearer rhythm of her father's hammers came clear.

"Here's Amos, ready to grumble at stretching the tea-hour," said Enoch Martins, nodding at a brawny figure crossing between the heaps of cast iron. "What a stickler your brother is, Serena! He'd work the day round if Merlin's Cave and the waxworks and the rest of 'em were in his own yard. It's like a copy-book line."

Somehow Serena's eyes went quickly sideways to long churchyard grass and to an unweathered stone, and she remembered a day when Amos Bounderley walked in a mourner's procession with a stricken face from which the one interest in life had perished. A love that is not as many had caught his strong nature. His eyes were blank and still and tearless, even when his sister's pity searched them. But she knew by sheer outreach of soul that when Hester Ford died all his man's dalliance and delight went also, and he was sorely changed. In those hours Serena made a vow.

"He's a good brother," she said softly now, "and if he wants his tea he ought to have it."

It was from the smithy that Amos came, and there was humour in his cheery greeting and offer of three fingers.

"Even they'll leave their mark," he said; "but it's grime to get grime, so we mustn't mind. If it were easier getting, father would be better pleased. But he complains sadly."

Business was Amos Bounderley's topic, and the seamy side thereof.

"Your credit's too long," Enoch had said it a hundred times.

"Cruel, in our country."

As the heir to fat savings Enoch had to avoid a patronising regret, and as Serena's lover he was covenanted to show interest and sympathy. But he skirted perilous coasts with great good luck.

A fragrant steam filled the room, and the old blue ware with impossible boatmen and bridges dressed the snowy cloth. The three men drew in their chairs, and the deacon's grace trenched on the length of a "Turret" prayer, albeit a living thing and not a mask.

Enoch's chances hung in the balance to the very last. Then Sam Bounderley was called, and Serena waited in civility's name and with the tea linen in her hand. She was looking at the rosewood writing-slope. Already it was claimed for duty by a run of rough chalk cut out of a Silover pit. The old wheeler

had thrown it there in his haste. He used it in the sheds for a first record of the day's work, and it was oftener between his fingers than pen or pencil.

"I was forgetting," said Serena firmly,—"and yet how could I forget! When father comes back I will fetch my house purse and get out of debt, and thank you, oh, so very much! There is one way in which I shall never be out of your debt."

Nerve and daring did the thing, though Enoch wondered after how he had earned his joy—wondered till the blow fell and the blackness. He turned the thin rosewood frame and with chalk he wrote old, old words—

"I love you."

The story of two souls was read in the eyes that met and parted. And Serena had in her life a golden moment that no sorrows could drown. Your chiefest store may be a handbreadth of time.

"They are coming back,"—it was heat, and ire that melted as Serena smiled,—"may I call again to-morrow, and find you alone?"

"I—I think so; yes—surely," Serena said.

"Say 'Yes, Enoch,'" he cried, with a strange touch of command.

And she obeyed him meekly, as a woman who is won may.

"Yes, Enoch."

But on the morrow the north-east wind had changed, and Silover Fair was sped till April, and Sam Bounderley was sleeping under a straight white coverlid as the just man shall whose work is done.

Dr. Smallpiece had been fetched in the night when alarm and consternation rose. The conflict was past and the victory won before he entered. He could only bow his grey scholar's head and confess that he had known for at least five years—since Serena's mother died—that it might be so, and suddenly. It was heart mischief. Amos had shared his father's confidence and the surgeon's, and none but Amos. Thereupon Amos had steadily assumed all the trying drudgery in the sheds that by manœuvres he could seize, and the wheeler had gone free of heavy labour. Serena dragged this truth from Amos in his hour of first dismay, and even then with difficulty. She took the rosewood writing-slope, and her face was grey and still, and she built a wall with words clear and shapely, and they were these—

"To Mr. ENOCH MARTINS,

"Knives Green Farm, Silover.

"SIR,—It was my mistake, and I humbly send you my duty, and beg your pardon. But, please, you must not come. You must never come.—Your obedient servant,
SERENA BOUNDERLEY."

And though the ways of emphasis known to the Ready-Writer were mysteries that they did not teach in Silover girls' schools, she found means of putting woman's soul and purpose into the crucial word. It was a very great and forbidding "never."

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: STOPFORD BROOKE'S "PRIMER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE."

It is with very genuine pleasure that, at the request of the Editor of THE YOUNG MAN, I resume the conduct of this reading circle. I have had very frequent and gratifying evidence of the profit derived by readers of this magazine from the books which we studied together during 1893, and with such a course of reading as has been prepared for 1896 there will be no difficulty, I hope, in extending, far beyond the limits of our original "circle," the benefits of a careful study of some of the masterpieces of English literature.

The volume with which I propose our studies should begin is not so much a book as a book about books. Speaking generally, I hesitate to recommend the reading of such works; for useful—indispensable, indeed—as they are, if rightly used, their misuse to-day is frightful. Like a mine-surveyor's chart, which marks the spot where the precious ore lies buried, their real worth to us begins where our study of them ends, and we begin to dig for ourselves. Simply to study the chart is a gratuitous waste of labour; and yet many of us go no farther. "For once that we take down our Milton," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "and read a book of that 'voice,' as Wordsworth says, 'whose sound is like the sea,' we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton, or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife."¹ Do let us remember—and the caution holds equally good of these short papers of mine—that "introductions" which do not introduce, that leave us satisfied with themselves, are for all purposes of real study wholly worthless.

But having entered this caveat, and assuming that those who read Mr. Brooke's handbook to the temple of literature intend to see at least some part of the temple itself, I do most earnestly advise the mastery of this little volume as an invaluable preliminary to the year's reading. There can be no fitter preparation for the study of individual authors than an intelligent and comprehensive

survey of the whole field. English literature is not a mere string of great names and books; it is a living whole; and neither a man nor his work can be rightly understood until both are seen in their relation to the whole. Now, one of the gains with which the mastery of a volume like Mr. Brooke's enriches us, is that it enables us thus rightly to "place" the author whose work we are studying; we see how he stands related alike to the past and to the future, influenced by the one, and himself influencing the other.

One further service Mr. Brooke's primer may do us. Books gain a glory through their being near—often, alas! a glory wholly false and undeserved. "When a new book comes out," said someone, "I read an old one." Few of us have that courage nowadays. The literature of the hour is crowding out the literature of the ages. I have not one syllable to say against our new writers; many of them I read with great and growing delight. But it "rouses all my corruption" when I hear a critic exhaust his superlatives in praise of these, and then go on to decri George Eliot, to set down Macaulay as a smart journalist, and even to pick holes in Sir Walter Scott's matchless cloth of gold. The study of Mr. Brooke's primer, which keeps the perspective true, will at least do something to save us from juvenilities of criticism such as these. And in the main Mr. Brooke's estimate of the makers of our literature may be accepted with perfect confidence. His judgments are not his simply; they are the verdict—may we not almost say the final verdict?—of mankind.²

But though Mr. Brooke may help us ultimately to this saner, truer judgment, he will certainly not do this all at once. Not improbably the first result of the reading of his book will be a feeling of utter bewilderment. From Caedmon's *Paraphrase*, our first poem, to Tennyson's *Harold*, Mr. Brooke reminds us, is almost exactly twelve hundred years. "To think," he says, "of one and then of the other, and of the great and continuous stream of literature that has flowed between them, is more than enough to make us all proud of the name of Englishmen." Undoubtedly; but in a young man whose study of this great literature is only just beginning, this feeling of pride may very easily give place to one of despair. The first time I visited the Louvre in Paris, there only wanted some thirty minutes before

¹ *Choice of Books* (p. 84), where may be found much common sense expressed in uncommonly vigorous English. But really Mr. Harrison doth protest too much. Books about books, all books indeed, are to be put aside until we have mastered Homer, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Calderon, Corneille, Molière, Milton, Fielding, Goethe, Scott. It is to be hoped Mr. Harrison's readers will not take him too seriously, or he may find some difficulty in obtaining a publisher for his own delightful writings. In the teeth of Mr. Harrison's own philosophy, I heartily recommend the perusal of his brilliant pages.

² "Here and there specialists and partisans worry us with exaggeration and hobbies of their own. But, as a rule, the position of the greater poets is perfectly established and clearly understood."—*Id.* p. 60.

the hour for closing. I had just time enough to get hopelessly bewildered in that mighty labyrinth of passages and galleries: study was out of the question; I had not moments where I needed months. Yet the Louvre is no more than a two-roomed cottage by the side of the palace of English literature; and I do not wonder if anyone after his first glance round in Mr. Brooke's company is ready to quit the building in despair. How can he ever hope to make his these heaped-up treasures of the centuries? Where shall he begin? What shall he pass by? What is best worth the little time he has to give?

It is to meet, however feebly and inadequately, difficulties of this character that this reading circle is established. And in order to widen still further the area of its possible usefulness, let me offer two or three hints for the benefit of any who may wish to extend their studies beyond the limits of our present course.

And in the first place, I do not think any young man will be well-advised to begin his study of English literature where Mr. Brooke necessarily begins, namely, at the beginning. Caedmon and Chaucer deserve most careful reading; but to begin with them would be almost as great a mistake as it is to begin reading the Bible at Genesis. If I were not afraid that someone would take me too literally, I should say that both the Bible and English literature are best read backwards, though, of course, for different reasons: the Bible, because the earlier revelation can only be rightly judged in the light of the later; our literature, because in beginning with what is modern we work with natural interest as our ally, and thus the more readily attain to that quickened literary sense without which the full enjoyment of the older writers is impossible. And therefore I always look upon Dr. Johnson's counsel, in need of safeguarding as it may be, as the "golden rule" for the beginner: "A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good." Begin, then, with what interests you. Do not counterfeit a pleasure you do not feel; and do not write yourself down an incapable because you cannot as yet honestly enjoy a book which everybody is supposed to have read. Professor Henry Drummond had once the courage publicly to avow that he could not read Carlyle. And if I were to reveal all my own shortcomings to some literary confessor, I should be compelled to admit that Dickens bores me. It is a frightful admission to make, and the fault, of course, is wholly mine; perhaps (for like one of Dickens' own characters, "I am young, I am very young") I may even yet grow out of it. But, after all, the field of literature—the best literature—is very wide, and there is enough, not only to satisfy the hunger, but also to please the taste of all.

Once the literary interest is really awake, each

one must discover for himself the best course to be pursued. Here is a handful of suggestions which I leave with the reader to make what he can of.

(1) I am told there are some persons who cannot enjoy poetry. If a man has any doubt about himself on the subject, he cannot do better than read Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*;¹ it will serve as an admirable test. If he finds nothing here to touch him, if he can read Milton's *Lycidas*, or Shelley's *Sky-lark*, or Keats' *Nightingale*, without a thrill, he had better make up his mind to stick to prose. But if this little book has power to wake the echoes in his soul, he holds the keys of a kingdom whose riches are without end.

(2) One of the most profitable and interesting methods of study known to me is to take some great figure in our literature, and then with him as its centre, to make a survey of the world in which he lived. Let Shakespeare and "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" be our example. Dowden's handbooks² will supply the student with all he need care to know about the plays themselves; Stopford Brooke will introduce him to all the poet's great contemporaries in the world of letters; and in Creighton's somewhat prosaic little volume, *The Age of Elizabeth*,³ he will find the necessary framework of historical fact. Then with Scott's *Kenilworth*, *Monastery*, and *Abbot*, and Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* to give colour and reality to the whole, not Shakespeare only, but Shakespeare's England, will live for him once more.

(3) Other methods on less ambitious lines Mr. Brooke's volume will suggest to us. Thus on page 16 he writes: "The war poetry of England at this time [before the Norman Conquest] in Northumbria was probably as plentiful as the religious." What a delightful field is opened to us here in the study of the poetry of patriotism from these early days to *The Revenge*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *The Defence of Lucknow*, of our own Tennyson. Or, instead, we may take the poetry of social reform, and hear in Langland, in Cowper, and in Crabbe, in Thomas Hood and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, how the cry of the poor and the needy has entered into the heart of the poet.⁴ Or yet once more, turning again to the fields of romance, we may trace in our literature the influence of the old Arthurian legends, from the days of Map and Malory to *The Idylls of the King*, *Tristram and Iseult*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *The Defence of Guinevere*, of our own time.

(4) Our choice of method is scarcely less ample if we turn from poetry to prose. I have no space for detail; but here are four lines of study selected almost at random, any one of which, if followed out,

¹ Macmillan's, 2s. 6d.

² *Shakespeare: his Mind and Art*, 12s. 6d.; *Shakespeare Primer*, 1s.

³ *Epochs of Modern History*, 2s. 6d.

⁴ See the chapter in Mr. Dawson's *Makers of Modern English*, entitled "The Humanitarian Movement in Poetry."

would yield the richest results:—"The English Novel;" "The Development of the Drama;" "The English Essayists;" "Autobiography." On the first subject, Mr. Walter Raleigh's recent manual¹ will be found useful: of the last I need only say with Mr. Leslie Stephen, "Nobody ever wrote a dull autobiography": for the other two, I

¹ *The English Novel*, 3s. 6d.

must again refer the reader to Mr. Brooke's guidance.

* * *

The price of Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature* is 1s. The book for February will be Matthew Arnold's *Poems* (selected), Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series, 2s. 6d.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

AMONG the most interesting letters that reach me are those which tell the story of the pursuit of knowledge and culture under difficulties. One such from *E. G.* (Manchester) lies before me now. *E. G.* is employed behind the counter "for 13, 14, and 15 hours per day." He thinks that he can get half an hour or an hour every morning for mathematics, and desires to know whether Cassell's *Popular Educator* would be of use to him. So far as his question is concerned the reply is easy: for self-culture, without any direct teaching, there are no better books than the *Popular Educator* Series. But his letter opens up a much wider question, which no Christian man, and no civilised country, can afford to ignore, namely, How is it that we permit among us conditions of labour which extort from a youth from thirteen to fifteen hours a day? There can be no defence of such a system. It is barbarous, cruel, and stupid, and is nothing better than legalised slavery. Perhaps we do not quite grasp what it means. Let us put it this way, then: say you begin work at eight in the morning. You will then end the day's work at nine, ten, or eleven at night. During all that long day there is no time, no moment, for a personal thought, for a glance at a book, for the slightest commerce with the world of knowledge, for any influence that builds the soul up in wisdom or the mind in truth: you are merely a bit of machinery worked at the will of someone else, and worked incessantly. No wonder *E. G.* says he is too tired at night to think of mathematics, and one cannot but applaud his heroic resolution to contrive an hour or even half an hour for himself in the morning. But what does that amount to? So little, that we may practically say that *E. G.* is disinherited from the world of knowledge. He is the victim of extortionate hours of labour, by which the mind is ruined and the body injured, and he is a representative of thousands.

* * *

I attended a little while ago a conference on Socialism. There had been several speeches from leisured gentlemen, whose aim it was to prove that this is the best of all possible worlds, when

a working-man rose. In plain and thrilling words he told us the hour at which he rose, and the nature of his day's work; how he hurried home, washed, and rushed to this very meeting, with no time for a meal; how he rarely saw the inside of a book, because he was too utterly exhausted by the time evening came to concentrate his mind, or what was left of it, on any printed page; and he concluded thus: "I want to read. I am as anxious to improve my mind as any man can be. I am not going to dispute with the gentlemen who have had all the day to prepare their speeches. I have only one thing to say: that *there is something wrong* in a condition of society which makes it impossible for men like us to do anything to win knowledge, and we working-men feel it bitterly." I agree with him; and not merely every Christian, but every man with an elementary sense of citizenship, ought to agree with him too. In one of Mr. Barrie's books the question is asked, "What is Radicalism?" The answer is, "The desire to get a chance in life." Surely that is a natural, noble, and right desire. But where the hours of labour are stretched until they include the whole working-day, we refuse all chance in life to the labourer. We deliberately disinherit him. We condemn him to perpetual ignorance. And then fine gentlemen, who have had every opportunity of getting knowledge, and have often made precious little use of it, talk about the ignorance of the working-man; as if he, poor fellow, could help it, any more than the fish can help losing the power of sight when you shut it up in dark caverns where the daylight never comes. I want to put this subject before my readers by way of a New Year's thought. I want especially to invite the attention of all humane and considerate employers of labour into whose hands this magazine may fall, and inconsiderate capitalists also, if they should be fortunate enough to read these pages. I want the Christian Church to look fairly at this subject, and to answer me this question, "Is there not, as this forlorn protestant said, *something wrong* in the conditions of society, which shut up many thousands of our fellows in

enforced ignorance, and ought not we to seek as the first duty of religion and citizenship to remove these harsh and unjust conditions?"

* * *

The very interesting letter of a *Grateful Colonial* (Melbourne) puts this question: "Is it a new ideal of life which is set up in these pages, and a new school of thought that has arisen?" I should esteem myself presumptuous indeed if I claimed any originality in the views and ideals of life which I have endeavoured to set forth from time to time, since a widening knowledge of the past serves daily to emphasise the conclusion that there is no new thing under the sun. But I may fairly claim that what I have sought to do is to recover certain forgotten truths, such as the joy of life, the rational use of the world, the duties we owe to the mind, the social programme of Christianity, and the true gospel of Christ to the world. After all, religion is the greatest of all questions. All intelligent men want religion, but they demand that religion shall be intelligible; by which I mean that it shall be in consonance with the plain facts of life. Now, the mischief of much of the popular religion has been that it has been out of consonance with the plain facts of life. It has entirely ignored the joy of living, disparaged the messages of science, and disclaimed the natural good tendencies of human nature. But in the earlier days of Christianity it was a religion of supreme joyousness and perfect brotherhood. It was in truth a gospel, something that was good news, and it triumphed by its joyousness. We are gradually coming again to the recognition of that fact, and as the shadows of a barbaric theology are more and more lifted from religion, we shall see what the real Jesus was, and shall read His words with more sincere eyes. When I was in Italy, at Ravenna, some months ago, I heard a good deal about the long-lost portrait of Dante which was found there. It seems that a travelling artist discovered under the whitewashed wall of an ancient outhouse what seemed to be the outline of a picture, and after weeks of careful toil removed the whitewash; when, lo, there came to light the great sad face of the immortal Florentine poet. So the face of the real Christ has been lost beneath the age-long accretions of prejudice and ignorance, and it is the passion of this age of ours to rediscover the true lineaments of Him in whom the hope of the world lies. Thus anything which may seem new in the religious teachings of to-day is really a return to the old; and is it not true that all revolutions spring and proceed not so much from the discovery of new truths as from a reverent return to old truths and forgotten vital principles of thought and life?

* * *

On the letter of *MW.* (Glasgow), which seems to claim environment as the one sufficient law and explication of life, I have one remark to make.

Everyone will agree that environment is a very powerful influence. In the human sphere as in the natural world much may be done by right soils, right temperatures, and right surroundings. But is that all that we need to remember? Suppose you take some sluttish creature of the slums, and put her in a brand-new house, where all that can be done by cleanliness and good outlook has been done to promote a wholesome life,—will the house alter the slut, or will the slut alter the house? We know very well that in this case environment is nine times out of ten absolutely ineffective as a means of physical salvation. Besides, we have to remember that we actually have among us a class for whom environment has done all that it can do. The members of this class have been delicately reared on the most scientific principles; they have had the best doctors, lived in the most perfect houses, gone to the most famous schools, had the opportunity of reading the greatest books, and of coming under the personal influence of those who wrote them. Nothing has been left undone that could be done to ensure for these human plants the most sedulous nurture, the right soil, atmosphere, and temperature necessary for the finest development. But will anyone venture to claim that upon the whole the aristocratic classes are immeasurably superior in physical, intellectual, and spiritual development to all other classes whatsoever? According to the doctrine of environment they ought to be; but as a matter of fact we know that this is very far from being the case. Moreover, in the same house, and subject to precisely the same environment, are two sons: one is the virtuous elder brother, and the other the prodigal who spends his substance on harlots. And that, I take it, is Christ's answer to the preposterous doctrine of environment as the sufficing law and explanation of human life. No: all true reform begins within. Don't push environment too far; if you do, it is mere folly. We acknowledge its truth, but it is not all the truth; and when it is put forward as the one sufficient key to unlock all the mysteries of human life, it brings upon itself the inevitable irony of facts, and courts contempt and ridicule.

* * *

One or two letters reach me on the subject of emigration. I have always found it a very difficult subject on which to advise, because so much depends on the individual. But so far as I can judge, we may take the following statements as ascertained matters of fact: that all things being equal, the capable man will get on as well at home as abroad; that it is worse than useless for the clerk to emigrate; that the knowledge of some craft is an infinitely more valuable asset to the emigrant than the best scholarship; that neither in America nor the Colonies is it any longer possible to make a living easily, and therefore the emigrant must be prepared for some very hard struggles before he finds his feet. It does not even follow that a man may succeed

though he does work hard. I have known more than one man who has gone to Texas or Kansas and has worked like a horse, and yet has failed. It is a significant fact that the number of unemployed in the States is steadily increasing. I believe, however, that there is still a very fair opportunity for the emigrant in Canada and Florida. I have recently read a series of excellent articles on the life of some of "our boys" who have done well in these parts. From these articles I have learned the following facts: that sound physical health is the first necessity, and the second is the possession of some capital, and the more the better; that the youth who enters on such a life should prepare himself for it by learning something of farming before he goes, and that it will be of great service to him if he also learns something of carpentering, building, and cooking, and knows how to put a button on, mend his clothes, and bake bread. But neither in Florida nor Canada will a rapid fortune be made. Life in Florida as an orange-grower is very delightful, but the profits have been largely cut down by competition, and are precarious. Life in Canada on new land is laborious, and here, again, it is not easy to do much more than make a fair living. I am not able to say much about South Africa, concerning which two of my correspondents ask advice. One is a blacksmith, and would probably do well; the other a grocer's assistant, and would find little opportunity. There is always this, however, to be remembered: that in new lands there are many opportunities for an energetic and quick-sighted man. The risks are greater, but his chances are better—that is the philosophy of emigration.

* * *

It should also be added that larger wages do not necessarily mean that a man is better off. It will usually be found that the expense of living is in proportion to the increased wage. England is probably the cheapest country in the world to live in. It follows, therefore, that a man earning what seems a relatively low wage in England is often quite as well off as a man who earns much more in South Africa, where the purchasing power of money is less. For example, £500 per annum in London is quite equal to £750 per annum in New York. Do not therefore be led away by the glowing accounts you may receive of the high wages to be got in the States or the Colonies: the corollary almost always is a higher rate of living. It is obvious that a man is not profited much by doubling his wages if at the same time he has halved their purchasing power.

BRIEF ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. L. (Belfast). All the books you name are well worth possession, and there are cheap editions of them which any bookseller can show you. For my own part, I should prefer reading Gibbon in an old edition, which may often be picked up second-hand for a few shillings. The best short book on the writings of John Ruskin which I know is Mr. Marshall Mathers's *John*

Ruskin, his Life and Teaching, published by Warne & Co. at 3s. 6d.—*C. J. E. E.* (Liverpool). By all means buy *Chambers' Encyclopaedia*: it is the best succinct book of the kind in the language. Lloyd's *Encyclopaedic Dictionary* is also an excellent work—designed, of course, upon a different plan. If this is too expensive, you cannot do better than buy Annandale's *Students' Dictionary*, as a sound dictionary for common use. This is published at 10s. 6d.—*Q. P.* (Enfield Lock). Your verses are very good, and possess originality, though you will notice the poem goes to pieces at the end. And why disclaim rhyme in a metrical poem?—*A. B. C.* One of the best series of books for a competent study of the Bible is *The Expositor's Bible*, published by Hodder & Stoughton.—If *Pit Laddie*, whose short story I recently praised, will send me his name and address, I can put him in communication with a gentleman who feels an interest in him.—*Doubtful* (Belfast) must judge of his own fitness for the ministry. Obviously I am incapable of determining such a question.—*Ungrammatical* (Glasgow). Cassell's *Popular Educator* would be very useful, but a good class would be better.—*J. O.* (Tudmorden). I have long ago recommended Hamerton's *Intellectual Life*. It is one of the wisest, kindest, and best books that could be put into the hands of a youth with intellectual tastes.—*J. T. L.* (Broughty Ferry). Lloyd's *Encyclopaedic Dictionary* is an admirable work. For daily use, however, I find nothing better than Ogilvie's & Annandale's *Student's Dictionary*.—*Two Youths* (Victoria, Australia). Read Dr. Dale's great book on *The Atavement*.—*Constant Reader*. It is useless to change a situation with the view of avoiding uncongenial comrades. You will find them anywhere. The best thing is to stick to your guns where you are. As regards public speaking, the best education is to listen as often as you can to the best public speakers.—*Mnemonic* (Upper Heaton). I am not in a position to pass judgment on any system of memory-training, because I have tried none. The only secret of memory I know is the cultivation of sedulous and intense interest in a subject. We do not readily forget anything that has deeply interested us.—*Philip*. Yours is a sad story, but I see no dilemma in it. Your duty to the woman you love is clear. The past infamy did not touch her, was no her fault, has not disgraced her. She is to be profoundly pitied and loved all the more for it.—*T. S. R.* (Melbourne). The verses have melody and promise, and what is best, some powers of thought and much sincerity of feeling.—*Neptune* (Constantinople). I believe Fraser's *Golden Bough* is one of the most suggestive books on the subject you name. I am glad to find you put your time to such excellent use.—*D. C. C.* (Birmingham). I admit that in your case the doctrine of non-limitation of the family does appear to press hard. But you cannot argue a great and difficult subject upon individual cases. You have first of all to discover principles. The principle I discover is this: that from the point of view of the nation the limitation of the family is as bad as it can be, since it means the gradual sterilisation and decay of the nation. Ought we not first of all to consider principles, and to remember the duty we owe to the nation? Besides, take your own case. On your own showing you ought not to have been born. What have you to say to that? Your birth was a new burden put upon your parents. But I judge that they cheerfully took up the burden, made the necessary sacrifices, and in spite of all the disadvantages you enumerate, you managed to get fairly educated, and to win a place for yourself in the world. Think over the matter again from this point of view, and I fancy you will see that when the balance is struck all round the happiness and progress of society is far better served by such marriages as your parents' than by marriages which seek to evade the natural burdens of marriage.

All Editorial Communications should be addressed to MR. FREDERICK A. ATKINS, TEMPLE HOUSE, TEMPLE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. Telegraphic address, "OPENEYED, LONDON."

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THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

MR. ANTHONY HOPE AT WORK.

I FOUND Mr. Anthony Hope in the kind of surroundings which are popularly associated with the men of letters of last century, more especially with those addicted to the writing of poetry or fiction. It must not, however, be inferred that he lives in an attic, keeps his ink in a blacking-bottle, and manufactures his own quills, but merely that he writes in a "den" in Buckingham Street, Strand, in the heart of busy London, high up in a building let out in chambers, which is approached by a long and dismal stairway that looks as though a gleam of sunshine had never beamed upon its timbers. While wandering up these stairs and peering round "bogey" corners to find the required name and door, my thoughts travelled to the days when Johnson and Goldsmith

drove their quills in Temple Chambers, not so far away, and took their afternoon airing in Fleet Street, resplendent in knee-breeches and full-bottomed wigs, and walking with the consequential stride befitting a learned man and the poet whom he delighted to honour. Probably Boswell ascended a similar flight of stairs to those I was now climbing, in order to hear the latest up-to-date information from the lips of the immortal Dictionary-maker. Unfortunate Boswell! to have lived before

the world was ready for him, in benighted times when "interviewing" was an unknown art. Yes, an "art," and the word was a pleasant reflection, for had not Mr. Anthony Hope himself, in his "Fly on the Wheel" chats in the *Windsor Magazine*, analysed the philosophy of



MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S STUDY.

[From a Photo by Messrs. FRADELLE & YOUNG.]

interviews, and pronounced the modern system an artistic side of literature? "The interviewee," says Mr. Hope, "is the interviewer's raw material. What the public reads is the impression made by the subject on the artist." Most excellent criticism! I ascend the remaining stairs more quickly, knock at a door bearing the name of Mr. A. H. Hawkins, otherwise Mr. Anthony Hope, and am confronted by—my "raw material."

The famous writer of the *Dolly Dialogues* and the author of the *Prisoner of Zenda*, *The God in the Car*, and other novels which are gaining wide popularity, is a slight, fair man of about thirty-two, with an easy, pleasant manner, and he offers me a seat in a carved oak chair of unusual dimensions, which I subsequently find is one of two chairs presented to Mr. Hope—to use his literary name—by the Liberal Association of South Buckinghamshire, in recognition of his plucky though unsuccessful fight to represent the constituency in Parliament. He has been born and bred in Liberalism and to an interest in the forward social movements of the day, being the son of the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, whose work as one of the liberal-minded, progressive clergy of the City is well known. Mr. Hope was born at Clapton, educated at Marlborough College and afterwards at Oxford, where he won a Balliol Scholarship. He devoted himself largely to the study of the classics, and took a First Class in the final examination. While at Oxford he was elected President of the Union, and became noted for his debating power. It was probably his aptitude for public speaking which led him to choose the profession of a barrister. After taking his final degree in 1885, he came to London, and studied law in the Middle Temple, and in 1887 was called to the Bar.

Mr. Hope still considers the Vicarage of St. Bride's his home, the chambers in Buckingham Street being merely used by him as a kind of literary office where he spends his days at his desk, almost as methodically as though he dealt with ledgers instead of foolscap. His "den" has quite the correct literary look. There is the secretaire with miscellaneous documents scattered about, the mantel-shelf with letters standing in orderly array, a bookcase of student's literature, relics of Oxford days chiefly, and upon the walls hang sketches and cartoons relating to his books, classic studies, an old engraving of John Kemble, and a print of Millais' picture of Mr. Gladstone, which takes the place of honour. The novelist's little writing-table stood cosily by the fireplace, with the result of his morning's work, sheets of MS. closely written in a tiny but legible hand, upon it. The sheets had quite an artistic appearance, the lines starting about an inch from the edge of the paper at the top and descending in a gradual slant to the bottom. "Just a fad, you know," explained Mr. Hope; "I write everything in that slanting form. You will not

find much to interest you in my den," he continued. "I never seem to care about gathering a lot of things about me; but I have one acquisition which affords me the greatest pleasure of anything which I possess."

"How very interesting, Mr. Hope! Is it asking too much to see it?"

"Oh, certainly not; there it is," and he pointed to a Chubb's Safe.

"Deeds, I suppose, Mr. Hope?"

"Oh dear, no, MS.;" and with a placid and judicial air, and utterly regardless of the interested expectancy which he had ruthlessly dashed to the ground, he proceeded to expatiate upon the comfort of having a receptacle for his literary stock-in-trade which was both burglar and fire proof. "I think it is quite necessary to have such a safe," he said, "when one considers the number of authors, in several cases quite distinguished people, who have had the fruit of their labours destroyed by accident. Imagine the feelings of a burglar, though, if after hammering all night he managed to force the lock and found that booty inside!" and Mr. Hope swung open the safe door and displayed an orderly pile of MS. "What do you think he would do?"

"Not leave it behind, you may rely, Mr. Hope. He would carry it away to the first dust-heap, out of pure savagery."

"Very likely he would;" and Mr. Hope again examined the lock.

"And you have renounced the law for literature now, Mr. Hope. When did that happy change come about?"

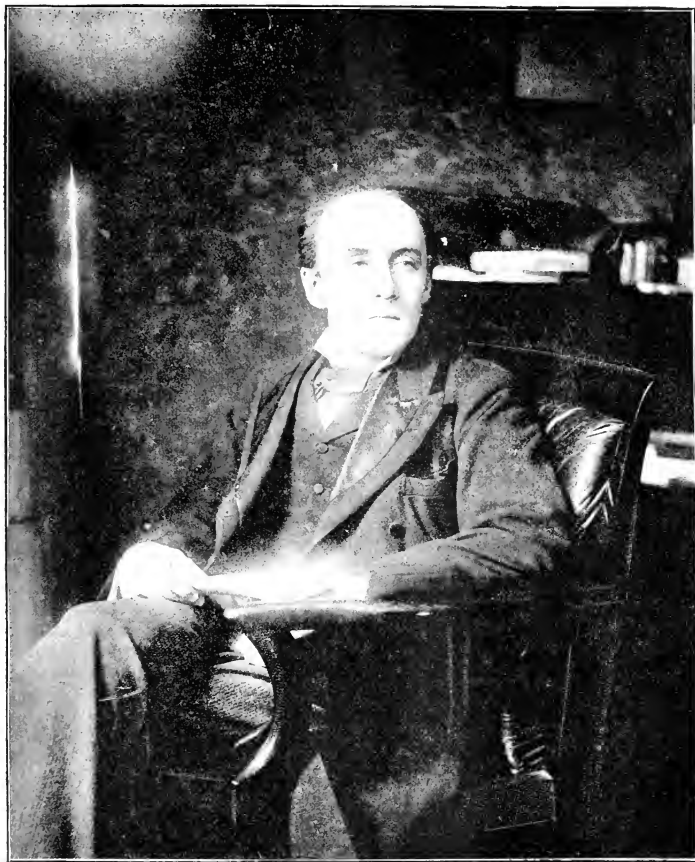
"My original intention was to be a barrister, and in 1887 I set up in chambers and began to wait for work. Briefs not coming in abundantly, and wanting something to fill up my time, I began to write a novel, which was published in 1890 as *A Man of Mark*. It was not a success; in fact, I may say," continued Mr. Hope, with an air of smiling nonchalance, "that it did not sell at all. I thought it was just the usual fate of a literary aspirant, and was not at all unhappy over it. Possibly I had not any great literary ambition, and was writing more to fill up time than anything else."

"Do you think that is why so many barristers take to literature?"

"Well," hesitated Mr. Hope, "I should not like to assign reasons for other people, but you can understand that a man sitting day after day in quiet chambers waiting for briefs which, if they come at all, do not come at first with a rush, naturally falls into doing something, and that which is most likely to attract him is literary work. Probably I took to writing fiction because I did not know anything else to write about."

"Are we to deduce from that the inference that one does not require to know much in order to write novels?"

"Pray do not lead me into such a statement,"



MR. ANTHONY HOPE IN HIS STUDY.

[From a Photo by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG.]

said Mr. Hope, with a laugh. "I mean that not having special knowledge of any other subject, I wrote about people and things of which we all may claim to have acquaintance, and possibly a few original ideas, if we go through the world with our eyes open. After the failure of *A Man of Mark*, which has lately been reissued and has sold very well, I published several other stories, and then came *The Prisoner of Zenda*. That was very successful, especially in the United States, where it has been dramatised by Mr. Rose. Mr. George Alexander is now producing it in London, with himself in the double part of the hero and the king."

This reference to the dramatising of one of his stories led me to ask Mr. Hope whether he had

ever attempted the writing of drama himself, which elicited the confession that he was writing a play at the present time in conjunction with his friend Mr. Rose. Half of it was completed, but Mr. Hope would not hazard a guess as to whether it would ever see the footlights. "Perhaps it will be torn up before your interview is published," he said, with that easy disregard to the will of the Fates which seems a distinguishing feature in his character. "I have always considered drama one of the highest forms of literary art," he continued, "and am just trying my 'prentice hand' upon it."

When pressed as to whether he would be likely to renounce the

writing of novels in favour of plays, Mr. Hope replied: "I do not think that I should ever like writing plays so well as novels; I do not find that the dramatic form gives me enough elbow-room; but really I do not think that I ought to say anything about it, as I am only a beginner."

It needs not to be said that Mr. Anthony Hope is *par excellence* a writer of dialogue. We have all been fascinated by the sprightly talk of the inimitable *Dolly* and her friend *Mr. Carter*—conversation manipulated with so delicate a touch as to suggest pages in a single line, and to indicate a personality by a half-spoken word, while swift flashes of wit break upon the reader at almost every page. The skill of the dialogues is apparent in the ease with which you grasp the personality of the speakers and

the situations in the story without being assisted by the comments of the author. There is a tendency to underrate the subtle skill which is required in the management of dialogue that will sustain the attention of the reader, and the popular notion is that it is quite easy to make people talk in a book. As an instance of this I once heard a young lady student at a University Extension class express contempt for the literary style of George Meredith, adding airily, "Why, anyone could write yards of conversation like Meredith's."

"Do you find that dialogue is the best literary form for the writing of a story?" I asked Mr. Hope.

"I do not think that novels should be written all in dialogue," he replied; "it would put too great a strain upon the reader, just in the same way that a play demands closer attention in reading than a novel, but for short, single-scene stories the dialogue is very useful. It would be easy to lessen the strain demanded of the reader by introducing a good deal of stage direction; but then," mused Mr. Hope, with a lawyer's concern, "that would be to give one's case away. My own dialogues are not in pure stage form, the reader being left to fill up so much for himself. I sometimes find critics saying that the English language is not suitable for good dialogue. With this I entirely disagree; in fact, the writings of Sheridan, Sterne, and Congreve, not to mention others, prove the fallacy of the theory. If those of us who are attempting that form of literary composition fail, well, it is we who are to blame, not the English language."

"Am I right in concluding that you intended the *Dolly Dialogues* as skits upon Society?"

"I certainly did not write them with any such intention," replied Mr. Hope, smiling as though the suggestion afforded him much amusement. "I cannot think why people should credit me with such a motive."

"You won't own to it?" I persisted.

"Certainly not; my only idea was to write some amusing conversation between two or three people. The sketches were contributed to the *Westminster Gazette*, and gradually grew into a series."

"It would be interesting to hear something of your manner of work, Mr. Hope, and methods of composition. Do you wait for fits of inspiration?"

"No, I am fairly regular at my desk each morning, but if I find that the inspiration does not come I do not force myself to write. Sometimes it will come after waiting several hours, and sometimes it will seem to have come when it hasn't, which means that next morning I have to tear up what I have written the day before and start afresh. Before beginning to write a story I have a general idea in my mind—the thesis of the book and the main lines of development. I know what I want to do, but not always how I am going to do it; when characters get started they have a way of taking their destiny into their own hands without con-

sulting me, and I get many surprises at the unlooked-for developments which take place; a person intended for a leading part dropping into insignificance, and a minor character beginning to 'star' it. It does not do to be arbitrary with them; I generally find it best to follow their 'lead.' Each story divides itself into parts or episodes, and I work out a part at a time until the end is reached."

"And with regard to your characters, Mr. Hope, do you honour your friends and acquaintances with portraiture?"

"I do not take my characters from actual life. You will find that an individual won't go into a book just as he is; it would require too much detail, too many points of description, to accomplish this. A novelist who deals largely in details is the most likely to put real persons into his stories. We know, of course, that it was done by Dickens, but even he only used them as incidental characters thrown in amongst others."

"I suspect, however, that people have sought to identify some of your characters with living people?"

"You have Mr. Cecil Rhodes in your mind, I suppose," said Mr. Hope, with a laugh. "People certainly did accuse me of having taken Mr. Rhodes for the hero of *The God in the Car*, but it was a mistake. I did not know Mr. Rhodes at the time when I wrote the story, and in fact have never known him, neither did he loom so big in the public mind then as he does to-day, and would not have been specially likely to attract the attention of a writer in search of a character. However, in that inexplicable way in which such rumours spread, it has been widely believed that he was Willie Ruston, and people have actually talked about the 'hidden tragedy' in Mr. Rhodes' life! Even had there been such a thing, it would have been a gross impertinence in me to use it. Here is a cartoon which Mr. Cook of the *Westminster Gazette* sent me the other day which will show you how the story has taken root;" and Mr. Hope displayed for my amusement a bold, clever sketch which had appeared in the *Moon*, a Transvaal paper. It was entitled "The God in the Car," and represented Mr. Rhodes sitting in smiling, self-satisfied ease in a jaunty little car drawn by a Kaffir dressed in ragged pantaloons, with a meal-bag arranged as an upper garment. "Where you going to stop, Baas?" asked he, with a grin. "Oh, trot on, boy. Stop at Cairo," replies the magnificent occupant of the car.

Mr. Hope's chief idea in writing *The God in the Car*, he told me, was to depict a man with an overwhelming ambition, and so all-powerful was this passion to be that even love itself should become secondary. But the author did not intend, as he tells us, "to depict a money-grubbing, profit-snatching, upper-hand-getting-machine, and nothing else in the world. Ruston had not only feelings, but also what many people consider a later development—a conscience. Both his feelings and his con-

"I have plenty of ideas," she said, inspecting my fingers. "And you are critical of them also. The will —" And she studied my thumb-nail absently. I felt most ungratifying interest. I have always blamed myself for a formless, almost frenzied or obstinacy. "The will," said the Sorceress, "is rather surprisingly weak."

It was only a momentary misapprehension, but I held it back with my free hand towards my hat.

"For an intellect so capable," pursued the Sorceress, I drew my hand back and waited. She has turned my palm uppermost, and concentrated her attention somewhere below my little finger.

"I have great literary capacity," she said. "Would you permit writing that down?" I asked eagerly. "I should like to show it to an editor who —"

The Sorceress proceeded, without taking the least notice of my request.

"Yes," she said. "I see no-two-three-also. Now what do you ^{mean} by that?" And she turned to me with a pleasant smile.

I did not know what to say, amidst three stars in a row sometimes even that passage occurs which is considered unsuitable for detailed description; but I could not suppose that to be the explanation. The only other association in my mind was with a brand of ~~something~~ ^{circumstances}. I prepared myself at once.

"They mean success," said the Sorceress, leaning, blessed be, just as appeared as I was.

"Ah!" said I simply. "Now would you put it into figures?"

"Mr. Simpkins came the other day," remarked the Sorceress. "But perhaps you mention?"

Notably escapes naming Simpkins, and if you mention you have to read him.

"He has four stars," said she.

I ceased at once to take any pleasure in my stars. I am not, I hope, a jealous man, but it is a little annoying to find that Simpkins has four stars. It shows ^{one's} ^{place} in the scene. Perhaps the Sorceress saw that I ^{had} ^{lost} ^{my} ^{interest} in the matter, for she started in a fresh subject.

"You take a considerable interest in politics," she observed — she has now in the neighbourhood of the base of my forefinger.

"Well, yes," said I. "In these days when the Empire is threatened —"

"But you have no distinct capacity for them," she pursued in an even and uncoloured tone.

"What, no stars?" I said indignantly.

"No," said the Sorceress. "You have not much power of grasping principles."

"I don't know that material," I remarked rather sulkily.

"And a mastery of detail —"

"Ah!" I murmured.

"Do not a delectable gas intellect-like yours."

I looked at my watch.

"Don't let me interrupt any time," I said politely.

"Oh, don't hurry. There's lots more I haven't told you."

I hoped that it was of a different description and resigned my hand when care me more.

A PAGE OF MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S MS.

science would have told him that it would not do for him to delude his friends or the public with a scheme which was a fraud." But while Willie Ruston believed in Omofaga, that tract of country in Africa which he was opening up to the British speculator, he believed still more in himself. He thought "Omofaga a fair security for anyone's money, but himself a superb one." And so we find this man, to whom the starting of a railway is of more absorbing interest than a woman's passion, the lion of West End drawing-rooms, but living himself in a small room in a building overlooking Hyde Park, the walls bare save for a large scale-

map of Omofaga, and upon the mantelshelf, in place of knick-knacks, specimen lumps of ore from the mines of Omofaga. There is a picture, too, amongst the dusty heaps of paper, of Ruston and a potent Omofagan chief seated on the ground with a large piece of paper before them—a treaty, doubtless, in which the bold speculator sees in his mind's eye whole tracts of fertile country conveyed to him by a mere stroke of the pen.

"Did Mr. Rhodes write an indignant letter accusing you of putting him into your book?" I asked Mr. Hope.

"Oh dear, no; I do not suppose that he knew

of the rumour, and if he did it is scarcely likely that it would trouble him."

When one is reading a novel the longing often comes to ask the author his reasons for depicting things in a certain way, and for making his characters act in a particular manner. There is therefore an immense satisfaction in having an author before you and being able to ply your questions freely, and the satisfaction is still greater when the besieged writer receives your curiosity with the easy good humour of Mr. Hope. Now, one has received it as a canon of the affections that a woman will dare all for love, even life itself, and it is distinctly upsetting to find Mr. Hope in his novel, *Change of Air*, actually making two girls, admitted to be madly in love, think more of their own safety than of the peril of their lover. I felt that it was necessary to have this heresy cleared up, so I asked Mr. Hope, "However could you make those two girls both run away rather than risk death for Dale Bannister; do you not think that a girl would risk her life for the man she loved?"

"Well," replied Mr. Hope diplomatically, as he argued the case, "I think it quite possible to find two girls who would sacrifice themselves for the sake of a lover; I should be sorry to say that it was absolutely without the range of probability; but it is very difficult to resist the first impulse to save one's own life when confronted by danger. Self-preservation is a natural instinct. One might act without regard to it in a moment of excited passion, but I fancy it would only be in very rare cases. Now, to have a pistol held at her head, with the certainty that if she uttered a scream the contents would be instantly lodged in her brain, was enough to make a girl think twice before she acted. At any rate," continued Mr. Hope, with an apologetic air, "both girls were greatly ashamed of their conduct afterwards; they knew that they ought to have braved death for their lover, and I should be sorry to lay down the proposition that a woman would not."

"Most people think that you are Dale Bannister, Mr. Hope."

"Do they? Then that certainly would exculpate the heroines; I should never presume to suppose that two girls would lay down their lives for me."

"Was the scene laid at a real place, and do you ever fall into autobiography in your books?"

"No, the country-house described in *Change of Air* is not a real place, and I have not consciously

put myself into my books; in fact, nothing has ever happened to me worth recording. You could not meet with anyone whose life has had less episode than mine; it has been absolutely without adventure. I have lived nearly all my life in London, varied by occasional holidays abroad, chiefly in Italy, which is my favourite haunt; but I have never written while abroad, as I always prefer doing my work in London. I am a most uninteresting person, for I have not even a hobby—I wish I had, it must be a great relief to a brain-worker to have some outlet. I used to play football, and still do a little at tennis, but am not much addicted to outdoor sports."

"And with regard to your views—?"

"Pray do not ask me; I have no views, certainly none worth repeating."

"What would be your advice—?"

"No, I never advise anybody."

"But, Mr. Hope, the young men who read this would like to know whether your experience leads you to advise literature as a career?"

"I won't undertake the responsibility of advising young men. It depends upon their own capacities, and it would be impossible to say whether in general cases literature would be a good or a bad profession to choose. From prudential reasons it is not considered wise for a man to trust to literature unless he has private means to render him independent. But if this wise advice had always been laid to heart by young men, we should have lost a good many geniuses."

For himself, Mr. Hope has thrown in his lot entirely with literature, not so much because "briefs were not abundant," as he sometimes amusingly puts it, as that he did not care about taking the fees of clients unless he could give them undivided attention. The law, in his judgment, is too exacting a profession in itself to allow of a man following another calling as well. He regards literature hopefully, and is not among the croakers who talk of decadence. With regard to that vexed question the "personal in literature," he does not think it denotes a morbid taste in the public mind that people like to know something about the authors whose books they read. Before leaving, I had the pleasure of congratulating Mr. Hope on being a Vagabond, as only the evening before he had been entertained to dinner and elected a member by the New Vagabond Club.

SARAH A. TOOLEY.

ALL who have read *The Wages of Sin* will be sure to buy *The Young Woman* for February to see the fully illustrated interview with "Lucas Malet"—the daughter of Charles Kingsley. So little has been written about the author of *The Wages of Sin* that this interview will probably attract great attention. In the same number there are three complete stories by Jean Middlemass, Sarah Tytler, and Deas Cromarty (all fully illustrated); a very

able paper by Dr. John Hunter on "The Best Uses of Sunday"; an article on "Bright Worlds in the Sky," by Agnes Giberne; some useful hints on "The Bath: a Means of Health and Beauty," by Dr. Gordon Stables; "Half-Hours in the Library," by James Ashcroft Noble; "A Slum Landlady": an Illustrated Interview with Miss Hill Burton (of Edinburgh), by Mrs. Tooley; and many other interesting contributions.

A GENTLE TYRANT.

By FERGUS MACKENZIE.

JOHN GRAHAM stood six feet four in his stocking-soles, and had a breadth in keeping with his stature. Betty Glen, who was well versed in her Bible, called him "a goodly son of Anak"; and the neighbours did not know whether it was a compliment or not. John's strength was a subject of speculation; nobody knew what it was, but it was commonly regarded with that mysterious indefiniteness with which certain black spots in the Loch of Balgavies were regarded, of which it was said "they were water a' the wey through." It was doubtful if John knew his own strength; it was questionable if ever he had exerted it to the full. One thing was clear: no matter what a rival did as a feat of strength, John invariably went one better. What he might have accomplished if he had had himself to compete with, nobody could guess.

Fortunately, he was a man of peaceful disposition, and followed the tranquillising pursuit of a gardener. He was a man of few words but wide reflection, and preferred to let his deeds speak and his tongue rest. This proved at times an awkward arrangement; for people who were by no means sparing with words took it amiss when they got in their change with deeds. For the last ten years gardener at the Big House of Baldowie, he was looked upon as a bit of the property; and the laird, in spite of his absenteeism, was proud of John. A colonel's widow became tenant of the Big House, and she had not been six weeks in possession before she made it hot for everybody. John Graham heard, but said nothing; it was not likely she would meddle with him. The laundrymaid went, the coachman went, and others took their place. Then John's turn came. He must fell trees and chop wood for the kitchen-fire. This was the lady's latest order.

"Let me see how that's gardener's work an' I'll do it," John said stolidly; and the lady stamped her foot, scolded, threatened, and abused—to no

purpose. It was very amusing; it was like a hare threatening a lion, and even John saw the humour of the situation. When she was almost black in the face, John spoke.

"Ye needna pat your foot at me like ony squirrel. Gin ye command me, ye'll get the sticks to break yoursel'; but gin it's a favour ye want, I'm willin' to obleege ye."

The lady went away vowing he would repent; and John turned to his barrow, whistling "The Merry Masons." From the factor, to whom she had

carried a railing accusation, she got no redress, but was told that whoever went, John Graham stayed; and next week her ladyship sailed down the garden-path and said she would be greatly obliged if John would kindly chop up a little firewood at his leisure.

John was obliging, and as chopping firewood was quite to his mind, the lady was pleased and gracious. But a thunderclap descended when the factor called a day before the term to inform her that a new gardener was coming, who had expressly stipulated he was not to be at her ladyship's beck and call.

Two months earlier John had given in his warning. He was leaving, and would give no reason. Was it the new mistress?

or the wages? The factor suggested everything; and when he had tried every argument and persuasion, the net result was—

"I'm leavin' at the term, Maister Lindsay; so say nae mair about it. I mean to hae anither maister."

"John Graham leaving?" the lady screamed. Then she fell foul of the factor, who went away feeling there was nothing strange in the gardener's wishing another place. He would have done so too.

She next tried her persuasive powers with the gardener; she pleaded, she coaxed, she offered him money, she even wept; but John's reply did not change one jot. "Na, na, my gude wumman; dinna distress yoursel'. I leave the morn."



"FERGUS MACKENZIE."

[From a Photo by J. EWING, Aberdeen.]

There was much talk when John left Baldowie and worked for a neighbouring farmer, as a day-labourer, at one and twopenny a day, and "find himself." Everybody blamed the new mistress of Baldowie; but John knew better.

He could not plough, but he could spread manure, and in company with two women he did the work of half a dozen, and the farmer was well content. John was good to his two companions, and took the heavy burden of the day's work off their shoulders, and was as chivalrous to them as Don Quixote to his peerless Dulcinea del Toboso. He lodged with Mary Gibson, who would have given her left thumb to get John's reason for forsaking Baldowie; but John did not need to repeat his reply.

"Ye'll ken when I tell ye, Mary; but no' a mament suener." Mary had an idea that John was about right.

His two companions of the fields, spreading manure in autumn, lifting turnips in the snowy days of winter, or gathering wrack and knot-grass into little burning heaps in spring, tried to get his secret—with all Mary Gibson's success.

Only once was he angry, and that was with Ellen Irvine, who had jeered him for a whole day, and clenched her derision by vowing big men had ever slender wits, and he was the biggest man and the smallest-witted she had ever known.

He stood erect with a fork in his hand, and when she looked at him she trembled. His face was pale, a red spot trembled in either cheek, and his eye flashed. She stooped to her work silent and ashamed: the finest gentleman in the land could not have been more gracious, or a father more tender than he had been to her.

"What do ye get to laugh at in me, Ellen?" he asked, grown gentle again.

"Dinna be angry wi' me, John," she replied, ready to cry. She did not know she would have been so vexed with herself.

"I hae nae occasion to be angry. Gin it's nae faut, I need trouble mysel' nane aboot it; but gin it is, I may do something to mend it. What is't?" he said.

"Ye hae mad little to say, John," Ellen's companion replied for her.

"If that's a', I'll no' disturb mysel'. That means I can haud my tongue, an' few fowk can do as muckle," he retorted coolly, turning to his labour, and vowing he would never be angry with Ellen Irvine again.

If Ellen had known! One day he was digging in the garden at Baldowie when he heard someone singing loudly in a neighbouring field. "He'll hae a cheery fireside that gets that ane," he reflected; and as the song floated clear and light-hearted about him he placed a ladder against the fruit-wall and peered cautiously over. Two women were busy in the fields, and the singer was young and more than passing fair. John watched her with impunity, for

neither looked for a face at the top of a fourteen-foot wall, and the longer he looked the more beautiful she grew. Her shoulders straight and firm, her head poised gracefully, her hair in front wavy like the fibres of a teased-out rope and yellow to boot, and the colour of her cheeks the blush of daybreak. She was wonderful. He descended the ladder with trembling limbs, feeling as guilty as though he had committed sacrilege.

That night John Graham went to the factor, gave up his place, and secured another as a day's man on the Home Farm. Ellen Irvine was at the bottom of the whole business, and nobody knew but John.

He had been almost six months on the farm, when one afternoon he said—

"Will ye be by-ordinar' busy the nicht, Ellen Irvine?"

"I dinna ken, John," the girl answered, with perplexity marked in look and tone. "What were ye wantin'?"

"I was to ask a favour o' ye. Wad ye meet me at the east end o' the plantin' at half-past seven?"

"But what are ye wantin', John?"

"I want to get your advice aboot a matter that has been fashin' me for a fortnicht an' mair."

"What aboot?"

"Ye'll ken in time."

That night the two met at half-past seven; and John said—

"Stap up this road a bit till I tell ye. Wad ye advise me to marry, Ellen?"

"I dinna ken," she said, taken utterly aback. "I wadna like to say."

She was in a cruel position. Suppose she advised him to, and he married someone else; or she advised him to the contrary, when he wanted her. He had not indicated any preference for her or any other body.

"Gin I kent o' a lass, a kind lass, that wad mak' onybody happy,—ay, the man that got her as proud as a king,—wad ye advise me, Ellen?"

It was certain he was thinking of somebody far beyond the confines of the Glen, but she summoned up courage, and said fervently—

"Gin ye culd get a richt wife, John, she'll be the makin' o' ye."

"An' ye wad advise me?"

"Surely," she said in a faint voice. She was sorer than ever she had laughed at him.

"Very weel, Ellen; your wey be it. I'll tak' you."

That night he explained to Mary Gibson why he gave up the gardening; and when she called him a fool for his pains, he replied warmly—

"Na, na, Mary; nae sic fule as ye think. Ellen Irvine lookit braw outside; ony fule culd see that. But I needed to ken hoo she was furnished within, an' I'm satisfied."

John Graham thought his six months well spent

in discovering what sort of temper lay behind the fair face and blue eyes ; for, as he justly observed, "Ye dinna tak' a wife ilka day."

The two quarrelled once in their lives, and it was such a serious matter that two such quarrels in one ordinary lifetime would have been tragic. The quarrel happened a fortnight after the wedding, and from beginning to end was so quietly gone about that Ellen apprehended nothing serious.

John had said, "We'll hae a honeymoon, Ellen ; we'll go aff to Edinburgh to see my friends."

Ellen said, "We'll do less wi' mair ease, John."

John spoke gently : "I wad like ye to gang."

"But I dinna want ; gang yoursel'," she answered firmly.

John thought a great deal, but he said nothing. This was not the wifely conduct he looked for ; but it was Saturday night, and she might change her mind before Monday.

On Monday morning John set off on the honeymoon alone ; and that evening he sought employment in Wilson's Nurseries.

"Do ye ken anything about trees ?" the foreman asked, looking at the giant.

"Well, let us come to the root of the matter : what is a tree ?" the giant answered ; and the foreman said—

"Ye can come the morn's mornin', for it's lows'n'-time, an' I hinna time to hear a botany book. What wages are ye needin' ?"

"What I'm worth."

"An' what's that ?"

"Ye'll ken on pay-day."

"That's a' richt."

On pay-day John got at the rate of eighteen shillings a week ; and when he returned to work on Monday morning he was in rags.

"Hae ye nae better claes ?" the foreman asked, disgusted. He believed he had learned John Graham's secret ; he thought John had had a two-days' debauch, and had pawned his good clothes ; yet he showed no signs of dissipation.

"Thae claes are gude eneuch for an auchteen-shillin' job," John retorted.

"Ye'll come respectable, or no' come ava'," was the foreman's answer.

Next morning he presented himself in his good working clothes, drew himself up at "attention," and said—

"This is a pound-a-week suit o' claes."

At the end of the week he got his pound, and settled down to work ; but regularly every pay-night

he sent ten shillings home to Ellen, with the hope, lamely enough expressed, that she was well. He did not say longing for her was eating his heart out.

Three months had passed, when one evening his landlady met him half-way down the stair (he lived up three flights), and whispered—

"There's a lass come to see ye ; but gin ye dinna want to see her, ye can slip doon again an' her be nane the wiser."

"Ellen !" John exclaimed, and strode upward three steps at a time, while the landlady gazed in wonder after him. "This is you, is't ? Hae ye gotten ony tea ? Ye'll be come to see my friends. I'll be ready in the twinklin' o' a cat's tail."

She said "Yes" faintly ; and, wearied though she was, she accompanied him to his cousin's, climbed mere stairs, in which she was left far behind ; and the husband, marching into the dwelling while she panted up the second stair, directed his thumb over his shoulder with the remark—

"This is her ; she's comin' !"

This was the only ungallant act his wife could record against him ; but his pride and joy in her were so evident that the wife from the fields was oppressed with shyness. But she had no need ; for, whatever she might seem to others, in his eyes she was peerless.

Next morning he informed his employer he was going off at the end of the week.

"I shall raise your wages to five-and-twenty shillings," his master told him.

"Na ; I was spendin' my honeymoon, an' it's owre," John said ; and on Saturday afternoon the two returned to the Glen resolved never to have another honeymoon.

"We didna understand ane anither at first, Ellen," he said gently. She was very humble, and whispered, "No."

But they understood each other ever after. He anticipated her wants, and whatever her wish was he carried it out, although it was far from being to his liking. On the other hand, he insisted on her carrying out his wishes, though they might run against the grain.

"I'm for fair play atween man an' wife," he always maintained ; "we are no' here to please oorselfs, but to please anither."

He was pleased if she were happy. At night he told her the news of the field or the garden, heard her exploits in the housekeeping ; he carried water and chopped wood. And she keeps a merry fireside.

THAT outcast, help-needing thing or person, trampled down under vulgar feet or hoofs, no help "possible" for it, no prize offered for the saving of it—canst not thou save it, then, without prize ? Put forth thy hand in God's name : know that "impossible," when truth and mercy and the everlasting

voice of nature order, has no place in the brave man's dictionary. That when all men have said "impossible," and tumbled noisily elsewhere, and thou alone art left, then first thy time and possibility have come. It is for thee now ; do thou that, and ask no man's counsel, but thy own only, and God's.—*Carlyle*.

THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

THE commerce of England, which has spread with unprecedented rapidity and enormous increase of volume during the present century, is one of the most visible signs of her wealth, and one of the main sources of her greatness and influence in the world. "The white wake of the Atlantic vessels," said Emerson, "is the true avenue to the palace-front of this seafaring people." The white sails of our merchant vessels are dotted over every sea, and there is hardly an islet-rock in the remote Pacific, or the desolate Antarctic Circle, which has not seen the black smoke flag of our steamers. We have turned the expansive vapour into our giant and all-powerful slave. We have seized the lightning by its wings of flame and bidden it obediently to flash our humblest messages round the girdled globe through tunnelled mountains and the abysses of stormy seas. God has made us the accumulators of the world's riches, the carriers of its burdens, the manufacturers of its most universal goods. Yet splendid and immense as is the domain of our world-empire, which makes us the possessors of one-sixth of the land-surface of the globe, such prosperity and power have in them no elements of inherent permanence. "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?" What Lord Beaconsfield said was not only eloquent, but true: that though we were greater than Venice or than Tyre, yet if we were not faithful to our high mission as a nation, our glory might fade like the Tyrian dyes, and crumble like the Venetian palaces.

It is a necessary consequence of our commercial greatness that vast multitudes of our young men earn their living in business, and that a large part of this "business" is directly or indirectly commercial. What the young men now are, in their business character and relations, that will the future of England be.

In the old warrior-commonwealths of Greece, fine muscular development, perfect physical beauty, heroic and self-sacrificing courage in the battlefield, were held to be of the supremest importance. They would have hailed the spirit of the verse of our modern poet—

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain those all-conquering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
The true heart of her sons.

Nothing can better illustrate the consummate importance which they attached to their young men, than the old Doric annual procession, in

which the male population walked in three divisions: first, those who were past the zenith of their life; then those who were in the full flush of youth; lastly, the boys. Each, as they marched along, sang an iambic line. The elders sang—

In former days we lived as stalwart youths.

The young men sang—

Strong youths we are; and try us if thou wilt.

Then the boys, with all the confidence of boyish audacity, sang—

Ay, and we shall be! better far than both.

The Greeks thus showed that to them the best meaning and value of life was crowded into those flushed and fleeting years, when "youth danceth like a bubble nimble and gay, and shineth like the lustre of a rainbow, which hath no substance, but of which the very image and colours are fantastical."

Now physical health and vigour will never cease to be of capital importance for the youth of any nation which would not "lose the wrestling thews which throw the world." If we ever sink into a nationally puny physique, it is probable that we may become at the same time slight-natured and miserable. But of this, in the middle and upper classes, there is no danger. At any school in the kingdom we may see "our young barbarians all at play," and may agree with Wellington, when looking at the playing-fields of Eton, he exclaimed, "It was there that Waterloo was won!" Cricket, football, tennis, golf, bicycling, rowing, athletic sports, gymnastic contests, have rendered a real service to the health and strength of all the youth of the English people, even in our great overcrowded cities, and will continue to do so, unless they get tainted with the dry rot of betting. There is more danger of athletics being made too prominent than of their falling into neglect. Certainly we would advise every youth to promote sanity of mind by health of body, and to remember that "you cannot rumple the jerkin without rumpling the jerkin's lining." We will assume, then, that the young man begins his business career with a strong and healthy frame, and we would advise him, even on moral grounds, to cultivate strength and health to the best of his power, as a means of furthering the usefulness as well as the happiness of his life.

But many other things are of supreme importance, and it is by moral qualities that the

young man who aims at a high ideal in business must make his mark.

1. For instance, it is almost superfluous to dwell on the necessity for *inflexible honesty and integrity*. It is, I suppose, sometimes possible for an individual to make a sudden fortune by fraud and wrong; and it seems to be possible to make a fortune by an unblushing and blatant puffing, which is a vulgar and greedy element in modern life. But such means of enrichment are of their very nature extremely fugitive, and no nation's commerce could subsist by them uninjured for a single decade. The foundation of English commerce, at any rate till comparatively recent times, was its thoroughness and soundness. All our customers throughout the world could rely on English goods. They were what they pretended to be. There were no shams or shoddy in them. Whether this continues to be the case so universally as of old I do not know; but certain it is that every young man's influence should be used to further rigid integrity. George Eliot, in *Middlemarch*, was drawing a picture from the life when she described the disastrous collapse of Mr. Vinoy's prosperity so soon as he began to use the cheap dyes recommended by his sham-religious brother-in-law, which were soon found to rot the silks for which he had once been famous.

Those who have examined English commerce and profess to know its secrets do not hesitate to declare that it involves a large amount of adulteration; and no less a writer than Mr. Herbert Spencer, in a celebrated paper on English trade, pointed to the existence of many methods and practices to which, if they really exist, no other name than that of chicanery and dishonesty can be applied. That the young man in business may chance to be brought into contact with concerns conducted in a manner which will not stand the test—that he may find himself in positions in which it is assumed that he will not shrink from telling half-truths which are nearly akin to falsehood—that he may find himself initiated into certain secrets of the prison-house, unknown to the general public, which, to a sensitive conscience, seem tainted with imposture—is certain. I have not unfrequently received letters from young men who have found themselves placed in circumstances which caused them a constant struggle with the reproofs of a troubled conscience; and from others, who, unable to sell their souls either for a mess of pottage or for a livelihood, have thrown up their situations, and faced the terrible difficulties of finding fresh employment rather than do what no sophistry could persuade them to regard as fair or even excusable. It seems hard to advise a young man so circumstanced to take the manly and courageous course—to do the right, and at all costs to shame the devil. One who has never been called upon to make

so serious a sacrifice may almost shrink from the cheap and easy task of telling another that *he* ought to make it. Yet, if God be God—if the supereminent beatitude of right-doing have all the certainty of a law—there ought to be no possible hesitation about the matter. To face even the abandonment of a situation, on grounds of scrupulous honesty, may seem, in some cases, a terrible sacrifice to make; but "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

2. Next I would mention *diligence and a certain disinterested devotion to his employers' service* as an essential for the highest success of the young man in business. A very rich man, who died with a title, once said to me, "Because I have been successful in life, many young men come to me and ask me to give them a start. But they all want to begin more or less where and how I *end*, not where and how I *began*. My own history was this. I was the son of poor parents; the only education I ever got was at a free school, which I left at the age of fourteen. I was then put into an office. I did my very best there; but, as I was determined to get on, I looked out for the most eminent man in my profession, went to him, and asked him to let me work for him gratuitously when my business hours were over, simply that I might thoroughly understand the conditions of the business to which I had been apprenticed. He allowed me to come and work in the evening in his office, with no salary. I worked hard. By the end of the year I had learnt what I wished, but I had also made myself indispensable; and the great man pressed me to enter his service with a good and increasing salary. That was the foundation of my present fortune."—"Yes," he said, "there is a cheque for a hundred pounds for your church. Don't thank me! I really shall not miss it in the slightest degree at the end of the year. It makes no difference to me."

His remarks were only an illustration of the proverb that the crowd is all at the bottom. "There's plenty of room at the top."

3. The conduct of this youth was mainly "wisdom for a man's self"; but while it is the surest rule for success that a youth should make himself indispensable, he may be sure that, in nine cases out of ten, in promoting the interests of his employer, he is promoting his own. In the world of clerkdom, which is a very crowded world, our young Englishmen often murmur that, in many great regions of commerce, they are being ousted by German clerks. But why is this? The best things go to those who are best prepared for them. Another very wealthy man of high station, and a member of Parliament, told me that if he advertised for a clerk who knew enough of modern languages to conduct a wide business correspondence, he could over and over again find German youths.

They had come to England and served for nothing in order to learn English, and, while they were content with modest salaries, could often speak and write three or four languages, whereas the English candidates rarely knew anything but English. Naturally, he was obliged to engage those whose knowledge made them most serviceable.

4. He also mentioned a remarkable trait of difference between his German and his English clerks. When six o'clock came, and the business hours were over, every English clerk would jump up from his seat the moment the clock struck, shut his books with a bang, hurry them into his desk, and be off in a moment to his gymnasium and his bicycle. The German clerks would, in the interests of their employer and his business, quietly wait till they had finished the particular matter on which they were occupied. All our sympathies may be with the English lads, but the others would be more likely to get promoted, and to earn higher salaries.

5. The rise of this gentleman himself from the humblest of poor and humble homes to be a county member and the head of a great industry, was due entirely to energetic promptness. A cargo had been consigned to a dubious foreign company. There might yet be time to prevent its being handed over, if someone would take the journey of five or six hundred miles. The employers summoned their confidential clerks, and asked them whether they would undertake this difficult matter, and when they would start. Some of them said they would try, and would be ready to start the next day. This young man said, "I am ready now. I will start at once." The firm at once entrusted the task to him. He started that evening, travelled night and day without stopping to sleep or even to change his clothes; arrived just in time; prevented the unpacking of the cargo, and saved his employers thousands of pounds. So great was the service which he had rendered, that, on his return, he was promoted to the position of a junior partner. He had become the chief acting partner before he attained to middle life, and is now a man of rank and importance. "Seest thou the man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

6. But the young man in business, if he is living a much more ideal life than that which keeps a too exclusive eye on the main chance; if, in the demands of business, he does not forget the loftier and more eternal claims of a noble human life,—must cultivate also a *certain courage and independence of manly rectitude*. Whatever may be his business, he will be thrown among others of his own age; and it is one of his highest duties, not only to abstain from setting a bad and dangerous example, but

also to escape the average, and to maintain a high standard before all men. And this is where the fear of man, the feebleness which is afraid to say "No," makes so many young men fail. When Benjamin Franklin was a youth in a printing office, the other lads went out to bring in for lunch their foaming tankards of beer or porter. Franklin was then a total abstainer from conviction, which was very rare in those days. His comrades laughed at him, and jeered him to their hearts' content, as a milksop and a fool; but he held his own with unwavering good humour. All those other printers' lads died in humble obscurity, but Franklin rose to greatness and immortality.

Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

In the courageous steadfastness of his boyish character, we see one of the secrets of his future eminence.

7. The quality is needed wherever men, and, above all, wherever young men are gathered together. It is needed in the army, both among officers and privates. Cromwell's Ironsides went to battle each with a Bible in his knapsack, and were sneered at as snuffing and hypocritical "saints,"—strange that the word descriptive of the grandest of human characters should be regarded by the coarsely vulgar as the bitterest of sneers!—but they made the Cavalier chivalry skip. Nelson's "Methodists" were the most trusted of his crews. Havelock's "Saints" saved India. Once in Burmah, when nearly every other soldier was drunk, and the enemy threatened a most dangerous surprise, the General was in great anxiety and alarm. But one of his officers said to him, "Send for Havelock's 'Saints'; his men are never drunk, and Havelock is always ready." But undoubtedly such faithfulness of high principle costs something, especially at first. A youth in my parish enlisted. He was a total abstainer, and a splendid young fellow. He rapidly rose to be a sergeant. The soldiers who had laughed at his teetotalism determined to play him a trick. It was a cavalry regiment, and they had to ride some distance, taking their rations with them. They took his flask, which he had filled with water, and filled it with brandy. He knew nothing of it, and when they halted for the midday meal, they watched him. Taking his flask, he found it full of brandy, and immediately, while every eye was fixed upon him, he turned the flask upside down, and poured all the brandy on the grass.

A young officer in India found himself serving among very godless comrades, amid the fierce passions which were kindled during the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. He thought that we were acting mercilessly and unjustly, and he remonstrated. He was severely persecuted. "What am I to do?" he asked of

General Outram, the Bayard of India, when he felt deeply depressed amid a storm of calumny. "Do you fear God or man?" asked Outram. "If you fear God, do as you are doing, and bear the insults which are heaped upon you. If you fear man and the mess, let them hang their number of rebels every day." Did not General Gordon's almost magic influence arise from the all-pervading sense, inspired by his mere presence, that here was a man who always was, and always would be, inflexibly true to his highest convictions? When he was in the Soudan he never hesitated to place outside his tent the white handkerchief, which meant, as all men knew, that he was at prayer, and that during the sacred hour when he was alone with God, he must not be disturbed. The young man who is guided by such principles, and who has attained to such moral courage, is perfectly certain to succeed in the highest form of possible success, whatever his lot on earth may be.

8. And, after all, the young man in business is situated, as regards companionship, very much like the boy in the public school, or the young man at the universities. His good example will be of priceless value wherever it is exhibited. When Coleridge Pattison was a boy at Eton, he was captain of the boats, and he had the courage to declare that he would resign his captaincy, and take no part in the rowing, if coarse songs were sung at the annual supper. When a very great living statesman was at Eton, he used deliberately to turn his glass upside down, before all eyes, if an improper toast was proposed. "When Arthur Cumnock went to Harvard," writes Mr. R. H. Davis, "the fast set had marked him for its own. The manly thing, so the incoming freshmen were told, was to drink and gamble politely, and wire-pull for the societies, and cut recitations. In four years this idea of the manly thing has changed, because the young athlete threw all his influence on the side of temperance in all things, fair play, courtesy, and modesty."

9. But lastly, what a young man will be in business and in life depends upon what he is in his own soul. There can be no perfection of manhood, there can be no nobleness of life, without the grand old eternal virtues of temperance, soberness, and chastity. If a young man cannot say "No" when he is asked to join in sweepstakes, or bet on this or that "event," it may soon be all up with him.

* * To our next number DEAN FARRAR will contribute a paper on "THE YOUNG MAN IN THE CHURCH." Our January number, containing the first article of the series—on "THE YOUNG MAN IN THE HOME,"—will be sent to any address on receipt of four stamps.

I go at what I am about as if there were nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men. But most of them can't carry it into their amusements. Luckily for

me, I can stop from all work at short notice, and turn head over heels in the sight of all creation, and say, "I won't be good or bad, or wise, or anything, till two o'clock to-morrow."—*Charles Kingsley.*

There is one jail in England of which a wing is said to be almost entirely filled with felons who began their downward career by betting and gambling, in a way which they chose to regard as manly and interesting. Tens of thousands in all ranks have been led on the high road to ruin by this detestable epidemic of spurious excitement. He who wishes to be a true man must begin to take the right course as a young man respecting all these matters. He must be sternly on his guard against seductive pleasures. "I have sat upon the shore, and waited for the gradual approach of the sea," wrote Lady M. Wortley Montague, "and have seen the dancing waves and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with His hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into billows, and had well-nigh swept me from my firmest footing. So have I seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of an inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him into a swift destruction." If a youth has not character enough, or firmness enough, to resist the devil amid those serpent-like insinuations or terrible tiger leaps by which Satan is certain to assault the soul, he may give up all hope of doing well either in business or in life. He will have nothing to give back to God at last except the dust of a polluted body, and the shipwreck of a lost soul. "So unspeakably poor may a soul go back into the grey mists of nothingness. They may write 'Here lies no one buried,' and then after that let it go as it may." Oh that every young man, whether in business or not, would bear *this* in mind—that for the drunkard, the cheat, the liar, the impure, the corrupter of others, there is—short of a deep repentance and a total change—no hope on earth. What is true of the body is true also of the soul. The laws of God are to the moral powers what the laws of nature, so called, are to the physical powers. "Obedience to the laws of nature preserves the bloom and life of the body; obedience to the laws of God preserves the bloom of the soul. 'In all these things is the life of the Spirit.' Moral death, ever enlarging itself, is as inevitable upon a course of sin as speedy mortality upon a course of vice. When sin enters it brings forth abundantly after its kind, and death is not so much its arbitrary award as its inevitable procreation."

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THE YOUNG MEN OF LIVERPOOL.

PROBABLY in no city is the daily life more strenuous, the tension of work and business more severe than in Liverpool, and this fact appears to dominate the character of its young men. They take their social pleasures, no doubt, but according to all the evidence far more sparingly than the young men of much smaller cities. Many of them are but birds of passage, so to speak, in Liverpool; they come there for a comparatively short period from the surrounding districts, from distant towns, and even from foreign countries, to gain experience in its business, study its commerce, and equip themselves generally for their future careers. With the

desire to make the best use of their time the prevailing conduct of life well harmonises, and thus the characteristic which may almost be said to distinguish the city on the Mersey is perpetuated. From the young men's point of view this stringent application to the task of money-spinning has no doubt its bad

as well as good side, but at any rate it has a bracing effect upon many of the morally weak.

At one time, indeed, the devotion of Liverpool men to their business was fatal to most of even the true pleasures of life. According to Sir James Picton, the author of *The Memorials of Liverpool*, at the beginning of the century the study of literature or art was universally derided, and the city was destitute of any public institution for its advancement. The reproach has lost all its sting, if one may judge from the provision which is now made for the intellectual needs of young men. The energy and enthusiasm with which the splendid organisation of University College, as a branch of the Victoria University, has been built up, were the culmination of a movement that has given Liverpool an equipment in this respect of which it

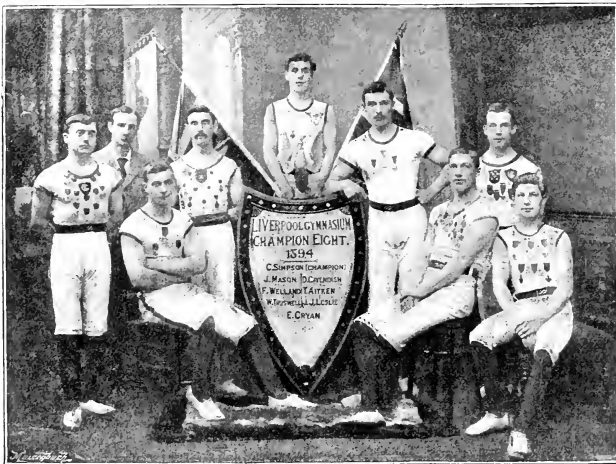
has reason to be proud. In the provision of University training for its citizens Liverpool was much in the rear of Manchester; it was not until 1878 that the duty which the second city in England owed to itself in this matter was publicly recognised, University College being opened four years later. At first the institution was independent of Victoria University, Manchester, but the practical advantages of union, even as a subordinate body, were too great to be ignored, and in 1884 the College became part of the federation which now also includes the Yorkshire College, Leeds.

University College is quite close to the centre of

the city, a fine building of Mr. Waterhouse's design, on the rising ground towards Edgehill. Although only thirteen years old, the College has so steadily and successfully developed that within its walls one easily realises the atmosphere and the environment of University life.

The broad

corridors in which small groups of students engage in a brief chat, the large, lofty classrooms in which a small army of professors are at work, the splendid Tate library, the large lecture theatre, and above all, the comfortable "common rooms," appear to contain as much of the spirit of a University as is possible in a building where no one is lodged, and where the students consequently come and go every day. The four hundred and fifty day students, of whom about a hundred are women, have a "Representative Council," whose business it is to promote in every possible way their *esprit de corps*, their social welfare and common enjoyment. Besides providing rooms for social intercourse, the Council organises soirées, concerts, debates, etc., and publishes monthly a lively little journal called *The Sphinx*. This magazine, which numbers among its contributors Mr. Richard



MR. A. ALEXANDER AND THE CHAMPION EIGHT OF THE LIVERPOOL GYMNASIUM.



THE REV. T. J. MADDEN.

[From a Photo by BARRACDS, 92 Bold Street, Liverpool.]

Le Gallienne, a former student at the College, and the Rev. R. A. Armstrong, the well-known minister of the city, must be regarded as a remarkable outcome of the literary taste and talent of the young men of Liverpool.

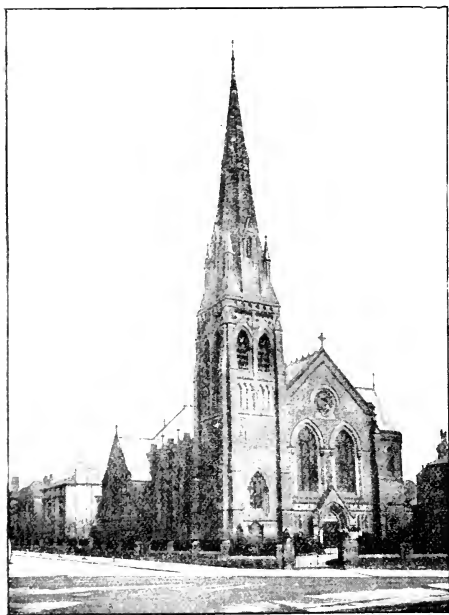
The day students, however, form but a portion of the young men who are obtaining a liberal education at the Liverpool University College. An essential feature of the general scheme of the Victoria University was its evening classes, and, with the aid of the Corporation and of many private benefactions, these have shown a fairly vigorous growth at Liverpool. Last term about three hundred students, mostly young men belonging to the city, of course, attended the College in the evening. As may be supposed, some of the day students, coming from wealthier homes and belonging to a higher social grade, are inclined to "look down" upon the young men who come to their studies after a day's work in office or shop.

But a better feeling is growing, and already in some spheres of College life both classes of students meet together on equal terms and with complete cordiality. They have joined together in forming societies for the discussion of public questions and literary and scientific subjects, and clubs for athletic games, the latter now having a large field at Wavertree for cricket, football, and lawn tennis. The fine library is also thrown open for the use of evening students. On the other hand, it cannot be said that the young men of the city have yet shown an adequate appreciation of the opportunities for higher education thus placed within their reach. Probably the fee—six shillings for each course of lectures—is more than a few who would otherwise attend can afford, but this circumstance does not go far to explain the comparative indifference with which "the evening University" is regarded.

It must be at once added, however, that to evening classes of a less ambitious character, such as those at the Y.M.C.A. and the Balfour Institute, the young men of Liverpool flock in very good numbers. Of the Y.M.C.A., which in Liverpool is exceptionally strong and flourishing, I shall have more to say shortly. The Balfour Institute was founded a few years ago, mainly by the exertions of the Presbyterian body, as a memorial to a highly respected citizen. To quote the words of the prospectus, it is "educational, scientific, literary, recreative, and gymnastic," and in each and all of these functions it would seem to have made itself equally attractive to the young men of the city. At the Balfour Institute a young man can spend one hour of his evening reading Greek plays and the next in lathe-turning at the carpenter's bench. The University College scholarships enable some of the students at the Balfour



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL.



"IAN MACLAREN'S" CHURCH AT SEFTON PARK, LIVERPOOL.

[From a Photo by MOWLL & MORRISON, Liverpool.]

Institute to pass from the one to the other. A committee of the students share the general management of the Institute with a committee which contains some of the leading men of the city.

Among the young men of Liverpool there has long been a considerable fondness for art, and of late years the study of art has been stimulated by the success of several Liverpool men in water-colour landscapes. In the School of Art in Mount Street it can be carried on under circumstances as favourable as could well be; and during the day, or in the evening, one is sure to find the classrooms in this handsome building well filled with young men using the brush or the pencil. The young men of artistic taste have more than one rendezvous, one of the most popular being the Artists' Club, just off Dale Street. The Club rooms are by no means sumptuous, but by good fellowship and mutual sympathy the members make the evening hours pass pleasantly for each other, and when a "model" has been obtained they sometimes do a good bit of work together, whilst the sketching expeditions in the summer-time to pretty spots in North Wales give them a store of pleasure for many days to come.

In their physical recreation the young men of Liverpool are noteworthy for having brought into existence the finest gymnasium in the kingdom. I say "brought into existence," for there can be no doubt that if it had not been for the enthusiasm they showed in their athletics a number of capitalists would never have thought of erecting the remarkable building in Myrtle Street which some time ago passed into the hands of the Y.M.C.A. as a gift from Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., and Mr. Alexander Balfour, J.P. The practical plea for "muscular Christianity" that was thus made in 1882 has been admirably taken up by the young men of the city, the union of the Gymnasium with the Y.M.C.A. having undoubtedly been of great advantage to both institutions. Of the 400 young men belonging to the Gymnasium only about 70 were not also members of the Institute in Mount Pleasant. The influence for good which the Gymnasium, under the direction of Mr. A. Alexander, has upon the physical life of the young men of Liverpool cannot be easily over-estimated. It is not merely that thousands of young men have there gone through a course of athletic training with the aid of the best appliances that science can provide; that in their bachelor days they have found there a constant source of healthy and invigorating pleasure. The institution, under its present



THE REV. C. F. AKED.

[From a Photo by FRADELLE & YOUNG.]



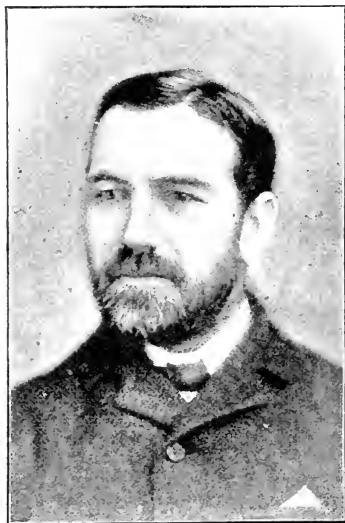
THE REV. R. A. ARMSTRONG.

[From a Photo by MOWLL & MORRISON, Liverpool.]

management, has had all the force of a splendid example for the whole city, and to this can be largely traced a growing love of physical exercise for its own sake. Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Derby, and other distinguished men have enforced this example from the presidential chair in the Gymnasium; whilst most of the young men in Liverpool have taken pride in the signal success which Mr. Alexander's teams have achieved in various competitions, notably those held by the National Physical Recreation Society.

On the other hand, the young men of the city suffer from a dearth of playing ground for cricket and football. The space available in the municipal parks is eagerly competed for, and is quite inadequate to the needs of the innumerable clubs in the city. The object the Y.M.C.A. now has before it is the acquirement of a large field for the clubs which have their headquarters in the Gymnasium, but this method of meeting the difficulty is of course beyond the power of many small bodies of cricketers, "footballers," and tennis players. As it is, the large number of young men who go of a Saturday afternoon to see football played instead of playing it themselves have a ready excuse to hand. In Liverpool, however, harriers' clubs seem to largely share with football clubs the affections of young athletes.

In the political and social movements of Liverpool the young men cannot be said to take any strong or conspicuous part. It is part, I suppose, of that strenuous business life to which I have referred, that every man should be bent upon making his own position in the city secure before taking an active part in its civic or public affairs. None of the leading men now on the City Council or in the Liberal and Conservative Associations can be described as young; and in the past, when young men have come to the front in these spheres, it has been the exceptional cases of scions of the old merchant families, such as the Rathbones. In the Junior Reform Club and the Junior Conservative Club the political young men of both parties have their rendezvous. The first-named has a large and comfortable clubhouse in Dale Street, and nearly a thousand members, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Evans, jun. But I am not in a position to say how much of its popularity is due to smoking concerts and other social enjoyments, and how much to the opportunities it offers of work in the Liberal cause at Parliamentary and municipal elections. The Junior Reform Club occupies the old building of the young men of the other party, whose club-life came to grief a few years ago. But the Conservative young men of Liver-



MR. T. JAMESON,

SECRETARY OF THE LIVERPOOL Y.M.C.A.

[From a Photo by ROBERT COX, Clifton.]

pool recently reasserted themselves in a modest way, and their new Club is said to have made a most promising beginning.

From politics let me pass to religion. If one may judge from the membership—2800—to which the Y.M.C.A. has attained, it has an exceptionally strong hold upon the young men of Liverpool. It may be said that the Y.M.C.A. has been specially attractive by reason of its social and educational advantages. With its suite of large and comfortable classrooms for the study of a wide range of subjects, its pleasant rooms for reading and recreation, its large hall for entertainments as well as meetings of various kinds, the Liverpool Central Y.M.C.A. is in that respect an ideal—both in form and spirit—which others might well strive to emulate. But so far as can be ascertained, the best features both of a college and a club have been realised without any sacrifice of the religious work of the Association. Not content with the services, prayer-meetings, and Scripture classes held every day in the building, the Association, indeed, sends forth a body of young men to carry on Christian work in the lowest neighbourhoods of the city.

If there is a "young men's preacher" in Liverpool, it is, I believe, the Rev. T. J.

Madden, the vicar of St. Luke's. St. Luke's Church, at the top of Bold Street, adjoins a district much favoured by young men living in lodgings, and Mr. Madden has been remarkably successful in attracting them to his church. The attraction has primarily consisted, no doubt, in his Irish gifts of speech and his bright and cheery manner in the pulpit. But having once numbered a young man in his congregation, Mr. Madden does his best to keep him there by enrolling him in the Young Men's Union in connection with the church. Mr. Madden is still comparatively young himself, and in temperament, feeling, and energy is as young as any man who sits under him. I cannot describe in detail the method in which the spiritual, social, and intellectual

needs of the young men of business are catered for at St. Luke's, but therein lies, I doubt not, the whole secret of Mr. Madden's success. In addition to the clerks and business men attending the church, there is also a sprinkling of young shopmen and artisans, and the way in which these different classes fraternise together speaks well for young Liverpool's freedom from snobbishness.

Another preacher who attracts large numbers of young men is the Rev. C. F. Aked. His brave, outspoken utterances draw crowded congregations, and in every way he is a great power for good in the city.

There is a large circle of young men at Liverpool very proud of the literary reputation which the Rev. John Watson has recently made under the name of "Ian Maclaren." Mr. Watson has been in Liverpool for about fifteen years, and from the first he succeeded in winning the respect and esteem of many young men in the city. Mr. Watson's church is in the midst of the villa-dorm of Sefton Park, and belongs to the Presbyterian body, but young men of all denominations and of no denomination find their way to it from pretty well all parts of the city. In connection with the church there is a flourishing Young Men's Guild, which combines religious and philan-



MR. EDWARD EVANS, JUN.,
PRESIDENT OF THE LIVERPOOL JUNIOR REFORM CLUB.

thropic work with intellectual recreation. Last winter the members of the Guild took in hand the worst type of lodging-houses in Liverpool. Such is Mr. Watson's interest in the Guild that, despite the heavy burden of work now placed upon him, he still finds time to have some share in its doings. The other day, for instance, he treated the members to a lecture on "The Heroine of the Recent Male Novelist." Once every month he preaches a special sermon to the young. After fifteen years' experience, Mr. Watson's opinion is that the moral and intellectual condition of Liverpool young men is greatly improving, and that it is now much better than that of young men generally in the smaller provincial towns.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE NOVELISTS.

I.—CHARLES DICKENS.

By the gospel of a great imaginative writer I do not mean merely the distinct ethical teaching which may be deduced from his writings, but all that may be said to constitute his spirit and temper, and therefore his influence upon the mind and character of his readers. The great imaginative writer is not necessarily a teacher of morals at all. We do not ask it of him. For morals we go to the professed moralist, just as we go to the poet for poetry, or the artist for pictures. But by the very nature of his calling, the novelist gives us certain representations of life which are interfused with his own sentiments, coloured by his own peculiar philosophy, and governed in their conception and growth by his own view of the order of things. Thus, in a sense, it becomes true that the novelist cannot help being a moralist. He is the unconscious utterer of a message. He states anew the problem of life, and of set purpose, or by implication, hints his solution of it.

Now in Charles Dickens we have not merely the most popular but the most gifted imaginative writer of the nineteenth century. He is far behind Scott in breadth and sanity of genius, and as far behind Thackeray in all that constitutes style. We may go further, and say that he had a mannerism, but no style, and that his genius was singularly ill-balanced, and therefore in the greatest possible contrast with that of Scott. His vital defects as a great writer may be ranged under these two statements.

As regards the first, the genius of Dickens reminds me of nothing so much as those curious mirrors which are hung outside the door of certain eating-houses, which either show the face of the gazer as abnormally thin or preposterously fat. Any accurate duplication of the human countenance is never found in them; they are not designed for accuracy. In the same way it was not in the nature of Dickens to see anything in perfectly accurate outline. His rogue is always too much of a rogue, his simpleton too nearly an imbecile. It is plainly contrary to the course of nature that Pickwick should have been so utterly a noodle, and Pecksniff so preposterously a hypocrite. About all the characters of Dickens there lingers the odour of the footlights, the sense of something inherently false and meretricious. Probably this is the reason why it is so difficult for people who remember having read Dickens with extreme pleasure in youth, to return to him with anything like the same pleasure in mature life. The growth of observation and the philosophic mind has taught them that there is nothing in actual human life or essential human

nature quite like the delineations of Dickens. The farcical nature of his writing has become plain to us, the exaggerations of his method have become obvious. We know the moment Pecksniff appears precisely what he will do and say, and we know that he will never, by any chance, surprise us by a real touch of nature. We know these things by the same instinct which teaches the lover of transpontine drama that the villain of the piece will never deviate into a single virtuous act, nor the virtuous heroine into a single act of weakness, from the first word of the play to the last. But this is not the method of the greatest imaginative writers. It is not the method of Shakespeare, or Scott, or Fielding. Their art is so subtly tempered that their men and women are more real to us than the people who sit with us at dinner. For that reason time has no power over them, and no power of destroying our pleasure in them. They may be sublime or comic, but in either case they do not overstep the modesty of nature. On the other hand, Dickens never sought to keep within the modesty of nature. He delighted in the abnormal, the grotesque; he made much of a deformity either of mind or body: he treasured an odd saying, and repeated it at every turn, till it became the catchword by which a character was remembered, and in the roar of laughter that greeted the catchword people did not trouble themselves very keenly about the truth of the character. To put it plainly, Dickens was not so much a humorist as a great master of farce—perhaps the greatest who ever lived.

To speak of his style—or absence of it—is to repeat pretty nearly the same thing. It is certain that no one will ever quote a page of Dickens by way of showing us how the English language should be written. Much of this is explained by the circumstance that he was not, even in the most lenient limitation of the term, a cultured man. There is no evidence in his biography that he ever read any book of acknowledged eminence, not even such books as men of letters have most loved and praised. There is much truth in Mr. Bagehot's saying that "he described London like a special correspondent for posterity." He described everything in much the same way—with great energy, often with extreme vividness, but never in a passage which lives by its witchery of language, and that alone. It would be foolish and pedantic to insist too much upon this, especially when we recollect the pathetic record of his boyhood; but since Dickens is, and will be, undoubtedly numbered with the great writers, one cannot wholly pass over in silence the fact that he often wrote very badly.

In fact, he rarely wrote well. Perhaps no man of first-rate genius has ever written worse.

In his case, the epigram that "the style is the man" finds an unusual degree of warrant. Just as he writes jerkily, yet with a wonderful vividness so he saw life, as it were, by a series of electric flashes. A higher power of intense imagination few men have ever had. Give him a piece of real drama, and it lives. In this singular power of intensity nothing in English fiction can surpass the murder of Nancy, or the death of Bill Sikes in *Oliver Twist*. We are not surprised to find that it greatly exhausted him to read these scenes; he read them as an actor. And in saying this we unconsciously discover the secret of his power. He had by nature the temperament of the actor in its highest perfection, and with all its limitations. The temperate lucidity of view which takes in a great drama as a whole he did not possess; but his whole soul was in his part. He built it up sometimes by touches which are felt to be meretricious, oftener by really great strokes of art. After a while we forget the meretricious, just as we become reconciled to the strut of a supreme actor when his art absorbs us. And it is quite certain that the actor himself has forgotten it. He is so fascinated by the seeming reality of the thing he simulates that all power of self-criticism is dead. I think that this was eminently true of all the writings of Dickens. The least power of self-criticism would have showed him the shocking bathos of three-fourths of his deathbed scenes, and the occasional absurdity of his horrors—such as the death of Krook by spontaneous combustion. We did not see it once—when the spell of Dickens was first upon us; but we rarely fail to see it later on. But Dickens did not see it at all. "The garish lights" of the world's great stage were in his eyes; its applause rang in his ears. It was all real to him; and in the intoxication of boundless praise from a multitude as much under the spell of his vivid imagination as he himself was, there was no one just enough or wise enough to point out the errors which a child can recognise to-day.

Writing as a supreme master of farce—the Shakespeare of farce, we might say—it was natural that he should fall into the occasional error of vulgarity. Taste is something that can never be really acquired: either a man has it, or he has it not. Dickens certainly did not possess it, and it is probably a good thing for us that he did not. A Dickens brought up with care, duly drilled in the etiquette which is supposed to constitute good form, and mellowed by the traditional spirit of a great university, might still have been a great author, but he would not have been the Dickens we know. He would no doubt have written better English, but he would have written worse books. He certainly would not have chosen his themes from the most sordid and tragic annals of great cities. As it was,

the one school Dickens knew was the London streets. He might have said that he was educated in the University of London in the same sense that Browning said he was educated in the University of Italy. He was unhappy out of London; he could find inspiration nowhere else. He discovers that the genius which flowed freely in London will hardly stir at all in Genoa, and he has to come back to London before he can do his work with ease. He had a preference for the seamy and sordid side of life; it was that which he knew best. He fails when he tries to paint a prosperous merchant, he fails still more egregiously when he tries to paint a lord; but his Wellers, poor Joes, and Wilfers, his loungers at inn-doors, lawyers' clerks in shabby coats, bailiffs, ruffians, tide-waiters, and Bohemians of the dingy and mangy order, are all perfect. They are all vulgar people, and now and again they are depicted with a vulgar touch. Manners and customs forty years ago were more vulgar than they are now, and much must be allowed for this. Besides which it must be remembered that farce itself always borders on vulgarity, and it is asking too much of "a special correspondent for posterity," who makes it his chief aim to paint low life in the London of the fifties, that he shall never by any chance touch his picture with a breadth which is more often the manner of Hogarth than Du Maurier.

But it is precisely at this point that the singular purity of his genius is best measured. It is the fashion nowadays to sneer at the "purity" of a writer; it is therefore all the more notable to find so accomplished a critic as Mr. Frederic Harrison claiming purity as one of the qualities in which Dickens was supreme. "Here is a writer," says Mr. Harrison, "who is realistic if ever any writer was, in the sense of having closely observed the lowest strata of city life, who has drawn the most miserable outcasts, the most abandoned men and women in the dregs of society, who has invented many dreadful scenes of passion, lust, seduction, and debauchery, and yet in forty works and more you will not find a page which a mother need withhold from her grown daughter." It was the same characteristic that struck Thackeray when he spoke of the "sweet and unsullied page" of his great rival. Mr. Baggehot goes further, and accomplishes a fine analysis of this quality, when he says that it would be unjust to Dickens to say that he resisted the temptations to impurity because he never felt them. And substantially this is true. He preserved from first to last a singular innocence of imagination. He is like an eager child who sees and feels things with the child's vividness, and reports them vividly, but is incapable of contracting any stain from the evil that is in them. There is a virile wholesomeness of nature in him, and it preserves him from making the most unsavoury subject offensive. There is also a certain high-mindedness which holds him and us above any defiling contact with the most defiling

themes. Of how many realists can this be said? Where else is there a writer who has descended so deep into the underground world of a great city, the dim and populous Infernos of lust and crime, and yet has brought us back to the daylight with nothing but pity in our hearts, and not a single impure image in our minds?

But much more than this may be said. Not only are we none the worse for these incursions into the sordid and tragic, but we are positively the better. Fagin and the Artful Dodger, Nancy and Bill Sikes, are not pleasant associates, but they do us no harm. For Dickens had much more than purity—which is after all but a negative quality—he had intense powers of pity and sympathy. There is a certain benignity about him, a radiant humanity. I suppose that no English writer of any period has ever been so widely loved, and this personal affection which he excited is a testimony to his benignity. Admiration for a book is often very far from implying love for its author; but from the first Dickens was loved. Hosts of the common people felt that they had in him a champion if not a deliverer, a friend who understood their woe if he could do little to ameliorate it. Even so cautious and cold a critic as Jeffrey completely loses his head, and shouts blessings on the man who had made him weep delicious tears. In fact, the works of Dickens never were criticised: if they had been, he might have learned how to better both his methods and his style. He was received with almost frantic joy, and the demonstration never sensibly diminished during his life. Men felt incapable of criticising a writer who had moved them so deeply. And as we re-read his books we begin to understand the reason of it all. He may err in taste, and err in art, but he never errs in sympathy. He even depicts his Nancy, vulgar drab as she is, in such a way that our hearts ache for her. With the exception of his deliberate hypocrites, who are always overdrawn and therefore not convincing, he rarely touches any character without showing us something that may be loved or pitied in it. He fails most palpably when he sets himself to be deliberately pathetic. Then we hear the pump going hard behind the tears, and we come near to mockery. He is hardly to be blamed for it; the public he wrote for saw nothing maudlin in it, and certainly he saw nothing. He obeyed the standard he had set up, and which everyone in his day approved. But in the sympathy that surprises us by felicitous touches he never fails; it was a boundless element bathing all his books. There is certainly no writer who approaches him in this benignity of spirit which invokes and claims personal affection in the reader.

One result of this power we all acknowledge; it stands to the eternal honour of Dickens that he did much to infuse a more humane spirit into the general life of the people. It was his pen that abolished the debtors' prison, public executions, and

the worst abuses of the parochial and private school systems, to speak only of reforms that are generally acknowledged as his handiwork. If there were any means of arriving at an accurate estimate, we should certainly find that he did much more than this. It is impossible to say how much of human kindness has been evoked by such a story as the *Christmas Carol*. The hardest man who reads it, even though he be a veritable Scrooge, can hardly help asking himself who is his neighbour, and diligently inquiring until he finds a Tiny Tim in need of a Christmas dinner. The most callous man who has read the death of poor Jo can scarcely help looking at the tattered crossing-sweeper of the London streets with a softer glance. To accomplish these results was, in the best sense of the word, to do the work of Christ. Satire and irony alone can never attain such results. They sting, they wound, they arouse indignation or vituperation, but they do not arouse general outbursts of sympathy. It needs love to do these things, and Dickens was pre-eminently a lover of his fellow-men. Nor is it possible to regret the disabilities of his early life when we remember these things. No man who had not known the miseries he had known could ever have written as he did. For him, as for every man of genius who has profoundly moved us, it was true that "he learned in suffering what he taught in song." The poor and the harassed, the people of no account who know sordid struggles and mean anxieties, will always love the page of Dickens, and the house which has no other books will have his. Above all things he was a novelist of the people—far more so than Scott, or Fielding, or Thackeray, or any other writer with whom he may be compared. To reach the people the pen need not be superfine, but it is certain that it must be held by a hand that has a kindly heart behind it. If sometimes the fastidious may reproach such a writer with vulgarity, is it not a very light charge, not worth consideration, when we remember the affection, pity, and sympathy he has excited, and stimulated into active forces which have penetrated the whole mass of society with the spirit of a most serviceable humaneness?

The only charge ever brought against Dickens, for which there is a fair amount of substantiation, is that he was consistently unjust to religion. Certainly he was particularly fond of painting men of the Chadband and Stiggins order. But did they not, and do they not exist? And if they do not exist in any great numbers to-day, have we not to thank Dickens in great part for their suppression? Moreover, for much of this over-emphasis we have to thank Dickens' modes of publication, which were entirely vicious. He deliberately invented and chose the method of publishing his books in monthly parts. It naturally followed not merely that his books rambled and were deficient in plot, but that the characters in them had to be over-emphasised to

secure effect. Between the fourth and fourteenth parts of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Pecksniff would have been forgotten if his hypocrisy had not been re-stated with each hint of his name. Thus it comes to be overstated, and when we read the book as a whole we find that we have a good deal too much of Pecksniff, and that no man ever could have been so absurdly vile as he is painted. But the charge is one that really does not call for serious thought among intelligent people. As long as we can say with truth that the forty volumes of Dickens all make for righteousness, love, and mercy, and never for anything else, we may be contentedly indifferent to the exact degree of caricature in a Pecksniff or a Chadband.

If I were desired to put into the hand of mature readers of to-day the one book by which I would have Dickens judged, I should not choose his greater and better-known books—I should select *Great Expectations*. I will candidly confess that I only read it recently myself, and I did so at the instigation of one of the most acute critics in England. For me it remains the best of all the books of Dickens, which is saying that it is a well-nigh perfect book. It has what most of his books lack—a fine plot, which is intricate and closely-knit enough to hold the interest. It abounds in pure humour, which never degenerates into farce. It is written in straightforward simple English, with an entire lack of mannerism. It is a profoundly moving book, with a true pathos that is never over-

wrought. It finally displays all that fine benignity of spirit to which I have already alluded, and without any direct reference to creeds or churches, leaves the heart with a glow of religious pity in it. Pip and Pumblechook stand out as veritable creations, the one bit of weak drawing in the book being Miss Haversham. We have lords many and princes many of literature to-day, but I profess that the best work of the most famous writers of our time seems to me very thin and feeble beside this lesser-known book of Dickens. It is only when we attempt a resolute contrast such as this that we are able to discern how great Dickens really was, and how just was the saying of Carlyle, that he was “a great creature.” It is the fashion to-day to treat his reign as over; but so far as I can guess the man is not yet born who can dispute his kingdom with him. It was perhaps inevitable that there should be some set-back to so great a fame. When the wand is broken we naturally criticise the wizard. But I can hardly conceive a day as coming when his best books will not be read, and his creations have taken too firm a hold on the general mind for his name ever to be forgotten. As long as men know how to laugh at pure absurdity, to revel in the jovial fun of high spirits, to thrill and sadden at the tragedies of life, so long the writings of Dickens will endure, and his message of benignity will go on enlarging human sympathies, and reinforcing human love for a yet wider and completer service of humanity.

W. J. DAWSON.

A PARCEL OF BOOKS.

I GRATEFULLY welcome a new edition of *The Inspiration and Authority of the Bible*, by Dr. John Clifford (James Clarke & Co.). Two of the chapters appeared some years ago in THE YOUNG MAN, and proved of incalculable service to perplexed and anxious youths. Dr. Clifford has probably done more than any modern teacher to save young men from “the sunless gulf of Doubt.” Let every man who wants to escape what has been called “a sickly, ill-informed pietism,” and desires to reach a strong, intelligent Christianity, buy and read this most helpful volume.—I do not desire a better biography of Professor Blackie than the interesting and attractive volume written by his accomplished nephew, Mr. H. A. Kennedy, who is, I believe, on the staff of *The Times*. *Professor Blackie: his Sayings and Doings*, is the title of the book, which is published by James Clarke & Co. at 3s. 6d. The illustrations are excellent, and the book is most attractively got up.—*The Problem of the Ages* is the title of a very able book for young men, by the Rev. J. B. Hastings of Edinburgh (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.). Probably it will

appeal more to young ministers and students than to young men who are in the midst of a busy commercial career.—Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing a series of “Little Books on Religion,” edited by Dr. Robertson Nicoll. I have read the first two—*Christ and the Future Life*, by Dr. R. W. Dale, and *The Seven Words on the Cross*, by Dr. Nicoll—with great delight and profit. They are wise, wholesome, edifying little books. Probably they would sell better at 1s. than at 1s. 6d. *Aspiration and Achievement*, Mr. Atkins’ book for young men, is larger, contains more matter, and is as well bound, but it only costs 1s. The new binding of this book is very attractive, and does Messrs. Nisbet great credit. *Aspiration and Achievement* is in its sixth thousand, and is still selling very rapidly.—Mr. H. R. Allenson, one of the most intelligent and enterprising of the new publishers (30 Paternoster Row), sends me *The Tool Basket*, a handy little volume of hints, outlines, and useful notes for preachers, Sunday-school teachers, and open-air workers.

H.

THE Rev. George Jackson, B.A. (of Edinburgh), contributes a very able and helpful paper on “Christ and Commonplace People” to *The Home Messenger* for February. This popular penny monthly is conducted by the Editor of THE YOUNG MAN, and has an enormous circulation. The February number also contains a remarkable article on “Why I Believe in Total Abstinence,” by Sir

B. W. Richardson; a portrait and sketch of Mr. J. M. Barrie; stories by Edward Garrett and Rev. J. Reid Howatt; and many clever illustrations by leading artists. (Horace Marshall & Son, 1d.)

Christian Chivalry is the title of a thoughtful and rousing address to young men by the Rev. Thomas Phillips of Wrexham. We heartily recommend it. (H. R. Allenson, 30 Paternoster Row, E.C. 6d.)

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.

II.—THE SCHOOLING OF SERENA BOUNDERLEY.

Silover courtships are to wooings where men crowd even as the perseverance of the tortoise is to the speed of the hare. The ribald turn them into ridicule, and not less sometimes the nature-lovers who choose to cloak interest with cynicism. Ebenezer Ford of Shaggs Mill had a gift of dry salt in his speech that Dr. Smallpiece chuckled over whenever the miller's rheumatism brought the big chestnut down the steep pitch of Shaggs Lane. Doctor and patient were both widowers, and faithful each to a woman's faded memory. Therefore it pleased them to fling stones at sentiment, and at the leisurely making up of man to maid. Ford was deputy-registrar, and this was the way it would begin.

"Any more weddings in the wind?" the doctor would ask, with a twinkling grey eye. "If there are, and they are up at the Turret, I can't warrant that the clerk will get so far inside of a week at shortest. You must see to dates, man,—see to dates. You are in luck's path for this: Silover constancy is grand, and Silover patience is a well without a bottom."

"Eh! we're not to be hurried hereabouts," the miller would be sure to answer; "we take our time and think about things, like the rat the ferret snapped. Lovers in partic'lar. And a bit more or a bit less dilly-dallying won't put my marrying couples out. They're not the shying sort, noways. It'll mean nothing worse than fidgets. You see, doctor, love toasts 'em on a main slow spit, and when at last the heat fair gets into the marrow it isn't going to cold quick: not it."

Dr. Smallpiece was old now, and looked his three-score years; but Ford was the elder, and he had stock stories of the long debouch of Silover suitors into matrimony. These he dressed anew when gossip mellowed, and always his listener laughed as at the first. The miller was a mimic of a thousand, and gave light comedy continually to people who abhorred the stage and all its works as the diversions of Tophet.

"You mind Enoch Martins's wife, young Zachery's mother, doctor?" he asked one day.

"Yes; young Zackery was born at Round Wood. His mother never lived to remove to Knives Green Farm."

"No, she didn't. Well, I mind her courtin' by the man she lost. Josiah Gamble was his name, and the beginning of his downrun was a nasty fling from a chestnut the very moral of yours, doctor."

"Absit omen!" merrily said the chestnut's master.

Ford nodded as if Latin were his common food.

"There was money," he went on, "and Enoch Martins' teeth were set on edge somewhere else, and he courted the little widow, and married her in the col'd snap between t' Fair and Martinmas in the year Sam Bounderley died. That was a deal sharper than the run, and a most disturbing contrast for the woman, as I'll come to telling in a presently. It's all twenty years gone by. My Hester was taken way back in t' summer. If it hadn't so been I reckon she'd ha' been the wheeler's wife, and worried about money as he is, and by having to live with that crosspatch Serena"—

The doctor's eyes were dreaming through the orchard, for trees lined them, chipping into a thousand buds of early green. He came back with a start, and reserve dwelt in his tones.

"Do they say that Serena has a temper?" he remarked, as if it were news, as indeed it was not. "But she is suffering. That may account for it. However, this is not your story. Go on, Ford."

"If Serena's got a pain in her little finger I pity Amos," said the miller drily. Then he brightened at drawing his choice morsel forward.

"The late Mrs. Enoch Martins was kind o' kin to my wife," he proceeded, "and when she was just Ann Crook, and Josiah Gamble came to court her, as he did reg'lar twice between Sundays, it was meat and drink to such of us as were merry to keep up-sides with t' wooing. No trouble about that except that Josiah tired us all off. He gave us plenty of running, but at ten years the joke was a trifle threadbare, and at fifteen we dropped it."

"A fifteen-years' courting?"

"Ay, and nigher twenty; for it was a boy-and-girl beginning when Ann was fifteen—no older. It was a short bit o' life in his socket when they married—a twelvemonth and a dozen days or so. But Josiah was a prudent man, and he never put his lips to a thought till he'd pummelled it all round as I might a flour-bag to see where the leaks were. The Sil makes more noise running through Passon Glad's garden, for Amos Bounderley has fixed him up a sluice, I hear, and Ann couldn't do as much for Josiah's ideas. The pair of 'em would sit for hours, like two of Serena's blue china images as she sets such store by, on Aunt Crook's horse-hair sofa, and there 'd be wagers in the house—wagers in Silover!"

"No!" The tale was always punctuated by surprise here.

"Yes, I say, doctor; and I'm main shocked to put it forth. But there it was, wagers which of 'em would speak first, and somebody was set to listen at

the keyhole; and once I mind the wagers were off because Ann and Josiah spoke in a breath like, and they both said, 'The fire's slowin' down, shall I put another coal on?'"

The trick of humour had touched its climax in acting and intonation, and the hearty old doctor slapped his leathern knee and cried, "Capital, Ford!" as he was expected to do. But he had loitered long enough at the play. The next minute, he was in the saddle.

Riding back, he pushed across the park, using the leave he held from three squires of Silover in succession. The short cut brought him out at Love Lane, which was strangely named now, for avarice had opened a brickfield at the bottom, and the one house that slowly yellowed in the biting fumes at the corner was Pastor Glad's. The dwelling was chapel property, devised by old Maltster Howard, who had the posthumous renown of a pulpit tablet in consequence, after being much despised in life for walking in fear of worldlings. It was undoubtedly a manse; but if any occupant on grace had put the name upon his gatepost or his note-paper, the Close Connection Baptists who worshipped at the Turret would have said that it savoured of pride. The chances were that Enoch Martins and Amos Bounderley would have come as a deputation of remonstrance. At all events, such experiments were not for Pastor Glad, who could watch the heavens for storms as well as most, though at the threshold of thirty some called him "the boy-preacher" still.

There was no parcel or province of Silover that Dr. Smallpiece visited so seldom. "I object to sampling the simoon," he said once. And the Reverend John Glad and he had not yet discovered how much they held in common. It would have amazed themselves most of all if under any circumstances the doctor had been found amongst the Dissenter's hearers.

Nor was there any engagement in the little frayed pocket-book. Pastor Glad was young and strong, and an elderly woman with more wise and readier words of disesteem for doctors than Janet Pappin, his housekeeper, did not exist in the Chilterns. Yet the great stride of the chestnut came over the raddled earth of the grimy lane, and was only checked at the corner plot, where the minister was mournfully examining a blighted rose-bush. The question of his cloth rose into Pastor Glad's eyes at once when he saw his visitor. Neglect as an under shepherd was not charged against him. He began even as he walked forward to read mentally the names on a ticked and annotated church roll. Was it to the bedside of Ganis Larch, querulous with age, that he was called? Or to that other broken and earth-weary patriarch, Master Wisdom, away in Hide's Almshouses? Joan Hebbering, at Andler's Farm, had a sick child who might be worse; and the same possibility overhung the fast-failing

lad, Johnny Pim, who had been given orphan shelter by the Alloways in Church Place. If it were none of these amongst his people he must look to hear of accident, or of the "stroke" that levels pillars of power like doomed trees in the tempest crack:—unless it were Serena Bounderley. It seemed nearly as odd that he should remember Serena now as that he should have forgotten her before. It was the view that obtained in Silover that Serena had "nerves," and yielded unnecessarily to that strange affliction. He had certainly never found the right word of comfort to apply.

But doubtless his mind had moved in a rut from the Alloways to the wheeler's, scarce a stone's throw beyond. It was a flash of random conjecture first and last, and the big brown mane that was over well-groomed for some austere ancients of the Turret tossed a decided negative. Nevertheless, on the edge of a dozen words of greeting the dismissed fancy came back, and with the doctor's imprimatur as fact.

"It is Miss Bounderley who is troubling my conscience," Dr. Smallpiece said, looking on the brickfield as if vaguely missing the soft promise of Ebenezer Ford's orchard. "I thought it might be well to give you a hint. I should speak to the Rector if the Bounderleys went to St. Mark's. They do not."

"You refer to Serena?" said Pastor Glad. He was conscious that he cut a poor figure with his surprise and a query that only multiplied words. But he had been taken aback.

"Yes, certainly; I suppose Miss Bounderley is Serena to nearly everyone in this primitive place. We have free habits. But it must be in entire confidence. I gave my bond. Amos must not know yet; nor anybody who would so much as breathe it between Church Place and Knives Down. Can I trust you?"

The doctor's eyes had the swift thrust of his trade—unlearned unless character can be probed. They searched the minister's face. But what they saw of simple dignity, and of a sudden flow of humour into the early furrows, was eminently reassuring.

"I don't know," was the quiet answer. "You see, opinion on the point you present might not be unanimous under the old vane in Frewin's Yard, where you would naturally collect evidence. Therefore if I said 'yes' I might be casting an unkind criticism on the judgment of somebody whose views I am bound to respect."

Dr. Smallpiece flung out his hand, and his face glowed. "I owe you an apology for my impertinence, Mr. Glad," he said, "and as an honest man I offer it."

"No, no," returned the minister. But he took the olive branch, and there was sincerity between the two men, and the first drawing together of paths that were to touch.

"It is Serena," said the doctor again, with his old

curt manner. "You have a rose-tree there. It's fate is fixed, isn't it? Yes. Well, that is Serena's case too. She knows it, and I know it, and you know it now—none else. I thought you ought to understand. It is heart disease—inherited. But her father was cut down suddenly, and she may flicker out—die by inches like your rose-tree. It will be soon."

The minister was a grave man on that, and in his hazel eyes the light of the soul-seeker kindled. Serena was not of the separated flock he folded. Her brother Amos had become an elder, treading in his father's footsteps. But Serena had never professed conviction.

"This is a shock indeed. But I am thankful to have been told—I hope in time." It was a word to his own inner ear, and not without the catch of a ready reproach. Had he entreated to the utmost—instant in all seasons?

Dr. Smallpiece regarded him curiously. Here were depths into which his plummet did not fall.

"There is something more," he said. "I find that people disparage Serena. But they do not know her. She has never worn her heart upon her sleeve. There are schools that turn out pretty posers, whom the world claps; and some that make men and women after quite another pattern—but hard on my ideal, if not on yours. Serena has had a difficult schooling, but it is almost over. How do I know these things?"—the challenge had been the faint lifting of an eyebrow;—"I do not practise the black art, whatever the rustics think medicine is. But five or six years ago, and before you came to Silover, Serena was ill with fever. I watched her in the crisis; the nurse was beaten out; and once I heard wavering words. They were few. They were

these: 'It must be so—my love—my life—my Enoch—for Amos—to keep his books—and Amos must never hear!' Serena was engaged once to Enoch Martins, and gave him up. It was Silover's riddle. Then I read the riddle. It is written in your creed, Glad, isn't it, to put Amos first?"

The broad, mocking smile had returned, and before the answer was fashioned, he added in a new vein—

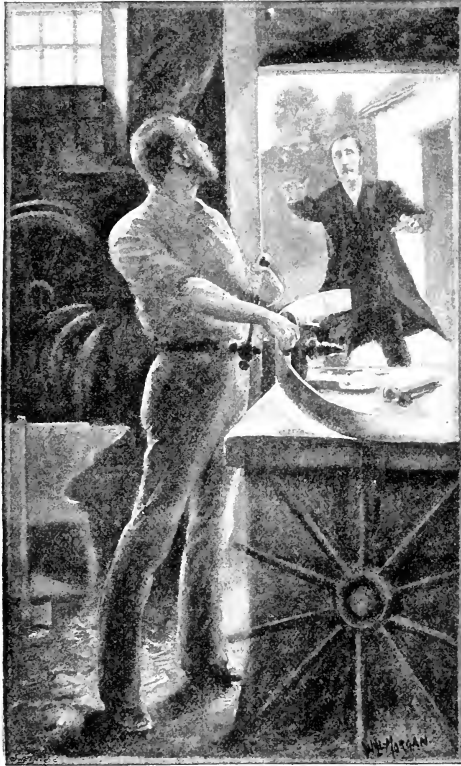
"But there's a care gone. I have a round to finish. Good-day."

And Pastor Glad was left pondering.

Nearer than even her staunch old friend guessed had come the "Adsum" day for Serena Bounderley. Ledgers, ledgers, ledgers had been her life, and the pain of the parting was that it seemed to make sacrifice vain. She had put off the evil day for twenty years, but if she were taken now it might be with her brother on a very swift morrow. It surely would come, for he had no head for figures, and was the dearest, most happy-go-lucky fellow in the whole world. How different all things might have been if pretty Hester Ford had lived, and become Amos's wife. She was clever with the pen, and trained to accounts at Shaggs Mill, and thrifty with the inbred prudence of a family

that saved in every branch and remote ramification. Whereas no Bounderley heaped up money, and Amos least of all. There was so much leakage in the sheds that it had needed all Serena's pinching within doors to keep the balance right. It was the daily care that had slowly crushed her; and perhaps there was truth in the word that the fret became a canker and stole the sweet out of her moods, and made a beautiful face wear, at the last, lines that some found shrewish.

But Amos moved on still in the primitive ways



"ONE DAY HE WAS CALLED IMPERATIVELY."

of last-century business, and often gave twenty shillings' worth, and one, of splendid work at cart or wheel for the golden sovereign, and wondered why Serena grumbled so much at his shop reports, and never saw that the "nerves" made her lie as one who swoons by the half-hour together in the lonely kitchen sitting-room. How should he see? He was busy and a model of industry, and Silover farmers all knew where money's worth was to be obtained, and so Amos could not spare time for house-running.

One day he was called imperatively, and then light broke—a terrible light. Pastor Glad had dropped in, and not to see his deacon in the first place, either. It was remarkable to Serena that he discountenanced the idea of fetching Amos from the sheds, and that not for the first time. But she suffered his guarded exhortation, and dimly understood that he meant her well. Only why did he trouble and talk as a younger brother might, and not as the preacher, when the "Turret" had long ago—and Amos with them—practically given her over to a reprobate mind. The gentleness, the deference, the reality of the man won her before she knew, and there were glimpses of the warm, passionate heart held in thrall since girlhood of what winter cold! Perhaps it was not she who learned the most, or grew the humbler, and with best reason, in these chats.

The latest was the strangest. A wave of feeling caught Serena unawares, and she broke out fiercely.

"There are plenty who would tell me my faults up t' Turret," she said, "and mayhap you've heard of 'em from such—wise brethren, charitable sisters!

But I bear them no malice. No, God is my witness of that. He sees the very worst of me; I am glad that He sees. But they do not guess, and never would, what my sin has been. I was proud to order life for myself, and I thought I couldn't be done without. God knows I can. I've got to leave things to Him after all. You don't understand, but perhaps—it was a mistake."

It ended with a piteous cry of agony, and the white lips begged for water. In an instant it was ready, and next hatless Pastor Glad stood in the cumbered yard, asking right and left for Amos.

The doctor came, and went and came again. It was a night of nights in the wheeler's home. There was little or no hope from the first. John Glad refused to leave till the small hours. But Serena comforted him as speech was slowly possible.

"It was not your fault—in any way," she said.

In the dawn haggard Amos Bounderley was kneeling by the bedside, and a man's big tears dropped there. His supreme grief had given him the grip of a great mystery.

"Promise," said Serena, "that if ever you can help or protect Enoch Martins, you will do it. I loved him."

There was no shame or doubt, but a strange and solemn pride.

"I promise," Amos said. "Was it for me you stayed here?"

"Yes, brother, dear. The rosewood writing case.

Put my hand upon it—here, on the bed."

She was obeyed. It was a still white hand in flood of morning. Three men knew of a surety, or divined, why it rested there. Another would see and know also, and with a keener pang.

OUR DINNERS FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN.

JUST as we close this number our first Dinner is being given to five hundred poor children in the Clerkenwell Town Hall. Next month we shall hope to publish some account of this and other Dinners. The following contributions were received up to December 30:—

Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son, £10; Frederick A. Atkins, 25s. 6d.; William Jackson, 2s. 6d.; John Kirk, £1, 1s.; Reader of *The Young Woman*, 10s.; col. by the late George Cairncross, Bathgate, £1; col. by E. L. Hitchcock, 5s.; From Two (Langholm), 7s. 6d.; Reader of *The Young Woman*, 2s. 6d.; A Debtor to *The Young Man* (Rothsay), 5s.; E. W., 3s. 6d.; A Friend (Sunderland), 10s.; F. M., 1s.; S. B. L., 1s.; E. J. L. (Carnforth), 10s.; A Liverpudlian, 5s.; M. A. B., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Patterson, 2s. 6d.; Mary McFarlane, 1s.; E. E. H. (Leadenhall St.), 10s.; B. E. F., 3s.; John Bakewell, 1s.; Lux, 5s.; Anon. (Burton-on-Trent), 5s.; M. Riddell, 2s. 6d.; E. S. Craig, 6s.; Petrus, 2s. 6d.; col. by "Tosie" (Wicklow), 7s. 6d.; Two Friends, 5s.; From the Servants at 20 Eccleston Sq., 6s.; A. L., 2s. 6d.; B. M., 7s. 6d.; Lizzie (Huntingdon), 2s.; George Bolam, £1; George Horsley, 2s. 6d.; col. by M. McLeod, 6s.; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. G., 2s. 6d.; Molly Eggleston, 5s.; N. E. J. (Glasgow), £2; J. A. F., 1s. 6d.; Jane E. Hinde, 1s.; M. A. G., 2s. 6d.; Friends, 2s. 6d.; Constant Reader, 2s.; Mrs. Mitchell, 5s.; A Country Girl, 2s. 6d.; Major Mountstevens, 10s.; Hector, 2s. 6d.; col. by J. E. Mason, 3s.; L. L., 1s.; col. by G. Wright and E. Prime, 10s.; Reader of *The Young Woman*, 2s.; Messrs. James Spicer & Sons, £1, 1s.; O. W. M. (Hamstead), 10s.; M. and F. Ryley (Fulham), 10s.; J. D. H., £1; The Donald Family (Glasgow), 8s. 6d.; Fred J. Partridge, 5s.; John Goodsell, 1s. 6d.; W. A. N. (Y.M.C.A.), 5s.; B., 2s. 6d.; J. R. and S. A. Lamb, 2s. 6d.; The Girls of the British School, Melton Mowbray, per K. L. Black, 18s.; Friend of the Little Ones, 2s.; col. by

S. Williams, 5s. 3d.; col. by T. R. Williams, 2s. 3d.; col. by Annie Pritchard, 3s. 6d.; Two Sisters, 5s.; C. J. H., 9s.; Miss J. Taylor, 10s.; Miss Adeline Parsons, 5s.; John H. Martin, 2s.; Amos, 1s.; col. by K. P. (Shortlands), 2s. 9d.; A. M. A., 2s. 6d.; Miss Dora M. Jones, 2s.; Miss A. Bowe, 3s.; Board School Teachers (Liverpool), 3s.; D. Alderson, jun., 1s.; col. by Miss R. Seward, 6s.; col. by D. C. Squirrel, 15s.; A. Smith, 2s.; A Few Friends, per Mrs. Hickson, 13s.; col. by Isabella M. Meehan, 3s.; J. Croft, 2s.; E. Fensdaway and Friends, 4s.; Mrs. Vivian, 5s.; Arthur W. Fisk, 3s. 6d.; Miss Nellie Haggart, £1; Kain, 5s.; W. A. Battye, 5s.; W. S. S. and A. S. S., 5s.; Anon. (Glasgow), 2s.; Manchester Young Man, £1; Miss E. Walker, 5s.; Ernest E. King, 2s. 6d.; S. Mills and E. L. Watkins, 5s.; A. Ashford, 2s.; D. T. H., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley, £1, 1s.; W. E. Griffiths, 2s.; From the Officials of the Islington Vestry, per A. Hedley Quick, 19s. 3d.; Anon. (Wolverhampton), 2s. 6d.; Several of the Post Office Staff at Huntingdon, 6s.; Miss E. B. Pick, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 4s.; Sam Greenwood, 2s. 6d.; Margaret McEachan, 3s. 6d.; col. by F. Beilby, 4s.; Lillie McAllister, 5s.; Lassie, 2s.; M. Easter, 3s. 6d.; Reader of *The Young Man*, 2s. 6d.; Whitley, 5s.; X., Scotland, 5s.; Sam and Friends, 15s. 6d.; W. B. and M. Watson, 1s.; N. A. N., 2s. 6d.; Shipping Clerk, 5s.; H. F. (Glasgow), 2s. 6d.; S. M. Maine, 6s.; A. D. McNicol, 1s. 8d.; F. M., 2s. 6d.; for Liverpool, 2s. 6d.; col. by H. B., 3s. 6d.; M. N. C. Friends (Southport), 6s.; Two Sisters, 2s.; Frank R. Dunderidge, 10s.; E. G. (Broughty Ferry), 1s. 6d.; col. by Edith Davies, 5s.; Saffronhill U.P. Church Band of Hope, Hamilton (per J. Hamilton), 12s. 6d.; Miss Amelia Halliday, 5s.; Mrs. Wm. Dickson, 6s.; The 2nd Class Girls of the Marsden Congregational Sunday School, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Martin, 2s.; Mr. Tatford, 1s.; "Her Grace," 1s. 6d.; W. H. V., 2s. 6d.; Proceeds of Picture, 7s. 3d.; col. by Alice Lees, 8s. 6d.; Alixe, 2s.; col. by Martin Payne, £1, 6s.; J. A. H., 1s.; col. by H. J. West, 12s.; Miss Bell, 2s.; E. A. R., 6s.; M. McLeod, 2s.—Total, £57, 2s. 11d.

JOSEPH: THE TYPICAL YOUTH.

BY THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

I.—DREAMS.

It is no part of our purpose to give a detailed biographical sketch of Joseph. That is done in the Book with such simplicity that every child quickly and lovingly masters it. We but want to glance at such outstanding features of his life as may serve to bridge over the years that have gone, and show how the human heart is much the same at the same age, at all times, and in all countries—and show also that God's great ways of working are essentially now what they were three thousand years ago. In a word, we want to take Joseph as a typical youth for everywhere and always.

It is simply marvellous that he came to anything! He had everything against him at the start, so far as outward hindrances may go. He was his father's favourite. So much the worse for the father, so much the worse for the son! Young hearts may be romantic, but the romance lies all ahead of them: they have not yet had the experience needed to see the romance that is going on at their own doors or inside their own dwellings. Jacob's sons could not see why their father had a tenderer leaning towards Joseph than towards them; they knew nothing of a green and sacred memory that was stored away in the old man's heart. He had had his dreams too, his romance and his love, but these were all lying buried in a lonely grave near to Bethlehem. Rachel, the mother of Joseph, was dead. Can we wonder that the father drew this lad specially to his heart? He loved Joseph, we are told, "because he was the son of his old age,"—and this was all that the other children thought about it—the old man was infatuated with the bud that had sprung from an almost withered branch. Well, such things have been, and perhaps will be again, and I haven't a word to say in defence of any father who so far forgets himself, and what is due to each of his children, as to show a partiality for one more than for another; only, do not let us forget what may be the reason—the sacred memory that may be lying all the more sadly at the old man's heart for its perpetual greenness. Youth's inexperience blinds it to the romance that is round about it in the present, yet youth's sense of justice makes it very quick to notice partiality and favouritism, and Jacob should have considered this. If the young are called upon to excuse the infirmities of age, the aged are equally called upon to take into account the inexperience of youth, and act accordingly. Jacob did not do this, and bit by bit, by feud on feud, bickering on bickering, Joseph's brothers came to hate him. This was not the best atmosphere for developing the best in the lad. Where there is hatred, envy, suspicion in the home-

life, there, to a certainty, the character will get many a wrong twist, all the more to be mourned over because the twist, being given when the nature is most pliable, will be harder to untwist in later years.

These hindrances around Joseph raised even worse ones in himself. He was in danger of becoming that horrible little pest that goes by the name of the "spoilt child." All that he did was right in the eyes of the old, fond, and foolish father. Mercy on the child who is in a case like that! The Perfect Child! The Model! The Pattern Boy! You have all seen him; you do not need me to describe him; you would describe him quickly yourself in a few, short, jerky, energetic words. Do you love him? I am afraid that is asking too much of your grace. You would rather take a sly opportunity of boxing his ears; his conceit is simply insufferable! Joseph's brethren were certainly of this opinion, and they were confirmed in it the more that the beautiful model boy was a consummate tale-bearer. He took care to let his father know how naughty they had been, and his father took care to let them know what a blessed world this would be if they were all like his son Joseph! And at this stage of the proceedings, as likely as not, Joseph was of the same mind. This was distinctly not the atmosphere in which to rear a noble character. If Joseph had remained much longer in it he would, according to all experience, have grown up as objectionable a youth as is to be met. Yet isn't it in just such circumstances as these, more or less varied, that almost everyone has to grow up? We speak about youth entering on the battle of life, and by this we generally mean the time when he leaves school and goes to his first appointment. But that is not the beginning of the battle: the battle began long before—began with the first choice he made between the thing that was right and the thing that was wrong, between the harder path of the high ideal and the easy and pleasing one that was to be got with a little cunning, a little manœuvring, a little adroit playing on the weaknesses of his parents. Never look, my lad, to the time when you leave school as the time when the real struggle of your life must begin. It must begin now—where you are and as you are, with your father and mother, your brothers and sisters—in the home; it is there you are making or marring your character for all the future.

If there had been no Divine hand at work with Joseph and his household he would never, in conditions like these, have been heard of, or been heard of for good. But God was working; God always is

working, if we will watch His ways that we may understand. He gave Joseph one shield at this time against the pernicious influences around him. It was the divine gift of dreaming.

Do you understand? You have your dreams; hovering before you always, night and day, there is the fair vision of what you fain would be or fain would do, if only you had the power. Cherish those dreams, seek to be worthy of them, and you too will find that they are God's shield round about you in the present, and God's prophecies to marshal you onward in the future. According to the higher dreams of our souls and our loyalty to them our whole life is determined.

Concerning such visions, then, let it be noted that they are strictly personal: Joseph was very artless and inexperienced indeed when he began talking about his visions to others. What is the use of telling another your dream? Can you get him to see it? You alone can draw inspiration from it—and inspiration is the blessing of a dream, as fragrance is the sweetness of a flower. Yet it is just here that men are always bungling. They have their dreams,—the grand noble visions that thrill them through and through,—but they go about telling them to others, expecting them to become enthusiastic. But these only stare and wonder at the fuss that is being made about dreams like these! They have their own pet dreams, and all the time they are listening to yours they are inwardly marvelling that you should lay any stress on visions so far inferior to their own! Honour your dream—strive to be true and faithful to the high hope and possibility of what you might do or would like to be, but don't be cast down if others fail to see as you do. Remember they haven't dreamed your dream; they have only been told about it—and that is a very different thing. For which reason also be careful how you put the reins of your purpose into the hands of others, for them to control. It is for you, and you alone, the vision has been sent, and its power must lie in your personal fidelity to it.

Note well the order in which Joseph dreamed his dreams. The dream about the sheaves came first, that about the stars came afterwards. If the second one had not come to cast its soft and sanctifying light on the first, I venture to say that Joseph's name would have remained as obscure as that of the least familiar and misty figure which has a place in the driest chapter of genealogies.

Sheaves? What are they? Essentially earthly, are they not?—things not to be gained without toil and struggle, care, patience, and foresight, but which may yet leave a man a very poor thing indeed, even though he has reaped the fields of a kingdom. You begin to see the meaning? It is just this: it is very natural that the first dream of your life should be about sheaves—about earthly prosperity, social position, worldly riches, and the

like, but if that is all that lies within the compass of your vision—if there is no heaven studded with stars in the background of all your hopes and purposes—then your dream will turn out the hollowest mockery of your life. It may be fulfilled; your sheaf may stand very high at last, with the sheaf of many another making obeisance to it, but when at length those stars which you have ignored begin to flash out, your sheaf will be touched with a blight before which it will rot away and be forgotten.

There is a statue that has never yet been erected. Statues are so numerous and so cheap nowadays that it seems almost impossible for any character or class of men to have been omitted, yet—did you ever see a statue raised to the memory of a man simply because he had been rich? You never did. Effigies enough have been set up in commemoration of men who had wealth,—men whose sheaves stood high and were ample,—but it has always been because of the stars that gleamed somehow or other above those sheaves—because of the good they did with their wealth in one direction or another. It is a very high tribute to the world's conscience that, with all its faults, no community has ever been so degraded as to raise a statue to the honour of a man who was merely rich.

There was one once—Jesus tells us of him—who had his dream of sheaves, sheaves only, and his dream was fulfilled, so that he had to turn aside with himself one evening to hold a consultation with his own soul as to what he should do with all the grain he had garnered, and as he pondered the matter with bland self-contentment, the stars shone forth, and he heard a Voice—a Voice which every man hears once at least—and It said, "Thou fool!—this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Then the bands of his sheaves were all broken; the blight fell upon them, and out of the cold night air the echoes took up the mocking cry—"Fool! Fool!"

You see, the stars may wait long though you heed them not, but their verdict is final. Dream of your sheaves, then, as you will, but I pray you by your highest manhood see that you have the stars always set above your sheaves—that you let the light of heaven and heaven's hopes and claims shine steadily through all your earthly purposes.

Was there a dash of conceit in Joseph at this time, making him speak so coolly and confidently about his coming superiority over those around him? I have no doubt, if you had asked his brethren, they would have said there was—a big dash, too. But what is conceit? It is a quality that becomes cheaper and cheaper, and more and more worthless, the later you bring it into the market. Bring it in when it is young and fresh, with the healthy bloom upon it, and though it may not fetch what you expected, it will fetch something,

and something good. Bring it, however, when the sun has reached the meridian, and its vehement heat has begun to do its withering work, and it will still fetch something—but it will fetch considerably less than before. Bring it at night, and you will have to take it away with you—nobody wants it. Conceit in the aged is a certificate of foolishness; it shows that life's great lessons have not been mastered. But conceit in the young—or what we hastily call conceit—in nine cases out of ten is the young eagle that has been reared with the chickens making its first attempt to soar to the sun—which it will do some day. The tenth case is a chicken that tries to imitate the eaglet. Yet even that chicken is all the better and the happier for trying.

Never attempt to knock the conceit out of youth; the stern facts of life will do all that is needful. Try rather to guide it, direct it; help it, if you can, to understand and find itself.

Here we can leave Joseph for a time. He is just

such a youth as we may meet any night when we go home, or shake hands with in the street. There is no halo round him, no mystic light hovering above him to tell us of his future greatness. His future is as much hidden from him now as yours is from you. Let him strut for a little in his gay coat of many colours; if there is something to make you smile when you observe how he carries his chin in the air, there is something also to make you thoughtful and hopeful when you remember the dreams he carries in his heart. They are dreams both of sheaves and stars, and the one leads to the other. Sheaves are not grown in a day, neither have they their roots in the air. There is a ploughing and a harrowing that must go before them, and there is a disciplining of the life that must precede the realising of our humblest vision. God will do that with Joseph; God will do it with us. But that is the comfort; when we set the stars above the sheaves we have made it possible for God to work with us and in us—but not till then.

“FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT.”

TALKS AT THE CLUB.

WE decided that there was nothing in the world so interesting as man, by which term one habitually designates the human creature. The difficulty was in knowing how to get to the truth about man, chroniclers being so prone to partisanship, and autobiographers necessarily prejudiced persons.

Pemberton said no one was worth studying *à la* Boswell, that a man only brought himself into contempt by such close attention to another finite creature, and that led to argument. The worst of it was that most things led to argument, now that we no longer deliberated of set purpose.

Norbury said he could not see that Boswell had been led to stultify himself in writing Johnson's biography; he held that a great devotion distinguished a man quite as much as a great heroism, and that a friendship which was indifferent to blemishes of person or of manners in its object savoured of the heroic.

Pemberton said that to keep a diary of the careless words of one's friend, for the purpose of serving them up as funeral meats, for the entertainment of the vulgar, who are more interested in knowing what a great man likes for dinner than how he regards the law and the gospel, spelt commercialism more than devotion.

Henley said at this distance of time it was impossible to judge of Boswell's motives, and that if we meant to discuss things of this kind we had better return to the head of Charles the First.

Stanhope wondered what effect the interview

would have on biography, and stated his opinion that it should be abolished by order of the Society of Authors, as it afforded the ordinary man opportunities of making a fool of himself which he seldom failed to avail himself of.

Norbury said that when a person was vain and fatuous it was in the interest of truth that this fact should be discovered; that qualities that revealed themselves unconsciously were the qualities pertaining to the real man. He said a man's books, his poems or prose works, his paintings, his scientific discoveries, or his musical compositions, might raise him to a platform to which as a human creature he was not entitled, and therefore that it was strictly advantageous to permit him to let himself down by the interview. A great talent was like an abnormal eye, a gigantic arm, which, seen alone, would lead the observer to presuppose a giant; while the interview permitted one to observe the real proportions, which might be merely those of a badly balanced personality.

Henley said there were giants, people who were great every way, and then he laughed and said he should like to meet one of them.

Verney said if there was one thing he disliked more than whitewashing sweeps, it was black-washing great characters.

Henley said that Verney obviously had no regard for the necessity a proportion of people were under to keep on speaking, irrespective of the truth, wit, or wisdom of their words.

Stanhope said Henley was evidently having a

filing at a subject that had been discussed and exhausted on a previous occasion.

Henley said, "Exhausted, oh!" and laughed in that unpleasant way of his.

Then Stanhope began to talk platitudes; he always talks platitudes when the suppression of Henley seems immediately incumbent. He said there were virtues in the faultiest characters and imperfections in the best, and that to lay these bare from right motives was to aid in the search for truth, that each individual observer drew his own conclusions from the facts submitted to him.

Verney thought Stanhope was accrediting the average man with more intelligence than he possessed. Henley muttered, "Pack of fools!" but whether he meant us or the average men I am not in a position to say.

Norbury thought intelligent people had become too analytical, while it was notorious that the average man neither possessed the capacity nor would take the trouble to analyse anything.

Henley said there was not a pin to choose between the analytical person and the average man, as far as their value to the community was concerned. Stanhope asked, "Who is the community?" which question we promptly refrained from answering.

Verney said there were analysts that would justify Judas Iscariot and attach moral turpitude to St. Paul.

Henley said, "Why not?" but nobody minded him. Verney added that justification of sin and curiosity regarding its conditions were equally evil.

Stanhope said that was all nonsense; that unless people knew of the existence of evil they could not

arrest it; that to find excuses for it was quite another matter, on which point the discussion became heated and protracted.

Norbury wondered if arbitrary classifications had any indirect effect—if, for example, the idea conveyed in the term *fin de siècle* possessed any actual influence.

We agreed generally that it did. For instance, everyone past adolescence is depressed by the dying year, and welcomes the New Year with an odd revival of hope. Only children regard Christmas as a season of gaiety; with older people the mirth is always forced. But joy in the birth of a New Year is spontaneous; the season brings with it, to the oldest and most disappointed, some fresh access of hopefulness and courage. On a greater scale this must be true of a dying century.

Verney said both were mere arbitrary divisions of time; but Norbury maintained that in the groove of our thought we cannot get away from the landmarks we have appointed, and from the milestones we have laid down; he added that those of us who live to welcome the approaching century would indubitably find that it will bring much healing on its wings, a higher general morality, a purer literature, and a stronger, saner estimate of duty and responsibility.

Henley thought that responsibility weighed on us sufficiently, and that he would like the air cleared in that direction also. But Norbury maintained that life meant duty and obedience to law; that both philosophy and religion struck always on the note of resignation as its final sound; that responsibility cheerfully accepted was the music for a march of heroes.

NORMAN FRENCH.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to be by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calmer and higher world. Whether it be biography, introducing us to some humble life made great by duty done; or history, opening vistas into the movements

and destinies of nations that have passed away; or poetry, making music of all the common things around us, and filling the fields and the skies and the work of the city and the cottage with eternal meanings—whether it be these or story-books, or religious books, or science, no one can become the friend even of one good book without being made wiser and better.—*Professor Henry Drummond.*

BLESSED is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact.—*George Eliot.*

WHO is the true man? He who does the truth and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives *himself* for a principle. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to

give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.—*James Russell Lowell.*

WORK every hour, see only that thou workest, and thou canst not escape thy reward. Whether thy work be fine or coarse, planting corn or writing epics, so only that it be honest work done in thine own approbation, it shall earn a reward to the sense as well as to the thought. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.—*Emerson.*

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: THE SELECTED POEMS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE prophet in literature must needs often venture on thin ice. When he attempts to forecast what posterity will do with some of those who are counted great ones amongst us to-day, he is a very bold man indeed. For posterity has a way of quietly ignoring these forecasts, sometimes even of laughing them to scorn. Certainly the time is not yet for an estimate of the final position of Matthew Arnold among the great writers of the nineteenth century. But his greatness is beyond dispute. As a critic he stands, in our country at least, without a rival.¹ As a poet he "may very probably," says Mr. Hutton, "be accorded the sixth or fifth, or even by some the fourth place," among the great poets of the century.² And as a writer on religious questions, however low we may rate the permanent value of this part of his work, he has without doubt gained the ear and influenced the thoughts of multitudes. And I may further add, his recently issued *Letters*,³ disappointing in many respects as they are, reveal to us one who "was pre-eminently a good man; gentle, generous, enduring, laborious; a devoted husband, a most tender father, an unflinching friend."⁴

Of Arnold's work as a critic, theological or literary, it does not now fall within my province to speak. Some singularly unfortunate—not to say ill-natured—judgments on eminent contemporaries which appear in the *Letters* will certainly not serve to strengthen his critical reputation; nevertheless, if a man desires to quicken his powers for discerning and appreciating the best that has been known and said in the world, let him put himself to school with the *Essays in Criticism*,⁵ where he will find the most penetrating and luminous judgments set forth in the most musical and tuneful English. And even of the much-discussed and oft-condemned volumes on theological questions, gravely as we must dissent from many of their conclusions, we may freely admit that in their keen satire against the unlovely leanness and narrowness of some of our religious ideals of to-day, they have rendered religion itself a signal and much-needed service. "The candle he works with is rather snuffy (from a Methodist point of view)," writes James Smetham. True; yet no preacher of our time has so lit up, for

some of us at least, one great saying of St. Paul's, "Whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, think on these things."

There can be no doubt that it was mainly through his prose writings that Arnold became famous during his lifetime. Even Whittier, writing as late as 1888, speaks of him simply as "the great English critic."⁶ And by the great majority of his own countrymen he is still thought of rather as an elegant man of letters, with a turn for theological controversy, than as a poet. Nevertheless, it is very doubtful if all Arnold's gifts of charm and lucidity will avail to keep his prose works alive for another generation, and it is certainly, as all discerning judges are now agreed, by his verse that his final position in the literature of the century will be determined.

But, as yet, Arnold is far from being a "popular" poet. Here and there you may find some enthusiastic devotee who makes of his poems a kind of pocket Bible, as Mr. John Morley is said at one time to have done; but a people's poet he is not, and probably will never be. Mr. Stead's marvellous penny-worth of selections⁷ has brought his poetry within the reach of all,—and for this we cannot be too thankful,—but the difficulty is not one to be solved by cheapness. Multitudes read Macaulay's *Lays* and Longfellow's *Evangeline* with honest delight, to whom *Empedocles on Etna* and *Obermann* would be only vanity and vexation of spirit. At a penny or a pound Arnold will always be the poet of the few rather than of the many. Mayhap he himself would have wished it so; in any case, if we are to speak of "fault" in such a connection, it lies with the poet not less than with the many. Arnold did not move in the world of common men. He watched it, criticised it, but always as one apart; he did not enter it, he did not know it, therefore he does not appeal to it. Only rarely does he strike a chord that vibrates in the universal heart. Moreover, of all our modern poets Arnold is most influenced by the spirit and ideals of the ancients. His style, his imagery, his atmosphere, are all theirs. Therefore, though a hundred delicate touches reveal the loving and patient student of nature, of nature as we know her in our own land,⁸ yet we miss the familiar English background that so often delights us in the poetry of Tennyson and Wordsworth. But it is his persistent melancholy which, more than all else besides, will always hinder Arnold from

¹ "The judgment of Mr. Matthew Arnold," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "is almost as much a final verdict as that of Sainte-Beuve himself."—*The Choice of Books*, p. 60.

² *Modern Guides of English Thought in Matters of Faith*, p. 135.

³ Edited by Mr. G. W. E. Russell (2 vols.).

⁴ Mr. Russell's Preface, p. x.

⁵ Macmillan's Eversley Series (2 vols.).

⁶ *Life and Letters*, by S. T. Rickard, p. 738.

⁷ No. XXVI. of *The Penny Poets*.

⁸ See especially some of the stanzas in *Thyrsis*.

finding favour with the multitude. He sings the sad litanies of doubt, but not the *Te Deums* of faith: the faith that overcomes the world he does not know. And because he never wholly escapes from the cold shadow of his doubt, his song is never wholly joyous, his "sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught." It is a fact significant of much that while in an anthology of the best English elegies Arnold would occupy almost the first place, in a collection of our best love-poetry he would scarcely find a place at all. Again and again, in turning over the pages of his poetry, one calls to mind his own wonderful lines on the author of "Obermann"—

A fever in these pages burus
Beneath the calm they feign:
A wounded human spirit turns
Here, on its bed of pain.

"Is it for this?"—one asks the question of Arnold, as Arnold asked it of Senancour—

Is it for this, because the sound
Is fraught too deep with pain,
That Obermann! the world around
So little loves thy strain?

Nevertheless, when all has been said, Arnold's greatness as a poet remains beyond dispute. At his best, he has given us work which can only perish with the history of the century which has given it birth; and it must always be cause for regret that he should have practically ceased writing poetry when his powers appeared to be at their greatest.¹ During the last twenty years of his life his all too scanty leisure was absorbed by prose writings, pleasant enough in their way, but every page of which one would gladly barter for another *Thyrsis* or *Rugby Chapel*.

But if Arnold was not a voluminous poet, he wrote nothing he did not write well. All English literature cannot show a more careful, conscientious workman than he. If he does not tread the heights with Shakespeare, Milton, or Wordsworth, neither does he ever descend into the depths, leaving us to wonder, as it must be confessed Wordsworth sometimes does, how one who had reached so high could fall so low.

Arnold's range is limited: he does not sing to us on a harp of many strings, but the sweetness of his song no one can deny. It suffers at times through over-much restraint, as though the singer dared not give his passion wings; and again, we miss the "full-throated ease," the inevitableness, of the great masters of song. Yet what can be more perfect than the lovely lyrics of Callicles, the young harp-player in *Empedocles on Etna*?²

Far, far from here,
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills; and there
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
And by the sea, and in the brakes,
The grass is cool, the seaside air
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
More virginal and sweet than ours.

And though Arnold can make no claim to Tennyson's cunning wizardry of phrase, though he fashions for us no

jewels five-words-long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever,

yet there is in many of his lines and poems a chiselled, cameo-like beauty that is the very triumph of artistic workmanship. Let the student read carefully the short poem *Requiescat*, and especially the longer *Thyrsis*, and he will understand what I mean. What, for example, could express with more perfect truth and beauty the indefinable charm of Oxford than this line—

That sweet city with her dreaming spires.

And in all modern poetry is there anywhere a line that in "intensity, simplicity, and grandeur" (I borrow Mr. Hutton's words),³ will surpass this, from one of the poems to Marguerite—

The unplumb'd, salt estranging sea.

Of Arnold's poetry as a "criticism of life," I have no space to write. He was essentially a poet of our own day. The doubt, the fever, the restlessness, and the "sick hurry" of our modern life—he knew and felt it all. We "see all sights," he cries—

from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by;
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.

Yes; the disease Arnold knows, the remedy he does not know. At best he can but offer man an anodyne: let him "moderate desire," and "nurse no extravagant hope"; let him turn to nature, and make his prayer to the "calm soul of all things." So shall it be, if not well, at least not wholly ill with him at the last. This is the secret of the haunting sadness of Arnold's poetry; this is the note which, like a low, plaintive minor, sounds through all his music. He has turned to culture and to nature, and they have given him of their best, but they have left him with life's deepest questions still unanswered, its most grievous hurt still unhealed. What if answer and healing alike are to be found only in that faith that Arnold never knew, with that Christ from whom not in scorn, but in sadness, he had turned away?

. The book for March will be Kirkup's *History of Socialism*. (A. & C. Black, 6s.)

³ *Literary Essays*, p. 336.

¹ The only poems published after 1863 are the four short pieces included under the title "Later Poems" in the complete edition of his works.

² Two of these, *Cadmus and Harmonia*, and *Apollo Musagetes*, appear in the volume of Selections.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO WANTS TO WRITE.

By COULSON KERNAHAN,

*Author of "God and the Ant," "A Book of Strange Sins," "A Dead Man's Diary," etc.**(Concluded from page 28.)*

MAY I offer the young man who wants to write a few words of advice on the all-important matter of "subjects"? If we lived in an ideal world, articles would be accepted or declined purely upon their merits. But, as matters stand, it is a lamentable fact that a poor paper upon some subject which happens at the moment to be of public interest has a better chance of being accepted than a good paper upon a subject about which the public is not concerned. The "smart" young man of to-day recognises this, and "plays" his work "low down" accordingly. It may pay him to do so for a time, but the result is fatal. Work which is written to suit the whim of an hour rarely outlives the hour for which it is written. The more immediate and sudden a literary success, the less lasting is it likely to be. Hence my advice is, Never do anything but your best. Better do good work, though recognition be tardy, or though recognition never come, than do inferior work to secure a "cheap" and immediate success. But on the other hand, don't waste your own and other people's time, not to speak of postage, by sending articles to the magazines upon such subjects as "The Influence of Books," for unless the fact that you are a heaven-born genius leak out in your very letter, the odds are twenty to one that your paper will come back unread. Mind, I am not counselling that you should strain after what is unconventional. He is indeed a great writer who can write greatly upon a hackneyed subject, and I never weary of hearing Emerson or Lamb discourse upon everyday matters. But unless you are a Charles Lamb or a Ralph Waldo Emerson you will do well—at all events until the merit of your work is becoming recognised—to select subjects with some promise of freshness. I don't mean that I would have you take up the last craze or fad, for I hate the faddist and craze-monger right heartily. But no one who has not been connected with magazines and with editorial work would believe how many articles are sent in to an editor which he knows without looking at them he cannot accept. I was in the office of a big monthly the other day, and the editor showed me three articles upon Carlyle which he had received that morning. "It would be sheer waste of time my looking at them," he said. "Quite enough—perhaps too much—has been written about Carlyle since his death. The subject has already been exploited for all it is worth, and the public is pretty nigh sick of it. I did glance at one paper, and saw that it seemed an honest piece of writing,

but I can't take it. If it had been an article about Henry Kingsley now I could have used it, as the recent reissue of his works has aroused public interest afresh. And here's another article about Stanley's exploration in Africa. I don't want *that*. My readers don't care to hear any more about Stanley until he does some other big thing. But here's a paper—brightly written, too—upon the various expeditions which have been sent out from time to time to try to discover the North Pole. It's a pretty ancient subject, but the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition has given an edge to the public interest, and I'm going to use that at the first opportunity."

Now don't misunderstand me, my dear young man who wants to write. I haven't related this conversation because I would impress upon you the importance of being up-to-date. I am no lover of what is called "modernity" and up-to-date cocksureness, but it is just as easy to do sound and sterling work upon subjects which are likely to seem fresh and timely to the editorial eye, as to spend your strength in writing articles which no magazine is likely to take. And the young man who wants to write cannot afford to ignore the magazines. They may, and do, publish a good deal of rubbish, and they have over and over again rejected MSS. of merit, but that they have in the past afforded numberless young men who wanted to write, an excellent introduction to literature, and that they are to-day the best possible means of bringing the work of new writers to the notice of editors and of the reading public, cannot be denied.

A last word in conclusion in regard to the all-important subject of "style." The late Robert Louis Stevenson has told us that he endeavoured in his early days to form a "style" by laboriously attempting to imitate the great "masters." Now one cannot but feel considerable diffidence in venturing to dissent from one who is already an English classic. But, all the same, I must confess that the method of acquiring a style which was advocated by Stevenson seems to me likely to increase the curse of self-consciousness which is already too markedly associated with the artistic temperament. I would at any time rather have unconscious awkwardness than self-conscious grace, though for the matter of that I do not believe that anything which is done self-consciously can ever be faultlessly graceful. The heavy walk of a ploughboy as he lumps homeward along a country road is not unpleasing, but put that ploughboy into his Sunday broadcloth and make him cross a platform or walk up the aisle of a

church under the eyes of a few score people, and his gait becomes the awkwardest of uncouth shambles.

By all means do as Stevenson did in regard to making yourself familiar with the works of the best masters of English. But when you sit down to write out your own thoughts, you will do better—it seems to me—to express yourself in the purest, plainest, most idiomatic English you have at your

command rather than seek self-consciously to copy this or that master. Your early work is sure to be more or less imitative, but don't make it more imitative than it need otherwise be. If you are to pass from being a "young man who wants to write" to a young man who writes and is read, it is upon your own thoughts and your own originality of expression that you will have to rely.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,
Author of "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

I SPOKE last month of the great gain that is to be derived from a frequent reading of the older authors, and several letters upon problems of religion lead me to suggest the careful reading of one of the older books which has had more influence upon religious thought than almost any other that can be readily named—Pascal's *Thoughts on Religion*. The book may be picked up on almost any old bookstall for a few pence: my copy, which bears the date of 1803, cost me sixpence. It has been translated into almost every language of culture, and its editions are innumerable. Pascal's was one of the great minds of the world. He takes rank with the very few really original writers whose influence may be traced through hundreds of lesser writings. He was the Sir Isaac Newton of France, a great scientist, a superb mathematician, a man with an enormous power of abstract and exact thought, who was led in mid-life to turn his thoughts to religion. When he was thirty-two, a painful illness put a stop for a time to his scientific researches, and in his leisure he was induced to study the Christian evidences. "And it pleased God," says his sister, Madame Perier, "so to enlighten his mind that he plainly perceived Christianity requires us to live only for God, and to devote ourselves to no other object but Him; and this appeared to him so evident, so essential, and so superlatively profitable, that he determined to close at once his former researches, renouncing from that time all other knowledge, to apply himself wholly to that which Jesus Christ calls the one thing needful." It is interesting to note the parallel between the experience of Pascal and Tolstoi in this respect. But whereas Tolstoi has the greatest contempt for science, and approaches the subject of Christianity as a pure idealist, Pascal brought to bear on the greatest of all themes precisely those qualities of exact thought and scientific research which had made him famous as a discoverer in physics. He took nothing for granted, and allowed nothing to intuition. He brought to his task all the powers of a highly-trained mathematical genius, and is almost the solitary instance of a first-rate scientist who has deliberately attempted to examine and comprehend

the meaning of Christianity. The result was a series of writings which opened a new era for religion in Europe, and among these writings none is better known than the *Thoughts*.

* * *

To give any just idea of this wonderful volume in a few words is almost impossible. Never was abstract thought stated with a higher lucidity, or with greater exactitude and brilliance of phrase. Some of his sayings—such as that on man's sense of his own greatness, "None feels the pain of not being a king except a dethroned king"—have become apothegms of Christian thought. But one may open these pages at random and at every glance recognise something that sets the mind thinking and suggests infinite ranges of thought. Here are a few such gems: "Mahomet established his kingdom by killing others, Jesus Christ by suffering Himself to be killed!"—"The Church has been obliged to prove that Jesus Christ was Man, against those who have denied it, as well as to prove that He was God; for the appearances were as much against the one as the other."—"The heart has its reasons, with which the reason is not acquainted. It is the heart which feels God, but not the reason. This is perfect faith—God known in the heart."—"There is light enough for those whose sincere desire is to see, and darkness enough for those who are of a contrary disposition. There is obscurity enough to blind the reprobate, and brightness enough to condemn them, and leave them without excuse."—"There are but three descriptions of men: those who serve God having found Him; those who not yet having found Him are employed in seeking Him; and, lastly, those who live without either having found Him or seeking after Him. The first are rational and happy; the third are irrational and foolish; the second are unhappy but yet are rational." But the whole book is full of sayings like these; it is packed with wisdom. For my part, I know no book like it for clearing the mind of doubt, and giving wide horizons to the thought. Here and there we may find a passage which is out of date, but the most striking thing about the book as a whole is its astonishing freshness. If it had

been written yesterday it could not be more appropriate to the conditions of our modern thought. And the whole gathers immense weight from the fact that Pascal was one of the world's greatest men, with the best possible right to be heard : he preaches faith from the standpoint of a Newton, from the altitude of a Shakespeare.

* * *

One of my correspondents raises the question of the comparative value of works of literary criticism. Well, it is clear that the best critical art is very far below even a moderately great creative art. Everyone knows the bitter epigram of Lord Beaconsfield, that "the critics are men who have failed in art and literature." To some extent it is true ; at least the spirit of it is true, for its real meaning is that to criticise art and literature is a much less thing than to produce it. But the truth is that criticism may be the meanest or noblest of employments, according to the man who performs the criticism. History is in the main criticism—the greater part of the writings of Carlyle is criticism. Goethe, again, was probably the greatest critic who ever lived ; and with him the critical and creative faculties were almost equally balanced. Besides, no one will doubt the real need of criticism. The mass of people are unable to form just and discerning judgments upon great books. Here and there—as in the case of the *Pilgrim's Progress*—the general judgment of the people has overruled the judgment of the critics, and brought them over to its side ; but the cases are rare. The general judgment did not discern the value of Wordsworth or Shelley, and it is doubtful if the greatness of these writers would ever have been perceived without the intervention of the critics. It is at least certain that their books fell still-born from the press : Shelley never made a penny by his poems, and Wordsworth got no financial return for his labour until he was past mid-life. It was the same with Browning, and with many more great writers who might be named. In the great mass of literature it becomes increasingly difficult for the untrained mind to distinguish that which is lasting from that which is ephemeral. And herein is the true function of the critic. He acts as the taster of literature. If he does his work honestly and with real insight, he performs a truly beneficent task ; and that the task is in the main done with both insight and honesty is proved by the fact that it is a very rare thing for any really great book to fail to come by its own in the long run.

* * *

In the library of the young man, therefore, there should always be a place for the best works of criticism. Such works will not occupy the first place : that is reserved for the works of creative genius. But who is not the wiser for the luminous criticisms of Matthew Arnold ? Who does not turn with a fresh zest to Burns when he has read Carlyle's famous essay—or, we might add, Robert

Louis Stevenson's hardly less powerful if less known criticism ? And here I take leave to mention one of our very best critics, whose work is not nearly so well known as it should be—Mr. Walter Bagehot. The chief reason for his limited audience has probably been the high price of his books ; but this difficulty is now removed by a cheap reissue of his *Literary Studies*. I do not know any more suggestive books than these. They have been my companions for years. Bagehot possessed in the highest degree an analytic and sympathetic mind, with a true passion for literature. Like Sainte-Beuve, he spent his life "among the masterpieces." His essay on *The Pure, The Ornate, and The Grotesque in Poetry*—in which he defines with rare skill the genius of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning—is itself one of the masterpieces of criticism. No one can read it without being a wiser man, and trenchant as are its verdicts, they are never ungenerous. With such books may be ranked also Mr. Leslie Stephens' *Hours in a Library*, the ripe fruit of the widest reading and the keenest judgment of men and books. When one considers how much of trained power and literary capacity goes to the making of such books as these, it is a trifle saddening to reflect that after all they are but of second-rate importance, and can never stand on the same level as a single perfect poem or great story. From this point of view the critic deserves some commiseration. He puts into his work intellectual powers which in other fields might have won enduring fame. All the more should we value the service which he renders to literature ; and if occasionally one is revolted by the ineptitude, incompetence, vulgarity, and positive ignorance of a bad critic, we should not forget the very rare combination of faculties which constitutes the good critic. Moreover, it will be found that the good critic is always the most generous. If he cannot praise, he rarely writes at all. It is only the bad critic who writes with virulence, that he may show how clever he can be at the expense of the author.

* * *

I am often asked to recommend some book of religious biography which is more than a goody-goody record of an inhumanly perfect person. To such as can afford it—it is, alas ! a nine-shilling book—I recommend Paul Sabatier's *Life of Francis of Assisi*. Few books have ever given me deeper or more enduring pleasure. The story itself is one of the most remarkable in the world. Francis was—as Mr. Stead would put it—a true Christ to the people of his day. His tenderness, pity, and affection for all living creatures, his love of nature, his perfect self-renunciation, his most touching humility and piety, make him a man by himself—a never-to-be-forgotten and a much-loved man. M. Sabatier's book also is nobly written ; it is full of vividness of phrase and felicity of thought. And, by the way, the Salvation Army has discovered

Francis. If the biography of M. Sabatier is dear, the Salvation Army has balanced matters by issuing a really able biography of Francis, running to 125 pages, at a cost of sixpence. It appears in what is called "The Redhot Library,"—a detestable title,—but for all that it is a very excellent piece of work, and one can only thank General Booth for this and other plucky attempts to put good literature into the hands of the poor.

BRIEF ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jeffreys (S. Wales). I do not know whether Richard Jefferies died a Christian in your sense of the term. He certainly bore keen agony with great patience and manly valour. There can be no doubt about the value of his writings. No one in our generation has given us more perfect pictures of nature. In all but form he was a true poet.—*Total Abstainer* (Kirkcaldy). I have no hesitation in saying that in my judgment the use of intoxicating wine in the Communion is a mistake. I do not suppose the cases of temptation are many, but this is absolutely a matter in which we are bound to consider the weak brother. If the chance of offence were but as one in ten thousand, we ought to avoid it, especially when so very little is sacrificed by the substitution of unfermented for alcoholic wine.—I hope *A. J. T.* (Mauchline) will not be offended when I point out that before a man attempts literature he should learn to spell. "Prepared" is the sort of error which does not prepare one for the careful examination of a MS.—I have vainly tried to scan the lines of *Alpha* (Sunderland). They betray a most unmetrical ear. Write prose. It is evident that the faculty of poetry is denied you.—I thank *Melbourne* (Australia) for his letter. I am by no means an anti-Socialist. All truth, according to Aristotle, was found in "the mean"—that is, the middle point, which was free of excess. I think that some of the Socialistic schemes of to-day are absurd—they are in excess. Therefore I decline to accept them. But I equally decline to accept the extreme doctrines of Individualism. Truth in this case is to be found in "the mean"; certainly all that is practical politically must be found there.—*Pellaw* (Glasgow). There is no really good book on William the Silent. The finest sketch I know is to be found in John Skelton's *Essays in History and Biography* (Blackwood). There is a biography by a Mr. Putnam. I think, recently published, but I have not read it, and cannot recommend it.—Several correspondents write upon the subject of Sunday cycling. I am by no means prepared to pass wholesale condemnation on the practice. Take, for example, the case of a young man in a city, whose hours are long, who breathes for the greater part of the day a vitiated atmosphere, and has no opportunity of doing anything to restore the balance of health. I think that in such a case there would be no harm done by a spin of twenty or thirty miles on a Sunday, and much good—*always provided that the duty of worship is not neglected.* The evil comes in when a young fellow cycles all the Sunday, and entirely gives up the custom of church-going. But it is not necessary to do this. At Ripley, and some other places near London, there are special services arranged for cyclists, and they are much appreciated. Apart from the duty of worship, there is also another point of view. Think of the number of men who work hard all the week, and yet give up their Sundays to social and religious work among the poor. With them the claims of others take precedence of the claim of self. But for their self-sacrifice it would be impossible to carry on the great philanthropic agencies that cluster round the churches. If, when these things are duly considered—the claim of the soul to worship,

the claim of the mind to religious teaching, and the claim of those less fortunate than ourselves to our social service—a young man can find time on the Sunday for a three-hours' ride, and *can find no other time*, because his work holds him fast, to the damage of his physique—then let him use his cycle on a Sunday with a clear conscience. If there is any wrong, it lies in the business system which allows no reasonable leisure, and permits no reasonable care of health. Beyond that I am not prepared to go. With the absolute contempt for religious worship shown by Sunday road-scorchers, I have no sympathy whatever. Man is not a biped on wheels, but a creature with a soul and a destiny.—*A. G.* (Glasgow). Thanks for your letter. Still, you have not sent me the poem itself—only an account of its origin—and I am still in ignorance of the merits of the "Old Oaken Bucket."—*G. T.* (The Parsonage). I expect to write on *R. L. Stevenson* in *THE YOUNG MAN* before very long.—*Undecided*. Abstain if you will. That is legitimate. Anything else is illegitimate and of the devil.—*S. P.* (Barnsley). You ask your question too late. You say you are a Christian, and are engaged to a girl who is a model to her sex, but is not a Christian in your sense of the word. Should you break off the engagement? I can only say that such a question is a shameful one. Surely there is such a thing as honour, and what sort of Christianity is that which forgets honour? You have no right to go back upon your word, once sacredly given, and to break your engagement; but if I were the girl I would release you with all speed, and thank God for my deliverance.—*J. H. G.* (Bury). One of the most beautiful books I know is *The Household of Sir Thomas More*. It gives a singularly clear and vivid picture of the man, which you must, of course, supplement with other directly historical reading. The book has recently been republished by Nimmo, at 6s.—*Phyllas* (Leicester). By no means make such experiments with poisons as you name: they are full of danger. I entirely acknowledge the force of your arguments, and it is without doubt true that young men are "driven to distraction" by the torment of these unfulfilled functions. Nevertheless, this also is true: that chastity is mainly a thing of the mind and will. It is possible so to direct and sustain the mental energies toward a fixed moral or intellectual object that the body is literally "kept under," and the passions are checked. The only effectual curb lies in mental energy kept at high power and devoted to high objects. I don't say that it is wholly effectual: the frequent unchastity of public and literary men teaches that. But it does go a long way to subdue the lower man, as everyone knows who has persisted long enough in the experiment. Again I say, on no account meddle with poisons of which you know nothing.—*Eliana* (Dublin). Your verses are not without merit. They have a quick and true sense of nature.—*The verses of A. M. C.* (Sunderland) are good, but not wholly so. Their opening stanzas have melody and sweetness—

Our eyes were glad to see the spring
Shoot forth through April shade and shine;
And when we heard the skylark sing,
Our happy hearts beat eager time.

We caught the gleaming blue expanse
Of waters rolling 'twixt the shores;
The distant scene did but enhance
The beauty growing round our doors.

But there is one fatal defect which will be at once apparent: the first verse has a shockingly bad rhyme. "Shine" does not rhyme with "time"; nor does "dawn" rhyme with "morn" in a later verse. Fancy, sweetness, melody, imagination, are quite useless unless the technique of verse is learned, and a false rhyme entirely destroys the value of the best poem.—*Edgar* (Market Drayton). Some training is certainly necessary. You had better consult your minister as to the best course.

All Editorial Communications should be addressed to MR. FREDERICK A. ATKINS, TEMPLE HOUSE, TEMPLE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. Telegraphic address, "OPENEVED, LONDON."

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THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

"THE MYRIAD-MINDED MAN."

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

DURING his recent tour round the world Mr. Haweis was for a portion of the time under the guidance of the famous Mr. Smythe, who conducts eminent lecturers and arranges their plan of campaign. A little arbitrary is Mr. Smythe, and he has a fixed idea that a lecturer should have one good topic, and not attempt to speak upon a variety of subjects—a habit which, in his judgment, is calculated to destroy popular confidence, from the idea

that one who knows a little about everything knows nothing thoroughly. When Mr. Haweis, preparatory to beginning his lecturing tour in Australia and New Zealand, laid his *répertoire* before Mr. Smythe, that gentleman of experience had his

breath taken away—there were lectures on the "Poets," "Music and Morals," "Marriage," the "Bible *v.* Ingersoll," and many other subjects. "This will never do," said he; "the people won't stand it. Choose one subject,—say, 'Marriage,' 'Music,' or just a few on related subjects, and deliver them once only in each town." Mr. Haweis persisted that a change of topic was good, and was naturally not disposed to hide all his lectures save

one under a bushel. The man of experience retired to his chamber disheartened; it was clear that he could not mould his latest lecturer according to his own ideas. What was to be done? As he pondered during the silent watches of the night



MR. HAWEIS AT WORK.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]



MRS. HAWEIS.

[From a Photo specially taken for *THE YOUNG MAN* by Messrs. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

there came as if by inspiration the thought, "Call him the MYRIAD-MINDED." Next day the machinery was set in motion to make known the newly-coined phrase, and from bill and poster, upon steamboat packets, railway stations, boardings and lecture halls, there glared in letters of prodigious size, "HAWEIS, THE MYRIAD-MINDED LECTURER, is coming." Mr. Smythe was supremely happy, for a myriad-minded man might have a million lectures in his *répertoire*, if he liked, and who should dare to criticise?

I must confess to a little sympathy with Mr. Smythe, for certainly it was a bewildering task to choose a subject for an interview with a man who, like Mr. Haweis, has lived in the heart of things, travelled all over the world, and has a vast acquaintance with the most noted people of our own and other lands. Then, too, Mrs. Haweis seems equally versatile with her husband; and their home, the Queen's House, Cheyne Walk, is one of the most interesting mansions in historic Chelsea. It faces the river, and is rendered conspicuous amongst the tall houses, which here line the Embankment, by the statue of Mercury surmounting it. As I gazed at the winged god and wondered whether he was about to dart through the air and take a dip in old Father Thames, which looked inviting enough with the morning sunshine breaking up its surface into

gleaming ripples, the thought occurred, "What a transformation there would be in our dull, inartistic streets if all householders, who could afford it, would follow the example of Mr. and Mrs. Haweis and place a statue, or some other object of beauty, outside their houses for the benefit of 'the man in the street,' instead of keeping all their art treasures inside their homes!" Large iron gates, of Charles II. work, stand in front of Queen's House, and lead into a courtyard paved with flagstones deeply worn, and suggesting memories of the celebrated feet which have trod them. The house was built by Sir Christopher Wren for Charles the Second's queen, Catharine de Braganza, as a country-house by the river. In imagination I saw the queen and her retinue of lords and ladies issuing from the great iron gates and descending the steps down to the river where her barge stood waiting. A portion of the ancient steps leading from the house to the river was discovered by workmen when laying drain-pipes some years ago, but alas for romance! the Thames Embankment covers the ancient way, and the inhabitants of Queen's House no longer take boat from their own gates.

The entrance hall, unlike the large square ones of the period, is cruciform in shape,—probably so built to please the religious feelings of Queen Catherine,—and the narrow passages forming the

arms of the cross had a practical use during the Georgian period in affording a shelter from the winds, which blew keenly from the river, for the noble dames waiting to issue forth in their sedan chairs. But to come to more modern times, the Queen's House is interesting as having been the home of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the rendezvous of most of the celebrated artists of the day. Three of the mantelpieces were built by Rossetti with his own hands, and are, needless to say, carefully preserved by Mr. and Mrs. Haweis. The one in the drawing-room is of richly-coloured Persian tiles, while those in two of the other rooms were skilfully constructed out of Japanese tea-trays, and remind us that it is to Rossetti we owe the introduction of Japanese art, as also the fashion for blue-and-white china. After his death the house stood vacant until Mr. and Mrs. Haweis made it their home, some twelve years ago. They changed the name from Tudor House, as it had been called in Rossetti's time, to Queen's House, which they discovered to have been the name by which it was known in the oldest leases, all that it can claim of the Tudor period being the foundation, which was part of Henry VIII.'s Chelsea palace.

Under the artistic skill of Mrs. Haweis the house has been furnished in accordance with the period to

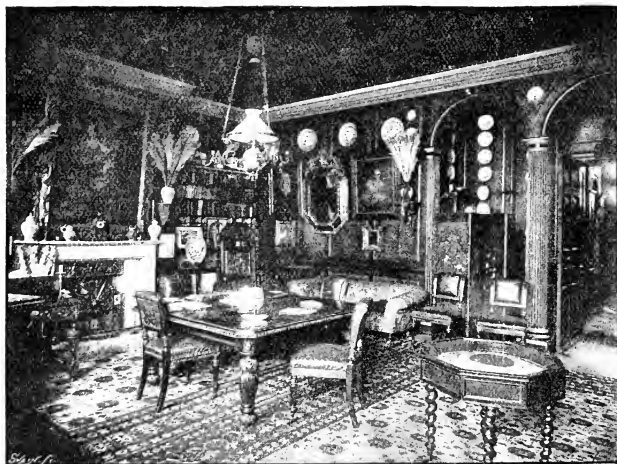
which it belongs, and to wander through the rooms and note the high-backed chairs, ancient bureaux, and the big lounges known as day-beds, carries the mind far away from Battersea Suspension Bridge—a conspicuous object from the windows—to more romantic times. The beautiful Spanish carved oak furniture, so well suited to the panelled rooms, belonged to Mrs. Haweis' father, Mr. Thomas Musgrave Joy, the well-known painter and collector of antiques, and the chairs and lounges have been upholstered by Mrs. Haweis, who inherits her father's artistic talent. She exhibited at the Royal Academy when only a girl of sixteen, and it was intended that she should be an artist; but, to use her own words, "Mr. Haweis came along, and changed all that." She has, however, illustrated both her own and her husband's books, and designed the covers of many of them. A lovely little oil painting of her eldest son, when a baby, hangs in the drawing-room, and throughout Queen's House are evidences of her artistic skill.

It seems unnecessary to describe a man so well known as the Incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone; his short slight figure, moving about so quickly, with the gold-mounted ebony stick to support his lame foot, the clean-shaved, mobile face, never a moment still, and the dark, quick-glancing eyes, are



MR. HAWEIS IN HIS STUDY.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]



THE LIBRARY AT QUEEN'S HOUSE.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by Messrs. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

familiar to thousands of people the wide world over. Mr. Haweis is contemporary with the reign of Queen Victoria, having been born at Egham early in Her Majesty's reign. His father was the Rev. J. O. W. Haweis, late rector of Slaughtam, Sussex, and Canon and Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral; while his grandfather, Dr. Thomas Haweis, Rector of Aldwinkle, was a noted preacher, distinguished for missionary enterprise, who, as trustee of the Countess of Huntingdon's fund and director of her numerous charities, diverted the money originally devoted to mission work among the Red Indians to the evangelisation of the Tahitian islanders. A very interesting memento of this work stands in Mr. Haweis' smaller study—as becomes a myriad-minded man he has two studies; one snug and small, the other handsome, capacious, with a colonnade and classic arches, which serves also for the reception of the many literary and social gatherings which take place at Queen's House. In the small study there stands in a glass case the last Tahitian idol, which was sent by the king, Pomare, to Mr. Haweis' grandfather after the complete conversion of the country to Christianity. Along with it are some rather gruesome ornaments, carved out of human bones, which were used at the native coronations.

Son of the Church as he is for two generations, Mr. Haweis' earliest instincts pointed to a musical rather than to a clerical career, and he tells with inimitable drollery the story of his infantile scrapings upon a succession of eighteenpenny fiddles, until his father was forced to buy him a suitable instrument and provide him with a teacher, after

to his own sweet will. It was during these early years at Norwood that he sustained injuries by a fall from his horse which rendered him lame for life and left him in delicate health for some years. "But my ill-health," said Mr. Haweis, "was the making of my music. I was sent to stay at my grandmother's house at Brighton, and being left to my own resources, the violin became my constant companion. I took lessons during this period from Oury, the pupil of Paganini, and occasionally played at concerts in Brighton. But poor Oury was disposed to regard me despondingly. 'You should have been in the profession,' he would say. 'What is the use of teaching you, if you are not going to be a professional player? Bah! nature has given you too much facility, you rascal.' At other times he would forget my delinquencies, and sit for hours telling me stories about Paganini. I should have been a pupil after his own heart, I believe, had it not been that I was practising only as an amateur."

After some years of desultory study, violin-playing, and voracious reading of fiction, Mr. Haweis went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1856, and graduated three years later. He frankly confesses that his "mathematics were weak and his classics uncertain," and that he was chiefly distinguished during his Cambridge days as a solo violinist in the University Musical Society. Dr. Whewell was Master of Trinity at that time, and it is to his credit that he did not try to crush the young undergraduate's love of music, although he would have been better pleased to have found him with an affection for Greek and mathematics. Sending for him to the drawing-room of Trinity Lodge

which he rapidly developed into a youthful prodigy much sought after in the social circles of Norwood, where he was then living. He has vivid recollections of being "trotted out" at parties and put to stand on the table with his violin. His father had also an undeveloped genius in the same direction, and it now became the custom for father and son to scrape their scales and exercises together at a double desk for two hours each morning, repeating the scraping in the evening at more elaborate compositions; but what young Haweis loved best was to walk up and down the garden lawn, before his lameness, playing tunes according

one morning, the Master of Trinity did a graceful act in a bluff manner. "Mr. Haweis," said he, "I wish you to know Lady Atleck, my wife. She is musical; she wishes to hear your violin;" and with a dignified wave of the hand he departed. The musical undergraduate was charmed in the interview which followed, to be specially requested by the Master's gracious lady to play at a large reception which she was holding on the following evening.

I must not stay to recount Mr. Haweis' musical triumphs during his undergraduate days, nor to tell of the musical evenings in his rooms, which sorely tried his nearest neighbours, from whom he frequently received midnight expostulations, but will pass on to those most thrilling and interesting reminiscences which he gave me of Garibaldi and the Italian Revolution. "I was enabled," said Mr. Haweis, "by my father's generosity, to take a foreign trip immediately after leaving Cambridge, but was, of course, duly cautioned not to get in the way of the Italian Revolution, then at its height. Nevertheless, an unaccountable magnetism drew me to Genoa when I heard that Garibaldi had landed, and I followed the successes of his sword from place to place and witnessed his triumphal entry into Naples with Victor Emanuel. Ah! it seems but yesterday, although it is thirty-five years ago, since I stood outside my hotel in Naples and heard the great shout of the crowd, 'Viva Garibaldi!' It was the Sunday succeeding the battle of Volturmo, and he had come, as was his custom, to dine at the hotel next to the one where I was staying. What a noble figure he made, as he stopped a moment after alighting from his carriage to look at the cheering crowd. There he stood, the peasant patriot, in his coarse red shirt, grey trousers, a plain sword in an iron scabbard by his side, and a thick steel watch-chain dangling from his breast pocket. His head was bare, and the russet hair was much streaked with grey; his figure, too, was bent, though he was but fifty-three; but his brow looked calm and imperious as ever, and his small piercing eyes let nothing escape them. He looked grave, good, and gentle, and smiled wearily as the crowd pressed upon him, some to touch his red shirt, others his battered sword, and many to cover his hands with kisses, or to kneel at his feet. What

struck me most was that his power was so absolute and yet apparently unsought.

"Later in the day, in response to the crowd which all the afternoon had been surging in the Chiaja in front of his hotel, Garibaldi stepped forth on to the balcony and made a short speech. I believe that I am the only person who ever recorded that speech. It was effective, brief, and simple, and delivered in a voice low and tremulous with emotion. He concluded with, 'Let united Italy and Victor Emanuel be still your motto—the people must rise; they must fight for liberty!' At the end he bent his head, and with his eyes full of smouldering fire, lifted his finger to heaven and pronounced the word 'Liberta' in a tone of fervour which I shall never forget. He was a man above personal ambition; no disaster shook him, and no success disturbed the equilibrium of his mind. 'I am a principle,' he would often say, 'and the homage paid to me is paid to liberty.'"

Having had his enthusiasm stirred by personal contact with the hero, it is not surprising that Mr. Haweis risked his life at the siege of Capua in his endeavour to befriend the Garibaldian soldiers. It was his ambition to be amongst the first to enter the beleaguered city, but his carriage was seized by the troops on the morning that Capua surrendered, and his intention thus frustrated; he witnessed, however, the triumphal entry of Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi into Naples from the top of a lamp-post in the Toledo, and he saw later on the quiet withdrawal of Garibaldi from the scene of his triumphs to his island home at Caprera. "I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life,"



THE DRAWING-ROOM AT QUEEN'S HOUSE.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

said Mr. Haweis, with a look which showed that the enthusiasm of his youth still remained, "to have seen Garibaldi on the battlefield in the flush of victory, to have heard him speak, and to have been honoured by his confidence, and I treasure his letters as some of my most valuable possessions."

Possibly the struggle for freedom which Mr. Haweis had witnessed in Italy gave a more earnest bent to his mind, and inspired him with a love of humanity, and a desire to uplift and succour the fallen and distressed, for on his return home he entered holy orders, and began his clerical career as

a curate in the district of St. Peter's, Bethnal Green. From that period his violin career practically closed; he had an intense passion for oratory, literature, the study of human life and of theology, which was stronger even than his love of music, though to abandon the latter as he did could not have been other than a sacrifice. "I knew that I could not play the violin by halves," said Mr. Haweis, "so I gave it up, for I was determined not to be thought a fiddling parson." However, it has been impossible to wholly suppress his natural instinct, and Mr. Haweis occasionally brings forth his famous Stradivarius, presented to him many years ago, and does a little

execution in illustration of his lectures on music. Among his books there are none more fascinating than *Music and Morals* and *My Musical Life*, the results of his leisure hours and of that inborn passion for the art which nothing can crush and which must get expression. While doing some pioneer lecturing during his recent visit to New Zealand, Mr. Haweis occasionally found himself regarded in a dubious manner by reason of his violin. On visiting an out-of-the-way place, where he was going to lecture on music, a deputation of local big-wigs came to the station to meet him and escort him to the place of entertainment. He alighted only to find that these august person-

ages failed to recognise him, and he heard them inquiring of the stationmaster, "Hasn't the lecturer come by this train?" "No," was the reply; "there's nobody come but yon little chap with the fiddle-case."

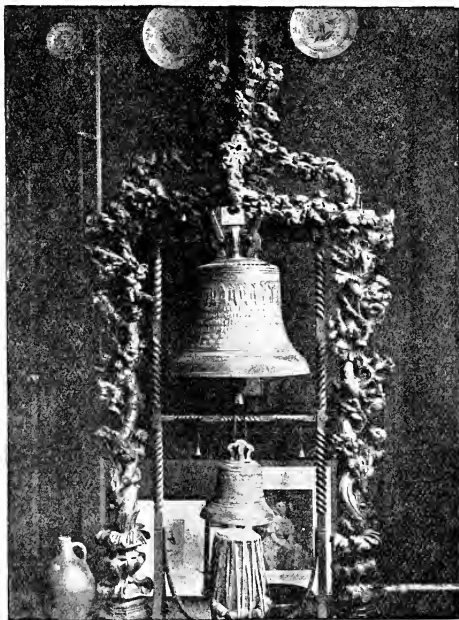
After entering upon his curacy in the East End, Mr. Haweis threw himself thoroughly into the life of the poor among whom he dwelt, and found the study of their hard, toiling lives of absorbing interest. In a neighbouring parish, Mr. J. R. Green, the future historian, was similarly at work, and for two years Mr. Haweis found in him a

stimulating friend; scarcely a day passed that the two men did not meet to discuss mutual doubts and difficulties. At this time, too, literature began to play an important part in Mr. Haweis' life, and he achieved his first success by the publication of a tract called *Amy Arnold*. It was a simple story of the struggles and sad death of a working girl in the East End, but it came from the heart of the young curate, and straight-way touched the hearts of the people; it became one of the most popular publications of the time, and is still selling to-day.

"Was *Amy Arnold* your first attempt in literature?" I asked Mr. Haweis.

"Well, no," he answered, with a laugh. "My first

published effort was *The Lament of a Brighton Swell*, when the season was over, which I contributed to a Brighton paper, at the age of fifteen; and afterwards I literally flooded the provincial press with inflated bombast on every possible subject, from transcendentalism to the position of women. It is inconceivable to me how the things ever got printed, but I need hardly tell you that they were not paid for. After the publication of *Amy Arnold*—for which I received my first literary fee, two guineas for the copyright—I seemed to come into journalism with a bound, and contributed to periodicals of every description, from the *Contemporary Review* to the halfpenny papers. The first article I wrote for the



BELGIAN BELLS PRESENTED TO MR. HAWEIS.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

Contemporary was a review of Mozart's letters. Dean Alford was editor then, and he followed this up by sending me a pile of books to review, among them, *Union Life* by Howells the novelist, then an unknown man, but his book charmed me. I also became a leader-writer for the *Echo*, under the editorship of Mr., now Sir, Arthur Arnold; and I edited *Cassell's Magazine* for a year, while I was curate of St. James's the Less, Westminster. In fact, my life became full of literary activity, and my days were chiefly spent between my two city offices. In the morning I wrote my leader at the *Echo* office, then walked down Fleet Street, and turned in somewhere for lunch, — a penny sausage and a twopenny glass of sherry (yes! such a thing exists), — and proceeded to Cassell's office in Belle Sauvage Yard to attend to my editorial work."

"And how did the unfortunate contributors fare after your twopenny glass of sherry, Mr. Haweis? Were the wastepaper baskets quickly filled?"

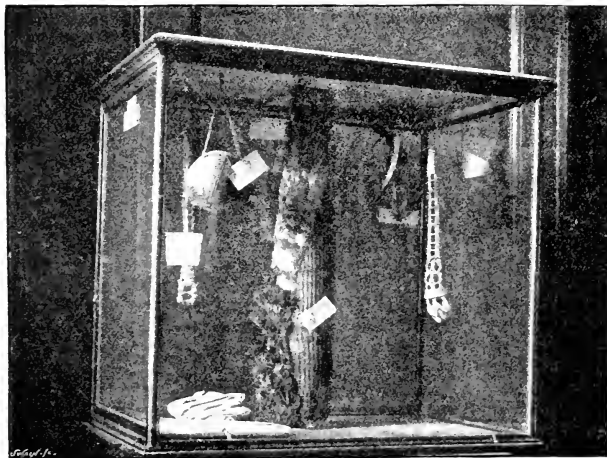


MRS. HAWEIS.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

"If anybody wants to know where they can get a twopenny glass of sherry," replied Mr. Haweis, "I can tell them; but they will never go again. As to the contributors, I began by being very civil to everybody, especially the old fogies; but I found this would not do,—it took up too much time,—so then I used to take bundles of MS. home with me and slaughter them *en masse*. I had a great idea of

introducing new writers, as it seemed better to take immature work from fresh writers and dress it up a little, than to keep giving the public old writers who had said all they had to say a good many times over, until people were sick of their wares. Needless to say, this did not suit the stock literary hands, and I succeeded in offending a good many of them—poor old Augustus Sala amongst others. My editorial career was not long, but I think I can boast of having made at least one good hit, and that was Wilkie Collins. I wanted a serial from Charles Reade, and offered him £1000 for it, but he said that it would not pay him to accept the offer,



THE IDOL CASE.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

and suggested the name of his friend, Wilkie Collins, then but little known. We entered into negotiations with him, which resulted in the publication of *Man and Wife* as a serial in *Cassell's Magazine*."

It would be difficult to enumerate all the literary work which has come from Mr. Haweis' facile pen. Besides the books on music already mentioned, he has published *Thoughts for the Times, American Humorists, Christ and Christianity* in five volumes, and *Pet or Pastimes and Penalties*. In theology he is a strong advocate of a broad, rational, but spiritual and even mystic Christianity, and in relation to social questions is invariably found on the humanitarian side. Occasionally he has distinguished himself as a special correspondent; it was in this capacity, I believe, that he twice visited Morocco to inquire into the social conditions of that barbarous land, visiting the prisons, and exposing abuses wherever he found them. "It has been my good fortune to meet most of the distinguished men of the day," he told me; "and you may be interested to know that I once interviewed President Cleveland, and am, I believe, the only English journalist who has interviewed the Shah of Persia."

"And what did you think of the Shah, Mr. Haweis? Did he strike you as having any genuine wish to introduce reforms into Persia?"

"Not a bit of it; I call the Shah a sham and a fraud. It was through the influence of Prince Malcolm Khan that I had an audience of his Majesty, being invited to meet him at Prince Malcolm Khan's villa at Notting Hill; the Prince of Wales was present at the time. Of course the Shah expressed his desire for reforms, but I have since found that he surrounds himself with the most degrading people, who care nothing whatever for the progressive measures which he professed at first to advocate. He has elevated mere lacqueys into responsible positions in the State; and the only man who really cared for the well-being of Persia, his former chief minister, Prince Malcolm Khan, is now practically in disgrace, unable to do anything, and jealously watched by the parasites whom the Shah has gathered about him, and who are ready to put him out of the way on the smallest provocation, should he return to Persia,—not that I think they will succeed, for Prince Malcolm Khan is a great power with the people still; there is no one in the whole of Persia at all comparable to him."

To return to the clerical side of Mr. Haweis' versatile personality, it is now some twenty-eight years since he was presented by Mr. William Cowper, afterwards Lord Mount Temple, with the Incumbency of St. James's, Westmoreland Street, Marylebone, which was then a tumble-down and deserted chapel of ease in the hands of Crown Trustees. To-day we know it as one of the most important churches in the West End, where Sunday after Sunday is seen a congregation of upwards of a thousand people, comprising men and women

above the average for thought and culture. There have worshipped Tennyson, Frederick Denison Maurice, Froude, Mr. Gladstone, the De Bunsens, Fitzjames Stephen, Dean Stanley, Baron Amphlet, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Gounod, Archbishop Tait, Bishop Moorhouse (Manchester), Bishop of Carlisle (Harvey Goodwin), Bishop Potter (New York), Archbishop Magee, Lord Justice James, John Richard Green, and a host of others more or less distinguished in theology, art, and letters. The stained-glass windows cast a warm glow over the building, and the choir of ladies in their white surplices and mortar-boards lends an unique and artistic look to the assembly; while in the pulpit is a preacher of impassioned power who is above everything else original, and faces the problems of doubt with a candour almost unknown in the pulpit to-day. It is small wonder that St. James's, Marylebone, should have a wide popularity among London churchgoers, and attract visitors of all classes, Nonconformists and Episcopalians alike, to its walls. One of the most pleasing experiences which Mr. Haweis had during his recent tour was meeting old members of his congregation in almost every place he visited, whether in the great American cities, in the outlying settlements of New Zealand, or in the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

Of the many incidents connected with his clerical life, the first visit paid to his church by Lord Tennyson was peculiarly interesting to Mr. Haweis. "When I was a youth in my teens," he told me, "my enthusiasm for Tennyson amounted to a mania, and being at one time in the vicinity of Farringford, Freshwater, shortly after the poet had taken up his abode there, I conceived the daring project of visiting him. My importunity prevailed upon the maid to admit me, and Mrs. Tennyson came to the drawing-room to inquire the object of my visit. I informed her that my admiration for her husband's poems was so great that being in the neighbourhood I had called to see him. She smiled, as well she might, at my enthusiastic speech, but said that Mr. Tennyson was too busy to see anyone. I summoned courage to ask her if she would press my request herself. Possibly she thought it would be the best way to get rid of me, and she went to her husband. What suspense I suffered during the few minutes she was out of the room!—it seemed like hours,—then I heard a voice which I knew to be that of the poet, and as he entered I rose and stood stupefied and dumb. At length I uttered some incoherent sentences about my great admiration for his poetry, which he quickly cut short by some casual remark. The interview only lasted a few minutes, but I was at least gratified that I had heard him speak and clasped his hand.

"Twenty-eight years passed by," continued Mr. Haweis; "and I never saw Tennyson again until one Sunday morning he walked up the side aisle of my church, his son Hallam along with him, and

took his seat almost in the very place where Hallam the historian had been used to sit with his son Arthur, the subject of *In Memoriam*—a most interesting coincidence."

Mr. Haweis went on a lecturing tour in America in 1885, when he delivered the famous Lowell lectures at Boston, and visited many other cities in the States, but it was during the past year that he accomplished his greatest lecturing feat, being literally a tour round the world. He travelled some fifty thousand miles in the course of his journey, and lectured everywhere, from leading cities to backwood settlements. Landing at New York, he proceeded through the Southern States by New Orleans to San Francisco, where he had charge for two months of the pulpit at Trinity Church—the largest church on the Pacific Coast—preaching to enormous gatherings; from thence he travelled to Canada, British Columbia, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and the islands of Fiji—a very respectable expedition for a man who had left home to recruit his health.

When I called upon Mr. Haweis, I found him sitting in his large study literally elbow deep in memoranda and notebooks, from which, with brow intent, he was endeavouring to evolve from chaos a history of his recent travels, which will shortly be published, in two volumes, by Chatto & Windus.

"Would you tell me," I asked Mr. Haweis, "whether you found the colonies overstocked with young men seeking their fortunes, and what qualities are most likely to ensure success?"

"There is still plenty of room in the colonies, and the first quality needed by a young man to ensure success is a little money, second a good introduction, third not to be afraid of turning his hand to anything. During my travels in New Zealand I was visiting an out-of-the-way place, a farmhouse where the people lived in good style. The son and daughter of the house came to meet me at the station in a neat little turn-out; I had a delightful day with the family, and in the evening the daughter drove me back, and as we were driving from the house, a mud-bespattered, poorly-dressed young fellow opened the field-gate for us. "One of your farm-servants, I suppose?" I said to my companion. "Oh dear, no," she replied. "Didn't you know him? It was my brother." He had been cattle-driving, and it would have been difficult for me to have recognised in him the son of the house, with whom I had recently lunched. Well, that is the sort of young man who succeeds; he is not afraid of doing any work, however menial. They don't want 'genteel' people out there. Clerks are at a discount; New Zealand is

overdone with them. Domestic servants are always in request, so are farm-workers, and there are plenty of openings for professional men, and especially for anybody who can minister to the entertainment of the people; they *will* have amusements, and young men who could get up good variety entertainments would be received with open arms. Lectures, too, are much appreciated, but they must be good. A smart young man might find good openings in the press. There are excellent newspapers in the chief towns of Australia, and the pay, I should say, is fair; while in remoter places fresh newspapers and periodicals are constantly being started. The tea and coffee plantations in Ceylon, which I visited, seemed to offer remunerative work, and I found a very good class of young men out there, sons of people in excellent positions over here, and they marry smart girls and do things in good style—afternoon tea, tennis, and the usual amenities.

"Another sphere for young men used to be gold-mining, but a great deal of loose speculation has been mixed up with it lately. The old romantic life, when you went out with a pick and a bundle, and were pretty sure of 'striking ile,' sooner or later, is over. There have been no phenomenal 'finds' lately, such as picking up a stone with a nugget worth £600 sticking to it; surface work is done with, and it requires machinery and capital to sink deep mines for the gold now, which, of course, means the advent of the big capitalist. I went down one gold mine which was fifteen hundred feet deep; it was much the same as descending the shaft of a coal-pit, but the work is not so dangerous, although piercing the rock for the gold is very arduous and requires strong, muscular men who have been all their lives accustomed to toil. Great numbers of Scottish and Cornish men are employed in these mines; the amateur gentleman worker is absolutely useless there. Now, I think that is all I must tell you," said Mr. Haweis, coming to a sudden full stop, "or there will be nothing left for my *Reminiscences*."

During the interview I had been curiously eyeing a huge bell which stood in the study. This I found had been presented to Mr. Haweis by Severin Van Aerschodt, a noted manufacturer of bells in Belgium, who had been much pleased by the references made to his workmanship by Mr. Haweis when he delivered his lectures on "The Violin" and on "Bells" at the Royal Institution. By Mr. Haweis' kind permission, the Van Aerschodt Bell (6 cwt.) has been specially photographed to accompany this article.

SARAH A. TOOLEY.

THIS we know, that there will come a time when the service of God shall be the beholding of Him; and though in these stormy seas, where we are now driven up and down, His Spirit is dimly seen on the face of the waters, and we are left to cast

anchors out of the stern, and wish for the day—that day will come, when with the evangelists on the crystal and stable sea, all the creatures of God shall be "no more curse, but His servants shall serve Him, and shall see His face."—*Ruskin*.

HIS ONLY FEAR.

By C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A.

Author of "A Modern Heretic," &c.

THE little town of Oldmarket in the West Midlands has many claims to distinction. The occasional visitor from London is amazed to discover a life so placid and uneventful, which nevertheless, by common consent of the inhabitants, is neither dull nor slow. Of course, I freely admit that Oldmarket is an acquired taste; but then so are Wordsworth and tomatoes, which are very good for you all the same. The London visitor may delude himself with the idea that because we do not have a sensational murder every evening, an elopement in the morning, and a suicide in the afternoon, we are incapable of enjoying ourselves, or making any considerable progress in civilisation. But it is just because his palate has been ruined by over-seasoned dishes that he is prevented from appreciating our simple and frugal fare. A town that can boast a market, a corn-market, and a cattle-market, to say nothing of the various enterprises habitually sustained by half a dozen religious bodies, cannot surely be said to be without attraction and interest.

For the sake of the reputation of Oldmarket I have been led to recognise the existence of six branches of the Christian religion. But I need hardly say that we of the Independent denomination never seriously thought of recognising any other church or chapel whatsoever; that is to say, it scarcely entered into our minds to regard them as being on substantially the same level as ourselves. It was our custom to speak of them as "causes." We would say, "Oh yes, the Methodists have a little cause at Oldmarket," in much the same patronising tone as a dean might speak of a minor canon. The Episcopalians at Oldmarket were numerous and wealthy, but it was not our habit to take them seriously; and this for one good reason—they had no prayer-meeting. It was our conviction that by this omission they advertised their indifference to the true order and economy of the Christian Church.

This leads me to say that the prayer-meeting at the Independent Chapel was, in our conception, the chief distinction of Oldmarket. Not that we were indifferent to the Sunday services; but then, in the Sunday services the individual worshipper enjoys only a qualified liberty. He may sing at stated periods; and if he be shamelessly demonstrative, like Roger Bates the cobbler, he may say "Amen," and "Hallelujah," during the minister's prayers, or even during his sermon; but there liberty, or licence, ends. The opportunity for free utterance is the prayer-meeting. You may say that even there liberty of exhortation was denied; but that only

shows how little you know of the possibilities of extemporaneous prayer, wherein petition may be adroitly combined with some very faithful reflections on the duties of our neighbours to ourselves.

The prayer-meeting was, of course, held in the schoolroom. Until recent times a British school was supported in Oldmarket; and this accounted for the fact that the schoolroom was decorated with maps, prints, and tables eminently serviceable to elementary education, but not altogether helpful to a devotional frame of mind. Even at this distance of time, I remember that over the minister's head, as he presided, hung the words in extra large type, "It is a good Pig," "Let us feed the good Pig," "The good Pig is in the sty," with more to the same effect. It is also within my recollection that Oliver Cromwell Benson invariably offered prayer from a corner of the room where he could rest one knee on the stool in which the copybooks were kept; and when one looked at him one saw above his head a series of frightful countenances, representing various Indian and African peoples. I always supposed that the close proximity of these monstrous physiognomies accounted for the sympathetic references to missions to the heathen which we always expected from that corner of the room.

What stories one could tell of that Wednesday evening prayer-meeting! It was there that we all learned, in fear and trembling, to utter a few simple petitions to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer. Few, however, attained to the facility of Jonathan Brassey, whose stream of Scripture quotations was overwhelming. But then Jonathan himself used to say that there was a "gift" in prayer; so it must not be altogether set down to his credit. What, however, was unquestionably not given but acquired, was his knowledge of chapter and verse, which he communicated to the Almighty, and incidentally to us. "O Lord," he would say, "Thou knowest it is written in 1 Thessalonians iii. and 8 that we live if we stand fast in the Lord; also in the General Epistle of Jude, and the 24th verse, that Thou art able to keep us from falling." Here we all felt Jonathan was transcending any mere gift, and was revelling in information acquired by industry and research. It was the habit of little Miss Dresden, who sat at the back, and had an undisguised admiration for Jonathan Brassey, to verify his Scripture citations noiselessly as he proceeded; and you could have told quite easily from the distress in her face if he made a slip. We used to think that Miss Dresden had hopes of Jonathan at one time; but her admiration survived his

marriage to Louisa Jones, and was therefore undoubtedly genuine.

John Evans was an eloquent Welsh confectioner, who might be trusted to soar high, and who had a legitimate partiality for any new words he had come across in his reading. I remember his breaking forth, one day, after this fashion: "O God, Thou hast broken us into pieces with Thy hammer; yea, into dust hast Thou broken us. Now, O Lord, build us up again out of the *deburse*," John had struck the word "*debris*" in his reading, and it had suggested to him what was, after all, a striking image.

It may not be generally known that the famous Rev. Joseph Weston, who now occupies such a distinguished position in Lancashire, came from Oldmarket; and well do I remember his first prayer. It had been elaborately prepared, and the exordium was to have been something unparalleled in Oldmarket. Many texts of Scripture, and many hymns in our hymn-book, had been laid under contribution. A deep hush fell upon the meeting when Joseph courageously began; for the oldest among us were the most tenderly sympathetic with young beginners. Joseph's voice was deep and resonant, and the stately invocation he had composed was of an impressive character. "O Thou Divine and Eternal Jehovah, Thou Omnipotent and Omniscient One, Creator Spirit by whose aid the world's foundations first were laid, Thou King of kings, Thou First and Last, Alpha and Omega, Thou Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, Thou"—We were following him breathlessly; or rather, we were doing our best to follow him, feeling all the time, however, that he was moving inaccessible among the stars. And suddenly there was a pause, broken only by one or two nervous coughs; and then an unmistakable sound as of one down-sitting with a heavy thud. One of the brethren promptly rose and covered Joseph's retreat with a prayer to which I fear Joseph himself was not a very collected listener.

Some of those present thought and said that Joseph had lost his chance by this catastrophe, but dear old Stephen Brereton, the engine-driver, put the matter to me in his usual shrewd and kindly way. "You see, sir," he said, "it's like this 'ere. There's a engine-man on the North-Western as drives the express; an' he wor determined, he wor, to run her at sixty mile an hour. An' he drove her, an' drove her, till at last she just flew. Well, an' what happened? Why, he saw he wor a-doin' of it, an' he got that narvous, he shut off steam, an' slowed her down till she almost stopped, she did. An' the folks put their 'eds out of the winders to see what the matter was. Well, sir, o' course, he got his nerve back, and next time he tried, he run her fair and square at sixty mile, an' he's the fust engine-man on the line, I reckon. Lor', yes, sir! lots o' folk 'ud never dream o' trying to do sixty mile an hour. They'll jog, an' jog, an' jog along

for ever, like a broken-sperited luggage train—they've no spunk in 'em! I say as that young chap, Joseph Weston, he've got ambition, an' he've got ability. He'll do his sixty mile an hour yet, you see!" And so it proved.

It is of dear old Stephen Brereton that I have undertaken to write. He was the engine-driver on the local line from Oldmarket to Redford. We youngsters used to boast that Stephen drove the express. By this we meant the eight o'clock P.M. train, which stopped only at every other station. This train Stephen drove three or four times a week; on the other days Dan Williamson was the driver. It was for Stephen's sake that the prayer-meeting was changed to Wednesday from Thursday. This was a compliment, it is safe to say, that would have been paid to no other man. But when the proposal was made the voting was unanimous. Few among our members underrated their own gift in prayer, but they none of them failed to recognise that Stephen Brereton had a spiritual touch which no one else possessed; and Thursday being Stephen's day to drive the "express" to Redford, Wednesday evening found him off duty, so we arranged that the prayer-meeting should be held on Wednesday.

I had known Stephen Brereton for some time before I grasped the fact that a shadow rested on his soul. It was not a shadow cast by remorse for the past, but by fear for the future. A man more reconciled to the will of God I never knew; but nevertheless he seemed dimly to forebode something which that will contained, and which was approaching with relentless inevitable march, but which he could not bring himself to face with patience and resignation. I am quite certain now that he felt his own attitude to this possible will of God for to-morrow to be a sin; and that he struggled and fought against it with all the energy of a valiant soul; and dwelt in habitual penitence because of his conscious fear. Stephen was a brave man; for he is not brave who has no fear, but rather he who, with fear in his heart, never allows it to deter him from duty. And Stephen's fear amounted to terror—the terror of sudden death. Yet he lived a long life with this fear for companion, and never to my knowledge did aught but a brave man's duty.

Public inspection of great works was pretty much a farce at that time. At all events, the branch line to Redford was left to take its chance. Complaints had been made, again and again, of the Gorsehill tunnel. It had always been, even at its best, a grim hole.

As the carriages emerged on the Redford side, you might have supposed from the filth on the windows that the train had made its way through a city sewer. This, however, was a trivial matter. Every guard, driver, and stoker on the line knew perfectly well that the Gorsehill tunnel was unsafe;

its brickwork all bulging, with here and there great rents through which the water flowed freely in time of rain. Representations had been often made; but the Company wanted dividends, and the most necessary repairs were postponed in the interests of shareholders. So the Gorsehill tunnel was left to its fate; and Stephen drove his trains through it, with the foreboding fastening upon him that his doom lay there.

What private wrestlings with his fear Stephen Brereton had I know not; but the prayer-meeting was the place where most of all his soul found liberty. Somehow the feeling grew, as he prayed, that each one of us had a place in Stephen's large heart. He was a somewhat shy man in private and very humble, so that it was not easy to draw him out. But in the prayer-meeting he let himself go. He did not speak as John Evans too evidently did, to an audience of his fellow Christians, but to God; and his love and desires overflowed for his church and the minister, and those present, and those absent, and in fact for all Christian people. I am even prepared to believe that he prayed for the Plymouth Brethren, whom he certainly did not like, because, as he said, each one of them wanted to go to heaven in a special train of his own, and thought no other passenger good enough to share the compartment with him, which to Stephen's thinking was a shamefully unchristian frame of mind. But after Stephen had prayed for everybody else, there followed a passage in which we began to perceive he prayed for himself. As certainly as the petition against sudden death follows in its appointed place in the Litany, so surely it was never absent from Stephen's prayer. Sometimes it was no more than a single sentence; but at other times it was a prayer harrowing in its vehemence and intensity. Then anyone near him might have seen how his great horny hand gripped the iron arm-rest of the bench he kneeled on, and how the beads of sweat stood out upon his forehead and trickled down his cheeks. It was as if the man had come with his fear before the Lord, to ask that it might at least be chained, as the lions were, so that the pilgrim soul might not be destroyed thereby.

The winter of 187— was one to be remembered. We were tired even of the skating before the frost gave, I remember; but the time for which we longed was the time Stephen dreaded—the thaw. It was not till the third week of February that the first indications of a break-up came. Pipes began to burst; and it took all our courage to sing on the Wednesday evening that we were minded still to be cheerful

Though cisterns be broken;

for, in point of fact, some who were asked to sing this hymn had come to the prayer-meeting with very melancholy thoughts of what was going on at home. However, Mr. Plant the plumber sang

it with great heartiness and evident enjoyment; so it went better than it might have done.

The thaw kept off and on for a week, as the way is with thaws, and then on the Wednesday following there came a breath warm from the west; and the brooks ran merrily, and the trees shook the crusted snow from their lean arms, and the earth everywhere relaxed into a smile. They were very happy hearts for the most part that we took with us to the meeting that evening. Even Farmer Ruston whistled quite a lively air for him, as he made his way along streaming lanes and over soft slushy meadows to the school. As we arrived, there was much nudging and whispering among us, for Stephen Brereton was present in his working dress, and sat in his corner very pale and sad, with a strained look in his eyes, as of a man absorbed in some great trial; and this was matter of common remark before the sequel was known in our homes.

That was a memorable prayer-meeting. John Evans was more eloquent than usual, and Jonathan Brassey introduced so many texts, quoting chapter and verse, that Miss Dresden and Louisa Jones had hard work to verify them all. But these efforts, great as they were felt to be, became afterwards no more than the mere accessories in a drama, the central and absorbing figure in which was Stephen. All the usual hearty brightness was absent from his face. He sat in his corner as a man who was thoroughly cowed and down. There was no light of hope in his eyes; and during the hymn of praise with which our meeting began he never once opened his lips. There was a pause after the second hymn had been sung, for we were accustomed to expect Stephen to lead in prayer at that point of the service; but he gave no sign, and someone else broke the silence. It was not until just before the close of the meeting that a voice came from Stephen's place—a voice so sad, so full of an inexpressible melancholy and despair, that for a moment it seemed impossible that it could be his. It was noticed among us that he prayed for the minister and the church in a manner that distinctly suggested a farewell supplication. He committed us all to the pity of Christ and the compassion of the Father. The sentences were forced from him with difficulty, and the utterance was much broken with emotion. And then—for I remember this alone distinctly—he broke into an agony of prayer, that this cup might pass from him; this cup, that he had all along feared to drink, but which now he felt was at his lips. Kneeling there in his workman's dress, he begged for dear life as a criminal might beg reprieve from doom. "O Lord God," he half said, half sobbed, "we would not be afeared to die, if only it might be quiet-like, easy and gentle as the bairns sleep. O merciful God, if Thou wouldst lull us to sleep this night, we could look up an' smile an' thank

Thee. But, Lord God, it is an awful unnatural-like thing to die a sudden death, a violent death. We do try to keep a good heart, my God, but Thou dost terrify us so; and Fear has the victory—it strikes chill to our hearts. Lord God, Thou hast sent the thaw; and the earth is loosening, and there must be landslips, and there must be floods; and we may meet death sudden-like at a turn of the road, or in a cutting, or in—the tunnel, O Lord! oh save us, good God! save us! If it be possible, let this cup pass from us.”

That was Stephen's prayer as nearly as I can recollect it; and its apparent lack of resignation so moved our good minister that he rose and added a few words himself. They were but two or three, but every word went home. He prayed that we might all be kept in perfect peace with minds stayed on God. He prayed that if the Lord came as a thief in the night, the joy that it was the Lord might be our prevailing emotion. And then he prayed that perfect love of God might cast out every fear: and oh, what an Amen came from Stephen's corner! The voice seemed a new one: the note of faith had come back to it.

I know that the minister deftly changed the concluding hymn, because he confessed as much when I asked him.

Stephen's voice was something to hear, as he threw his soul into the lines—

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercies, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

But his voice was not more changed than his face. It was the face of a man who is resting in the Lord and waiting patiently for Him. Then the blessing was bestowed; and we went out into the February night.

I was hurrying home, for I had an appointment to keep, when I became aware of Stephen pushing rapidly along in the middle of the road.

“Why, Stephen,” I said, “whither away? It's not your night on duty, surely?”

“Well, sir,” he replied “you see, it's ticklish weather, an' I'm just going along to make sure the line's clear; it may be that there'll be need of a little help to-night. Good-night to you, sir.”

He went off towards the line, humming away at Cowper's hymn, “Ye fear-

ful saints, fresh courage take”; and the rest of us went home.

Dan Williamson was leaning against his engine, gravely smoking, when Brereton came up to him. Dan was not a religious man, though I am aware



“HE BROKE INTO AN AGONY OF PRAYER, THAT THIS CUP MIGHT PASS FROM HIM.”

that the fact of his annual attendance at the Sunday-school anniversary sermons may seem to be proof to the contrary. But he was not; and as he felt the damp night air he inwardly cursed his luck at having to run the "express" to Redford.

"Hullo, Stephen," he called out, "I wish I were in your shoes, and hadn't got to drive this d—d train to-night. Shouldn't wonder but Gorsehill 'ull come down, an' where'll my missus and the kids be then?"

And he laughed with affected carelessness.

"Tain't no good swearing at the train, Dan, an' you know that. But look here! I want to go to Redford to-night myself, to get a few little things out of the shops. So I've just come down to ask the favour"—

"Oh, favour be blowed!" said Dan. "'Tain't much of a favour, I reckon, to go home and cut this job. Here, take the reins. You'll find her rare and skittish; Jim 'ave been feeding of her up. Good-night;" and without another word Dan dropped away into the night, and Stephen mounted to his old place on the engine.

"His wife 'ull be right glad to see him, Jim, I reckon," he said to the stoker-lad, "and the little 'uns too. There's Katie, now. Katie's as sweet and pretty a lass as I ever see. Katie was in my Sunday-school class, bless her! There's few things I wouldn't do for Katie. And Dan's not a bad sort, nuther. See how obliging he was to-night. Ready to make way for a pal at a moment's notice. Oh yes, Dan's all right, and there they'll be at home by the fire: and I'm a solitary sort of chap, I am. No wife or children, Jim, to take care of. Seems kind of nateral I should be here, and he should be with his family, don't it?"

This speech must have made some impression even on Jim's dense understanding; for it was from him I got it after all was over. He told me, too, in clumsy fashion, the story of that memorable night-journey. Stephen was unusually communicative; for he was a quiet man when on duty, and, though having the reputation of a religious man, never preached at his mates. It was consequently a surprise to Jim when Stephen began to "talk religion," and a gratification, doubtless, that the talk in question did not take a personal turn. As far as I could gather, it was a grave meditation on the glorious mystery of predestination. Stephen was revolving the fact within his mind that each man's hour is predestined, and that, since it had a place in God's knowledge and God's will, it must be good and right. He told Jim he was never a man who believed in accidents. There was no such thing as an accident in life; everything was a Providence that happened to us. And if we chafed and fretted against the yoke, it would but make our spirits raw; whereas, if we accepted it with patience and cheerfulness, the yoke was easy and the burden light. So he talked on, as a man might who was

earnestly striving to keep his thoughts fixed on some truth, to the exclusion of all other thoughts. And even while he was speaking, Jim could see there was "some trouble on 'im," as he said. "There was a battle goin' on inside of 'im—I cud see that, I cud. 'E was narvous like, an' 'is brow all puckered, an' very tight 'is lips, when 'e wasn't speakin'."

The "express" rattled on through the evening mist, and its crimson smoke grew ghostly white in the train's wake. The half-score of passengers were rocking to sleep, and on the engine the driver was discoursing to the stoker-lad on God's predestination and foreknowledge. The train shot round the curve that leads to the Gorsehill tunnel; and never had the hill looked taller than that night as it rose up before them, its crest concealed in mist. Another moment, and the darkness of the tunnel swallowed up the train. It was then that Jim noticed by the light of the engine lamp that Stephen's face was very pale, that beads of perspiration had gathered on his brow, and that his lips were moving in silent prayer. At such a time moments have the length of hours. Jim was suddenly startled by a voice singing at his side—

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take.

He thinks Stephen Brereton sang the verse through, but he is not sure. The thaw had effectually loosened the rotten masonry of the tunnel; and the thunder of the train as it came on, making the walls vibrate, precipitated the disaster. The tunnel fell in with a dull thud, and the train wedged itself in the earth and broken masonry.

About two o'clock on Thursday morning a party of rescuers brought out alive from the train twelve passengers and the stoker—the latter sorely bruised and shaken, but alive. They had left Stephen's body where it lay in the tunnel, for he was beyond need of any human aid. It was the grey of morning before a second party entered and carried out the body. They were rough men, and had seen death in many forms; but they paused and drew breath when they saw his face. Then one of them lifted his greasy cap, and the others followed suit.

"Looks as if 'e'd 'ad a good time in there," said one of them reverently.

Then we knew that at the last perfect Love had cast out fear, and Stephen had indeed had "a good time" in there, for Jesus Himself had drawn near and gone with him.

Before Sunday came round we all knew not only that Stephen was dead, but that his application to Dan Williamson had been only a little ruse by means of which he had determined to take Dan's place, so convinced was he that the tunnel would fall that night. We knew also that the bitterness of death was past before Stephen actually tasted it.

"So he went over at last, not much above wet-shod," as the immortal Pilgrim said of Mr. Fearing.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE CHURCH.

 BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

THE title of the third paper which the Editor has asked me to write is a little vague. "The Young Man in the Home," and "The Young Man in Business," is equally "The Young Man in the Church." Ninety-nine out of every hundred young men have been baptized into the Church of Christ; and even in the few accidental cases where this holy rite has been neglected, they are, in a wider and more eternal sense, members of the Church of Christ, because, by the privilege of their human birth, they are members of Christ, the children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. Many evils arise from the many different connotations in which the word "Church" is used. A little "orientation" on the subject may not be amiss, if it serve to show that by the word "Church" we mean nothing clerical, or sacerdotal, or ecclesiastical, or artificial, but simply the universal flock of Christ of which the Church of England and the various Nonconformist bodies are separate folds. Our Lord only used the word "Church" twice in all the discourses recorded in the Four Gospels. The word only occurs in two texts of one Evangelist (Matt. xvi. 18, xviii. 17), and in one of those two passages the word is used in the very limited sense of a local body of believers: Matt. xviii. 17, "If he refuse to hear them, tell it unto the Church," where the margin rightly gives "the congregation," *i.e.* of the local synagogue. Only in the words to St. Peter, "On this rock will I build My Church," does Christ use the word in the common modern sense. His habitual phrase for "all believers"—to whom, when He had overcome the sharpness of death, He opened the kingdom of heaven—was not "the Church," but "the kingdom of heaven," or "the kingdom of God." By "the Church," in its general sense, I never can mean this or that Christian body, and least of all any Christian body like the Church of Rome, which, with arrogant anathemas and exorbitant usurpation, supported for centuries by ambition, forgeries, and frauds, claims an indefeasible right to regard its special corruptions as infallible, and to lord it over God's heritage, either with threats and excommunications, or with the thumbscrew and the stake. I never can mean anything but "all who call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, both theirs and ours"; all Christians, wheresoever they may be throughout the world; "the mystical body of Christ which is the blessed company of all faithful people." I am not writing immediately to the unholy and the unrighteous, the godless and profane, to liars and

perjured persons;—I am not ostensibly addressing those who, having flung the restraints of religion, and therewith of all morality, to the winds, are profane persons, like Esau, who for one morsel of food sold his birthright;—I am not writing to those who have deliberately plunged into the miserable and meaningless excitement of betters and gamblers; who have drowned themselves in the deadening brutalisation of drink; who are deliberately empoisoning the fountains of their own being, defiling the flesh, and speaking evil of dignities. But I *am* speaking to all young men who have set before them any semblance or vestige of a high and pure ideal; to all who—whatever may be the faults and backslidings which, through the frailty of our mortal nature, prevent them from always standing upright—nevertheless desire to be, and in some measure continue to be, the sheep in Christ's flock, the scholars in His school, the soldiers in His army, the honest labourers in His vineyard, the faithful servants in His house.

Let no reader think that the duties of "the young man in the Church" are lost in the vastness of the region of work. The sphere of our duties to the Church of God and the brotherhood of man widens round us in concentric circles, like those which we cause when we throw a stone into a lake, and the blue rings of ripple spread round the one point in its broken surface, and do not cease till they die away upon the shore. Our duties begin with our own persons—all that we owe to our mortal bodies and to our immortal souls. They widen first to the circle of our immediate home, and of our entire family; and thence they spread outwards to our neighbourhood, our parish, our town, our county, our country, our race, the whole race of man. "Every hammer stroke on the anvil of duty forges something that shall outlast eternity." Little duties are great duties because they are *duties*. In the Arabian legend the Archangel Gabriel, sent by Allah the Merciful, the Compassionate, at once to prevent Solomon the Magnificent from falling into a sin, and to help home a little weary, overburdened yellow ant, which otherwise would have been drowned in a coming shower, regards either work as equally dignified, because both alike are done at the behest of God. Let no young man think that any service which he can render is only small and insignificant, and therefore that it is hardly worth doing. "First do the little things well," says the Persian proverb, "and soon the great things will come begging you to do them."

This is what George Herbert meant to teach when he wrote—

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as to Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine;

and it was what Robert Browning meant in Pippa's song—

All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best or worst,
Are we—there is no last or first.

This, too, is the meaning of Christ's promise that even a cup of cold water given in His name to the least of His little ones shall not lose its reward; and that he who would be first among us, must be last of all, and servant of all.

1. I have no hesitation in saying that the keynote to the work of "the young man in the Church" will be struck by the way in which he uses his Sunday. If he regards it as a sacred day, holy to the Lord, honourable, beloved; if he treats its meditations, its worship, its communion with God, as a fountain in which he may constantly wash off "the contagion of the world's slow stain"; he is utilising, for his present and eternal good, one of the simplest yet most precious means of grace. If he makes it a duty and a rule to draw a distinction between Sunday and other days;—not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but openly to profess himself a Christian by attending the public worship of Christians;—to keep steadily in mind the lessons which he learnt at his confirmation, or at his admission into Church communion;—not to turn his back upon the Supper of the Lord;—then these acts of habitual faithfulness, which will soon be transmuted from self-denials into sources of joy,—added to his own daily prayers, morning and evening, "at the altar of his own bedside,"—will do much, very much, to lead him in the way everlasting. They will keep his feet now and ever in the paths of Wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. But if, as so many do, he lets the voice of Christian duty as to these things sink first to a faint whisper, and then into indignant silence;—if he lets laziness and self-indulgence persuade him to eat the fruit of his own devices;—if he pleads that he works hard in the week, and has a right to claim Sunday "for himself";—that sermons are a weariness to the flesh, and services a bore;—then the giving up of this open participation in immemorial religious privileges will, times without number, be the first step in a downward career. The young man who neglects the means of grace will assuredly not grow in grace. I have seen this again and again. I have read of a young man who, remarking that he "preferred finding sermons in stones to hearing sticks preach," used to be found on Sunday lying under a tree read-

ing *Don Juan*. The youth who abandons the requirements of his religion too often—and sooner rather than later—begins to sit loose to the inexorable laws of morality. A sure indication that a youth is in peril of falling into the clutches of the world, the flesh, and the devil, is when—with slight and contemptible excuses, which do not deceive his better self—he begins to speak his own words and seek his own pleasure on the Lord's Day. If godless comrades say to him with a sneer—

What, always dreaming over heavenly things,
Like angel-heads in stone with pigeon wings?
Mine be the friend less earnest in his prayers,
Who takes less interest in his soul's affairs;—

the only answer is—

Well spoken, advocate of sin and shame,
Known by thy bleating, Ignorance thy name!

I am no rigid precisian, no hard, stern, uncompromising Puritan, in my views of the way in which Sunday should be hallowed: I would have it always a glad and a natural day, as well as a sacred day. But this I say: Show me two young men, of whom one is regularly seen in his place in church on Sunday, and tries to make of the service a real time of prayer and praise; and the other spends the whole day in reading newspapers, in riding immense distances on his bicycle, refreshing himself at public-houses by the way, and not interrupting by one serious word the frivolities of idleness if not even of unhallowed talk, poured forth "in one weak, wasting, everlasting flood";—then I know which of the two is the safer, and which of the two will go to rest at night the more happy, and at peace with God, and with his own soul.

2. I think that every young man who has any sense of reverence—of the fear and faith of God, and love to the Lord Jesus Christ—should definitely identify himself with one church, and with the beneficent work of that church. It is best if he can attach himself to the church of his own parish; but if, for any reason, in that church he finds that, so far as he is concerned, the clergy do not reach him, but—

When they list their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scann'd pipes of wretched straw—
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed;—

then let him, without scruple, join another church. But do not let him be too much in a hurry to judge and reject preachers, or to pass empty, flippant, and conceited criticisms upon them.

The worst speak something good: if all want sense,
God takes the text, and preaches patience.

3. But next, every young man should regard it as a duty to take some distinct part, however small, in some one definite branch of church activity. He can sing in a choir; or help as a sidesman in seating the congregation and collecting the offertory; or take a class in the Sunday school; or go out with the lads to their cricket

or football on Saturdays; or manage a penny bank; or be secretary of an institute; or teach all the lads in the school to swim; or be officer in a boys' brigade; or help to organise pleasant evenings for the people; or share in the training of a gymnasium; or undertake secretarial work; or visit in a slum;—or twenty other things, which will help to identify him with the beneficent service of others, and deepen in his mind the conviction that the service of the poor, the young, and the ignorant, is much too sacred a thing to be delegated to the clergy only. We cannot do by proxy our duty to our neighbour. It is the common work of the whole Church of God; and young men, as members of the Church, have their share in the general responsibility. And these two things I can tell them—one, that they will soon find, in any real and self-denying work thus undertaken, not a disagreeable burden, but a source of personal advantage, and much happy experience; the other, that this form of altruism, whatever it may be, must not be regarded as a mere insignificant adjunct of life, but as the one thing which gives to a young man's life its best dignity and its most essential importance. I have known not a few youths who have owed their entire position and rise in life to that faithfulness which led them to take part in the work of the Church of God.

4. Let us, as in the former cases, look at one or two contrasts.

i. Here is the career of one of the world's millions of prodigals, ending, as all such careers must do, in collapse, and, unless repentance comes in time, in final catastrophe. It is one of the most marvellous of the mysteries of iniquity, that, in the lives of crowds of young men, all the accumulated experience of the past history of the world goes for so very little. This is the lesson taught in that "unwritten saying," attributed to Christ by Mohammedan tradition:—

"Jesus once said, 'The world is like a deceitful woman, who, when asked how many husbands she had had, answered, "so many that she could not count them. I murdered and got rid of them." It is strange,' said Jesus, 'that the rest had so little wisdom that, in spite of your cruel treatment of others, they took no warning, and still burned with love for you.'"

The youth of whom I speak—his name was well known, and he is dead, but I will not mention it, for I allude to him not to condemn him, but to warn others—was one of high genius and brilliant promise. He was the only son of a clergyman; gifted far beyond most youths with a handsome person and a fine intellect. While yet young he fell—no matter how, no matter where—into the snares of the sorceress, with the result which no transgressor can ever escape. Even the Greeks knew that he who listened to the song of the Sirens will be dashed

in hopeless shipwreck upon the bone-strewn isles; that the magic cup of Circe—her "orient liquor in a crystal glass"—was a cup which

The visage quite transforms of him who drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Charactered in the face.

One who knew best this youth of whom I speak, and tried to love him even in his degradation, was forced thus to allude to him:—

"I had once had the opportunity of contemplating near at hand an example of the results produced by a course of interesting and romantic domestic treachery. No golden halo of fiction was about this example. I saw it bare and real, and it was very loathsome. I saw a mind degraded by the practice of mean subterfuge, by the habit of perfidious deception, and a body depraved by the infectious influence of the vice-polluted soul. I had suffered much from the forced and prolonged view of this spectacle: those sufferings I did not now regret, for their simple recollection acted as a most wholesome antidote to temptation. *They had inscribed on my reason the conviction that unlawful pleasure . . . is delusive and evenommed pleasure—its hollowness disappoints at the time, its poison cruelly tortures afterwards, its effects deprave for ever.*"

This youth died, died prematurely, died miserably, and his sister wrote:—

"We have buried our dead out of our sight. . . . It is not permitted us to grieve for him who is gone, as others grieve for those whom they love. The removal of our only brother must be regarded rather in the light of a mercy than a chastisement. He was his father's and his sisters' pride in boyhood, . . . but it has been our lot to see him take a wrong bent; to hope, expect, await his return to the right path; to know the sickness of hope deferred, the dismay of prayer baffled; to experience despair at last; and now to behold the sudden, early, obscure close of what might have been a noble career—the wreck of talent, the ruin of promise, the untimely, dreary extinction of what might have been a burning and shining light. Nothing remains of him but a memory of errors and sufferings. There is such a bitterness of pity for his life and death, such a yearning for the emptiness of his whole existence, as I cannot describe. I seemed to receive an impressive revelation of the feebleness of humanity; of the inadequacy of even genius to lead to true greatness unaided by religion and principle."

ii. With such a life—so deplorably wasted on the bitter longing for, and the yet bitterer fruition of the passions of dishonour—the life, alas! of many thousands, and usually begun in boyhood or youth—compare the work which young men of a nobler stamp and of purer hearts have achieved in the Church of God.

A young man had gained a prize for a Latin

essay at Cambridge in 1784. The subject of the essay was "Is Involuntary Servitude Justifiable?" He recited the essay in June, and then mounted his horse to ride to his home in London. On his way he thought over the shocking facts of the slave-trade, and grew so much agitated that he dismounted, and sitting down to think, came to the conclusion, "If this be so, slavery must be put down." He determined to devote himself to the cause of freeing England from the disgrace of "using the arm of freedom to rivet the fetters of the slave." For twenty-two years he laboured amid many difficulties and dangers. Twenty-two years afterwards, and in no small measure through him, the slave trade was abolished in 1807 by Act of Parliament. Twenty-six years after that, in 1833, the existing slaves were emancipated. An obelisk now stands on the spot which witnessed the self-consecration of his life. The name of that youth was THOMAS CLARKSON, and the result of his work in the Church was the protection and happiness of hundreds of thousands of the most oppressed and miserable of mankind.

A little more than a century ago there was a poor young Baptist cobbler at Kettering in Northamptonshire. He was by no means a good cobbler, and a gentleman who wanted to employ him sometimes gave him two pairs of boots to make, on the off chance of getting a right and left which should be reasonably wearable. He eked out his very slender earnings by teaching in the village school. This youth was oppressed by the thought that while Christianity was only represented by a few twinkling points of light in vast regions of the globe, there were areas of thousands of square miles over which darkness covered the lands, and gross darkness the peoples. He used to weep as he showed to his poor village scholars a map of which so vast an extent represented only the blackness of heathendom. He became a minister in the little Baptist community, and urged on his brethren the burning conviction of our duty to the heathen world which pervaded his own soul. "Young man," said the senior minister, "sit down. If God wants to convert the world, He will do so without your help." But the youth persevered. He preached on "Enlarge the stakes of thy tent," and the offer-tory amounted to £13, 2s. 6d. The world laughed consumedly through all its organs and

societies at the thirteen pounds two and sixpence, and the host of "consecrated cobblers" who were to convert the heathen millions. But that youth was named WILLIAM CAREY, and ere he died he had translated the Bible into some of the chief vernacular Bibles of India, and given the first mighty impulse to those missions which, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, have undermined the monstrous idolatries of Hindostan.

Take but one instance more. Some seventy years ago, a Harrow boy of noble birth was standing not far from the school gates, when he saw with indignation the horrible levity with which some drunken men were conducting a pauper funeral—

Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

Then and there that generous boy dedicated himself to defend through life the cause of the oppressed, to pity the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, and to see that those in need and necessity had their rights. To this high service he felt himself to be anointed as by the hands of invisible consecration, and nobly was his vow fulfilled. He saved the little chimney-sweeps from the brutalities to which they were subjected. He mitigated or cancelled the horrors of factories and mines. He founded ragged schools. He helped the poor costermongers. He went about like the knights of old redressing human wrongs. To few men has it been given to achieve more for the amelioration of the human race. He passed, as all the best and bravest men pass, through hurricanes of calumny, and felt the heartsickness of hope deferred amid painful isolation. Never was there a more remarkable and beautiful sight than that of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. "For departed kings there are appointed honours, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies. It was his nobler lot to clothe a nation in spontaneous mourning, and to sink into the grave amid the benedictions of the poor." His name was ANTONY ASHLEY, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. His statue stands by the western gate of the great Abbey in marble not whiter than his life, and the two mighty monosyllables carved upon it—

LOVE SERVE

are the best epitome of the best work of "the young man in the Church."

* * * To our next number DEAN FARRAR will contribute a paper on "YOUNG MEN AND MARRIAGE," *The January and February numbers, containing the first two articles of the series,—on "THE YOUNG MAN IN THE HOME," and "THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS,"—will be sent to any address on receipt of eight stamps.*

ALL our readers should see the Rev. J. G. Greenough's wise and helpful article on "Marriage" in *The Home Messenger* for March. This number also contains "The Story of Hampton Court" (fully illustrated); a paper on "The Virtue of Discontent," by Rev. W. B. Selbie; a portrait and sketch of Sir

Walter Besant; stories by Edward Garrett and Rev. J. Reid Howatt; a paper on Total Abstinence by Sir B. W. Richardson; and many illustrations by the first artists of the day. Only the large circulation of *The Home Messenger* enables us to offer such a magazine for one penny.

WHITTIER: THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.

By W. GARRETT HORDER,
Author of "The Silent Voice," etc.

"He must become godlike who desires to see God," said Plotinus. If it be thus, then the first requisite in one who would tell us about God is godliness. The theologian—who should tell us what he himself has seen, and not merely describe other men's visions of God—must therefore be pure in heart.

Unfortunately, the Church has too often forgotten this great requisite, and when selecting her theologians turned to men keen in mind rather than saintly in heart. There have been noble and notable exceptions to this rule, but in a multitude of cases she has chosen for her expositors of God men "by logic ruled, and not at all by love." The man whose writings for a great breadth of time dominated the thought of the Presbyterian, and in less degree of the Independent Churches, could scarcely be

called a man of love. John Calvin's sharply-cut features tell of keenness of intellect rather than warmth of affection—a man whose true vocation was at the Bar rather than in the pulpit.

When the great Master Christ gathered His apostles, He did not turn to the Rabbinical schools for men trained in logical methods, but to the Lakeside, where warm-hearted fishermen were found on whose natures He could most deeply imprint His own image. To such we owe the exquisite simplicity of the gospel story. Had He chosen Rabbis of the schools, they would have given us an argument

rather than a story—a system rather than a gospel.

And it still holds good that if we would reach the surest witness concerning God we must turn to the men who love and therefore know—to the pure in heart who have seen Him for themselves.



THE LATE JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[From a Photo by THOMSON, Amesbury, Mass.]

I do not mean by this that the mind must be disregarded in the search for God, but rather that there must be a clarification of the mind by the heart—of the intellectual by the moral faculties.

It is on this account that John Greenleaf Whittier's words about Christianity are of such value. He was a man pure in heart, and so saw God more clearly than most. He was a man of love, and so was born of God and knew God. I would rather therefore take his witness than that of John Calvin, in whom the

brain ruled the heart, rather than the heart the brain.

Then, too, he belonged to a Society whose method, I think, is the right one for reaching religious truth. He was, as all know, a member of the Society of Friends, which relies on the working of the Spirit of God on the heart—which believes that this is the surest guide, and that even the written word must not be taken in the letter but in the spirit, and be understood by the aid of the Spirit of God within. That is the true Quaker position, from which some have fallen into a too implicit reliance on the mere

letter of Scripture. Into that error Whittier never fell.

Then beyond this he was a poet. I do not mean one who could cast his thoughts in rhyme, but who sees more and sees deeper than other men. The poet is a seer. To his company belong men who never wrote in rhyme—such as the Prophets and Psalmists of the Old Testament. Many a writer of prose of our own day is really a poet. John Ruskin, for example. The men of such poetic type are the best expositors of God. John Bright once wrote that Mr. Whittier's poem, "The Eternal Goodness," is worth a crowd of sermons which are spoken from the pulpits of our sects and churches. "If a man has not a touch of poetry in his nature he can never deal rightly with religious subjects. He may make a good lawyer or trader, but he cannot speak of that which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard.'"

I claim, then, that by reason of his poetic nature, his Quaker training, and above all, his pure and loving heart, John Greenleaf Whittier's vision of God, set forth as it is in words of greatest simplicity and beauty, is worthy of most careful attention, and may at once deliver from error and lead into truth. I am concerned now with his views of Christian truth, not with his views of ecclesiastical usage, which were due to his upbringing among the Quakers. I do not agree with him in the rejection of all forms and sacraments. I certainly do not agree with him in the rejection of singing as a part of worship. In this matter he did not quite agree with himself—for he wrote many hymns for public worship. I deal now only with his views of God, of Christ, of the eternal world.

From false and unmoral elements in the old views of Christianity, Whittier wholly turned. He once said: "It is one thing to hold fast the faith of our fathers, the creed of the freedom-loving Puritan and Huguenot, and quite another to set up the five points of Calvinism, like so many thunder-rods over a bad life, in the insane hope of avoiding the Divine displeasure. There is something in the doctrine of total depravity and regeneration. We are born selfish. The discipline of life develops the higher qualities of character, in a greater or less degree. It is the conquering of innate selfish propensities that makes the saint, and the giving in unduly to impulses, that in their origin are necessary to the preservation of life, that makes the sinner."

A woman once came to him saying she came because she was sent. "If thee are sent of God, then thee are welcome," he said; "I will welcome anything from God." He asked her, "Have thee no concern about thyself as compared with the infinite purity of God?" "That is not the question that concerns me," she said; "I have shifted the whole responsibility on to Christ." He answered that he thought that it would have been a singular event if when Christ told the disciples to watch and pray, they had said, "We have shifted that over to you,

and it does not further concern us." He asked the woman what her neighbours thought of her, but she did not answer that pertinent question.

See how he deals with that awful doctrine of Predestination which used to darken some of the holiest lives.

His old friend and schoolmaster, Joshua Coffin, one of the best and most unselfish of men, believed he was predestined to be eternally lost. Mr. Whittier said to him, "Joshua, don't thee hate God, who has doomed thee to everlasting torment?" "Why, no; it is for the good of all, that some are punished." "Joshua, thee hast spent thy life doing good, and now thee is of course getting ready to do all the hurt thee can to thy fellow-men?" "No, indeed; my feelings have not changed in the least in this regard." "Thee is going to hell, then, in this mood?" "Why, yes, I am reconciled to the will of God, and have no ill-feeling toward Him or my race." "Now, Joshua, thee is going to hell with a heart full of love to everybody—what can the devil find for such an one as thee to do?"

This struck the right chord. The good old man laughed merrily at the puzzle Satan would be in to find occupation for him, and resumed his old cheerfulness at once.

Thus Whittier brushed aside the man-made dogmas which have so hidden the face of the Great Father.

Turning now to the positive side, what were the ruling thoughts of Mr. Whittier in regard to religion? They are all summed up in a sentence. He believed in the goodness—the perfect goodness of God. In one of his verses he says—

To one fixed stake my spirit clings,
I know that God is good.

To Dean Farrar he wrote: "I have endeavoured to do something to persuade men of the lesson that God is a loving Father, not a terrible Moloch."

After the death of his deeply-loved sister, he wrote to a friend: "How strange and terrible are these separations—this utter silence—this deep agony of mystery—this reaching out for the love which we feel must be ever living, but which gives us no sign! Ah, my friend! what is there for us but to hold faster and firmer our faith in the goodness of God? that all which He allots to us or our friends is for the best!—best for them, for us, for all. Let theology, and hate, and bigotry talk as they will, I for one will hold fast to this, God *is* good. He *is* our Father! He knows what love is, what our hearts, sore and bereaved, long for, and He will not leave us comfortless, for is He not Love?"

He was not given to definitions, but now and then he set out his faith in order. I will give two examples. He says: "God is one; just, holy, merciful, eternal and almighty, Creator, Father of all things. Christ the same Eternal One, manifested in our Humanity and in Time; and the

Holy Spirit, the same Christ manifested within us, the Divine Teacher, the Living Word, the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Of his relation to God, he says: "My ground of hope for myself and for humanity is in that Divine fulness of love which was manifested in the life, teachings, and self-sacrifice of Christ. In the infinite mercy of God so revealed, and not in any work or merit of our nature, I humbly, yet very hopefully trust."

Out of this faith in the perfect goodness of God all his beliefs sprang. All that was inconsistent with this faith he rejected.

He held that God being the Father of all men had not, nor could have left Himself without *some* witness in the hearts of men all the world over. This is set forth in his poem which contains the following lines:—

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit;
And dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire,
On dusky tribes, and twilight centuries sit.
Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop seen or unseen o'er the heads of all.

The word Immanuel, God with us, is the sign of this. This he held to be the central thought, the root idea, of Quakerism. He feels this by inward proof. He says: "Of one thing I feel sure; that something outside of myself speaks to me, and holds me to duty, warns, reproves, and approves. It is good, for it requires me to be good; it is wise, for it knows the thoughts and intents of the heart. It is to me a revelation of God, and of His character and attributes; the one important *fact*, before which all others seem insignificant."

I pause for a moment here to say that this is the deepest and clearest witness to God and to His vital connection with us. On our relation to this Inward Voice our destiny depends: to yield thereto is to be led up the shining steps of eternal life; to refuse is to pass into the ever-deepening darkness.

I am glad to find that Mr. Whittier held in relation to the eternal future the very position to which, after years of anxious thought, I had myself reached. Indeed, he expresses his faith in almost the words I have often used. I rejoice to find myself in harmony with so holy and clear-eyed a man. These are his words: "I am not a Universalist, for I believe in the possibility of the perpetual loss of the soul that persistently turns away from God in the next life as in this. But I do believe that the



WHITTIER IN HIS STUDY AT AMESBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

Divine love and compassion follow us in all worlds, and that the Heavenly Father will do the best that is possible for every creature that He has made. What that will be must be left to His infinite wisdom and goodness."

And I venture to say that the thought of a Father exhausting all possibilities for the redemption of His erring children, when once realised, will be the mightiest force to draw us in penitence and faith to His feet. "The long-suffering of our Lord," as St. Peter says, "is salvation."

Of the fact of an immortal life Mr. Whittier had no doubt. He speaks of it again and again in the tenderest and most human way. He writes: "I like the Little Pilgrim's story" (referring to Mrs. Oliphant's well-known book) "better than Dante's picture of heaven—an old man sitting eternally on a high chair, and concentric circles of saints, martyrs, and ordinary church members, whirling around him in perpetual gyration, and singing 'Glory!' All I ask is to be free from sin, and to meet the dear ones again." Whilst in another letter he says: "As old Father Taylor said, when asked if he didn't want to go where the angels were, 'I don't want angels, I like folks better.'"

He delighted to regard Christianity on its practical rather than its speculative side. He believed in the Christianity of the Four Gospels rather than of the priests and theologians. Listen to his words—

"Well, let the world, sick of doubt and infidelity, go back and try once more the old superstitions which the Voltaires and Gibbons and Humes of the last century exposed to scorn and derision. Let the old tricks of monks and priests again deceive and

amuse self-blinded Christendom. I have a strong faith—it seems almost like prophecy—that the result will be, ere the lapse of two centuries, a complete and permanent change in the entire Christian world. Weary and disgusted with shams and shadows, with the effort to believe a few miserable worms of the dust the sole dispensers of Heaven's salvation, men will awake to the simple beauty of practical Christianity. Love will take the place of fast, penance, long prayers, and heathenish sacrifices; altar, church, priest, and ritual will pass away; but the human heart will be the Holy of Holies, where worship will still be performed, not in set forms, and on particular occasions, but daily and hourly, a worship meet and acceptable to Him who is not deceived by the pomp of outward ceremonial, and who loves mercy better than sacrifice."

The movement toward such a practical Christianity in our day greatly delighted him. He says: "Our Christianity is becoming practical, caring for the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of the people. More and more the world is learning that the true plan of salvation is love to God and love to man."

To those in perplexity—a perplexity in some cases caused by the absurd claims of the priest bent on gaining authority over the soul, in others by the futile efforts of the theologians to explain the unexplainable or to reduce the eternal within the dimensions of their feeble logic—the simpler, tenderer, humbler method of Mr. Whittier may perchance bring light and peace, and lead along that path of obedience in which alone we can "know of the teaching whether it be of God."

OUR DINNERS FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN.

OUR Dinner and Entertainment at the Clerkenwell Town Hall turned out a grand success. The crowd of hungry children fully appreciated the good fare which our readers had so generously provided. As the *Daily News* said the next morning: "Could those who subscribed have seen the hearty way in which the poor half-starved mites enjoyed their beef and pudding, they would have felt amply rewarded for their benevolence." After dinner, the Rev. J. Reid Howatt and Rev. J. E. Wakerley gave capital addresses, and the recitations of Mr. Alexander Watson, the singing of Miss Helen Saunders, and the music of the Band from the Home for Little Boys, helped to make up one of the best

programmes we have ever had. As in former years, the arrangements were admirably carried out by Mr. John Kirk of the Ragged School Union. Other Dinners have since been given in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester, and in every case with most encouraging success.

We acknowledge with very hearty thanks the following contributions:—

Acknowledged last month. £57. 2s. 11d.; Mrs. Stark, 7s.; L. E., 3s.; A. H. W., 5s.; An Interested One, 1s.; Mary Grace Horsfall, 2s. 6d.; "Interested," 5s.; H. Dunn, 2s. 6d.; U. M. F. C. School, Hindley Common, per Jas. Goulden, 16s. 6d.; Tangles, Limited, £2. 2s.; col. by A. E. Allen, 5s.; Mrs. Swift, 5s.; J. S. Warren, 10s.; Jas. Ashcroft Noble, 5s.; W. H. N.'s Bible Class, £2. 15s.; Helen M'Cormick, 3s.; A. J. Crawford (Dunedin), 1s. 6d.—Total, £65. 11s. 11d.

THREE complete stories, by L. T. Meade, Mabel Quiller Couch, and Deas Cromarty,—all cleverly illustrated,—appear in *The Young Woman* for March. Amongst other attractive contributions we may mention "The Story of the Cookery Movement," an interview with Mr. J. C. Buckmaster, by Mrs. Tooley; a paper on Astronomy by Agnes Giberne; a fully illustrated article on "Horticulture for

Women"; and other articles, sketches, etc., by Dr. John Hunter, Dora M. Jones, and E. Rentoul Esler.

THE kingdom of God begins within, but it is to make itself manifest without. It is to penetrate the feelings, habits, thoughts, words, acts, of him who is the subject of it. At last it is to penetrate our whole social existence, to mould all things according to its laws.—*F. D. Maurice.*

BROTHER ZEB.

By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

LUKE BATEMAN had been called away to visit a dying college friend, whose home was in a Cornish mining village. Jane was sitting at her table in the study, writing a long letter, in which she had endowed with lively interest every little incident that had occurred since his departure.

It was a wet afternoon in late September, and the trees on the hillside where the minister's house stood were coloured with tints of red and orange and pale yellow—all save the elders, which still made a brave show of green. Twilight was coming on; a clock on the mantelpiece struck half-past five, and Jane hastened to finish her letter.

"And now, my dear husband," she wrote, "I must cease talking with my pen. It is nearly post-time. I can hear John Pursglove blowing his horn at the end of the road. After tea I am going down to see poor Mrs. Whyte—she is leaving the Dover House in the morning. I intend to buy the railway tickets and give them to her as a present from you, for I know that you would wish it. If only we had money enough to help her more substantially! I confess that my heart fails when I think of this quaint old Peaklander going with her three little grandchildren to make her living in a county town she knows nothing of; but she has great courage, and I pray that all may turn out well.—Your wife,
"JANE BATEMAN."

The postman blew his horn at the gate, and she despatched her letter. When she returned to the house she went to the parlour, where Hannah, the middle-aged servant, had laid the tea-table.

"I'm thinkin' yow'd best none go out this e'en, missus," Hannah said. "'Tis foul weather, an' th' ground's sodden. I'll just slip round to th' Dover House an' say hoo mun come up here."

Mrs. Bateman laughed lightly. Hannah's maternal care, although it was pleasant enough, always amused her strangely. She might have been an ailing child from the manner in which her handmaid guarded her from every chance of evil.

"I must go," she said. "I shall take the lantern, and be as careful as I can. It would be very unkind of me not to see her in her own house for the last time. Don't be afraid for me: I am quite capable of looking after myself."

"Ay, missus, but yow see yow're town-bred, an' yow've never had rheumatics. I dunna see my way to lettin' yow go, unless I'm there to look after yow."

Her manner was so determined that her mistress gave way.

"Very well, you shall accompany me. We'll lock up the house, for we shall be away for some time."

Hannah's grim face brightened.

"That's rect, missus," she said, as she left the room. "I shouldna be comfortab' wi' thinkin' o' yow p'raps gettin' lost i' th' fog."

In less than an hour they were walking along the raised path in the water meadows towards the ancient farmhouse where Mrs. Whyte dwelt. A candle burned in one of the upper windows of the tumbledown homestead, which in its prime had been an appendage of the Milton estate of a branch of the Peveril family. In the east a gibbous moon shone dimly through thick grey clouds, giving just enough light to show the sharply cut gables and the grotesquely shapen porch.

Mrs. Whyte opened the door and led them through a great panelled hall to the parlour, where a fire of pine-sticks glowed on the open hearth. She was a thin little dame, with a deeply tanned face and an abundance of soft white hair. Her eyes were swollen with weeping.

"I've lit a fire in here, ma'am," she said; "'tis for th' last time, an' sticks are plentiful' enow hereabouts. Sit yow down i' th' easy-chair—all the furniture I'm leavin' to stan' again' th' rent, save a few things as I canna do wi'out. An' yow, Hannah, wench, tek th' end o' the settle."

But Hannah refused politely.

"I hear th' childer i' th' houseplace," she said. "I'll go an' chat wi' 'em, whilst missus an' yow are talkin'."

She disappeared, and when the door was closed Mrs. Whyte's tears began to flow.

"'Tis a hard thing, ma'am, a very hard thing, as I've got to leave th' spot. Forty years ha' I lived here, thirty as wife an' ten as widow!"

Jane took her hand in silent sympathy, and the old woman dried her eyes.

"God knows best, so I wanna complain more'n I can help," she said. "He's gi'en me a good share o' happiness i' my time. I'd a kind husband, a lovin' son, an' though they're gone fro' me an' I've my lad's orphans to tent, I'm none real unhappy. On'y 't seems as if my feet were rooted here. Yow see, my nan's folks hed this lond upwards o' two hunnerd year. But I'll mek my way i' Saltlees if I can. I'm a good bakker o' oatakes, an' I can clear-starch. I do trust as I'll ha' strength gi'en me to rear them bairns."

"Have you no relations who could come forward?" Mrs. Bateman inquired. "Surely there must be somebody able to help?"

"I hev'n't ony kin left but brother Zeb, as lives by hissen at Stony Cobham, an' I'm sure as he wouldna do aught, for he hesna spoke wi' me sin'

my weddin'. He'd words wi' my man, an' though we tried an' tried to get friends again, 'cause I wouldna say as I were i' th' wrong i' marryin' John, he wouldna ha' anything to do wi' us. Yow see, I kep' his house, an' he were vext wi' me for leavin'—that were all he quarrelled abaft. Besides, I couldna trouble him, even if he didna feel hurt wi' me, for he's never been more'n a lead-miner, an' he canna ha' saved but what he needs i' his age."

"I should certainly tell him, if I were you," Jane said. "Perhaps, through all these years, he has been very fond of you. It may only have been a foolish pride on his part—a pride that wouldn't let him confess that he was to blame. If you don't mind my seeing him, I'd like to go now. It is only two miles to Milton, and the walk will be nothing to me. Do say that I may!"

"I'd be welly gratefu' to you, ma'am, if you could get Zeb to come an' say good-bye afore I go. He were my on'y brother, an' I thowt a lot o' him. I'm afear'd, though, 't will be a sleeveless errand, an' 'tis scarce fit for yow to travel on th' limestone road. His name's Zebedee Oldfield, an' he lives at th' white cottage near th' church gate. 'Twas there we were born."

The steeple clock was chiming eight when Mrs. Bateman reached the old man's home. She gave Hannah leave to visit a friend who lived in the village, and went alone through the trinity-kept garden and tapped nervously at the door.

Brother Zeb, holding a rushlight that was fixed in a burnished copper holder, drew back the bolts and confronted her. Like his sister, he was of small stature, but his aspect was grim and fierce.

"Who're you?" he muttered.

"I am Mrs. Bateman. My husband is the minister of Milton," she replied. "May I come in?"

"Ay, there's a seat. What ma' yow'r errand be?"

His manner was so stern that her courage almost failed. She glanced round the bright, shining room, and saw on the mantelshef a daguerrotype of a family group—evidently of his parents and his sister and himself. Its presence made her brave.

"I have been to see Mrs. Whyte," she said. "Perhaps you don't know that she is leaving the Dower House to-morrow?"

"I nayther know nor care. Folk darena mention her business to me. I want to hear naught about her. If yow've med 't yow'r duty to tell me, well, 'tis done, an' yow ma' go."

The defiance in his voice made her half angry. "I don't believe that you are as hard as you pretend to be," she remarked. "She is your only sister, and it is as little as you can do to bid her good-bye. She is almost penniless—the owner of the farm is too poor himself to let her remain any longer. She has only been able to pay half the

rent for the last three years, and last Michaelmas he gave her notice. She hoped for a good season, but instead all her crops were mildewed. To-morrow she is going away to Saltlees, to try to make a living with keeping a little shop, and baking oatake, and washing. She is very courageous; she believes that she will succeed."

An incoherent sound crept from Zeb's lips. Whether he was distressed or enraged Jane could not tell.

"Promise that you will see her, and be very kind," she pleaded. "She needs your kindness."

Zeb turned his face to the wall. "I'll think over what yow've tow'd me, ma'am," he said in a husky voice. "Happen I've been i' th' wrong wi' my sister. Anyhow, I'll think over 't."

Jane heard the sobs rising in his throat. She stole silently away, and met Hannah, and then went home. She lay awake till dawn, wondering and hoping that he might be able to help his sister, so that her declining years might be spent in more comfort than the future seemed to promise.

At noon she put on her hat and cloak and went across to the Dower House. She had promised to walk with Mrs. Whyte and the children to the station. A neighbour had promised to remove the few pieces of furniture and the boxes which the old woman was taking to Saltlees.

But at the gate of the forecourt Mrs. Whyte met her, with a face so transfigured that the burden of her years was no longer visible.

"Brother Zeb's indoors," she whispered tremulously. "He cem at daybreak an' asked me to forget how hard he'd been. He knew naught about my lein' poor,—yow see I were close wi' tellin' folk."

There was no sign of any preparation for immediate departure.

"Then you are not going away? Oh, I am glad," Jane said.

"Ay, we're goin' to stop. Zeb's saved a seet o' money—more nor I ever thowt a lead-miner could ever save, an' he wants to come an' live here an' farm th' lond. An' I'm to look after him again. He's quite took to the baarns."

Jane's delight was so great as to be almost painful. She wished to be alone with it.

"I'll leave you now, Mrs. Whyte," she said.

The old woman suddenly threw her lean, work-worn arms about her neck and kissed her again and again.

"I couldna help 't, ma'am," she said apologetically, when her breath had returned. "Yow mun forgie th' liberty. Zeb tow'd me how yow'd wakkend him up an' med him think kindly o' me. I wunna try to thank yow, for I couldna do 't enow. Nay, dunna yow go—come in an' see Zeb."

* * * NEXT month we hope to publish particulars of our great Holiday Gathering to be held in the

summer at Davos Platz. We shall offer a thirteen-days' Swiss holiday for ten guineas.

"FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT."

CHATS AT THE CLUB.

For a time we had cold-shouldered Pemberton. The cause of it was this: he had been paying a good deal of attention to a nice sort of girl; after a time it was rumoured they were engaged, though, when we congratulated him, he heard us without assent, if without protest. Afterwards it was said he had jilted her, at any rate they went about no more together. Some people thought this was of no consequence and nobody's business, but at the Club we had some sense of moral responsibility for the deeds of those connected with us, and we began to cold-shoulder Pemberton. When that is the case, a certain type of man brings to book those who seem disposed to drop him; others accept the unpleasant condition of things and say nothing. Pemberton did the latter. The next thing we heard was that Miss Addison (this was not her real name, but it will do for the present) had instituted an action against Pemberton for breach of promise of marriage, and that the matter had been settled out of court for the sum of five hundred pounds.

This should not have seriously modified our point of view, but somehow it did so; we decided that a girl who would take an action for breach of promise would not be a very desirable companion for a long lifetime, and this led to one of the hottest debates we ever had at the Club.

Norbury said when a man was not vulnerable in his affections or in his honour, the place to make him feel was in his pocket.

Verney said that was all right as regarded the man; he would not say a word in his defence: if he had broken his promise, tax him for having done so by all means, nobody would be sorry when he paid the cost: it was not the man we were considering, the question was as regarded the girl. Would a nice girl be satisfied with money as a salve for wounded affection? Would any of us like to know that a sister or a friend had let a man go, and accepted a cheque as the price of his liberty? Did it not make one think that a girl of that sort might induce a fellow to feel that he would rather be off with her and give her her cheque?

Stanhope said quite a number of men were far too fond of philandering; they thought nothing of compromising a girl and perhaps spoiling her matrimonial chances, and that the girl who exposed one of these and taught him that his little game might sometimes prove costly did a brave thing.

Someone asked Stanhope if he would be satisfied that his sister should sue a man at law for breach of promise, and he said under certain circumstances he would be perfectly satisfied, more than satisfied, proud of her courage. Henley objected that Pemberton had never seemed a mean kind of fellow,

and that it was just as likely the girl had run after him, and perhaps cornered him into a proposal, which was not dictated by desire on his part. Henley said he had known things of that kind to happen, and the result was not pleasant for the victim.

Stanhope said if a man was weak enough to give a serious promise affecting his whole future at any girl's dictation, he would just have to take the consequences.

"Either in the Law Courts or throughout his future," said Norbury.

Henley said Lydgate in *Middlemarch* was not a particularly weak man, and yet a foolish, pretty woman was able to coerce him into a promise of marriage, which, because he kept it, blighted his whole life; he said Lydgate should have jilted Rosamond, it would have been his bounden duty to do so.

Verney said it was not possible to regard a jilt as a heroic character; a female jilt was bad enough, but the male jilt was a hundred times worse. He said he could make some allowance for Pemberton under certain circumstances, and for Miss Addison under other circumstances, and that in any case they were better without each other—that no temporary pain, or loss, or humiliation was as bad as a lifelong union with an unsuitable partner.

Stanhope said Verney was a large-minded philosopher. For his part, he did not make any charge against Pemberton, because he knew nothing of the details of his love affair, but he had known some men who were emotional blackguards, for whom horse-whipping was too good. "I know a fellow," said Stanhope with blazing eyes, "who has proposed marriage to a dozen girls after assiduous devotion, has been accepted by them, and then, after a few weeks of tender intercourse, has told them there was hereditary insanity in his family, and that he could not justifiably become any woman's husband."

"Was it true?" said Verney.

"Without a germ of truth; but the result was that he got his liberty in every case but one; in that case the girl had a lawyer brother who smelt a rat, and requested the recreant gentleman to state his position in writing, and his willingness to marry Miss Blank if it could be found that his immunity from the hereditary affliction was a probable factor in the case. The fellow wrote this out, under fear of physical violence; then they let him go. I believe he has been engaged to at least two girls since, and still plays the insanity card."

"It is a despicable world," said Henley.

I ventured to suggest that there was such a thing as a man's being affectionately disposed without being

desirous of matrimony; I said that if a man liked a girl and she liked him, encouraged the regard he entertained for her and showed her own regard pretty plainly, it was possible for him to commit himself and regret it afterwards without his being altogether a blackguard. On the whole, it seemed rather hard that a man should deny himself all the pleasures of female society lest he should be supposed to compromise either himself or any girl who was partial to him.

Stanhope said that a man always knew perfectly well when he approached the boundary line between friendship with women and love, and that honour was honour all round the compass.

I urged that it is very hard to live by rule, but Stanhope turned on me furiously. He was in

a very bad temper that day. "If a man is honourable, he is honourable by instinct, just as he breathes," he said. "An honourable man will not say things he does not mean, will not make promises with one eye covertly fixed on the easiest way of breaking them; an honourable man is doubly generous towards women because every coward and every sneak is so ready to put them in the wrong. An honourable man is as incapable of loving and running away as he is of picking the pocket of the friend with whom he walks arm-in-arm."

We did not seem to have anything to answer to this, but somehow some of us could not help continuing to feel a little sorry for Pemberton.

NORMAN FRENCH.

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: KIRKUP'S "HISTORY OF SOCIALISM."

THERE is no need, I hope, to justify the inclusion of a volume on Socialism in this Reading Circle. In the present state of society it is rather the absence of such a work that would call for explanation. Timid souls, whose fears have blurred their vision, sometimes tell us that Socialism is only a kind of nine days' wonder that will soon pass away and be heard of no more, a mere ripple on the surface of the troubled waters of our political life. To such as these the last General Election has come as an infinite relief; it has, so they think, effectually checked, if not indeed completely routed and demoralised, the forces of Socialism in this country. Thus, for example, a distinguished Scottish Professor, who is neither timid nor ignorant, in a recent magazine article entitled "Is Socialism Advancing in England?"¹ answers the question emphatically in the negative, and points in proof to the recent "smash up" of Mr. Keir Hardie and the Independent Labour Party. But let us take heed that we do not misread the signs of the times, and inverting the blunder of Tennyson's ignorant villager, mistake "the murmur of the world" for "the rustic cackle of our bourg." The electoral defeat of a party—of a party, some may be disposed to say, which by its own clumsy tactics practically courted failure—is one thing; the death of a great body of principles is another and quite different thing. And if we would rightly estimate the real force and direction of the Socialist movement among us to-day, we must look, not so much at the fate of any particular organisation which that movement has called into a temporary existence, but rather at the changed attitude towards the social problems of our time, of

both great parties of the State. No, no; Mr. Keir Hardie may have had a severe drubbing, but the time for singing the funeral hymn of Socialism is not yet. True or false—in my judgment it is largely both—Socialism even in England will live to see us buried.

Nor is it difficult to see wherein the strength of the movement lies: it is in its clear-sighted recognition and unflinching denunciation of the wrongs and injustices of our present system. I must confess to a good deal of dissatisfaction with the airy vagueness with which Socialist orators are wont to speak of the means by which the new order of things is to be established; but I never came away from one of their meetings without feeling how irresistible is their criticism of things as they are to-day. It is this that really "tells" with their hearers. "Twenty-five to thirty per cent. of the class to which you belong," cried Mr. Hyndman once, at a meeting of working men over which I presided, "die either in the workhouse or in the lunatic asylum. The average life of your class is twenty-seven; the average life of those for whom you toil is exactly twice that—fifty-four;"² and I saw how it went home. And so long as these things are so, so long as working men have no leisure in their crowded, overwrought lives to read and to think, so long will Socialism, that makes audible the cry of "Something wrong somewhere," be certain of a hearing. It may be said, it often is said, that anybody can criticise; that anybody can tell us what is wrong, but that what we want to know is, how to put things right. But that is just one of those plausible half-truths with which people, who only want to be let alone, often seek to put off the

¹ Professor Blaikie in the *North American Review*, Nov. 1895.

² I simply give Mr. Hyndman's figures, without vouching for their accuracy.

day of reform. For if there is one thing that all history makes plain, from the days of Jeremiah until now, is it not just this, that "anybody" cannot see, or make others see, the wrong that needs a remedy? The supreme difficulty of prophet and reformer in all ages has been the rousing of the nation's conscience. Once that is done, all things are possible: until then, and so long as "My people love to have it so,"¹ the prophet is only a voice crying in the wilderness. As Carlyle says, "There can be no acting or doing of any kind till it be recognised that there is a thing to be done; the thing once recognised, doing in a thousand shapes becomes possible."²

Now, this is what Socialism has done, and is doing; it has forced even unwilling eyes to see that "there is a thing to be done," and whether or not it is in the way of finding out what that thing is, it is vain to imagine that it can come to an end so long as the grievances which it seeks to destroy continue to flourish. And as these are not likely to cease, either to-morrow or the day after, the Socialist movement will need to enter into our reckoning for a while to come yet.

But, notwithstanding the position which the movement has attained among us, ignorance the most profound still prevails among all classes as to its real character and tendency. How widespread the confusion of thought on the matter is, anyone can learn for himself who will make a point of asking those who talk about Socialism what they mean by it. Professor Flint gives an amusing example from the great Dictionary of the French Academy, which defines Socialism thus: "The doctrine which pretends to change the State and to reform it, on an altogether new plan." This, as Professor Flint says, "makes nothing clear, except that the Academicians were not Socialists." A man is not necessarily a Socialist because he tries to reform the State, not even though it be "on an altogether new plan," for the plan may be new without being Socialist, and as a matter of fact, many of the Socialist plans are not new at all, but very old. So that, as Professor Flint truly says, the French Academy's definition of Socialism is very much like the medical student's famous definition of the lobster as "A red fish which moves backwards," which is very well in its way, but has this threefold drawback, that a lobster is not a fish, and is not red, and does not move backwards.³ This may be an extreme instance, but there are multitudes alike among those who favour Socialism and among those who oppose it, who are in very little better case than these learned Academicians. On the one hand, we have educated people talking of Socialists as though they were a set of blood-thirsty anarchists, who are only kept by fear of the police from blowing up the House of Commons

with dynamite, or shooting all the members of the Royal Family; and on the other hand, we have the foolish orator on the platform of the I. L. P. who chatters about the "reconstruction of society on a Socialist basis," as if it were simply a matter of putting on a new suit of clothes.

Ignorance of this sort would be ludicrous if it were not so perilous. For, let us never forget, in movements of this kind the danger always comes from the ignorant persons on both sides. Ignorant advocates insist upon as essential what is only accidental; opponents equally ignorant take them at their word; the true issues are lost sight of; infinite confusion and worse is the only possible result.

Assuming, therefore, the urgent necessity for a careful study of Socialism, let me address one word of caution to the beginner. Do not come to the subject with your mind already made up, but as far as is possible with a mind open and unprejudiced. Investigate it, not as counsel either for the prosecution or for the defence, and with an eye only for these facts which favour your own view of the case, but rather as judge, whose duty it is to hear the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Nowhere is Bacon's weighty maxim more applicable than here: "Read, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

And further remember—whatever the *Times* or Mr. Herbert Spencer may tell you—not everything the Socialist says is wrong. Socialism is a creed which has received the homage of many great thinkers of our own and past times, and which has been welcomed with almost passionate fervour by multitudes of the workers in all parts of the civilised world. This is no mere stuffed idol; there is truth in it, or it could not live. But also—and this is a warning no less needed—not everything that the Socialist says is right.

The student of Socialism will not go far without discovering how exceedingly large and many-sided the subject is. Before, perhaps, he had thought of it vaguely, as a question of municipal gas and water. Now he comes to see that it is a matter affecting all the interests of the complex life of every civilised community. Thus, for example, he learns that this is no insular movement simply; that wherever he turns his eyes, in France, Germany, Belgium, Russia, America, the same phenomenon meets him. In Germany, notwithstanding (or perhaps in consequence of) the Emperor's mad policy of clapping its leaders into jail, Social Democracy has of recent years advanced by leaps and bounds. According to Professor Flint's figures, whereas in 1871 it polled 101,927 votes and returned two Deputies to the Reichstag, in 1893 its votes were nearly two millions

⁴ Even so well-informed a writer as Dean Farrar jumbles up "Atheists and Socialists and men of no religion," as if they were all pretty much the same thing. See *North American Review*, Nov. 1895.

¹ Jeremiah v. 31. ² *Chartism* (Essays, vi. p. 142).

³ *Socialism*, p. 14.

and its Representatives forty-four. As Mr. Kirkup truly says: "It is a fact worth considering by our economists and politicians, that the *élite* of the working men of probably the best educated and most thoughtful nation in the world have come over to the Social Democratic Party."¹ And even if he restrict his outlook to our own country, there is still an immense field for the student to traverse. He finds a great and growing literature on all sides of the subject. He finds powerful organisations, with their programmes, their journals, and their earnest propagandists, in every part of the country; and of all this, if he is really to understand the movement, he must take some account. Furthermore, questions are raised in the course of the inquiry for the adequate discussion of which a minute special knowledge is indispensable, which probably he does not possess, but without which his judgment is worthless. And most important of all, perhaps, he learns that Socialism, so far from being a mere theory of economics, touches man's life at almost every point, and brings up for reconsideration some of the most momentous problems of morality and religion.

All this is certainly enough to make the beginner stagger, but his first glance over the wide field to be covered will at least serve one good end if it teach him that wholesome diffidence and self-restraint so often lacking among those who undertake to instruct us in this matter. When once a man realises that, as Mr. Kirkup says, "Socialism implies and carries with it a change in the political, ethical, technical, and artistic arrangements and institutions of society, which would constitute a revolution greater than has ever taken place in human history, greater than the transition from the ancient to the mediæval world, or from the latter to the existing order of society,"²—when once, I say, a man realises all this, he may come to see the value both for himself and others of a suspended judgment, and to admit that his old sneer at the Christian Church as one of the pillars of the capitalist system, because its ministers as a body do not feel it to be their duty to make war upon competition and all its works, was as unjust as it was unworthy.

But that the student may not feel himself hopelessly lost in a field so vast, let me put up two or three finger-posts to guide him. I will suggest a few general lines along which he may profitably work, with two or three of the books best worth consulting. We begin, then, with Mr. Kirkup's volume—a singularly lucid, impartial, and scholarly work, which has the further advantage of being both a history of the movement and an exposition of its leading principles. On similar lines, but much more detailed and equally worthy of commendation, is Mr. Rae's *Contemporary Socialism*.³ From this general survey of the whole field the reader may turn to a

minuter examination of some particular section of it. For Socialism in Germany, Mr. W. H. Dawson's two volumes, *German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle*,⁴ and *Bismarck and State Socialism*,⁵ will be found very useful; and I specially commend Paul Göhre's *Three Months in a Workshop*,⁶ a most fascinating narrative of the author's own experience, when, disguised as a workman, he laboured for three months in a German factory, and invaluable for the light which it throws upon the thoughts and conditions of life of the German workman. Of the movement in our own country the best brief sketch is Mr. Sidney Webb's *Socialism in England*,⁷ as "Nunquam's" *Merrie England*⁸ is the best popular exposition of the Socialist gospel. To these may be added the *Fabian Essays*.⁹ The book for next month—*Alton Locke*—will introduce us to Kingsley and the Christian Socialists. For valuable anti-Socialist criticism, Flint's *Socialism*, already referred to, and Mallock's *Labour and the Popular Welfare*,⁷ may be consulted.

These are a few out of a multitude. Books on Socialism are, as I have already said, so numerous that the task of selection is not easy. But of one book at least it may be confidently affirmed that he who does not saturate himself in its teaching will never know the secret of all that is deepest and most vital in English Socialism—I mean the New Testament. For, as Bishop Westcott has pointed out,⁸ Socialism involves not only a theory of economics but a theory of life, and that theory it borrows straight and admittedly from the teaching of Jesus Christ. One has only to read a little volume like Principal Fairbairn's *Religion in History and in Modern Life* to discover whence has come the seed from which have sprung our richest harvests of social blessing. And indeed many of the leaders of English Socialism make no secret of their indebtedness to Jesus Christ. "Nunquam," in his *Merrie England*, says: "To none in my peculiar make-up am I more indebted than to Jesus Christ"; and Mr. Keir Hardie is never weary of asserting that what he is seeking is really "an embodiment of Christianity in our industrial system." I repeat, not to know the New Testament is to be incapable of rightly judging modern Socialism, and I go further, and say that of all men to-day who owe love and reverence and worship to Christ there are none, did they but know it, who owe it more than those who profess and call themselves Socialists.

* * * The book for April will be Kingsley's *Alton Locke*, of which there are many editions. The new pocket edition (with Thomas Hughes's prefatory Memoir) is everything that can be desired. Price 1s. 6d. (Macmillans).

⁴ All published in Sonnenschein's Social Science Series, price 2s. 6d.

⁵ One penny.

⁶ By various writers. Walter Scott, 1s.

⁷ A. & C. Black, 1s. 6d. Flint's work is 10s. 6d.

⁸ *The Incarnation and Common Life*, p. 225.

¹ P. 115.

² P. 7.

³ Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d.

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

BY WILLIAM J. LACEY.

III.—A LIFTED LATCH.

THE common news-runner of these parts was Asaph Dagnal, of Brasiers Row, and it was he who bore tidings of the desolation in the wheeler's home to Enoch Martins at Knives Green Farm, as shall be properly told in its place: but first, a portrait. There is claim and fitness, for the messenger was surely *sui generis*, and his message had a spell.

Simplicity and the tranquil heart, and some said a cramped and thwarted genius, went on tour continually up and down the valleys in the person of the last of the Dagnals, and in search of bread. He was to be met at all seasons and in all weathers, and strangers found the lithe bounding form trying to the nerves. It was his way to remember haste suddenly, and from a snail's pace to break into a run. The apparition of this bewildering figure, habited in heterogeneous garments, ends flying loose, and rope-coils on his arm, was not comforting to invaders breaking new land and dubious about the temper of the tribes. Of this there were examples, and the latest had a Silover youth as chance watcher from a whin-bush, and was talked about in the saddler's shop, and was carried thence into farm-kitchens before Asaph came his rounds. The laughing maids taxed him with it.

"How did the London popinjay look?" they asked. "Main upset, wasn't he? A feather in your cap, Asaph."

But the large dreamy eyes were still as summer pools, with never a twinkle, and questioning was vain. The dullard answers damped down admiration at last. A hero who would not boast was a riddle.

The veracious reporter had put out this story, which augmented as snowballs do:—It was holiday, and some zest for width of horizon, or—and less commendably—the craze for covering distances, had brought a plethoric Cockney tradesman on a hired drag as far as where roads became bridle-tracks on the mid-slope of Shaw Cross Hill. His women-kind were with the strutting visitor, who in a voice to make the welkin ring ordered the drag to stay in a hollow and the driver to speedily set forth lunch.

"Clear the hamper, Cole," he said. "Let everything be ready—the chicken, the veal and ham pasty, and the champagne; and mind you don't draw a cork of the bottled beer till we come back."

The saddler's boy remembered, for he had longed.

And suddenly there leaped into the path and bore down on the party a wild creature with—with, surely, a lasso! The wife, at all events, shrieked that it was so as she clutched her husband's arm. Her daughter set up a shrill cry, and the master of the luncheon baskets visibly quailed.

But his resource was in his money, and he would handsel this fierce being's goodwill. So Asaph Dagnal stopped in the midst and stared at sixpence on the out-pushed palm.

"It's for you, my poor man, and—hadn't you better make haste? It looks as if we may have a storm,—and it's a long way from a town and—and a casual ward."

Whereat there were two who laughed—Asaph Dagnal somewhere in his throat, a gurgling sound interpreted as new menace by the women, and the lad with the brown holland apron in the gorse.

"Give him a shilling, dear—half a crown—anything—to go away."

The feminine quaver was nigh to hysterics.

On which Asaph muttered obscure words that were not thanks, and snatched at the sixpence, and with his great stride was soon as one who plunges into the bowels of the earth. There was shortly a vacant lurking-hole behind the whin-bush, and an imp with a shrewd idea that the best fun was in store, slipped wary as a weasel from cover to cover in the strangers' rear. He was always hard upon earshot, and the exhilaration of stalking new game was in it. Also the outlook pleased him; he should see pride humbled.

The prevision was just, and sagacity and labour had their reward. On the way back from the summit of Shaw Cross the wiry frame and floating locks of Asaph Dagnal again appeared. He was running hot-foot, and was confessedly a sight to stagger any respectable dealer in the City Road who knew well enough that Providence puts good coats on honest men and rags upon rogues. But he had dropped his lasso and now carried bottles, which was curious—for half a minute.

"Hi, you!" he shouted, and the scorn in the voice caused a more distant listener to chuckle in the heart of a bramble thicket and to forget some ugly scratches. "Hi, you! Here's your ginger-beer. Isn't that what you asked for? Best make in Silover. You were dry—dry as blazes, didn't you mean? Sounded as if you were—sort o' cracky, you know. Tuppence a bottle; three of 'em—sixpence; no change and no charge. Set the bottles along the dip there; they'll be all right some time. I'll fetch 'em."

Then Asaph straightened himself up, and his nostrils shook. "And when you meet your man next time, know him," he thundered,—"*I'm not a tramp; I'm a Poet.*"

Where the narrator failed was precisely where Ebenezer Ford would have won new laurels, namely, in representing the amazement and the horror and

the anger of man and wife and young girl, who could not understand for the very life that was in them how country poverty should feel and resent the prick of insult. The miller would further have dramatically shown the nectar of Silover forced by Asaph's adroitness into the fat Londoner's arms, and left there. But the lad merely reported the first words of stupefaction and loathing—

"Ginger-beer !—faugh !"

To forge the jest and then drop it so far as he was concerned into the deep sea of oblivion was like the tireless roamer of these wide reaches of gorse-clad down. It could not be disputed on the one hand that he had flashes of mother-wit which made him in their hour a match for any antagonist, nor on the other that he was more often light of brain to the verge of vacancy. For twenty years at least he had puzzled the hamlets in the hills, and the wiser heads were not sure of their man yet.

His misery or his happiness—and what outsider should decide ?—was hidden in the claim he proudly advanced. He wrote interminable stanzas and recited them, and was careful to keep the fount of local interest pure by silence towards strange bards. There is a grotesque idea which is common property of all fanciful men who stand on Shaw Cross, and more perhaps of such as front the springing crests from afar. It is that the Silover heights resemble nothing so much as the knuckles of a monstrous hand pushed out to overawe the plain. But the dreamer chanced upon the thought, and hammered it into feet and tagged it with rhymes, and made the ears ache of any unwary gossip who had taste and understanding. Henceforth it behoved all to admit his lien or be accused of theft—not of plagiarism ; the word was beyond him.

The doom was upon him from the cradle. People in the Chilterns named children from the Bible, and it was but token of right leading for those who put the red thread through the closed leaves, and then opened and chose at sight, when Asaph Dagnal turned out a singer even as was Asaph the son of Berachiah. He came of a family of working rope-spinners in Silover, who, for all there was to show to the contrary, might have handed down their trade, sire to son, since men first threaded hemp on the flying-wheel. But Asaph, like his kind, hankered after an audience that should be fit if its members were few, and at home he did not find it. Silover derided his gifts, and said he was idle and would end at beggar's play. He shook the dust of a town of scoffers from off his feet, and settled in lodgings at Brasiers Row, and trafficked for a time about equally in ropework and verses—the latter at last to the satiety even of his new neighbours.

Then it was that desultory habits gained the mastery. Met by a chilly welcome in the chair-turners' hovels he had haunted, and taught by innumerable signs that enthusiasm over his "gift" was gone, Asaph began to strike out into

lone byways, and to visit farms and houses set by twos and threes in remote nooks. He hawked his wares, and wistfully watched for the appearance of the intelligent patron who should enable him to print the contents of the worn sheaf of yellow paper in his bosom. His faith was great, and his patience seemed to such as had clear vision the pitiful tragedy of wasted strength. He waited, and the years passed, and his hair silvered, and the prices of his rope reins and halters and well cords went steadily down.

It was hard to keep body and soul together on the wages of his long tramps—harder than it need have been, for Asaph was as a babe in business, and told any questioner his profit to the halfpenny. Having opened his accounts to the widest, his reward was to submit to the bating of farmers bent on thrift in desperate times. Knowing no other market, and believing all they told him of grain grown to their ruin, he sold, and starved.

But it was a strange thing and a significant that since his wanderings reached so far there were always two houses where he was not cheapened, and where latterly a meal was sure to be waiting for a mouth. One was in Church Place, and one was under the lee of Knives Down. Asaph Dagnal had blue eyes in which a discouraging blankness was more and more found by those who put him to the unnecessary question ; but they could also clear and brighten oddly, and they were eyes that shone back like stars when kindness gained a grip on gnarled human wood. The rope-spinner was not ignorant of the trend of Silover opinion. He was aware that Serena Bounderley was called waspish, and Enoch Martins a crabbed bigot, and that by some who "sat under" Pastor Glad, and in the atmosphere of the Turret, should have absorbed charity. And he knew, too, that a cross word or a skimmed settling was impossible from either, when he had a cunningly enlarged report of well-being to convey from the farm to the wheeler's house or *vice versa*. It must have argued a denseness out of all keeping with his poet's cast if he had failed to fit in an interpretation. He did not talk of it. The truth as he saw it was their secret, rigorously hidden from one another, and was his, and there was warmth and food for silence, and he had buffets and to spare beyond. Asaph was very simple, but there were depths where accident dropped a plummet for him.

The blow cut him with a quick and numbing edge when he stood in the wheeler's doorway and let the morning brightness slant in over his shoulder, and saw instantly that it was unwelcome. A bowed man, hardly to be known at first for Amos Bounderley, came heavily forward, and his eyes were leaden and bereft of spirit.

"Hush !" he said, putting up a warning forefinger. "We want nothing to-day, Dagnal. My sister is dead ; it was last night—no, early this morning ! I am fair dazed."

Asaph shut the door softly, and noticed as dreamers

will a trifle. A cut tape wood was set through, and gave the latch but half its play. He had seen the thing before. It was the muffled knocker of this primitive life.

He loitered in the sun-bathed wedge of forecourt, and like Amos he was stupid with the shock. It meant that a friend was for ever withdrawn, and that a pleasant interest had perished, and that the wolves of want were nearer. But on the selfish side he did not dwell.

"What will Martins say? What will Martins say?"

And the miserable scarecrow who asked it of the fresh, keen wind, or of the drifting April clouds, fell next to his swaying half-wit's run. He had his goal. It was yonder where a cleft of brightest green pierced the sullen back of Shaw Cross. He had to compass a full three miles, chiefly of hill breasting, to the farm, and it stamped his lungs of leather that he was there at an inside time of forty minutes.

Zackery Martins sat in the gig across the stack-yard gate and drummed his discontent on a black whalebone whip-haft. He was school-free, and his father would make him a farmer, willy-nilly. The lad had no heart in beeves or porkers, or in "turmits" and "wuzzle" and the rotation of crops. He disdained the slow speed of furrow-turning, and liked not to leave a warm bed at ploughboy's reveille. On which account there was ever a groundswell of anger beneath fair pretence and show of patience at Knives Green Farm in these days.

"Hello, Asaph! you've read your calendar wrong; it isn't your week for us. Oh, want father, do you? He'll be here when he's totted up the bacon flitches and straightened White Polly's horns. Don't see what else can make him so long. We're for Dalesbury Market."

But he finished with a pulse of anxiety, for Enoch came from a near quarter, and it was uncertain how much he had heard.

The dark, strong face was question-proof as any Sphinx of desert sands. Zackery shrugged his handsome shoulders and drew the coaxing lash slyly along Applebloom's flanks. She plunged and reared to the imminent peril of fidgeting Asaph.

"Have a care, man!" Enoch Martins cried. "And keep that whip quiet, Zack. Now then, Dagnal, you want to say something?"

Did he see it in the poet's bearing, informed with a new purpose? Or was a soul foreboding? The thing has been.

And Asaph walked on a pace or two, with uplift as well as sorrow in his eyes. He had power to bend and shake this sternest elder of all the stern men who met in Frewin's Yard. He knew it, and it was very strange, and he could not help the pungent taste of the novelty.

"I've come to beg for a posy, Mr. Martins," he said, with art that was his own wonder when he looked back. "You're a rare old-fashioned garden; it minds me of my mother's when I was a nipper—

knee high. She didn't think as I'd come to having smug London chaps taake me for a tramp. My mother was a good woman; I've made some verses!"

Enoch Martins put out his hands, with wrath climbing on his laugh.

"Not that to-day, Asaph; there are seasons—but this is a sham, a mask! What do you want with flowers—you?"

"I want 'em for a friend who's—gone away," Asaph said brokenly. "It'll be easy to take 'em in and leave 'em. The latch won't fetch Amos up. There's nothing else now, except Serena's burying."

"What!" The cry was protest, appeal, incredulity. It was more. It opened a slide for a moment on a shut chamber.

"It was this morning, before I got there, as I understood Amos," said the rope-spinner, growing blunter. "They tell me she suffered like her father, with her heart. I mind old Sam Bounderley too."

In this manner Enoch Martins entered into the cloud. He had dwelt much upon the thought of a second wife who should be his first love, forgiven at last and wiser. The cherished dream fell into ruins, and this time could never be restored. But in a second his head was erect again. It was discipline, and he must bear it as became an elect leader amongst a people whom named their best boons wilderness mercies. Above all, this chattering fool must suspect nothing.

"Get a pair of scissors from the house and cut what blossoms you like—of such as you can find, open or under glass. Tell them I bid it; and mind you say in Church Place that it is your gift, not mine. Make it clear. I bid that also. Now, Zack, you needn't glout and gloom on that box-seat. You've no liking for Dalesbury Market, stay at home. You'll ripen for a fine farmer."

The boy was surprised. But his distaste for dealers' company through long hours was growing. Relief had its influence in preventing the unfilial answer, and he scrambled to the ground tamely, and turned on his heel behind Asaph.

The buoyancy of spring filled the morning, but Enoch Martins had found better cheer in many a grey November forenoon. He carried a set face, and Applebloom went as she pleased. The man with the reins was courting Serena Bounderley again in Silver Fair, and taking home the rosewood writing-slope, and waiting sheepishly his chance to speak. How hardly she had used him! Was it any wonder that in his petulance, and on his father's counsel, he had married a widow comfortably penished? But the pity of his case, first and last, drew the salt rheum into his eyes. He was a widower, and his boy was wayward, and Serena in her simple white rested oblivious—past all stir of tongues. Half the long journey was perhaps before him—she was grave-ready so soon.

He was a laggard at market, and a loiterer when others left. Surmising that it might be so, he had lifted his command from Zackery, the lad putting

many guesses to the problem and satisfied with none. The key was in a call at a florist's. Then Enoch Martins drove into Silover and put up. He found Church Place in the gathering dusk, and chanced to see Pastor Glad and Amos coming out of

the wheeler's door. They went together and slowly down the lane, and Enoch marked their distance with a sudden, hungry stealth. Then he dared greatly, and looked on a still face, and when Amos returned lilies were lying there.

JOSEPH: THE TYPICAL YOUTH.

BY THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

II.—ADVERSITY.

POETS and philosophers, time out of mind, have sounded the praises of adversity. To credit them with the full meaning of their words, the east wind is the only good one, and the more biting its blast the more gracious its mercifulness; the cloud, the shadow, and the defeat are the only true messengers of grace.

All of which, however, requires to be taken with reserve. There is a precedent point to be settled—what sort of stuff is there in the one who is being buffeted and tried by adversity? This is a very important element in the case, for while it is good in the abstract for a man to bear the yoke in his youth, yet there are some natures hopelessly marred for all their after-life by the character of the yoke laid upon them, or by too long continuance of its galling and fretting. There is such a thing as disciplining the spirit, but there is also such a thing as breaking it, and once the spirit is broken you may have a very good drudge, but you have a very poor freeman.

It is not every kind of wine that grows mellow with keeping: thin wines grow worse, their nature is too delicate, too fine, too volatile—and there are people like them. These are warm-hearted, impulsive people, highly-strung, nervous, unselfish, sympathetic; too much or too long-continued adversity is not good for them, if we may judge by the results we see in this world. It but breaks their spirit, levels them down, takes all the flavour out of their life, and leaves them soured rather than sweetened. Yet these same people with a little prosperity, a little kindness, a little sympathy, would have made the best of the generous, kindly, artistic, or lovable souls among us. We need to sound this discriminating note at the start: let us now try to learn some practical lessons concerning adversity, as we see it at work with Joseph, and for that matter, with almost every youth.

His first trouble was perfectly typical; he brought it on himself. He had alienated his brothers from him and irritated their hot Eastern blood to exasperation with his superior airs, his superior visions, and his superior place of favouritism in the household. These were but faults of his youth; they rose from his inexperience and from the openness of his disposition, but this is a world in which there must be a great deal of give and take, and consideration of the frailties of others, if we are to steer our

way well. Joseph had not learned this yet: well, he would have to, that's all!

And that's about all that can be said about you, young man. That you have trouble just now in the home-life, or among your fellows, is, of course, the fault of others: they are difficult to get on with—as Joseph might have remarked about his brethren; they are very touchy, very resentful—and a great deal more; all of which may be very true, but yet! but yet!—may there not be something in you that specially rasps and irritates all these frailties of their flesh? You don't know? very likely: you *don't* know—and what is more, nobody can teach you. Only circumstances can; they will try—and try you too, and try you very thoroughly yet, and there will be no escaping from them. The one hope of your position lies simply in this—Are you willing to admit at least the possibility of there being something in you that would be better mended?

Another feature of adversity well worth thoughtful and prayerful observation is the part that Providence strangely plays in the most common and, sometimes, even the most prosaic fashion. Look at Joseph's brethren now: they have got their victim safe—down in a pit. They want to see what will become of their brother's dreams, and they are only putting him to the test! Isn't that the way men do cozen their consciences? They put whispers agoing about the one they dislike, and so frustrate all his chances of preferment, and then they look pious and say, "It will do him good; he needed a lesson!" Oh, the vileness, the blindness, which hate in the heart can make! See what will become of his dreams! In God's reckoning it is murder—murder in the intention and desire—and so the deed is entered in His book.

But He has His intention, too, concerning this lad; He sees his faults, but He sees them as a father or true friend—in order to train him out of them. And so, up on the horizon there appears just in this nick of time a caravan of wandering traders. It is somewhat singular, is it not, that they should come just then? Yet look back on any adversity you have been called on to bear, and though at the time you did not notice it, now you can see how strangely, yet how simply, a way of escape was opened for you. Trace back

your steps, and you will find that at that very juncture the unexpected happened, but happened in such an ordinary, homely way, perhaps, that you failed to see the hand of God moving in it. But you can see it now; in the perspective of the days the confused has become simplified.

The next adversity that came upon Joseph was also thoroughly typical; he was to suffer for righteousness' sake. Oh the glitter and flash of that moment! One sin, only one, and all the backstairs influence of an Eastern palace would be his; he would reap his sheaves, he would touch his stars! If he had come to that moment without principle, without one deep conviction fixed and settled in his heart, he would have been—what? A lost man? Yes, in God's reckoning; in man's reckoning he would have been this—a great man about the court—and nothing more! His character would have been gone; he would have become a mere puppet, strutting his gilded hour away, never to be heard of again. As it was, his character was moored, his faith was fixed, and held fast in the tempted hour. He uttered the word *God*—and was saved. "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?"

Never dream that it will be time enough to forge your weapons when the shock of the battle is on you. Look to your boats before the storm breaks, and to your faith before the testing comes. "Having done all, stand," says the apostle, but there is no standing for any of us in the evil hour unless we have first "done all."

What did Joseph gain by his rectitude? Adversity only; a slandered character and a prison. This was his saddest experience of trial, as one day it will be yours. Said a man to me lately—one who has moved through a very wide circle and passed through most varied experiences—"It is curious, but I have suffered more in my life for doing right than I have ever suffered for doing wrong." I told him I did not wonder at it a bit; that I knew an example of the same thing that was even more glaring than his own. "Indeed," he asked, "whose was that?" "Jesus Christ's," I replied. "He did good and good only, and His reward was—a cross." Yes, but afterwards? Joseph's suffering was his first step to his true and abiding greatness. You never lost yet by doing what was right; you never gained ultimately by doing what was wrong. The wheel of fortune is no mere dead, mechanical thing. It is like one of those wheels the prophet Ezekiel saw in his vision—a living thing with ten thousand eyes—eyes that see everything, mark everything, remember everything, and as they spin they know when to stop and drop the blessing, or when to pause and cast the blight—all according to what they saw had gone before.

Yet beyond all question it is when adversity comes in this fashion that it brings its sorest trial. To do good and be rewarded with evil; to stand for God and be cast into prison by man; to do the right

and suffer for it; that is apt to raise more heresies in the heart than any school of theology has ever been able to meet. Had Joseph no relents while he was in prison? Did he never hear a sweet, soft whisper saying in his heart, "Why were you so righteous? When so many make a great gash in their conscience and get on, why couldn't you make just a little notch?" He would not have been a man if he had not heard whispers of this sort, but it is one thing for the birds to fly over your head, it is another to let them build their nests in your hair; it is one thing to let the temptation dart into your heart, it is another thing to encourage it to take up its quarters there. What we have to do is just what Joseph had to do—recognise the guest that had come, and—show him the door.

The prison that shuts in cannot always shut out: God can come even there, and the "Lord was with Joseph." Finding that company and finding it enough, Joseph could wait—as we all can. While the prisoner is waiting the sheaves are growing; no time is being lost.

Try now to take stock of the position. There were sundry things which any outsider could see well enough Joseph needed to unlearn. There were his airs, his superiority, not to say his superciliousness about the feelings and infirmities of others. Well, we may be pretty certain that his sojourn in the pit, and the rough handling he received, taught him some things concerning these that would stand him in good stead. So far the rough treatment of adversity was on his side.

Then there was the foolishly fond, enervating, coddling atmosphere of the home-life, where every word he uttered was regarded as an oracle, and everything he did was the mark of a prodigy. He was taken away from all that, and thrown on his own feet, to discover for the first time that life's path is rather a flinty one, and calls for care, forethought, and circumspection—all of which went to the good, to make a man of him rather than a mere hothouse plant. So far he was getting something for the high fees the old teacher Adversity was charging him.

His last trial was one that reached forward. Petted and favoured as he had come to be in the palace because of his good looks and his pleasant manner, he was in danger of being decoyed into the mere tinsel, spangle, and dawdle side of life, which may endure for the spring, but shrivels up in the summer—the life of the flesh. If he was to be made a man of, it would be needful to bring him out of all that, and so he was thrust aside to learn patience, drink the bitter water of restriction, eat the hard crust of duty, and take life seriously, till the habit was formed, and then, having learned to govern himself, he would be qualified to govern others. Joseph in the pit was being saved from others; Joseph in the prison was being saved from himself.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

CYMRU (South Wales) writes upon a subject both painful and important—the plague of self-consciousness. It is a plague—one of the worst with which human nature can be afflicted, and I have reason to think that it is peculiarly the plague of youth. I know more than one person who has found life a positive torture for no other reason but this. But it is by no means incurable. In the first place, life itself is likely to effect the cure. As we get to know ourselves better, and to measure our relation to the world more accurately, we gain self-confidence. Then, again, much can be done by a resolute effort of the will. Do not permit the thoughts to brood, do not allow yourself time for idle reverie; try to turn your thoughts outward instead of inward. Someone has said, "Oh, the bliss of getting up in the morning with the thoughts turned outward instead of inward!" Well, we can learn that art, if we try. Self-consciousness is an excess of morbid sensitiveness. The self-conscious youth is always thinking of how he appears to others. He poses, and studies his pose. Suppose you reverse the process, and try to think of how other people appear to you. Get outside yourself, and feel yourself a part of the general life of the world. Look to your health—very possibly fresh air, hard exercise, and a robust vitality would give you that sense of poise and completeness which you lack. Certainly I do not recognise in self-consciousness any good reason for giving up the career you have desired. Many men, who have afterwards developed into public eminence, have in their youth been morbidly shy, absurdly sensitive, and all the rest of it. The great thing is, first of all, to settle it with yourself that you can overcome these tendencies; and then to set yourself with all your power of will and common sense to do so.

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I endeavoured in my article on Tolstoi to answer the question which has been put to me by more than one correspondent, as to how far the words of Christ are to be taken literally. In my opinion Tolstoi is in error in his hard literalism. One cannot but respect his motive, and his overwhelming sincerity; but it is absurd to take this or that isolated text, and pile up upon it a whole world of ethics. The instance put by G. T. M. is a very good one. If Christ had literally meant that His disciples were to resist not evil, manifestly Paul was quite wrong in putting himself under Roman protection, for he invoked the aid of the civil power. Moreover, Paul did resist evil; he refused to be treated with injustice, and on one occasion would not accept an apology from the magistrates who had wrongfully imprisoned him, but made them come

and fetch him out of jail. What Christ really meant is obvious enough, I think, to any reasonable man: He forbade the Christian returning evil for evil, striking back, being vengeful, encouraging in himself bitter and violent animosities. It is better, as Garfield finely put it, to be defeated in the right than to be victorious in the wrong. If a Christian has to choose between suffering unjustly for righteousness' sake, or acting with inflamed vengeance against his persecutor, there can be no question what his duty is. But if he is meekly to submit to any sort of wrong without protest, it is manifest that he simply hands over the world to the evil one, and that any reform of society is impossible. Yet this is what Tolstoi's doctrine really comes to, and for that reason it seems to me entirely opposed to the real spirit of Christ, and to the example left us in His own conduct.

* * *

A. C. (Clapham), who wants to read some book on the simplification of life, would find Thoreau's *Walden* full of interest. There is also another little book of American origin which has been a favourite of mine for some years, *Liberty and a Living*, published at 1s. 6d. It tells the story of a man who came to see that he was not getting out of life what he was entitled to. He earned a good deal of money, but got little real pleasure, because he was divorced from nature. So he began life again in a remote village, tilled the land, raised the greater part of his own food, lived a simple outdoor existence, and was happy. Mr. Ruskin once remarked that he had discovered that when he paid a man to weed his garden, he was simply paying someone else to be healthy. There can be no doubt that our natural wants are few and easily met; it is our artificial wants that are expensive. Suppose, for example, that a man is an abstainer and a vegetarian. Mr. Bernard Shaw tells us that he has been both for some years, and has got no harm, and much good from it. He takes neither alcohol, tea, nor coffee; drinks water, and eats bread and vegetables; and does not, as he puts it, "feed on corpses." It is clear that under such conditions his expenditure must be very slight. A few shillings a week is all that is needed for the maintenance of healthy life. And, if we consider how to earn the means of life, is it not clear that a man content with such conditions might easily grow all that he needed out of three or four acres of land? This was the experiment which Thoreau made, and with complete success. I would like to see it tried in England. Land is cheap enough to-day; there have been plenty of farms sold lately in Essex at a pound an acre.

Circumstanced as you are, with the certainty that you can no longer earn a living in cities, is it not worth considering, whether you could not get all the means for a simple life out of the land, and pay yourself to be healthy by honest work upon the soil? It seems to me that any man of fair physical strength, who can make himself master of a cottage and a few acres of land, ought to be able to provide himself with the means of life out of the soil, especially if he is able and willing to give up meat and alcohol.

* * *

There is a saying of Goethe's which is well worth remembering by all those who truly desire culture. He said that every cultured man would never let a day pass without looking on some perfect work of art, or hearing some piece of great music, or reading some great book. The meaning is obvious. The mind is created by its environment. A man who accustoms his mind to low and vulgar things soon becomes entirely unable to appreciate great and noble ones; culture is something insensibly imbibed from the nature of our surroundings. Now it is manifestly impossible for the ordinary man in England to look every day upon a great work of art. We have hardly anything in our streets which may claim the name of art. Our great public picture galleries—at least in London—are closed at dusk; so that only those who have leisure are ever able to frequent them. I have been waiting a good many years for those who preach to the working-man the duty of cultivating a taste for art, to tell me *how* he is to cultivate it, when every possible arrangement is made sedulously to exclude him from ever looking upon anything that can justly be described as art. As for music, things are not much better. In a German town it is possible for the humblest worker to hear good music at a nominal cost, or at no cost at all. But in England music is the private right of those who can afford to pay for it. The great mass of the people have as little chance of hearing great music as they have of seeing great pictures. But it is, at least, possible for the poorest and the humblest to pass no day without reading some great book. If a man only had the English Bible, he would have the greatest piece of literature in the world. But more and more the effort is being made to-day to bring books into the homes of the people. And the books which are thus cheapened are always the great books. In them there is no copyright, and consequently they can be, and are, treated as national inheritances. There is really no reason why any man who can read should not to-day be a cultured man; and if our maladministration of society still puts the best art and music out of the reach of the people, it does not forbid the best books coming into their hands.

* * *

And here I would add a word upon the buying of books. A good many of my readers will remember

Ruskin's vigorous denunciations of his countrymen, as a race that have no respect for books. If a man spends a hundred pounds a year or so on books, he is called "a bibliomaniac," says Ruskin; but you don't call the man who spends thousands in running horses "a horse-maniac." There is a great deal of truth in the saying of John Morley, that out of the forty millions of people in Great Britain, probably not more than a million ever buy a book. I met a curious case of this kind the other day. A book was published by a well-known author, and one of his friends complained that he had not yet been able to read it because he could not get it from the libraries, where it was in great demand. Now it was not as if the book were an expensive one, or the person who wanted to read it was poor. It could have been bought for the price of a dinner at a moderate restaurant. The person who wanted to read it could easily have afforded the very small expenditure involved. But the simple fact was this: it did not occur to him to buy it. It was not a question of any meanness on his part; he merely had not acquired the habit of buying books; he preferred getting his reading from a library. Now is not that typical of the way in which the middle-classes regard literature? Let anyone go through any street of any prosperous English city, and in how many houses will he find anything that by any lenience of imagination can be called a library? In most houses he will find no books at all, except a few school prizes, that are relics of prehistoric days, or perhaps some bound copies of a favourite magazine. But he will find a good deal spent upon material comfort, a good deal on dress, and not a little on pleasure. Books alone are not regarded as a serious need. They are borrowed, but not bought. They are casual visitors, but in no sense friends and guests.

* * *

I know that Sir Walter Besant is reported to have said the other day that you could hardly expect the man with less than £500 per annum to buy books. I hope the statement is misreported; for if it be true, Sir Walter must have forgotten the struggles of his early life—if he ever had any—when books were so loved that any denial was lightly thought of to obtain them. How many men there are who have gladly pinched themselves in clothes and food to buy a book they really coveted, and what exquisite pleasure there is in a book so obtained! I cannot remember the day when I had not an ambition to buy books, and I am sure there are many thousands who can say the same. My halfpence as a boy went on books, and I still have by me cheap paper editions of notable books, which I bought out of my penury, and bound in red cloth with my own hands. And, if I may speak from my own experience, I always hated a borrowed book. If a book is worth reading at all, it is worth having. I want to mark it, to turn down its leaves upon suggestive passages,

to take it up again at long intervals, to treat it as a friend, and not as the visitor of a day. Of course, libraries have great uses. Many expensive works of reference will never be found to any extent out of libraries; many quite ephemeral books—which nevertheless are significant of the drift of the times—we do well to get from libraries; they are read once, and their use is exhausted. But between these two extremes of the book of reference and the ephemeral volume, there is all the great array of books which compose literature itself—the great poets, historians, novelists, essayists, and scientists. We can't read these books to any effect in haste. They have to be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested. They must needs be bought, and we ought to buy them. I counsel every young man to try to get together a little library of the books he loves. A few pence saved here, and a small denial effected there, will soon help the matter forward; and there are no denials that yield such rich returns. A man hardly becomes a self-respecting creature till he has a few books of his own: certainly he can fulfil Goethe's great but simple canon of culture in no other way.

BRIEF ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. G. (Manchester), to whom I replied in the January number of *THE YOUNG MAN*, is requested to communicate with W. G. Robson, 12 St. James Street, Southport.—*Ignoramus* (Bridlington). Read Mill's *History of India*, the Lives of Clive and Hastings, etc. There is no end to the list of books on India.—*R. J. J.* (Newcastle). There is not much to be said about Mr. Austin as Laureate. The whole thing is a political job. It is absurd upon the face of it. Mr. Austin is a pleasant versifier, but certainly not a poet.—*J. C. W.* (Sunderland). There is merit in the verses, but the metre is not perfect. Try again. Be sure you have something to say, some actual feeling to express; and then say it as simply as you can, and in the fittest words.—I have the utmost sympathy with the correspondent who signs himself *K. A.* A more painful and yet honest letter has never reached me. But let us look at the matter fairly. Some strength to overcome the evil habit has already been found; is not that an incentive to persevere? It is only by slow degrees that complete freedom can be found. As regards the insomnia of which you speak, one quite simple suggestion occurs to me which may be of service. If you cannot sleep, at once get a light, and read. Nothing is more terrible than to lie in the dark for hours, struggling vainly towards sleep. It is that battle for sleep which wastes the brain, and disturbs the imagination; is it not much

better at once to accept defeat and read some book of light interest, so as to keep the mind from preying on itself, and the imagination from suggesting evil? The probability is that after an hour's reading the brain will compose itself, and sleep will come. I know well what all this means, and I have found that while an hour's reading under such circumstances does little harm and usually provokes sleep, an hour's restless fight for sleep in the dark plays havoc with the nerves, and makes the whole of the next day miserable. I think also that you should at once consult a medical man, and put your entire case honestly before him.—*W. L.* (Ripponden). Your verses are excellent, especially the ringing stanzas on Sir Visto.—*E. A. J.* (Dublin). There is no safeguard to purity so effectual as a pure love for a good woman. You do well to take the course you have, and may God prosper you in it.—*Theological Student*. There are dozens of Lives of Luther. For a short sketch, full of suggestion, nothing is better than Mr. Froude's little shilling book.—*C. H.* (Polytechnic). The article of which you speak is shameful and dastardly, and the entire attitude of England on the Armenian question is disgraceful. But do not jump to the rash conclusion that there is no Christian feeling in England on the subject. Remember the impassioned advocacy of such men as Canon Gore and Dr. Clifford, and the splendid sonnets of Mr. William Watson on the *Purple East*.—*L. A. J.* (Highbury). The best literary paper in England is *The Spectator*. Your verses are good.—*Credence* (Bridport). Bunyan's *Holy War* is a book best studied without commentator. No doubt, however, you would find Dr. Brown's *Life of Bunyan* useful, as also Mr. Froude's *Life of Bunyan* in Macmillan's Men of Letters Series.—*Cliftonian*. What the sin against the Holy Ghost was is perfectly plain from the context. It was attributing the words and acts of Christ to demoniac influence; making the Spirit of good the spirit of evil.—*Kant* (Glasgow). It is purely a question of conscience. If you honestly find that the course you purpose is wrong for you, you must refuse to take it, even though the cost to you be great.—*R. M.* (Manchester). I think the passage of J. S. Mill's, which you quote, is clear enough. It is undoubtedly true that truth has been temporarily suppressed by persecution, but Mill admits that it is never extirpated. Suppression is one thing; extirpation quite another.—*Undecided* (Newcastle). It is impossible to predict success in journalism. It would be extremely unwise in me to advise you to take the step of effecting a complete alteration in your life with such very slight knowledge of you as is furnished by a single letter. If I were you I would first of all apply to some newspaper office in the city, and ask for such work as you can do in your leisure. Be content to write without pay at first: be glad to be permitted to write at all. If your work shows merit, you will soon hear of it, and the way will open.—*Earnestness* (Dudley). Your metres are all wrong. Your lines don't scan. Master the laws of metre first of all, if you would write creditable verse.

AMONG the books specially written for young men which claim attention, is one of very considerable merit called *Heroic Endeavour* (H. R. Allenson, Paternoster Row, E.C.). The author is W. Elswick Lawson, a young Irish minister, and this is his first publication. Probably he himself would not venture to say that the book is without imperfection, but what book is? And, moreover, we have always held that the chief duty of a true and generous critic is to discover merit rather than search for demerit. Of this book we may confidently say that it is one

of very great merit. It is an able and strong piece of writing, full of suggestion, and lit up with apt quotation. Mr. Lawson has done his own thinking. It is easy to see that he has known unrest, and has sailed some of those sunless seas of doubt, where the young man who thinks for himself is so often drifted. But Mr. Lawson has not *drifted* on them; he has sailed an intelligent course, he follows a true chart, and he has passed out of the tracts of gloom into the air of peace.—D.

All Editorial Communications should be addressed to MR. FREDERICK A. ATKINS, TEMPLE HOUSE, TEMPLE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. Telegraphic address, "OPENEYED, LONDON."

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THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

THE FLIGHT FROM FAME.

By BARRY PAIN.

I WAS tired of the London season, tired of adulation and popularity, tired of the sound of my own name and of the sight of it in the daily papers. I can paint—I know that, of course—and I should not have liked it if the fact had not been generally realised. The adulation and popularity had brought with them, too, a material prosperity which was far from displeasing—my Academy pictures, including one on which I had placed what I thought to be an absurd and prohibitive price, had been sold almost before they were seen. But, in spite of these things, I was honestly tired of it. The women I met would talk to me about nothing but my own pictures, and they never knew anything about them, and I never wanted to tell them anything about them, and it would not have been any good if I had. My health was being wrecked by eternal dining out. I was continually being bothered to exchange an afternoon's good clean enjoyable work for idleness in a hot, crowded drawing-room, strong tea, bad music, and ignorant flattery laid on with a spade. I love painting, but I had got to hate the very word Art. I was pestered with personal paragraphs about myself in the more-or-less society papers. They described clever things which I had never said—I may be occasionally rude, but at least I am not clever. They described eccentricities which I never possessed, noble actions which I had never performed, engaged me to ladies of whom I had never even heard, and worried themselves more about my pedigree than I have ever done in my life or ever shall do.

One morning I stepped into a railway carriage on the Underground. A previous passenger had left a halfpenny paper lying on the seat. My own

name caught my eye, and I picked the paper up to see what it had to say about me. This is what I read: "Mr. Claude Myrllingham's latest 'fad' (if the great man's eccentricities may be styled so irreverently) is that he cannot work when he is alone. His studio is always full of people, and the more talking and laughing that goes on, the better he finds himself able to paint. His theory is that his peculiarly sensitive temperament absorbs energy and vitality from the presence of crowds. In the meantime, how much do you think Mr. Myrllingham has received during the last week alone from the sale of his pictures? Precisely one quarter of a million. Parents who intend to bring up their children to an artistic career should, however, pause and reflect that every artist is not a Claude Myrllingham."

These few simple lies (it can hardly be necessary to say that they were lies) produced the culminating fit of disgust. I left town next morning, determined to escape for a short time at any rate from my own repulsive fame.

I did not go very far away. It is a place within thirty miles of London, half town and half village; it boasts an old-fashioned inn with the faintest dash of the modern hotel in it, and is situated in an attractive country. It may be called Blenley, though I frankly confess that the man who writes the geographies calls it something else. I took with me no artist's materials of any kind. Clean-shaven and close-cropped, I have been told by plain-spoken friends that I look like a prize-fighter, but no one has ever dared to insinuate that I look in the very least degree like an artist. It was true that my portrait had frequently appeared in the

papers, but that did not make it at all more likely that I should be recognised. On the contrary, it made it less likely. As I stood in the hall of the "Red Horse," and boldly wrote my name down in the visitors' book as Charles Mearson from Sheffield, I felt positively certain that no one would suspect that I was Claude Myrllingham from London. For a week—for one blessed week—I calculated that I should be free from my hateful, nauseous celebrity. "You will understand," I said to the waiter, as I wrote the name, "that I want to be quiet. That's what I'm here for."

"Certainly," he said, and showed me up to my room.

I had not been in that room a minute before there was a knock at the door, and the landlord appeared. It was the first I had seen of him, and at the first look you could see that he thoroughly understood horses. He appeared much interested in me—and rather apologetic.

"Afternoon, sir," he said. "I *am* sorry I wasn't in the hall when you came. That waiter—he's an ignorant lad, and he never saw who you were. Else, of course, he'd never have put you in a 'ole like this."

It was really a very decent little bedroom, but the landlord looked at it with contempt. "No, no," he said, "this may be all right for some, but it's no place for such as you. Now you'll oblige me by stepping downstairs, you really will." He took me to a bedroom on the first floor, of palatial size, with a bathroom attached. "A barrernite slept there only last week," he remarked with satisfaction. "And," he added generously, "I respects you more than I respects him."

He went on to ask me about dinner. Would I have it in a private room or in the coffee-room? I would have it in the coffee-room. And what would I have? I would leave it to him. When that was settled, he, standing in the doorway of the room, glanced up and down the outside passage to see that no one was within ear-shot, and then said, dropping his voice, "You gave that waiter the tip about you being an ordinary gent just down here for the quiet, but being an ignorant feller he didn't quite take you. However, I've put that all right. I said to him, 'You see that name Charles Mearson? Forget it. You see that Sheffield? Forget that too. If I find you've remembered 'em or mentioned 'em to a living soul, I'll break your head first and then sack you.' He knows my ways, and he won't say anything. But there, you never need have put that name down at all. If you'd asked for me, sir, and just mentioned it, you'd have been John Smith from the High Street, Putney. Still, it don't matter, because I've locked that visitors' book away in a cupboard and got the key in my pocket. You can trust me. I've been in a similar thing before. Not a soul in the house will know that Charles Mearson of Sheffield's here."

I did my best to conceal my amazement, and thanked him.

"There's one thing I should like to ask. I've two particular pals that would take it as a honour if they might just see you. They're both as safe as a church, and were with me in that other thing I mentioned. They're not the talking sort at all"—

"That's all right," I said. "I leave everything to your discretion. I'll come into the smoking-room for a few minutes after dinner."

"We'll be there," he said, "and no one else will. And thank you."

When he had left me alone, I tried to think the thing out. I had made up the name Charles Mearson myself, taking the first which came into my head that had the same initials as my real name. I was careful about the initials, because I had C. M. painted on my Gladstone. I had put down Sheffield because it was the first town I thought of.

And now it appeared that Charles Mearson of Sheffield was a real and indisputable person. Further, he was obviously a celebrity. I had tumbled out of one celebrity into another. They say that a change of work is as good as recreation, and a change of celebrity might, I thought, be as good as a decent obscurity. But it was distinctly embarrassing that the fame of Charles Mearson had never reached me, and I was about as ignorant of him as the waiter had been. But the landlord's manner to me had shown none of the servile and artificial respect of a trader for a patron; it showed rather the genuine respect that he might feel for a social equal with some surpassing natural gift. It was also clear that though the landlord was delighted to have me at the inn, he realised the transcendent importance of keeping my presence there a secret. Why?

I got some further light on this point just before dinner. The landlord came up to me, took me apart mysteriously, and said, "Billing, the policeman, passed just now, and seeing me at the door, says, 'Anyone fresh in Blenley?' 'Ho yes,' I says, 'one gent—no one in particular—come for the fishing.' So he's put off all right."

This was terrible. I had chosen to be Charles Mearson of Sheffield, and it now appeared that that gentleman was wanted by the police. "Charles Mearson," I thought, "you're a criminal, and I wish I'd never borrowed your beastly name."

I had a light but excellent dinner, served at a separate table. The landlord came up and asked me what I would drink. "Let me look at the wine-list," I said. "Ah!" said he, "I believe you're right. Poor old Jack, he'd never go beyond a lemon-squash, but I believe you're right." He pointed to one number on the list, and said there was no harm in it. I followed his advice, and found that I had done well. It was really a capital Burgundy. "But who," I asked myself, "was 'poor

old Jack,' and why was I supposed to be interested in what 'poor old Jack' was in the habit of drinking?"

In the smoking-room afterwards, I found the landlord and two men, who also had that curious cast and expression of countenance which invariably accompanies a profound knowledge of the horse. They appeared to be middle-aged, respectable farmers, with capacious waistcoats. "This," said the landlord, with pride, as he introduced me, "this is *him*."

They both shook me warmly by the hand, and said it was an honour. One of them wished me the best of luck. The other said if he could assist me in any way he would be glad. They both explained that they would have asked me to drink with them, but thought it advisable for me to cut spirits until the thing had come off. And they both asked me to give them the friendly hint when the thing really was coming off. "It wouldn't be to-morrow, now?" suggested the landlord. "Oh no," I answered. Then the landlord's two intimate friends gave me one look of critical admiration, told me to keep up my pecker and get to bed early, and left.

I did go to bed early. I had come to the uncomfortable conclusion now that Charles Mearson was a prize-fighter, and that a fight had been arranged to come off in the Blenley neighbourhood. This accounted for the interest in me displayed by my sporting landlord and his two friends, and for their allusions to that mysterious something which was to "come off." It was an uncomfortable conclusion, because I could not suppose that Charles Mearson of Sheffield intended to fight all by himself, and it might be unpleasant if his opponent turned up; it might also be unpleasant if the real Charles Mearson turned up; the chances of its being unpleasant for me in some way or other seemed very fair, and I almost wished that I had explained the landlord's mistake to him.

However, I had to alter my conclusion again next day. I took a boat and sculled down the river, and on my return I mentioned to the landlord what I had done. "You're right," he said. "You take a good look at the place. You want to know



"I TOOK A BOAT AND SCULLED DOWN THE RIVER."

it by heart. That's where poor old Jack went wrong."

I said, "Ah!"

"But," added the landlord, "don't you get a boat from that boat-house on the morning when it's coming off. The people there aren't dependable. One of my friends that you met

the other night has a boat, and he'll manage it for you."

I replied that it was very good of him.

"Not at all," he said. "When poor old Jack tried, I had nothing to do with it. He was too careless, and he'd pretty near done for himself before. But I've backed you for ten pounds, and so have those two pals of mine—backed you simply on your form."

As prize-fights are not necessarily connected with the river and boats, I concluded that I was not a prize-fighter. But who was I? And who was poor old Jack?

I stood one more day of it, and only one. The intellectual strain of inventing answers which should be intelligible and non-committal to questions which to me were often not even intelligible, was too much for me. Besides, I had grave doubts whether Charles Mearson's moral character was one which I should care to borrow, even for a week's holiday. I took the landlord apart and explained to him.

"So," said the landlord, "you'd never heard of Charles Mearson of Sheffield, champion high-diver of the world, a man as has made his hundreds and thousands by high-diving and backing himself! Well, that's a queer thing. And you'd never heard of poor old Jack who smashed himself diving off Blenley High Bridge! That does surprise me!"

Realising that my assumption of that name had been entirely accidental, he bore no ill-will to me, and indeed rather looked forward to carrying the deception further with his two friends. "When you've been took in," he remarked, "it's a comfort to take in somebody else. And might I ask what your real name is?"

I told him, and mentioned my profession.

"Ah!" he said, "artist. We've a many artists here painting and sketching on the river. Well,

sir, my best wishes to you. I hope you'll get on at it."

"You've never heard my name before?" I asked eagerly.

"Well, no, sir. Why should I? Now Mearson, that's—that's a name, that is."

I thanked him cordially, to his surprise, paid my bill, and left.

I read in the paper the other day that Charles Mearson of Sheffield had successfully attempted the dive from Blenley High Bridge. The attention of the police (who would otherwise have prevented him) was cleverly taken off by a pretended attempt by a confederate on a different part of the bridge.

I fancy that the landlord of the "Red Horse" and his two friends could supply further details.

A THIRTEEN DAYS' SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TEN GUINEAS.

WE have arranged for a great Holiday Conference of our readers and their friends to be held at Davos Platz during the summer months. Davos Platz is 1500 feet higher than Grindelwald, and borders upon the magnificent scenery of the Engadine. There will be concerts and lectures every evening during August. At the concerts we shall have the assistance of Miss Lizzie Neal, Miss Beatrice Stanley Lucas, Mr. J. F. Horn-castle, Mr. Charles Constable, and the Royal Hand Bell Ringers. The lecturers and preachers will include Sir B. W. Richardson, Mr. Edward Whymper, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Dr. Andrew Wilson, Sir Walter Foster, Rev. A. Boyd Carpenter, Rev. H. Price Hughes, and Rev. W. J. Dawson. Parties will leave London on Fridays, May

22 (Whitsuntide), June 12, 19, July 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, August 7, 14, 21, 28, and on Tuesdays, July 28, August 4, 11, 18, 25, and September 8 and 15. Members of these parties can return by Paris. Parties will also leave London by Dover, Ostend, and Brussels on Tuesdays, June 2, 23, July 7, 21, August 4, 18, and September 1. For ten guineas we offer a second-class return ticket between London and Davos Platz, with full hotel accommodation for eleven clear days at Davos Platz. Or, if our friends prefer it, they can have seven days at Davos and three days at Lucerne. Full particulars will be found in our illustrated prospectus, which will be sent to any address on application to the Editor of THE YOUNG MAN, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

. THE following contributions have been received for our Christmas Dinners for Hungry Children:—Acknowledged last month, £65, 11s. 11d.; Anon, 2s. 6d.; Reader of *The Young Woman*, 2s. 6d.; E. M. (Germany), 3s.; Two Gloucester Readers, 2s. 6d.; S. McGeachen, 2s.; M. A. (Duns), 2s. 6d.—Total, £66, 6s. 11d. In addition to the Dinner to five hundred children at the Clerkenwell Town Hall (London), we have been able to give Dinners at Edinburgh (organised by the Rev. Geo. Jackson, B.A.), at Glasgow (organised by Mr. Alex. MacKeith), at Liverpool (organised by the Rev. Chas. Garrett), at Manchester (organised by the Local Ragged School Union), and at the Mansfield Settlement, Canning Town (organised by Mr. Percy Alden).

THERE are many books on Carlyle, but the one recently published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier, in the Famous Scots Series, is by no means the least interesting. We congratulate the author, Mr. Hector C. Macpherson, upon having turned out a capital piece of work. Young men will do well to spend 1s. 6d. upon this interesting and useful little book.

"THE Japanese Young Woman," a delightful article by Douglas Sladen, with many beautiful illustrations, appears in *The Young Woman* for April. This number also contains complete stories by Katherine Tynan, Mary Bradford-Whiting, and Deas Cromarty, an illustrated interview with Sir George Grove, and other interesting papers on books, cookery, astronomy, etc., by Agnes Gibberne, Rev. A. R. Buckland, Miss Friederichs, Mrs. Esler, Miss Yates, and W. J. Dawson.

THE large circulation of *The Home Messenger* enables the Editor to command the finest literary and artistic talent of the day. The April number contains stories and articles by Mark Guy Pearse, Edward Garrett, Dr. Gordon Stables, Dr. Joseph Parker, Mr. Reid Howatt, etc., and there are many charming illustrations by eminent artists. (Horace Marshall & Son, 1d.).

By simplest acts of daily obedience, by continual efforts to be true, to speak truth, to follow truth, you are to prove that Christ's word is speaking to you, speaking in you; you are to show forth His risen life.—*F. D. Maurice.*

WHAT IS IT TO BE A FABIAN?

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

WHEN the history of the nineteenth century is written, it will be found that amongst the principles



MR. GEO. BERNARD SHAW.

[From a Drawing by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.]

which made for progress, some of the most potent and far-reaching were those now known under the name of "Fabian." The word "Fabian" indicates the policy of the Fabians rather than the principles which animate them; and the term is derived from the famous general, Fabius, who warred against Hannibal. Its application to present conditions is thus explained in the motto of the Fabian Society: "For the right moment you must wait, as Fabius did, most patiently, when warring against Hannibal, though many censured his delays; but when the time comes, you must strike hard, as Fabius did, or your waiting will be in vain and fruitless."

The Fabian Society is the outcome of a circle of friends, interested in social questions, which used to meet at Chelsea, in the rooms of Mr. Thomas Davidson, who is now a Professor in one of the American Universities. His idea was to form an ethical brotherhood for "intellectual and social service." Later on, the meetings were held in the rooms of the present Secretary of the Fabian Society, Mr. Edward R. Pease—then a prosperous stock-broker. These meetings were held in 1883, their object being, in all seriousness, "the peaceful regeneration of the race by the cultivation of the perfection of individual character." Very soon, however, there was a split; for "certain members of the circle, modestly feeling that the revolution would have

to wait an unreasonably long time if postponed until they personally had attained perfection, set up the banner of Socialism militant; seceded from the Regenerators; and established themselves independently as the Fabian Society, the Regenerators taking the title of 'The Fellowship of the New Life.' The first regular Executive Council of the Fabian Society was that appointed to serve from January 1885 to April 1886; and it is a striking testimony to the ability of the Society to keep together men of strong individuality and diverse temperaments, that four of the five members of the first Council are still some of the most active men in the Society. These are—Mr. E. R. Pease, Mr. Hubert Bland, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Sidney Webb. Mr. Graham Wallas and Mr. William Clarke joined the Society in 1888, and they also are still prominently identified with it.

One of the most interesting members of the Society is undoubtedly Mr. Bernard Shaw. This perhaps is due to the mystery with which he manages to surround himself and his sayings. He



MR. GEO. BERNARD SHAW LECTURING.

[From a Drawing by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.]



MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WEBB AT WORK.

[From a Photo by MARTIN & SALLNOW, 416 Strand, W.C.]

is extremely witty and rather cynical, and those who do not know him cannot quite reckon up so uncertain a quantity. For instance, at a recent Fabian meeting, a perplexed and doubting Fabian rose and asked Mr. Shaw why he was so cynical. Mr. Shaw replied that he could not account for it; it must be accepted as the primary and original product of his own genius! These are the sort of answers expected from this quaint Irishman, and "Shaw" is always loudly called for to say something at Fabian discussions. Mr. Shaw says that "if the Fabian debates are to be kept wholesome, they cannot be too irreverent and too critical. And the irreverence comes down from those early days when we often talked such nonsense that we could not help laughing at ourselves. For we soon contracted the invaluable habit of freely laughing at ourselves which has always distinguished us, and which has saved us from becoming hampered by the gushing enthusiasts who mistake their own emotions for public movements."

When I called to interview Mr. Shaw the other day on "What is it to be a Fabian?" he had just completed on a typewriter his dramatic article for the next issue of *The Saturday Review*. Mr. Shaw is himself a dramatist and also a musical critic. For his knowledge of musical matters he is indebted to his mother, with whom he lives, and who was an

active musician for many years. He is in some ways a model young man of forty—he is a vegetarian, an abstainer, and does not smoke!

The question I first put to Mr. Shaw was a very modest one, remembering that the Fabians had published a volume of essays and innumerable tracts to answer it—"What is it to be a Fabian?"

"Well," replied Mr. Shaw, "a Fabian is a Socialist who is not a Socialist at all, you know. We have always said that a man was of no use to us until he had got over his Socialism. What I mean by that is, that we do not want in the Fabian Society a man who has got economic theories, or a social creed, to which he wants to square the world and human nature, and all the rest of it. We want a man who keeps his eye definitely on certain concrete reforms which we want to bring about. We want the man who is so far an economist that he thoroughly understands the way in which competitive private property in land, and private enterprise in industry, throw a large part of the nation's wealth into idle hands; who is dead against it; and who, in short, wants to get rid of unearned incomes. If a man is that much of a Collectivist he is Socialist enough for us."

"What are the concrete reforms you desire?"

"We want to take the supply of the general necessities of life—food, clothing, travelling, housing, and all the things that are necessary to enable a man to live—out of the region of speculative and private enterprise, and to organise it collectively. We aim at the reorganisation of society by the emancipation of land and industrial capital from individual and class ownership, and the vesting of them in the community for the general benefit. In this way only can the natural and acquired



MR. GRAHAM WALLAS.

advantages of the country be equitably shared by the whole people. The Society works for the transfer to the community of the administration of such industrial capital as can be managed socially. For, owing to the monopoly of the means of production in the past, industrial inventions and the transformation of surplus income into capital have mainly enriched the proprietary class, the worker being now dependent on that class for leave to earn a living. By these means rent and interest will be added to the reward of labour, and practical equality of opportunity will be maintained.

"Socialism in practice, however," continued Mr. Shaw, "works itself out in instalments; such as the shortening of the working day; the establishment of the 'moral minimum' instead of competitive wages; the gradual extension of municipal management to gas, water, tramways, the building of houses, and so on. In parochial activity it works out in the provision of allotments, public libraries, reading-rooms, drainage, the provision of labourers' cottages, and so on."

"'So on' is rather an elastic phrase, isn't it? You have used it twice."

"Yes, that is so. I am only giving you the thin end of the wedge, and only that so far as it has been greased by modern progressive politicians. But I can foresee no point in the social evolution where the spring from the one instalment of Socialism to the next need shock the public conscience or produce any keener consciousness of a break with the old order than, for instance, the freeing of the turnpikes or of the Thames bridges. At present we are perfectly familiar with the idea of the municipalisation of water, which has already been effected in many provincial towns. By the time we are ready for the municipalisation of bread and milk, the public will be just as much out of humour with the



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

[From the Picture by BERTHA NEWCOMBER.]

underground bakery and the private dairy as they now are with the water companies.

"Our great obstacle now is the fact that the masses of the people are not Socialists, and do not care enough about the bettering of their own condition to try and understand the social synthesis which the Socialist has to grasp."

"What differentiates the Fabian Society from other Socialist bodies?"

"Our distinctive point has always been that we are not a sectarian society. Up to the time of the foundation of the Fabian Society all Socialist societies were founded with the idea of enlisting in their own ranks the whole of the working classes, and being thus made irresistible, omniscient and omnipresent, establishing a democratic republic. The Fabians recognised almost from the first that that was not how things were going to be done in

England. They accordingly adopted their famous policy of 'permeation,' or the policy of propagating Fabian ideas outside the Society wherever there was a human brain for them to lodge in. Our idea has not been to reform the world ourselves, but to persuade the world to take our ideas into account in reforming itself."

"And how will your policy be ultimately realised?"

"Well, if you want to know where the really serious part of the business will come in, the guillotine, or rather, that 'expropriation of the expropriators' of which Karl Marx speaks, then you must look to the activity of the income-tax collector. We already expropriate them to the tune of the regulation eightpence in the pound, and also by death duties which twenty years ago would have appeared revolutionary. There is no reason to doubt that we shall go on in that direction. But nothing worse will happen than vigorous grumbling on the part of the idle rich, and their gradual conversion to the necessity of bringing up their descendants to work for their living."

"Of course the Fabian realises the part which individual initiative must always play in the development of society, and the number and importance of the political and other questions of which Socialism affords no solution whatever?"

"Certainly he does. Take the case of Home Rule, for instance. The Social-Democrat is a Socialist and a Democrat. As a Socialist he is an Internationalist, calling on the proletarians of all lands to unite as far as possible under a common communal organisation. As such he is clearly bound strenuously to resist the splitting off, on national lines, of the English from the Irish proletariat. On the other hand, as a Democrat, he is bound to admit the right of the Irish nation to be governed by the form of government it prefers. Consequently he is bound to be an enthusiastic Home Ruler. There you have an example of Social-Democracy giving you two opposite solutions of the same question. The same may be said of the question of woman's suffrage. The whole range of foreign policy, and Imperial Federation too, presents difficulties of the same kind as the Home Rule problem. As a matter of fact there is no Fabian foreign policy, although all Socialists profess an international brotherhood—which, in 'Mr. Jagger's' phrase, is 'Pious but not to the purpose.'

"It is worth adding, in consequence of these difficulties and the vague and imaginary character of the views held by some of the most fanatical Socialists, that when Socialism is reduced to a series of practical political measures, each of these measures is fiercely combated, and contemptuously disparaged as 'a mere palliative,' or 'a capitalist red herring,' by many Socialists. That is why I have said that the chief obstacle to the establishment of Socialism in England is the Socialists.

"Generally speaking, I should say that the Fabian is a Socialist who recognises the practical difficulties which I have been pointing out to you. Such a Socialist joins the Fabian Society just as naturally as a revolutionary, visionary Socialist joins the Social-Democratic Federation."

"What do you think will be the future of the Fabian Society?"

"The sort of annihilation that a drop of cochineal undergoes when it is dropped into a tumbler of water. The redness of the water destroys the individuality of the cochineal. Although to many people our views appear peculiar and extraordinary, yet I do not think that the enlightened, broad-minded politicians of to-day will hesitate to believe that the time may come when all England will be so Fabianised in its ideas that the need for any special organisation will cease."

"My Editor is often asked by young men how they should begin the study of social questions. How would you say?"

"I should tell them to read the Fabian tract on *What to Read*. This pamphlet contains a most comprehensive catalogue of all the standard books on social and political questions, and a course of reading is suggested for beginners. It only costs sixpence, and can be had at 276 Strand. But," Mr. Shaw added, "there is no general answer to the question. The fact is, some men have acquired their knowledge and formed their views from observation, conversation, or by experiences of their own which have made a strong impression on them. I am inclined to regard those who form their views from reading as rather a limited class—reflective rather than efficient."

Mr. Shaw's own method of study was very characteristic. He was a member of the Hampstead Historic Club, founded by a handful of young fellows to read Marx and Proudhon, and afterwards turned into a systematic history class, in which each student took his turn as professor. "I made all my acquaintances think me madder than usual," said Mr. Shaw, "by the pertinacity with which I attended debating societies, and haunted all sorts of hole-and-corner debates and public meetings, and made speeches at them. I was President of the Local Government Board at an amateur Parliament where a Fabian ministry had to put its proposals into black-and-white in the shape of Parliamentary Bills. Every week I lectured on some subject which I wanted to teach to myself; and it was not until I had come to the point of being able to deliver separate lectures, without notes, on Rent, Interest, Profits, Wages, Toryism, Liberalism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, Trade-Unionism, Co-operation, Democracy, the Division of Society into Classes, and the Suitability of Human Nature to Systems of Just Distribution, that I was able to handle Social-Democracy as it must be handled before it can be preached in such a way as

to present it to every sort of man from his own particular point of view."

But it is not to propaganda that Mr. Shaw looks primarily for the coming of Socialism. "Fundamentally," he says, "Socialism is a product of the growth of the human spirit. Just exactly as a man in his growth from childhood to maturity changes his views without any prompting from books, men, or experience, so the human race, as it evolves, grows up also, and finds itself in possession of ideas, and in eager search of facts to support them, which, half a century before, it had neither entertained, nor would even have been able to understand had they been presented to it by book or speech. It is on that growth of the human spirit that I depend; although, when the growth has taken place, the author and the speaker may play his part in guiding the novice, and particularly by saving him from certain crude errors into which every uninstructed Socialist is certain to fall in his first five-minutes' consideration of the subject."

When I asked the *Fabian Saturday-Reviewer* what he thought of the young man of to-day, he said that that was a staggerer—an impossible question.

"But," he added, "there is one sort of young man to-day who wants a most tremendous talking to, and that is the clerk. The Fabian Society has long contemplated the issue of a tract entitled

Socialism for Clerks. The difficulty about that young man is that he doesn't understand that the School Board has made him the cheapest of proletarians. No labourer has a stronger interest in the establishment of Socialism than he; and yet the only protest the average clerk seems able to make against his poverty is a stupid and hopeless pretence that it doesn't exist! In politics he affects what he supposes to be Conservatism, just as he affects a tall hat—because it is one of the few marks of the caste of a gentleman within his reach!"

There is little doubt that the luminous and coherent policy of the Fabians has a great attraction for young men, and those who want to know more of it should read the *Fabian Essays*. It was interesting in this connection to hear Mr. Shaw say that, although he knew a fair number of young men who had thrown themselves into the Socialist movement in spite of the remonstrances of their friends, who were convinced that it meant injury to their political, commercial, and even matrimonial future, and although these young men had made the plunge under the impression that they were sacrificing themselves to their faiths and enthusiasms, yet he hardly knew a case in which they had regretted it subsequently, even from the point of view which so distressed their anxious relatives!

PERCY L. PARKER.

HOW TO LIVE.

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

FIRST and absolutely, a person is not to try to do everything. He is to do that which he can do best, if no one else is doing it, and, as between two enterprises of equal necessity, he may choose that which is the more agreeable to him. But he is not to take into consideration his likes and his dislikes, unless the necessity is equal in the two cases before him.

To begin with, then, let it never be forgotten that the family in which it has pleased God to place you is the place of activity for which He trained you. A man of much experience once said to me that he had to consider not simply whether he were to accept a new part, but whether his old part were done with him. Now, one is never done with his part in the family. Even if he travel far, there is always an electric cord connecting him with pleasures or with duties there. It is to centre there, but it is not to be confined there. Charity, or love, begins at home, but it does not end at home. Our first question recurs, then, Where and how shall a man's brotherly affection pass beyond his own household into the need of those brothers who are "of the same blood"? Let a man remember that what he does in public spirit is to be done from principle, and not from impulse. He does it because he ought, and not because a pathetic appeal has been made to him, and he finds the tears starting from his eyes. Let him make up his mind in advance how much money,

how much time, how much thought, how much care, he ought to give to bearing his brother's burdens. Let him determine how he can concentrate this work so as to save wear and tear, save steps, save time, and save money.

We shall do best what we are most fit for, but we have many other things to do which we do not want to do. "Do the thing which you are afraid to do," was one of Carlyle's rules. Once done, you will find that you do not fear it so much again. Any man who thus selects his lines of life, finds out, indeed, sooner or later, that he has done a thousand things more than he purposed. He planted, and God gave the increase. It does not do for me to leave all my work of charity or public spirit to this or that well-knit organisation, however wise may be its plans. The world wants not mine, but me, and, besides directing soldiers how to fight, I must throw myself somewhere into the battle.

There remain the duties to the public in which one engages as a member of an association. We expect that the same skill and diligence which build up a man's inventions or business, which he shows in the books he writes, the speeches he makes, in the cure of his patients or the care of his farm, shall be shown somewhere and somehow in the care of deaf or dumb or blind or hungry or naked, of the prisoner or of the stranger.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE NOVELISTS.

II.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

No one has ever yet claimed for Charles Kingsley a place in the first rank of English novelists; but probably the critic most hostile to him would not refuse to admit that few writers of fiction have exercised a more commanding influence on their contemporaries. The reason for this influence, which has been out of all proportion to his genius as a novelist, is plain. Kingsley was first, and before all other things, a preacher of righteousness. He was a man possessed by a message, and his one business was to get it uttered. In some degree, also, he stood among men as the intermediary and interpreter of greater minds than his own. He gave currency to the religious views of Maurice, and the social gospel of Carlyle. The years during which his best work was done were years of great perturbation of thought in England, when men were eagerly questing their way toward new ideals, and there was a general consciousness that the old landmarks had shifted. Kingsley interpreted this general uneasiness, though he did little to allay it. His books were so many impassioned declarations of faith and principle. In one or two cases—such as *Yeast* and *Alton Locke*—they were more than this. They were tremendous indictments of the existing order of things; theses, as it were, nailed like Luther's upon the doors of society.

That which distinguishes Kingsley among all other Victorian novelists is naturally, therefore, a certain nobility of feeling, such as is peculiar to the prophet. Of course it may be said that no novelist can be great without nobility of feeling, which is very true. But in Kingsley feeling was passion. It was not the great artist's sense of the calm and beautiful proportion of things: Kingsley's nature had no element of calm in it. His soul was always at white-heat, and burning fiercely—a fact of which he was very well aware, and which he sometimes deplored. He often expressed himself in such a way as to let us see that he felt the stress of feeling under which he lived as too great to be endured long. It was this capacity for intensity that led him into continual exaggeration. He never really aimed at ascertaining the whole truth upon any question, though he may have persuaded himself to the contrary. His many gifts did not include the gift of judgment. Thus it happens that although he produced more than one novel full of the most brilliant passages, he produced no novel that stands quite in the first rank. But another consequence was that his novels seized upon the general mind by mere virtue of intensity in feeling and expression. People did not stop to ask whether the historical perspective of *Westward Ho* was correct, or the

philosophy of *Hyppatia* justly rendered; they were infected by the passion of these books, and felt their souls shaken by them. It is this intensity of noble feeling which Kingsley put into his work which has kept it alive, and has more to do with his popularity than all his other gifts put together. People who are dominated by the personality of a prophet are naturally impatient of the critic who coolly vivisects his rhetoric, and insists on showing us that his sentences cannot be parsed. The general reader feels pretty much in the same way about Kingsley. It is quite in vain that Kingsley's errors of fact and exaggerations of statement have been constantly exposed; to the general reader he still remains a prophet, a moral force, a preacher of righteousness, toward whom the souls of men go out.

One very marked feature in the message which Kingsley set himself to utter was his passion for Nature. It was not Wordsworth's passion, but a passion equally virile and authentic. Throughout his life fine scenery was to Kingsley a sort of intoxication. The best passages in his novels are those in which he describes with the eye of a naturalist and the zest of a boy some aspect of sea or land, forest or open heath, which has impressed him. In his *Prose Idylls*—a book not often read now, and which never enjoyed the popularity it deserved—there are some exquisite pieces of Nature-rendering, which once read are not easily forgotten. The same faculty is found in his poetry: indeed, it is difficult to imagine a poet who is not a lover of Nature. But it will be noticed that Kingsley's passion for Nature is not merely not Wordsworth's, but it is totally unlike it. It is the feeling not of the mystic, but of the Indian hunter; a frank sense of being akin to the earth, of delight in her magnificence, of keen-edged sensations produced by contact with her. There was a certain animal vigour in all Kingsley's sensations. He speaks of himself as tempted to a hunter's life on the prairies; and it is easy to see that it is the ocean-like vastness of the prairie that has fascinated his imagination. He did not easily accommodate himself to the trammels of civilisation. He felt in himself a need for boundlessness—a thirst for the desolate and barbaric places of the earth. And, in its way, this was a message worth delivering. Perhaps it has led more than we know to the expansion of England. Many a youth, reading Kingsley's fascinating descriptions of wild Nature, has been fired with a desire for emigration. If nothing else has happened, he has felt that cities are a poor substitute for Nature, and has sought some better acquaintance with the green country lying at his door. And, in an age like ours, it is obviously a

great thing to make men feel that Nature has claims upon them, and that no man can be said to fulfil his own best instincts who knows only the sooty pavements of the city.

It was natural enough that a man who felt these things as keenly as Kingsley did, should have had something to say upon field-sports. And by another natural transition, we see how easy it was for him to reach his conception of the "muscular Christian." It matters very little to us that Kingsley protested against this term, and considered it an opprobrious nickname invented by his enemies; most of us will see nothing in it to excite indignation, and, as nicknames go, it is both just and felicitous. For what does it all amount to? Simply this, that Kingsley saw around him numerous specimens of a flabby, nerveless, flaccid Christianity which he utterly despised. Such people virtually, though not by professed creed, held the body in contempt. They were all intent on saving the soul,—"their dirty little souls,"—as Kingsley scornfully said. They had no interest in any sort of games—games were a sinful waste of time. They were infected by the old Puritan prejudice against sport of all kinds. As for vivid delight in Nature, they did not know what it meant; and if they did, would have characterised it as a sinful worship of the creature instead of the Creator. Was that the sort of religion that England wanted? Kingsley asked. Was that the sort of religion which made nations great? Was it any merit, or any proof of superior spirituality in a youth, that his muscles were flabby, that he did not know how to use his fists on occasion, that he spent his time in meditating on his own soul and its future prospects, when a world full of innocent means of enjoyment lay round about him? Kingsley answered in his impassioned way that such a youth was a fool and a prig. He himself professed to be the "chaplain of Esau," the wild man and the hunter; Jacob, who cheated his way to a fortune, had plenty of apologists. He elevated into new dignity the athlete, the man of fine animal vigour and physical courage. And he endeavoured to show that a man could be both an athlete and a Christian; that he might be brave, heroic, hardened into physical endurance, soldierly, skilled in sport, but none the less a Christian, who feared God, revered duty, and lived chastely.

There is nothing in such a message as this that seems very striking or original to-day, when even the churches have their cricket-clubs and football teams; but in Kingsley's day it seemed little less than profane. The idea of Kingsley coming out of church on a Sunday to play cricket with his youthful congregation on Eversley Green struck many good people as an outrage on religion. But no one can deny that the protest was necessary. If Kingsley went too far, and often spoke as though the hunting parson was necessary to the salvation of the Church, and

the game-breeding squire was the true pillar of the State, it was simply his exaggerated way of putting things, and it is an exaggeration easily forgiven. It must be remembered that Kingsley had a passion for health, and made the crusade of sanitation a religious crusade. He did not believe in crushing any natural instinct; if it was natural it was good, and ought to be developed and not mutilated. His ideal England was the Merrie England of Elizabeth. His ideal man was a man who could fight as well as he could preach; who could live like a knight, and die like a martyr; who could sail the seas with a Raleigh or a Drake, and perish like a man at the stake in Carthage or on the deck of the little *Revenge*. According to his view of things, Englishmen were losing this heroic mould. How were they to regain it? By athleticism. Youth ought to be hardy, and where was physical hardiness to be cultivated better than in field-sports? If Kingsley had had his way, he would have sent all the bench of bishops riding after hounds, and would have told them that their theology would have been much improved by the exercise. Religion was with him the cultivation and sanctification of the whole man. The most deadly of all heresies was contempt of the body, and development of the soul at the price of the body. The soul developed by such a process, he would have said, was not worth anybody's saving. We may not need to be told these things to-day, when athleticism has triumphed all along the line; perhaps the time has come when it is necessary to insist on the other side of the truth, and tell men that sanitation is not salvation, and that the life is more than meat, the soul more than the body. But in Kingsley's day the message was needed, and he drove it home with a cogency and fervour worthy of an apostle. After all, Kingsley's "muscular Christian" is a very admirable conception, and one of which neither he nor we have any reason to be ashamed.

A man so constituted could not help taking up social problems, and Kingsley did so with his characteristic intensity. The line of his development can be traced with almost scientific accuracy; from a passion for Nature to love of field-sports, from a love of sport to the sense of the dignity of the body, from reverence for the body to sanitation and the better housing of the people as essential to religion—the coherence of principle is manifest. Nothing does Kingsley greater credit than this part of his message. He had a real and deep sympathy for the poor. He set himself to transform Eversley from a filthy hamlet into a model village, and did so. He examined for himself the actual condition of the people, and flamed up into violent indignation over the discoveries which he made. From this point of view *Alton Locke* is his best novel. So much is still unchanged that the book may still be considered a book with a message. Yet one thing is very noticeable; Kingsley's sympathies

were after all much more aristocratic than democratic. It is doubtful if the flannel-collared Socialist of to-day would have owned him. He had a good deal more sympathy with a well-ordered feudalism than with genuine Chartism. His temper was mainly the Tory-democrat temper; his hope of national salvation lay in the squires rather than the people. Even in *Alton Locke* his bitterest satire is directed not against the classes but the demagogic leaders of the masses. One or two things he saw clearly and truly; and the chief was that the rift between the classes was spreading. He had very vague ideas of how it was to be healed. In his later prefaces to *Two Years Ago*, he seems to imagine that the Crimean War, which every statesman of note to-day does not hesitate to denounce as a stupendous blunder, was to be the means of a new reconciliation of society. Such a declaration makes us suspect that Kingsley never really grasped the social problem with any approach to accuracy. His sympathies were true enough, but his was not the order of mind that patiently investigates facts and discovers remedies. One could wish that it had been otherwise, but such wishes are futile. We have to take our great men as they are, and be thankful for what they are able to give us. Certainly Kingsley did one thing with splendid efficiency: he pictured the conditions of the problem with such intense vividness and sympathy that he did much—perhaps more than any other man of his time—to rouse the mass of men to its consideration. Other writers may suggest the remedies; it is, after all, no small service to get the facts stated in such a way that they lay hold of the popular imagination, and melt the frost of callousness which has kept the sympathies of a nation stagnant.

And set in the midst of all this strenuous passion for ideals, was one thing that does Kingsley infinite honour—his reverence for woman. His perception of the power of woman to redeem society was perhaps the most vivid perception which he had. To him a good woman was a veritable divinity. Almost all his heroes are redeemed by the influence of woman. Marriage was to him the holiest and highest of all sacraments. There is no more beautiful idyll of love than the married life which he himself knew. From it he drew all his moral strength and spiritual fervour. In fact, it gives the true keynote of his character. In Kingsley there was reborn that ideal of chivalry which seemed to have been left behind by the march of commerce, slain in mediæval tournaments. The very essence of chivalry was love of and reverence for woman. All manly virtues gathered round that nucleus. Kingsley made it his business to re-create this ideal. The chief charm of his books is found in the purity and sacredness of his passion for woman. Perhaps Kingsley was aware that his muscular Christian was likely enough to become a mere pugilistic brute, a splendid animal, with

passions as coarse as they were virile. He professes that he himself had felt the stress of such tendencies. He declares also that from them he had been saved by a love-match that never lost its charm, its purity, its sacredness. And what he had felt he taught, and to his teaching the dullest heart responds. What Kingsley would have said to the sex-novel of to-day we can easily guess. He would have eagerly voted that those who wrote it should be crucified, and those who read it should be whipped at the cart's tail. To nothing was Kingsley so merciless as impenitent impurity. For this reason his novels have still a very real message to our own day. They are the antidote to the prurience and corruption of many of the later forms of fiction. No one can read them without imbibing chivalrous and pure ideals, without breathing a clean air, which braces the soul and will, and leaves the reader with more just, wholesome, and lofty conceptions of human life.

The intensity of Kingsley's nature, which often led him into exaggeration, bore one superb fruit in the lyrical perfection of his poetry. A great poet he was not, and could never have been. But seeing and feeling intensely as he did, there came to him infrequent moments, when his whole heart was wrung by some poignant emotion, and in these moments he was a true poet. It is hard to find anything more perfect in their way than such songs as "O that we two were Maying," "The Three Fishers," and "Lorraine Lorraine." They have a native sweetness denied to more ambitious efforts. They possess in perfection what Matthew Arnold called "the lyrical cry." They are so spontaneous, so simple, so perfectly unstrained and natural, that they approach nearer to the spirit of the old ballads than anything else in our later literature. It is characteristic of men who enjoy keenly that they also feel poignantly, and Kingsley was no exception to the rule. Allied to his high spirits there was a touch of melancholy, a sense of the wistfulness and sadness of life, which is continually asserting itself. To the last that note vibrated in the very voice of Kingsley. I well remember the description given me by one who heard him preach his last sermon in the Abbey. He was no longer the strong man; he was the mere shadow of himself. Nor was there anything in the sermon to account for his wonderful hold over people. It was not until the sermon was nearly ended that the secret was suddenly revealed. It was merely a tone of the voice, a sentence or two uttered with a vibrating intensity of feeling, that made the nerves of all that great congregation suddenly shiver and flutter. And it is much the same with his poetry: he has the magic of communicating to the heart a delicious shiver of emotion. We feel that he has suffered, and that much as he loved the earth, yet his thoughts dwelt beyond it, in a city that is out of sight.

W. J. DAWSON.

THE YOUNG MEN OF MANCHESTER.

WALKING through some of the principal streets on a Saturday evening, the stranger to Manchester will probably observe with surprise the extraordinary number of young men strolling along the pavements, merrily laughing and talking, and evidently bent on the amusements of an idle hour or two. If censorious, he will probably conclude from the sight that the young men of the city are unduly addicted to the lighter pleasures of life. Such a conclusion would be unjust, not merely because it has reference to what is, after all, only one side, generally speaking,

of the character of young Manchester. Manchester, it must be remembered, is surrounded by a congeries of small towns, thickly populated and very hard-working, but rather deficient in the means of healthy pleasure. If inquiry could be made, it would be found that very many, if not the majority, of these young men, carelessly wending their way to theatre or music hall, had come various short distances by train to spend the evening in the midst of the "life" of the

Lancashire capital, to them an evening of relaxation after a week of more or less arduous work in office or warehouse. The street scenes on a Saturday evening do not give a fair idea of the whole life of nine-tenths of the young men of Manchester, even when the circumstance that in every great city Saturday evening is a time of carnival has been fully taken into account.

Manchester has in its social life a many-sidedness which out of London I have observed nowhere else to the same degree, and this many-sidedness is fully illustrated in the pursuits of its young men. Very many of those whose Saturday-night diversion might obtain the disapproval of a stern critic would

certainly be found on some other night of the week earnestly devoting themselves to the "higher things" of self-culture at the Athenæum, the Municipal Technical and Art Schools, the School Board's evening classes, or even those of the Y.M.C.A., and some on the morrow would be among the sincerest worshippers at churches and chapels. Some of my readers may be incredulous of the association of serious purpose with more or less frivolous pleasure, but that it largely prevails among the young men of Manchester, as it does among those of London,

I am fully convinced.

Of this union between "the grave and gay, the lively and severe," there is a remarkable example in the position of the Athenæum among the institutions of the city. There is an Athenæum in many of our provincial towns, but none with which I am acquainted is much like that of Manchester. In the words of a leading article in the *Manchester Guardian* on the occasion of its jubilee in 1885, "it is the social club and literary home of some hundreds of



THE MUNICIPAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS AT MANCHESTER.

young men engaged in business in Manchester; it is at once their physical and mental training ground; and there is probably not another institution in the country which so fully and completely meets the varied wants of its patrons." The Athenæum, which had Colden for one of its founders, and at various times has had the support of Disraeli, John Bright, Milner Gibson, Douglas Jerrold, and other distinguished men, has always made a point of cultivating the young man. At the present time it has a reduced subscription for members between the ages of sixteen and twenty, and with the great proportion of its three thousand members under thirty there can be no question as



THE REV. J. EDWARD ROBERTS.

[From a Photo by the PARIS PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO, King St., Manchester.]

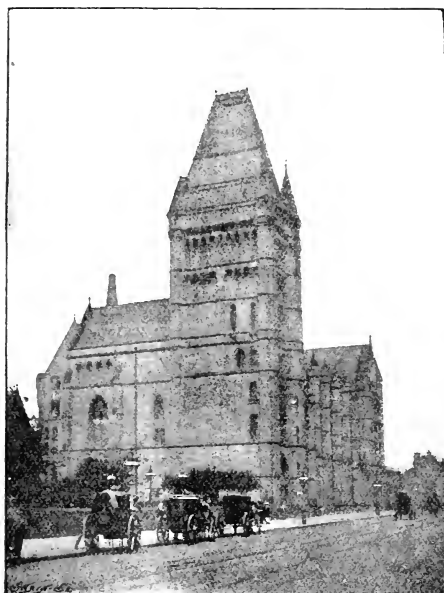
to the success with which it appeals to the average tastes of the young men of the middle class in Manchester. In its handsome building in George Street, the young man, after tea or dinner in the restaurant, can begin his evening with a lesson in French, German, book-keeping, or some other subject of commercial utility, then spend an hour with the newspapers and magazines, or in the library, where there are over 20,000 volumes, and finally enjoy a turn at billiards or some other game, smoking pipe or cigar the while. He can, if he pleases, join clubs for the study of music or the drama, or of the graphic arts. On occasions he is provided with excellent concerts and dramatic performances, the talent mostly being that of members of the Athenæum, as well as lectures by the first lecturers of the day. There is one restriction, and one restriction only, on the club-like freedom which young men evidently appreciate and enjoy at the Athenæum—no intoxicants are sold on the premises. But as the institution is wholly under the control of a committee annually elected by the members, this is evidently a restriction of their own making.

At the Athenæum, I am told, one may count upon meeting more of the most interesting of the younger citizens of Manchester than in any other place. It makes no pretence, of course, to the academic prestige which Owens College has now

obtained. But in consequence of its success, this institution, which owes its existence to a Manchester draper, is becoming more and more national, and less and less local. The students at the head centre of the Victoria University include a much larger proportion of "strangers" from London and other distant places than either of the sister colleges at Liverpool and Leeds. The natives are still sufficiently numerous, of course, to give their "tone" to the place, and it has great interest, therefore, in relation to the intellectual life of the young men of Manchester. It numbers over a thousand day students, as compared with about 330 students who attend evening classes, including nearly 200 young women. For the most part, they are a body of the most strenuous workers, giving little time and thought to anything outside the College curriculum. For this reason, perhaps, the College magazine seems wanting in vigour and vitality. It is said, too, that in their enthusiasm for mental culture the young men of the College are apt to forget the development of their bodies. Nevertheless, the extensive buildings in Oxford Street are furnished with excellent "fives courts" and gymnasium, which are much in use; whilst at La Crosse—a favourite game with the young men of Manchester—the Owens College team have taken high honours, and the cricket and football "elevens" have never disgraced themselves. It is more pleasing to observe that, preoccupied as they are with their preparation for

MR. W. H. NEWETT,
SECRETARY OF THE MANCHESTER Y.M.C.A.

[From a Photo by RESTON, Edge Lane, Stretford.]



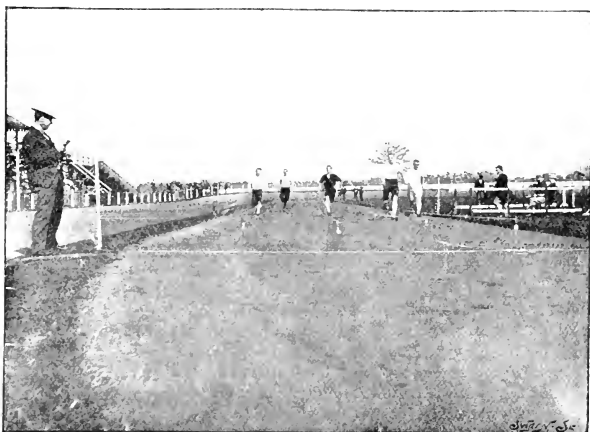
OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

[From a Photo by E. WARD, Oxford Street, Manchester.]

future careers, the young men and women of the College can yet give thought to the ignorance and distress of Manchester's poor. A movement is on foot for the establishment in Ancoats of an Owens College settlement, similar to the University settlements which are doing so much good in London.

If young men of all classes in Manchester do not spend their evenings in intellectual pursuits, it is certainly not the fault of the governing bodies of the city. The Corporation, since Mr. Goschen's increase in the wine and spirit duties gave it the means, has made the most liberal provision for evening instruction in art and science, whilst the School Board has organised its system of evening classes on a scale with which London is at present quite unfamiliar. In the Municipal School of Art several hundred young men spend their evenings in the study of drawing, painting, designing, carving, modelling,

etc., the whole system of instruction being under the direction of Mr. Walter Crane, who delivers periodically courses of lectures. A social feeling among the students—who are, of course, of both sexes—is promoted by a musical and literary society; and on Saturday afternoons, during the summer, they join together in sketching excursions. In the Municipal Technical Schools some two or three thousand young men are engaged in acquiring full knowledge of their trades and crafts, and of the principles of science generally. So rapidly has this movement for the good of young men advanced that a new central school is being built at a cost of £100,000. Of the scope of the work which the Manchester School Board is doing for young men some idea may be gathered from the fact that its Directory to the evening continuation schools, evening science and art schools, commercial evening schools, manual instruction schools and special classes, forms a book of over 150 pages, and that in the *Evening Student* the Board publishes a monthly magazine specially for its advancement. In these schools last winter there was an attendance of about 7000, mainly made up of young men of the working and middle classes. The schools are to be found in all parts of the city and its suburbs, and the classes comprehend pretty well the whole range of literature, art, science, and music, as well as all the “bread-and-butter” subjects, so to speak. The Dean of Manchester, as Chairman of the School Board, estimates that there ought to be about 45,000 young people of both sexes in attendance at evening classes in Manchester. If the figures in respect to



MANCHESTER ATHLETIC CLUB GROUND.

[From a Photo by R. BAKES, Market Street, Manchester.]

the various institutions were all added, the result would still be far short of this, but if it is considered in relation to the rest of the country it will be seen that in the mental training of its young men—and young women, too, for that matter—Manchester has accomplished a very great deal.

Among these other institutions to which I have not referred is the Y.M.C.A., in Peter Street, which provides instruction for its 2300 members in fifteen or sixteen subjects. The Y.M.C.A. building, formerly the Natural History Society's Museum, is not one of the best for its purpose, and, on the whole, cannot be deemed worthy of the great city to which it belongs, as the head centre of religious influence among young men. At the same time, I have no doubt the committee of the Association endeavour to make the best use of its accommodation for the furtherance of the objects they have at heart. That much, at anyrate, is suggested by the programme of daily meetings and services which they put forth. "The Association of Nonconformist Literary Societies" is a very useful organisation in Manchester. The President is Prof. A. S. Wilkins, and the Secretary Mr. W. R. Jones, 19 Johnson Street, Cheetham. The Association is only in its infancy, but it has already done good work.

At the present time the most interesting movement for developing the religious life of the young men (and young women) of Manchester is that of the Christian Endeavour Societies. In Manchester and district these now number over 130. The President of the Union in which they are federated, and one of the most active leaders of the movement, is the Rev. J. Edward Roberts, M.A., assistant minister to the venerable Dr. Maclaren of Union Chapel, Oxford Street, probably Manchester's most popular preacher. Mr. Roberts himself is a young man—holding his first pastorate—who, by the zeal of his work and the success of his methods, more especially in relation to young men, has already won distinction. At Union Chapel every Sunday

afternoon he conducts a large Bible class, which is remarkable for the inclusion of many young men who attend no place of worship, and for the freedom of the discussion which is invited.

Such "living" subjects as Evolution are discussed in this class. Mr. Roberts sometimes securing the assistance of specialists in contributing papers. Mr. Roberts also occasionally delivers "apologetic" sermons, "The Helplessness of Theism" and "The Powerlessness of Agnosticism to Satisfy" being among his recent themes, which he has found to specially interest young men. Partly to encourage



THE REV. ARNOLD STREULI.

physical recreation, and partly as a means of bringing himself into contact with young men, Mr. Roberts joined La Crosse, tennis, and bicycle clubs, and gives what little leisure he has to these sports. Since the beginning of the Christian Endeavour movement in Manchester three years ago, however, this leisure must have been extremely limited; as President, Mr. Roberts has addressed innumerable meetings on the subject, each attended by one hundred to a thousand people. At the same time, he is indefatigable in doing what he can to attract young men to Union Chapel, his latest project being a "Social Hour" on Sunday evenings for the lonely bachelors in lodgings.

The Rev. Arnold Streuli, of Moss Side Baptist Chapel, is another of the younger ministers of Manchester who has attracted attention by the vigour and success with which he has appealed to young men. As the result of his efforts, the P.S.A. has an attendance of 800 or 900 every Sunday afternoon, the great majority being young men between the ages of twenty and thirty. "We have a splendid field," says Mr. Streuli, "for work among those whom Professor Shuttleworth calls the 'Esau's' of our young manhood, and very good fellows they are. In a district like ours almost every grade of society is represented in the P.S.A., and the spirit of brotherhood among all is remarkable." From the P.S.A. Mr. Streuli gets a good many recruits for his congre-

gation, the young men of which show a remarkable activity in social and religious work. They give a good deal of time to the Manchester lodging-houses, and recently initiated quite a "new departure" with what they call the "Cycling Mission Band." Every week a number of young men proceed on their cycles and hold meetings in various villages round about Manchester. Besides this cycling club, there are attached to the chapel, cricket, tennis, swimming, and football clubs, but an effort to establish a gymnasium was not successful, probably because the provision made in Manchester for gymnastic exercise was already very good.

As regards physical recreation, generally, the young men of Manchester suffer from the comparatively small acreage of the municipal parks. To some extent private enterprise has repaired the past neglect of the corporate authorities. The well-known Manchester Athletic Club, for instance, has a fine ground of eight acres at Fallowfield, about three miles from the centre of the city. The ground—which will be remembered by athletic readers as the scene of the final tie game for the English Football Association Cup in 1893—is laid out in two tracks, one for foot-running, and the other for cycling; the centre is a perfectly level lawn, used for football, cricket, La Crosse, etc.; whilst on the north side of the ground there are seven tennis courts. One of the two pavilions is fitted with shower baths, and there are stands for the accommodation of seven thousand spectators. Betting on the ground is, I am told, rigorously suppressed, and as a consequence the sports held by the Club do not pay for themselves, and it has to be kept going by members' subscriptions. But young men have given the Club vigorous support, and it now has a membership of nearly a thousand. Playing members subscribe a guinea a year; honorary members—having the privilege of admission to the ground—pay half a guinea. The

Club, which has a monthly magazine of its own, has the Lord Mayor of Manchester for its President, and Mr. A. N. Hornby as one of its Vice-Presidents.

The Manchester Gymnastic Club, another noteworthy institution of its kind, was formed by young men of the upper class in the city. It has rooms in Oxford Street, where the members can engage in boxing, fencing, broadsword, singlestick, and such-like exercises, and obtain excellent instruction. Election being by ballot of the committee, and black balls being in vogue, the membership is only two hundred, there being an entrance fee of one guinea, and an annual subscription of one guinea. Manchester young men, generally, find their gymnastic exercise in the gymnasia belonging to the Municipality or to the Y.M.C.A. and one or two similar institutions. A year or so ago the Corporation hit upon the capital idea of converting some of the public baths into gymnasia during the winter months, when a turn with the bars or the dumb-bells would be far more popular than a swim. Besides its gymnasium, the Y.M.C.A. has a capital ground of its own for cricket and football on the outskirts of the city; and with flourishing cricket, football, swimming, harriers, rambling, and bicycle clubs, its physical recreation, like that of the young men of Manchester generally, would seem to be in a healthy state of development.

One of the most remarkable movements in Manchester is what is known as "The Ancients Brotherhood." A number of earnest, clever young fellows are engaged in this work, and the excellent lectures and concerts given in the midst of the slums have drawn immense audiences. The work is similar to that at Toynbee Hall, Mansfield House, and Robert Browning Hall in London. And here, as elsewhere, the attempt to bring social enjoyments and educational advantages to those who are often overcome by the stress of life has led to the best results.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



LAUGHTER is a gift of God. It is a kind of spice which the Creator has given to be taken along with the somewhat unpalatable food of ordinary life. It is a kind of sunshine to enliven the landscape, which is otherwise too dull and sombre. The power of seeing the amusing side of things immensely lightens the load of life, and he who possesses the gift of invoking hearty and innocent mirth may be a true benefactor of his species. But while laughter is a gift of God, there is no other gift of His which is more frequently abused and

converted from a blessing into a curse. When laughter is directed against sacred things and holy persons, when it is used to belittle and degrade what is great and reverend, when it is employed as a weapon with which to torture weakness and cover innocence with ridicule, then, instead of being the foam on the cup at the banquet of life, it becomes a deadly poison.—*Dr. James Stalker.*

In all circumstances of life in which you may be placed, endeavour to act as though you would win the approval of Jesus of Nazareth.—*John Stuart Mill.*

YOUNG MEN AND MARRIAGE.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

THE world in general laughed heartily at Mr. Punch's "Advice to those who are about to marry," which, on turning the page, was found to consist of the one word, "Don't." As a universal rule the advice would be very bad advice. The causes which led to the neglect and avoidance of marriage in the decadence alike of Greece and of Rome were the vilest and most degrading causes possible. They were deeply-seated vice and degrading selfishness. In Greece they culminated rapidly in the collapse of all nobleness and power—"the fading of all glory into darkness, and of all strength into dust." The Greek—the hero of Marathon and Salamis,—the patriot of Thermopylae, who deemed it sufficient epitaph—

Go tell the Spartans, thou who passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie,—

soon dwindled by luxury and sensualism into the *Græculus æsuriens* of which Juvenal drew so contemptuous and indignant a picture. The Roman, whose iron arms and dauntless courage had subdued the world, sank into the corrupt and effeminate dandy who cared only for his own degraded comfort, until Rome "saw her glories star by star expire," and she—

whom mightiest kingdoms curtsied to,
Like a forlorn and desperate eastaway,
Did shameful execution on herself.

Even in the days of Augustus, and increasingly under the later emperors, the State felt it necessary to interfere with vicious self-indulgence, in the instinct of national self-preservation. Laws were passed conferring distinctions and privileges on those who had three children born in honourable wedlock, and a selfish celibacy was branded with reprobation. Long before those days, in the dramas of Plautus and Terence, the conclusion always turns on the young man's marriage; and the fathers never feel themselves secure until that event has been happily arranged. The encouragement of marriage, and its felt sacredness, have been the chief element in the vitality of the Jews; and the books, both sacred and secular, of that most religious of the ancient nations, abound in eulogies upon the blessedness of marriage, until in the days of the Talmudists it became a fixed disgrace for a Jew not to have married by the age of twenty-one.

"A Jew who has no wife," says the Talmud, "is not a man, for it is said, 'Male and female created He them.'" And again: "From the age of twenty, if a man lives in celibacy, he lives in constant transgression. Up to that age, the Holy One (blessed be He!) waits for him to

enter into the state of matrimony, and curses his bones if he does not marry then." I do not suppose that Lord Tennyson had ever read this passage from the Mishnah, yet he says much the same—

"Alone," I said, "from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman; he that doth not lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his winged affections clipt with crime."

It is not, however, my object to dwell on the many dangers and disadvantages of a purely selfish or vicious celibacy. I am addressing those who mean, God willing, to enter on the married state, and who, even now, find in a true and pure love an antidote against temptation, and a bond of moral faithfulness to their future wives—a bond founded, not only upon chivalry, but upon the loftiest religious motives.

Are there, then, *none* who are about to marry, who, nevertheless, would do well to bear in mind the imperious monosyllabic dissuasion *Don't!* Yes, there are some, and it is important that on *them* this advice should be impressed.

1. If, for instance, a young man knows that he has *incapacitated* himself by the retributive consequences of past transgressions for a pure and healthy marriage, then, if he have indeed repented of unlawful deeds, he is bound to remember that he has forfeited the right to a hallowed union, and that it would be, on his part, a consummate baseness to entail on an innocent wife, and on innocent children yet unborn, the fearful Nemesis which is to him the brand of God upon forbidden indulgences. If, again, though he have himself been perfectly innocent, he knows that in his family there is the confirmed and hereditary taint of scrofula, of malformation, of idiocy, or of consumption, then he should feel that, by the voice of inevitable circumstances, God calls to him for a great self-renunciation. Let him not moan that the call is too hard upon him. God never withholds His immense compensations from those who, for His sake, give up father or mother, or wife or children. In proportion to the greatness of the self-sacrifice shall they receive the hundredfold reward. I knew one who had thus voluntarily given up. He was a saint of God, and if ever there was a man to whose sad heart the sweet companionship of a loving woman would have brought a boundless consolation for life's many troubles, it was he. But his father and his uncle had died by their own hands, and there had been other warning calamities in his family.

He feared that the taint of madness might, in due time, reveal itself in him also; though, for long years of manhood, nothing could have been more holy and useful than his life, and more sound than his intelligence. So he made his resolve that he would never marry; that it was better for society that his race should end with him. His surmise proved true. Had he married, the end might have been some terrible tragedy. He died, peaceful and happy, in an asylum which sheltered and secured him from the development of homicidal mania.

2. There is another hindrance to the lawfulness of marriage which ought never to be overlooked: it is hopeless poverty, or entire uncertainty of any continuous means of earning a livelihood. To marry like brute beasts which have no understanding, as is sometimes done by mere boys and girls in the slums, within half-a-crown of destitution, or with no more secure promise of maintenance than a chance job of a week or two, is mere revolting selfishness and animal degradation. These are the marriages which blight society with the prolific birth of a feeble, stunted, half-starved, vicious, and semi-idiotic offspring, to be the curse of a future generation. If a man has no sufficient means to maintain a wife and family, his marriage does but kick against the ordinance of his destiny. His selfishness will not only inevitably doom himself to grinding care and crushing anxiety, but he will drag down his wife and children into the pitiless abyss of hunger and misery. Be he clergyman or layman, the man who has no sufficient means on which to marry commits a crime against society if he marries on the chance of something "turning up." To such persons nothing ever does "turn up." They are like the old lady who felt sure that it was going to rain, but said "that she would trust to Providence to send her an umbrella."

3. But if in a man's own person or circumstances there be no such Divinely appointed hindrance, he is none the less bound to be careful in his choice of the partner of his life. The young man who chooses his bride from a family in which there is much consumption, or other fatal heredit, prepares for himself hereafter the misery of bereavement and the certainty of many blighted hopes. If a young man have any calmness of judgment, he will consider the extreme desirability that the mother of his children should be one whose health and strength and intelligence will leave them the lifelong legacy of a sound mind in a sound body. And here let no one say that these are cold-blooded calculations, which are swept away as with a flood by "falling in love." To fall in love wildly, inconsiderately, imprudently, hastily, with no control of sense, reason, or conscience, is to follow a blind and impetuous instinct, and to behave otherwise

than duty requires in the most solemn event of life. A young man may be suddenly taken by a pretty face, but if that be the sole qualification in his future wife, he may find too soon that "favour is deceitful, and beauty vain; but a prudent wife is from the Lord."

4. I should advise a young man to think twice before he marries an untidy girl. I have been a guest in houses where everything was revolting from this cause, and where one scarcely ventured to open a drawer in the guest-chamber for fear of what one might find in it. Certainly, in respect to a man's home, "cleanliness is next to godliness," and untidiness means squalor and waste. Few old friends will care to visit a man who has a slatternly wife, and children whose faces in consequence are not kept sweet and clean. A young lady once asked her lover to direct a letter for her. He did it so hastily that the direction was blotted and illegible. She blushed as he handed it back to her, and from that moment her affection for him began visibly to cool. The engagement never came off; and as he recounted the circumstance, he was magnanimous enough to observe that "she had been more than half right."

5. And most assuredly the young man who finally chooses his bride without having good reason to be sure that her *temper* is as a rule sweet and equable, is taking a rash step, and one which he may rue through many a bitter year.

Look you, the grey mare
Is ill to live with, when her whiny shrills
From tile to scullery, and her snail good-man
Shrinks in his arm-chair, while the fires of hell
Mix with his hearth.

This at least is the recorded experience of three thousand years. "It is better," says the wise king, "to dwell in the corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house;" and "the contentions of a wife are a continuous dropping." Petruccio was profoundly wise in taming his Shrew before he became her victim. Nor is there any real necessity for making a wrong choice by mistake. A young man is supremely foolish if he marries a girl about whom he knows little or nothing. The face may be some index, but it may unconsciously lead to very mistaken conclusions. If, however, a young man has made many opportunities of being in the society of his intended bride before he takes the irrevocable step of binding himself to her in a bond which cannot be dissolved, then he must be more than usually obtuse if, by her bearing to her father and mother, to her brothers and sisters, to her companions, to the old and to the young, he is not very well able to gauge her character. And if he sees that, though she may show herself in the best light to *him* individually, she reveals a strong undercurrent of selfishness in her character, I should

advise him to pause in time. I once knew an eminent person, who was in character a man of singular geniality and buoyancy of spirits, but who, for what reason I never could make out, married a hard, harsh, angular, unattractive wife. What the lady may have been to him I do not know, but certain it is that whereas before his marriage he had been surrounded by troops of friends, yet after his marriage hardly one of them, much as they continued to love and honour him, ever entered his house. His wife—whether from parsimony, or religion turned sour, or inherent “cussedness”—turned the cold shoulder on them, and if they called once they were never encouraged to call again. A wife without sympathy may cost a man the loss of all his friends.

6. If there be one *Phylloxera vastatrix* of wedded happiness more fatal in its ravages than another,—if there be one intruder into this vineyard which, more surely than any other, will cause its root to be as rottenness, and its blossom to go up as dust,—it is *intemperance*. I recall many a harrowing example of this curse and corruption—this heavy blow and sad discouragement—in wedded lives, which it has been my fate to witness. No more certain, no more absolute collapse of happiness can be even conceived. I recall one, of whose wife persons soon began to ask how her strange demeanour could be accounted for; why she was so often heavy and stupid and odd in her behaviour; why at other times she showed a sort of spurious hilarity? And the answer could not be long in coming;—she was by position a lady, but she drank. I recall the young man, exceptionally prosperous in his position, with all life stretching before him in apparent brightness, married to the shallow, showy, arrogant, domineering woman, with her dress and her extravagance, and her fashionableness of sham religion, and who—unable to control this domestic scourge—took to drinking his bottle of port wine every day at dinner. He sank lower and lower into debt, lost his clients, failed to pay the bills of his wine merchant, went downhill into shabbiness and disgrace, and so ruined himself, and bequeathed ruin to his children after him. I recall the man, respectable and diligent, who came to me weeping, to say that, at all costs, he must leave his home; at all costs he must turn his back on his country; at all costs he must separate from his wife, for she was slowly dragging him down into the abyss, and had again and again brought him into misery and confusion by selling for drink every stick of his furniture, and causing such scenes of violence and shame that, if they continued, he knew not what tragedy might come of them. I recall another—a fine stalwart man—who came to ask my advice as to what he should do, since his wife, in his necessary absence at work, pawned

for drink the very clothes and boots of his boys, so that it was impossible for them to go to school. To every young man I should say, “If you are a total abstainer, and if your future wife is a total abstainer from intoxicating drink, there is at any rate *one* sunken reef which has caused many a horrible shipwreck, from the peril of which the ship of your life will be kept free.”

II. I have spoken of the choice of a bride, let me now speak of marriage itself.

1. Even if the young man and his bride are free from egregious faults and dangerous tendencies, marriage may still become a failure and a misery if it leads to an autocratic tyranny either of wife or of husband; or to the worse alternative of an incessant clash and conflict of opposing wills. “You must take two *bears* with you into your home, my dear,” said a quaint old lady to her nephew, “if you want to be happy.” “Two *bears*?” he asked in astonishment. “Yes,” she said, “bear and forbear.” It was extremely wise advice. In marriage, where it is the true union of hearts, there still must be give and take; and each must be glad, many a time, to prefer what, in the abstract, he would like less, because it is the cherished wish of one dearer to him than himself. How well Milton puts it in the lines—

She as a veil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore,
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine waves her tendrils; which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, honest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.

Yes! but the fundamental “*subjection*” must often be suffered to become a happy dominance by the voluntary tenderness which seeketh not its own, and is not easily provoked.

2. Where there is found in well-assorted marriages this lowly wisdom of the self-sacrifice which love transmutes into delight, then marriage, which Christ Himself “adorned and beautified with His presence and first miracle which He wrought in Cana of Galilee,” becomes indeed a flower rescued from the Lost Paradise. It has been so in all ages; for it is an ordinance of God Himself, from the beginning, that “they twain shall be one flesh.” We know the pictures of Holy Writ. In the Old Testament we read of the happy homes of Abraham, of Isaac, of Boaz, of Jesse with his group of splendid sons. “Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing,” says Solomon. “Live joyfully,” says the Preacher, “with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of thy vanity.” “A good wife is a good portion,” says the son of Sirac: “she shall be given into the bosom of them that fear the Lord.” In the New Testament, perhaps a thousand years later, we read that

"marriage is honourable in all, and a bed undefiled."

3. Here again is the beautiful picture drawn by a Christian writer, Tertullian, in the third century. "How happy," he says, "is the marriage which Heaven approves! How shall I suffice to describe the felicity of that marriage which the Church unites, and the sacrament confirms, and the blessing seals; which angels make known, and the Father holds for valid! How blest the wedding of two of the faithful of one hope, one discipline, one service! Both are brethren, both fellow-servants. Together they pray; together they instruct, exhort, and uphold one another. They are alike in the Church of God, in the feasts of God, in straits, in persecutions, in consolations. Neither avoids the other; neither is stern to the other. Freely they visit the sick, they help the poor. Christ, seeing and hearing such things, rejoices. To them He sends His peace. Where the two are there is He, and there the Evil One is not." Truly such a marriage is "the queen of friendships," and "the nursery of heaven."

And to show that this is no mere ideal picture of the past, here is the testimony of a modern novelist, which I quote because it is full of beauty and wise suggestiveness:—

"He a gentleman; she a wifely wife, a motherly mother, and a lady. This, then, is a happy couple. Their life is full of purpose and industry, yet lightened by gaiety. There the Divine institution, marriage, takes its natural colours, and it is at once pleasant and good to catch such glimpses of Heaven's designs, and sad to think how often the great boon accorded by God to man and woman must have been abused ere it could have sunk to be the standing joke and butt of farce writers and the theme of weekly punsters.

"In this pair we see the wonders a male and a female may do for each other in the sweet bond of holy wedlock. In that blessed relation alone two interests are really one, and two hearts lie safe at anchor side by side.

They are friends—for they are man and wife;
They are lovers still—for they are man and wife;
They are one for ever—for they are man and wife.

"This wife brightens the house from kitchen to garret for her husband; this husband works like a king for his wife. They share all troubles, and by sharing halve them. They share all pleasures, and by sharing double them. They climb the hill together now; and when, by the inevitable law they begin to descend towards the dark valley, they will still go hand in hand, smiling so tenderly, and supporting each other with a care more lovely than when the arm was strong and the foot firm. What terrors has old age for this happy pair? It cannot make them ugly, for though the purple light of youth

recedes, a new kind of tranquil beauty—the aloe blossom of many years of innocence—comes to, and sits like a dove upon the aged faces, where goodness, sympathy, and intelligence have harboured long together; and where evil passions have flitted (for we are all human), but found no resting-place."¹

Such is a marriage begun in the high spirit of the prince who says to his bride—

My wife, my life! Oh, we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the wild
Which no man knows.

Certainly, then, we advise a young man to marry so it be a wise marriage, so it be a prudent marriage. Only let him enter upon this crisis of his life not "unadvisedly, lightly, and wantonly," but "discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God, duly considering the causes for which matrimony was ordained." It was ordained both for the foundation of happy homes, and the continuance of the life of men to other generations; and also "for the society, help, and comfort that one ought to have of the other both in prosperity and adversity." Then will marriage become the best of moral safeguards; the most urgent of generous inspirations to work and effort; the most precious solace amid the burdens, cares, and anxieties of life.

"My wife, my child," so sings the Chartist poet, Ernest Jones—

My wife, my child, come close to me;
The world we know is a stormy sea;
With your hands in mine, if your eyes but shine,
I care not how wild the storms may be.

For the fiercest wind that ever blew
Is nothing to me if I shelter you;
No warmth do I lack, for the howl at my back
Sings down to my heart, "Man hold and true!"

A pleasant sail, my child, my wife,
O'er a pleasant sea to many is life;
The wind blows warm, and they fear no storm,
And wherever they go kind friends are rife.

But, wife and child, the love, the love
That lifteth us to the saints above,
Could only have grown where storms have blown,
The truth and strength of the heart to prove.

Immensely different from the stormy life of Ernest Jones was the sunshine of fashionable society amid which Tom Moore lived; but if the former found the peace at home which was not possible to him in the midst of impassioned controversies, the latter when he too experienced that applause and popularity may turn to ashes, and that all which the world can give is thrice-doubled emptiness—found, in *his* home also, something better than the world could either give or take away. In the touching lines on his birthday—the best and truest that he ever wrote—when he confesses that if he

C. Reade, *Christie Johnstone*.

had it in his power to obliterate the past but little of it should stay, he adds that all should be erased—

All but that freedom of the mind
Which has been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships, in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And one dear home—one saving ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Shining within, when all was dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round.

To every young man, therefore, I would say again, that, if God gives him the grace of a pure

** * To our next issue DEAN FARRAR will contribute an article on "THE YOUNG MAN, MASTER OF HIMSELF." The January, February, and March numbers, containing DEAN FARRAR's articles on "THE YOUNG MAN IN THE HOME," "THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS," and "THE YOUNG MAN IN THE CHURCH," will be sent to any address on receipt of twelve stamps.*

"FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT."

CHATS AT THE CLUB.

NORBURY wondered what effect the prevalence of the Detective Story would have on young England. He said in real life his gorge rose at a detective, that as a matter of fact he would rather be a courageous criminal than the sneak who holmobbed with him, found out his secrets and then betrayed him, and he thought letting detectives play leading rôles in books for the young was only a degree less demoralising than making heroes of highwaymen.

Stanhope said Norbury was lacking in imagination, that detective stories were only parables in which intelligence laid force and violence by the heels.

Norbury said Vidocq, the French detective, always came before one in his own person as the type of the absolute criminal, pitiless, treacherous, base, yet it was that type of person that modern fiction selected for its great parts, and represented as well-bred, high-minded gentlemen.

We had been talking of the silver robbery, and Henley said that catching even a thief by strategy, and not by force of arms, somehow offended the natural man, and that led to the discussion. Norbury said no honourable man could be a detective. Stanhope asked what about Sherlock Holmes, and Norbury said Sherlock Holmes was merely a gentleman of legal mind, whose propensities for unravelling mysteries sometimes led him into positions of difficulty. He said it was not to be believed that Sherlock made his living by finding people out. Henley said if we would all wait a minute he would run and ask him.

Norbury said of all human creatures the most abominable was a sneak; that even sin itself lost a portion of its sinfulness if courageously committed. I observed that this struck me as highly immoral

and happy marriage, He gives him a very rose of Paradise. And when he has reverently plucked it, he will soon learn to say—

Hail, wedded love! mysterious law—true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men,
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother first were known.

Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;
Reigns here and revels.

talk, abominations being only more abominable for being bold.

Stanhope said human nature was a curious compound. Henley interrupted that Lavater had said honest men seldom care to pose as saints, but he added a moment later that Lavater did not know everything.

Norbury said it was curious that when a man did one thing well, rendered himself successful or it might be only conspicuous in one department, the world was always ready to attach some importance to his opinion in every other department, in which, as a matter of fact, he might be even less capable than the average human.

Henley observed that there might be a good deal of aptness in Norbury's observation, but for his part he was unable to detect it.

Norbury explained that because Lavater had drawn some interesting, if not always reliable conclusions in the matter of physiognomy, therefore Henley quoted him as if his opinion on matters of honesty carried assurance with them.

Henley then said he was not sure if Lavater had made the remark, or if it had been only ascribed to him, but he believed it to be true in any case.

Stanhope said it was difficult to know when certain men were honest, they were so curiously mixed. It seemed as if they had two individualities, and that Dr. Jekyll never failed to speak or write in a large-minded and noble way just when Mr. Hyde was about to perpetrate some act of astounding meanness.

Norbury said such a course bore a certain likeness to hypocrisy, which was common enough; but Stanhope said No, experience compelled him to distinguish between the two, that hypocrisy always

made its nobler manifestations publicly, whereas the curious amalgam of character he referred to did good things privately.

"For instance," he said, "I know two men, once men of good position, who at a later period of their life did time on the treadmill, and these men while committing the offences which subsequently led to their incarceration were privately conducting prayer-meetings in obscure parts of the city."

Henley observed, with some bitterness, that religion and its observances were trump cards which the most degraded type of ruffian always carried ostentatiously in his hand.

Stanhope argued that this generalisation hardly met the case he had in view, because the pious card had not been played ostentatiously. It seemed to him rather as if the men he referred to had some curious unconfessed idea of compounding with Deity, and offering Him so many good deeds to-day in lieu of liberty to perform so many frank rascalities on the morrow. "But the Lord declined the bargain," said Henley, with a laugh.

Stanhope said he supposed so, since the strong hand of the law had taken both offenders by the collar, but the instances remained before him as a curious illustration of—he could hardly say what—in human nature.

Norbury said he did not think the very worst men brought themselves within the grasp of the law, and that was why there seemed to be a reason left for Hades. Norbury wondered how far it was legitimate to take an evil-doer in his own toils, to hoist him with his own petard, and that brought us back to detective stories.

Stanhope said it was a curious thing that one never regarded a wrong against a Company with the same degree of aversion as a wrong against an individual. A Company seemed an impersonal, passionless entity that could not be wounded save in its finances, and thus in a contest between a Company and an individual one always leaned, other things being even partially equal, towards the side of the individual. He said he supposed the reason was that a united company was far stronger than any individual, and that therefore one's love of fair play pitied the weaker in the fight.

Norbury said we seemed to have circled over a good deal of ground, and to have asked a good many questions without decisively answering any of them, to which Henley rejoined that on the occasion when we were about to do anything else, he would be very glad if we would let him know, so that he could come early.

NORMAN FRENCH.

MANLINESS.

"Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. xxxii. 26.

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world,

Now each man to his post!

The red-cross banner is unfurled—

Who joins the glorious host?

He who, in fealty to the truth,

And counting all the cost,

Doth consecrate his generous youth—

He joins the noble host.

He who, no anger on his tongue,

Nor any idle boast,

Bears steadfast witness against wrong—

He joins the sacred host.

He who, with calm, undaunted will,

Ne'er counts the battle lost,

But, though defeated, battles still—

He joins the faithful host.

He who is ready for the Cross,

The cause despised loves most,

And shuns not pain or shame or loss—

He joins the martyr host.—LONGFELLOW.

THE best good in the world has always been done by personal service, and beyond all doubt poor men have been greater benefactors of the world than the wealthy. Run over the names of all the world's greatest benefactors, reformers, poets, artists, writers, philanthropists—scarcely one among them all has been rich. Were the apostles rich? What was the monetary value of St. Paul's cloak and parchments, which were all he had to leave? How much would anyone have given for the sheepskin coat of St. Anthony, or for the brown serge of St. Vincent de Paul? Was not that saintly poverty one secret of Luther's power? Wesley only possessed two silver spoons. Would he have done more, or as much, if he had had ten thousand a year? St. Edmund of Canterbury used to leave his money on the window-

sill for those to take who would; and often strewing it over with dust, he would exclaim, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." "Enough money to get to heaven with," said the dying Archbishop Warham, when his steward told him that he had about thirty pounds. Would the world have thought as much of him, if he, like so many worldly and vulgar-minded prelates, had enriched his family out of the revenues of the Church? "I have no time to get rich," said Faraday and Agassiz. The Charity of Giotto's picture gives corn and flowers, and receives from heaven a human heart; but she tramples on bags of gold. Most of the great heroes of antiquity also were poor. More to mankind is one page of the Bedford tinker than all the banks of the Rothschilds.—Dean Farrar.

TEACHERS AND TEACHING

A TALK WITH MR. T. J. MACNAMARA,

The New President of the National Union of Teachers.

DURING the past two years one of the most prominent of the many young men who are ever coming to the front has been Mr. T. J. Macnamara. He did splendid service at the London School Board election in 1894, and was well rewarded by receiving the highest number of votes ever recorded for a School Board candidate in London—48,255. Mr. Macnamara has been for nearly four years the editor of *The Schoolmaster*, the official organ of the National Union of Teachers. Of this Union he is President Elect, and will preside over the Annual Conference in the Dome at Brighton on Easter Monday. He is the youngest and perhaps the most brilliant member who has yet occupied that important chair. In view of possible Government action with respect to elementary schools, it is expected that the decisions of this Conference will have considerable effect. From 1200 to 1500 representatives from all parts of the country will be present.

Mr. Macnamara's father was a soldier who fought in the Crimea, and subsequently went to Canada, where young Macnamara was born at Montreal. Mr. Macnamara regrets that he was not born in Ireland as his father was, but he makes up for it by being a vehement Home Ruler. Being a soldier's son, constantly on the move, he did not get any regular education till he was about fourteen. He managed, however, to learn two famous books off by heart—*Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*—and he thinks they had considerable influence upon him. In 1871 his family settled in Exeter, and from that time onwards he was associated with School Boards as a teacher. From 1884 to 1892 he was head master of the Avon Vale Boys' School, Bristol, and there won for himself the name, "Our Bristol authority on Elementary Education." In 1892 the Editorial Council of three gentlemen who edited the *Schoolmaster* all died,—a very suggestive incident,—and Mr. Macnamara was appointed to fill the post.

The President Elect of the National Union of Teachers lives at Dulwich, and thither I wended my way to learn something about teachers and teaching. All round Mr. Macnamara's study are carefully labelled documents and pamphlets to which he easily refers to confirm his statements. He possesses a set of Blue Books on educational matters from 1839, and says as he points to the gloomy array, "That's what a man has to go through to be a specialist."

"What do you think of teaching as a profession?" I asked Mr. Macnamara.

"For women," he replied, "it is a very fair profes-

sion if they can fully qualify for it and obtain some of the better posts. But I would never advise a man to make his son a teacher. The market is terribly glutted. It is very difficult for a young teacher to become fully qualified—there are so many stumbling-blocks in the way with respect to examinations. And when teachers do become fully qualified the number of head masterships open to them is very few. For instance," said Mr. Macnamara, "under the London School Board we have 412 head masters of schools. But we also have 2249 assistant masters who are similarly certificated, and fully qualified to take charge of the biggest elementary school in the kingdom. But there are only from twelve to sixteen vacancies among the head masters in a year, and the result is that five out of six of these fully qualified assistant masters have to remain assistants all their lives."

In the very nature of things all masters cannot be head masters. But, unfortunately, the salaries of the assistant masters of the London School Board are based on the tacit assumption that such promotion is open to all. "The public look upon the assistant master," said Mr. Macnamara, "simply as a man progressing in his career and going on to future promotion, under which circumstances a fairly low salary might be accepted. And, as a matter of fact, the public are not yet prepared to pay assistant masters a salary sufficient for a man who occupies what is really a permanent post. If an assistant master's post opened up such a maximum salary as made it possible for him to get married and live with a certain amount of comfort, the matter would be all right; but it doesn't."

The maximum salary for an assistant master under the London Board is £155, and this maximum often represents twenty-seven years' work; but vigorous efforts are now being made to increase it to £175. This, surely, is not too much to ask when the qualifications of some of the men are remembered. "Many of the men," said Mr. Macnamara, "are very distinguished fellows; a vast number have taken very high distinctions at London and other Universities." He then turned to the official returns, and discovered that 5 are art masters; 59 hold the art teacher's certificate; 2200 hold the full drawing certificate. Then there are 5 M.A.'s; 36 B.A.'s; 2 B.Sc.'s; and hundreds of the men have passed the intermediate Arts and Science examinations. Among the women teachers, it might be added, 9 are L.L.A.'s.

One result of the low maximum for assistant masters is that their wives often take mistresses' places, and so keep out single women who

would otherwise be promoted. Mr. Macnamara gave me a rather grim example of the chances of promotion to head masterships. Under the London School Board there is one assistant master whose age is seventy-six! The salaries of head masters range from £150 to £350. It will be noticed that the commencing salary here is £5 less than the maximum for an assistant, and the result is sometimes "an Irishman's rise," as Mr. Macnamara calls it, for the assistant. Just now the London Board has to decide whether it shall reduce a new head master's salary to £150, or whether it would not be a little more dignified to let him start his head master-ship with his old maximum—£155! I understood, however, from Mr. Macnamara that it has so happened that a head master was getting £150 while his assistant was getting £155.

I then asked Mr. Macnamara why he considered teaching a "very fair" profession for women, but undesirable for men.

To this he replied, that though much the same difficulties presented themselves to women as to men, "there is the matrimonial market open to them, and that reduces the pressure pretty effectively. The fact that so many women leave the profession to get married enhances the prospects of the remaining teachers to an extent that does not apply in the case of the men. There is not the same stagnancy and block in promotion in their case. But I admit that all is not as could be desired even in the case of the women teachers."

"Will you tell me something about the National Union of Teachers of which you are President Elect?"

"Well, the Union was started in 1870, and now has 32,500 members—all certificated teachers. Ninety-four per cent. of our men teachers are members of the Union—a larger percentage of the workers than any other Union has of which I know. We have 450 local associations all over the country. There are

30,000 women teachers, but we have only 14,000 in the Union. I suggest," added Mr. Macnamara, with a smile, "that they may have other 'unions' in view. They are only sojourners in the profession, and they have not the strong professional feeling which men have."

"What are the aims of the Union?"

"It seeks to further the improvement and the rationalisation of our system of elementary education, endeavours to create a more robust public opinion in favour of education, and safeguards the professional status of the teacher. The Union has

effected splendid reforms in education. It has broken down the system of working the schools on the piece-work system. It has widened and liberalised the curriculum, and generally, during its twenty-five years' existence, has done a great deal more than people would imagine to raise the public estimation of the value of elementary education.

"The Union has a strong legal defence fund for the protection of its members, a fund administered very effectively. No teacher is taken up who has not a good case; but when he is taken up, we are prepared to spend the last shot in the locker on him. Then, in special cases, we pension teachers, and sometimes make

grants to those in distress. We also have two orphanages for the children of teachers, and we pay five shillings a week for the support of a large number of children who, when one parent survives, still continue at home."

The wonder is that during the Religious Education controversy, the teachers, who, one would think, are most concerned, have not been consulted. Mr. Macnamara's reply, when I asked him what the teachers thought of the controversy, probably gives the reason. He said—

"The teachers know very well that there is no practical religious difficulty. Any difficulty which exists is created for political and sectarian purposes.



MR. T. J. MACNAMARA.

[From a Photo by PROTHEROE, Bristol.]

There are 10,000 villages in England where you have only one school—and that a voluntary school. On paper it looks as if in these places you would have a very serious difficulty, seeing that you have Dissenting children taught the Catechism—or withdrawn under the Conscience Clause. But, as a matter of fact, the teachers with great discrimination and considerable fact, and knowing the limited capacity of children to imbibe dogmas, have practically reduced that difficulty to a minimum. I know plenty of Church schools attended by Dissenting children who are given religious instruction of which their parents entirely approve. On the other hand, I know plenty of Board schools attended by the children of most rigid Churchmen who thoroughly endorse the religious instruction given to them. If you were to poll the teachers to-morrow, you would find them indignant at the waste of time and the clouds of controversy which have impeded the educational work of the country."

Mr. Macnamara is very keenly alive to the injustices under which many of the teachers in the voluntary schools suffer.

"It is very desirable," he said, "that a teacher so long as he is doing good work in a school should be free from anxiety as to the tenure of his office. At the present moment, however, under voluntary school managers and the small rural School Boards, teachers are dismissed for the most extraordinary reasons—reasons which have nothing to do with their work as teachers. During the past few months we have had teachers dismissed for the following reasons: because of some disturbance in the choir; because the character of the musical service was not satisfactory; because the master was elected chairman of the Village Council and in that capacity had to call the vicar to order; because a man refused to make a false entry on the Government return at the suggestion of his vicar; because a teacher could not get on with the vicar's wife; and because the wife of a master would not buy her sugar at the shop of one of the school managers! In such cases as these there should be a court of appeal, and we intend to try and secure such an appeal when the Government propose to give more money to the schools."

Mr. Macnamara showed me a number of returns he had just received from rural schoolmasters stating the duties—entirely outside their school work—which were imposed upon them by the managers as a condition of their employment. They included playing the organ, training the choir, being superintendent of the Sunday school, or librarian or keeper of the penny bank, and generally speaking, being drudge to the vicar and parish. Said Mr. Macnamara, "I do not object to a man doing any of these things *if he likes*. But they should not be a condition of his appointment, because the money which maintains him is public money. And teachers are not trained to be organists, but State schoolmasters. We have no right to train men to be State

teachers and then to refuse them a post because they will not do work which has nothing to do with teaching. A teacher's leisure after school should be absolutely his own."

There are many ways in which the life of elementary schoolmasters might be improved. One is the establishment of a retiring pension scheme for aged teachers. The teachers are prepared for the most part to build up this scheme themselves out of their salaries, but as public servants they ask the State to make a small contribution. Mr. Macnamara told me that there were 551 teachers still at work over sixty years of age; 29 men and 22 women over seventy, and one woman aged seventy-eight!

It is a strange thing that such important work as teaching is, generally speaking, badly paid. I asked Mr. Macnamara how he accounted for it.

"Teaching," he answered, "has only been a profession during the past few years. Fifty years ago anybody was good enough for a teacher. If a man had lost an arm or a leg, had broken down in trade, or through drunkenness had become unfit for anything else, he turned to teaching. Not only so, but English novelists for the past fifty years have done a good deal to disparage the profession. Dickens did so wholesale, so did Thackeray; and to-day Besant, Quiller Couch, Kipling, and Baring Gould are doing the same. The only novelists I can call to mind who are generally sympathetic to teachers are Thomas Hardy and 'Ian Maclaren.' This attitude has tended to keep down the status of teachers. Besides, English people have no great sentiment in favour of education. But with an improved estimate of the value of education there is bound to come an improved treatment of the teacher. John Knox taught the Scotch people the value of education: 'Every scholar made,' he said, 'is an addition to the wealth of the community.'"

Of course when Mr. Macnamara became editor of *The Schoolmaster* he gave up his school work, and so will happily be saved from teaching when he reaches seventy-eight. I asked him, as a young man who has succeeded, what his advice would be to young men who want to make their mark in the world.

"I do not know," he replied, "whether I can be said to have succeeded. I cannot lay claim to any exceptional cleverness; but this I can say frankly—I am an indefatigably hard worker. Whatever I have tried to do I have done for all I have been worth. I have worked too hard, some of my friends say. What I should recommend a young man to do, is to make himself indispensable in his post. The only way to do that is to put your back into it for all you are worth. Let a man find out what he can do and then do it. I do not consider I did much worth talking about till I got married, and I married when I was twenty-six." (Mr. Macnamara

is now thirty-four.) "When I married, my aims seemed to be crystallised, and I should like to say that I attribute in a very considerable measure any success that I have achieved to my wife. But I hope all the young men won't rush off and get married on that account."

Not content with a thousand and one other sources of activity, Mr. Macnamara has seized upon the moment of public interest in the Education Question to issue a book of sketches of schoolmaster life. The stories are designed to draw attention to the difficulties of the work of elementary teaching, especially in the rural districts and the very poor urban localities. Every incident utilised, he tells us, has actually occurred. All the reviews speak of

the book as powerfully and vividly written. It is published by Messrs. Cassell at half a crown.

Mr. Macnamara has from twenty-five to fifty letters daily in connection with his School Board work, his journalistic work, and other matters. He answers these simply by pencilling two syllables in the corner, and then hands them over to his wife, who expands them, typewrites them, and sends them off, thus leaving Mr. Macnamara more time for other work. He is a constant contributor to the monthly reviews and the London and provincial papers. Besides this, he edits two weeklies and one monthly. This, however, does not satisfy him, and he still hopes to get into Parliament, where the teachers already have two representatives. P.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IN the retrospect of ninety years there is a pathetic mixture of gratitude for ample opportunities and humiliation for insignificant performances. The habitual pressure of the latter is the only cloud that overhangs my declining path. My friends—as if they caught sight of the shadow and understood it—try to assure me, as they gather around me at the close of my last decade, that the labour of so many seasons has not been all in vain. If to some few souls the meaning of life has indeed become clearer, its possibilities nobler, its sanctities deeper, its immortality surer through the simple report of my own experience, I thank the Father of Lights for thus joining me in love, be it only to two or three brethren in spirit and children of His.—*Dr. James Martineau.*

I HAVE been so long accustomed to constitute my reason my sole judge of truth, that even while reason itself tells me it is not unreasonable to expect that the heart and will should be required

to join with reason in seeking God (for religion is for the *whole* man), I am too jealous of my reason to exercise my will in the direction of my most heartfelt desires. . . . Even the simplest act of will in regard to religion has not been performed by me for at least a quarter of a century, simply because it has seemed impossible to pray, as it were, hypothetically; that much as I have always desired to be able to pray, I cannot will the attempt. . . . The nature of man without God is thoroughly miserable. . . . Some men are not conscious of the cause of this misery—this, however, does not prevent the fact of their being miserable. . . . I know from experience the intellectual distractions of scientific research, philosophical speculation, and artistic pleasures, but am also well aware that even when all are taken together and well sweetened to taste . . . the whole concoction is but as high confectionery to a starving man.—*Prof. George J. Romanes.*

So far as my observation has gone in the study of industrial conflicts, I have found a rather higher order of intelligence and a rather better feeling and finer spirit of reasonableness among the workmen than among the capitalists. There are plenty of exceptions, and I should not like to be guilty of a sweeping and extravagant generalisation.—*Albert Shaw.*

OH do not let the sluggish, turbid current of your ordinary days seem to you that which truly represents to you what you are, what you are able to be! No, the time when you made the holiest resolutions, when you struggled most with the powers of evil, when Love conquered you and freed you from other chains that you might wear her chains, *that*, that was the true index to the Divine purpose concerning you; that tells you what the Spirit of God is every hour working in you that you may be.—*F. D. Maurice.*

WHEN Christ said, "Take no thought of the morrow," what did He mean? He did not dissuade from prudence, He did not dissuade against providence; what He meant, and what He said, was this: "Look at the bird which builds its nest, and does not think of the time when the nest will not be needed; look at the lily how it grows, it never thinks of the time when it will be plucked from its stalk, and taken into some home to adorn and beautify a room for man; each, as it were, lives in its present moment, and by doing the duty of the moment is prepared against the trouble of to-morrow. So the man who, in the time in which he lives, does the duty of the day at the inspiration of the hour, for the obligation of the moment, thinks not of the evil of to-morrow, for while to-day is his, to-morrow is God's; leaving to God to-morrow he does what is his, the duty of the day, the inspiration of the hour."—*Dr. Fairbairn.*

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

BY WILLIAM J. LACEY.

IV.—THE ABERRATION OF PASTOR GLAD.

BEYOND Brasiers Row and deeper in the bosom of the hills is a secluded place with the significant name of Witchburn Common. Certain maps have a gloss, and print "Wychbourne." Therein is shown the potency of perseverance, and the pity that some men are not sluggards. Maltster Howard, whose tablet was in Silover "Turret" chapel, had crossed from this southling slope of Red-Lap Down when neither worldling nor conscious Puritan, but only a boy in a smock. He left behind a brother who rose to dignity and ruled the neighbours' rates, and with narrow views and strenuous temper tried to wipe out the old stigma. At last patience snapped her prey.

A man with a theodolite held a pencil poised and waited.

"What is the true spelling of your—aw!—Sleepy Hollow?" he asked.

The yawn was his destruction. He missed the upleap of cunning in the overseer's eyes. The letters came as if snipped from a roll—

"W-y-e-h, Wych, b-o-u-n-e, bourne; Wych-bourne; they'm corrupt hereabouts. That's from the parish books for fifteen year past."

As Mortimer Howard had kept them twenty, he best knew the poverty of the proof. But the cadet of the Survey nodded with fledgling superiority and went his ways, and by and by maps were a joy in the old flint house next the Gate Meeting-Room.

It was the one assured glimpse of victory. For the rest, tradition was greater than even a meddling and masterful overseer; and that witches of the Chilterns had parleyed here with fire, and at no necromancer's choice, was told by fathers to sons and by mothers to daughters in unbroken succession since the cruel thing befell. The men of the Common were not concerned for their ancestors' honour. A law was in the Book and it had been obeyed, and if others read differently, it was, after all, a matter of opinion. There might even be found those who held the old ways wiser. Such brooding thinkers said apart that it was hard to see how Pastor Glad's trouble came unless forbidden spells were woven. On the other hand, a minister should have been of all men least susceptible.

But John Glad was not as former preachers from the Turret whose fame had reached the foot of Red Lap. They were middle-aged exhorters who alternately bored and bullied the unregenerate. He did neither, and he was quite a young man, and the hearts of many in the church were subject to

searchings for the wonder of the vote that made him shepherd and teacher. It was pleasant to listen to a voice with strange music, and to watch a face that fired at Hebrew poetry. But having unexpectedly found that such delights can exist, it was needful to suspect their source. Was it not a perversion of the true Sabbath spirit? The walls of the Turret chapel were drab, and drab was the colour of many coats that frequented it, and drab was the prevailing hue of thought.

"We've gotten a main clever young college chap," said Master Wisdom, propping his poor old bobbing head on his stick, "an' it allus minds me o' when I led the singing afore they put the singers' gallery acrost. There was Job Twenlow; he was great-uncle to Joan Hebbing, and took a whistle-thing round country, gathering at fairs, when all the Silover kettles were sound; he did tinkering mostly. Job had a lead, and his bass was lovely, and he knew it, and he wasn't a humble man, though he was let up t' gallery in Passon Whep-perill's time. I shall make it clear bym-by as he was noways a humble man. We allus sung t' hymn that time o' day verse alter verse, an' old Zackery Martins mostly gave 'em out. Zoon as we was off it 'ud be Job for-horse, pullin' awaay, and people gaapin' for to hear tinker's bass. But I cured 'em one day—I cured 'em. We were started on old Doctor Watts' common metre—

Long have I sat beneath the sound,

and we were down in t' second verse; you'll mind it—

Oft I frequent Thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain.

'Twas that as stirred me. I upped wi' the book there and banged her on the pew-board, and never looked at poor old Passon in t' pulpit. But I sung out bold acrost 'em all: 'It's nary a bit o' use making melody wi' t' lips when t' words baint in either your heads or your hearts. You'm all yowkin ahter Job Twenlow, an' I'd have him know as God's house isn't a con-cert.' Them was my words, brethren. My! wasn't Job white? I thought he would ha' gripped me. That's what I say; he wasn't a humble man. He wouldn't axe my parding, so o' course he wouldn't come again—a' went to church an' wore a surplus."

"And how's it fit Passon Glad's case?" mildly asked Rupert Dayle, the Brick Causeway tailor.

The veteran had to wait until the reverberations of his merriment at the discomfited tinker slowly ceased in his shrunken chest.

"Why, 'tis the voice nowadays and not the maiter as I'm afeered taikes our people," he said, and fell to the racking cough of age.

"Ay, I've my doubts sometimes," said Amos Bounderley, who had listened to an old story. "It was my neighbour, George Alloway, who had most to do with our minister's coming amongst us, and I mind well that he dangled 'elocation' up and down in his talk like a wisp o' clover hay before a horse's nose; and once Enoch Martins broke the thread, like, 'Talk more o' grace, brother, and less o' creature graces,' he said. And quite right he were, too. It was George Alloway who had chief hand in the invitation."

Then he added, as a deacon's afterthought—

"I mean as far as it was man-ordered."

This was how Silover tempered its praise with hesitancy, and at Witchburn Common the dread of heterodoxy in fine words was greater. The connection between the town in the valley and the straggling parish that breasted Red Lap on three sides had two strands, trade and the "Turret" preaching. Silover shops considerably put up old stock for Witchburn wants, and using "novelty" tickets saved the villagers' pride while checking rash experiments. And Maltster Howard had, in his lifetime, remembered his own birthplace and his brother's monopoly, and built the Gate Meeting-Room, and in the testament that lodged the Turret ministers in Love Lane he put a hard and fast condition. Four times a year, in the week that opened each calendar quarter, the preacher who drew the stipend and rested under the roof-tree of the gift house was to conduct service with all form and reverence, himself and none other, except for lawful cause shown to his church, in the Meeting-Room at Witchburn. It was always to be at two of the clock, and never on the Sabbath day. Silover saints had first claim then, and Maltster Howard had never known a lack of brethren ready to court weariness rather than restrain eloquence.

The men "on the plan" walked, for driving meant a stable fee, and as for the Sunday bicycle it was anathema. But John Glad on his stated visits usually rode, borrowing a horse oftenest at Shagge's Mill, and his fame was great with the ribald for huddling his long sinuous form into the saddle, and sitting there up hill, down dale, as no timorous beginner at hound's heels ever did or could.

"It's more by luck than judgment that he doesn't come off," said Ebenezer Ford once, chatting at the lane head and watching the spectacle.

"No; it's a Calvinist's obstinacy," corrected Dr. Smallpiece, laughing.

On a freezing January day, in weather that had made all men winter-weary, Pastor Glad pushed through the rampart of the downs, and did it at first unwillingly, and then to his perpetual rejoicing. He had tried to escape, chancing upon the Witch-

burn Common overseer in Church Place, and thinking he could send a restraining notice.

"Oh, Brother Howard, this is fortunate," he said.

"I wanted to see you about postponing the Wednesday meeting. These hyperborean winds set everybody at the fireside. We'll have no hearers. It's 'a just and good excuse' which I'll put to my people for form's sake next Sabbath. We can take the service later on."

A heavy-shouldered, fleshy man stood and listened, and stiffness was in his knee-joints and in his prejudices. He was old, and despots seldom mellow. Black frost plucked at him, but the fingers through the rusty mittens tingled to their tips with the sense of power.

"No, you won't, passon," he answered tartly. "My poor brother Ganis meant that clause for such a mayhap as a main cruel illness or accident, like colery in the stomach or a broken leg. He wouldn't hold wi' passons being scared at a few snowflakes. You're to come."

There was colour on the minister's cheek, but meekness was his law. Moreover, he could forecast a humorous situation, and it helped him. Light filtered into his troubled eyes. He responded almost gaily.

"Very well, then, Brother Howard. I'll be there as usual, if the roads are to be pierced at all, by Wednesday. You shan't miss the New Year's sermon, and if it's a congregation of one you'll remember to bear with me for being personal."

The weather hardly worsened, as John Glad apprehended, but neither did it improve. The most awkward part of his journey was at the remote end of Brasiers Row, and where Mortimer Howard's overseership began. It was there that a sudden sick tremor shook him, and nearly justified those who said he would finish these rides with catastrophe. But he quivered at sight of a red stuff dress on the inner ridge that Silover foot-passengers mostly used. His grieved thought found utterance without his choice or knowledge.

"The road to Frick Station—and London!" he cried. "It has been in vain. I ought not to have yielded."

But wary work on a surface like a glacier had made him late already, and there was Mortimer Howard to reckon with. It was forbidden to draw rein and wait, even if he could have conceived that the slightest profit would fall out through the manoeuvre. Nevertheless, the minister's heart ached as he watched the moving speck of colour, and the bitter taste of defeat was in his mouth.

There was three to the service, the victor over map-maker or parson indifferently, and two women. They sat at far points, and between them was a vast triangle of space and empty forms. The man of authority was in broadcloth of innumerable creases. He obviously hugged his triumph, and settled himself in the cushions of the corner pew to enjoy

repose, as he who has well dined may. At the women he nodded blandly as they entered, and each knew that a magnified share was sure at the next parish almsgiving.

The reading was long, and the heat of the choked stove was fierce. Ventilation did not exist, and the close atmosphere was soporific. First one drooping bonnet and then its comrade caught John Glad's eye, and next his ears were saluted at the nearer distance by an unmistakable snore. A strange complex impulse seized upon the minister, a vicarious panic and a simple human yearning, and—playing their parts as distinctly in the issue—contempt for this mumery and mockery, and a spice of lingering boyish mischief.

His decision was taken. He lowered his tones gradually, with art and instinctive caution, and finally stopped. No one of the sleepers stirred. With the stealthy step of the fugitive, John Glad left his desk and crossed to the door and opened it. The keen air smote his temples, and in his eyes was the after-glow of comedy.

Perhaps in five minutes, perhaps in ten, the woman who sat side-face to a window roused. Her shame was trifling, but her bewilderment was great. There was a run upon her story subsequently, and repetition developed metaphor.

"I looked along, an' Overseer Howard was as sound as a top," she said; "an' as for Jane Padge, she might ha' taken poppy mixture. But t' passon he were gone, and I could ha' declared to jury as a minute afore he were buzzing like a bee in Isaiah—'Comfort ye.' And then happened as I peeped out o' windy, and there he were up t' Knap hand-post talking as close as own cousins to a stranger girl. They went over t' dip at Bellamy's wood-stack, and I dropped a big hymn-book a-purpose, an' that wakened t' overseer, and there we was like three precious ninnies. But reckon t' overseer 'll have it out wi' passon or my name isn't Alice Hickaway."

To this there was a supplement from a stick-gatherer in the lanes, and she deposed how the two went round by the shoulder of Red Lap towards Brasiers Row, and how the girl or woman parted there with Pastor Glad, and how he was shortly joined by Asaph Dagnal, and went to and fro with the rope-spinner a long while. All of which was strange and disturbing, and suggested a coming crisis in the history of Silover Turret chapel.

The scandalmongers would have been surer yet of a black secret at the bottom of the minister's aberration if they could have ridden behind him into Love Lane, and have seen him tramp his room instead of burrowing into books, and at last unlock a cupboard and count out twenty golden sovereigns; and if they had heard him say—

"I think I can trust Dagnal. He shall have the money little by little. I could not use it else. Is it a conscience-salve? Well, so it must be."

The storm rumbled a fortnight, Mortimer Howard

sedulously brewing the thunder, and every Witchburn-Common gossip having his or her ominous say at the first Silover ears that offered. John Glad went dreaming on, harassed by secret anxieties, but not at all noting that his people were colder and more distant, and mostly with a question upon each moody face. Then one night a deputation came, and the minister was sore beset.

There were Enoch Martins and Amos Bounderley, deacons both as their fathers had been before them, and there was George Alloway, who might have been a deacon also, if he had chosen to forget the sadness of a missing child and the shadow of a shame. The Drapery Stores were his on the Dalesbury Road, and he had influence and a deep purse and a name for piety. But none could persuade him to bear office.

"I am pleased to see you, brethren," said Pastor Glad in his innocence. "What is your request? Or—you have something to tell me?"

He checked himself with a subtle change in his voice. When put to it the minister had shrewdness and penetration, and the touch of the three right hands was chilling.

Enoch Martins coughed. He was spokesman and somehow disliked his post.

"It's like this, sir," he said. "We don't want to complain or to think what isn't in charity. But we've t' church to look to, and there are rumours bandying from one to another. So we've come to the fountain-head."

"I don't think I quite understand. Is it my preaching?"

"No, it's because you didn't preach—unless it was to Asaph Dagnal and the stranger woman." And Enoch chuckled grimly in his throat.

John Glad's eyes returned from the cupboard, whither they had furtively wandered as if the solution might be there. They began to glow.

"Ah!" he said. "That is a ray of light. But Mortimer Howard should bethink himself that a chief pew is not a parlour. Yet I was grateful to him; I have been grateful ever since. I know that must sound very strange to you, brethren. It is true. But I will explain to one of you—shall I say to Mr. Alloway?"

"We are together, sir; I think it will be best to stay together," said the draper quietly. Yet there were chords that shook at his heart under some curious appeal or challenge in the minister's gaze.

There was a minute's silence and hesitation. Then Pastor Glad looked again at his man, and searchingly, and with a dreamer's soul-vision.

"Very well," he said. "Then I will put a case to you, and you shall be judges. There is no other way so simple. I know a girl, and I know, or used to know, her father also. Now follow me, and suppose a few quite ordinary things. The girl has erred, how or to what extent it is not needful to inquire. But she has left home, and sorrow is in

many hearts. In her own heart, as I would wish and hope, not least. And the years go on, and the girl does not prosper. Perhaps you say, How could she? But there are sinners who do not soon know the keen tooth of want; they need not. This girl does; and I like her for it. In a winter storm I find her shivering—wanting a peep at old faces—at one face—before she lies down somewhere, anywhere to die. I reason with her. ‘Go home: put it to the test,’ I say. I can make no impression. Hope is so sore stricken. But this I do: I exact a promise to stay near by and think it over, and perhaps, perhaps, let me plead. The next day I see the promise breaking. The girl is walking to Frick—to London. I can stop her while Mortimer Howard sleeps, and perhaps secure a changed mood, a refuge with the honest people where Dagnal lodges

—at least delay; or the service may drone on, and everything be lost. What would you do, brethren?”

It was George Alloway who answered, and his face was wet.

“I would save her; oh yes, I would save her!” he cried. “It is my Nell! Let me go to her—at Brasiers Row, you say?”

“Yes, it is your dear Nell—save her,” said the minister, with a great relief and content.

The three men stumbled into the darkness of Love Lane side by side, and silent. That curious peace was John’s Glad’s vindication.

But when his room was empty his smile slowly faded. He got up and moved in heaviness of soul to his cupboard and opened a thin, square parcel. How little those men knew! Here was his temptation.

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: KINGSLEY’S “ALTON LOCKE.”

I HAVE chosen *Alton Locke* as the book for this month as an introduction rather to the study of Kingsley the Christian Socialist and Social Reformer than of Kingsley the Novelist. Kingsley in his time played many parts: he was parson, sportsman, poet, professor, novelist, and social reformer. But for the moment it is with the social reformer alone that we are concerned; and for our present purpose, both *Alton Locke* and *Yeast* may be regarded as the somewhat bulky pamphlets of an ardent social agitator. And certainly whatever the critic may have to say of them,¹ they are as effective and magnificent a bit of pamphleteering as ever came from the pen of man.

The special period of Kingsley’s life to which *Alton Locke* belongs may be set down roughly as 1848–55. One fact concerning that period must not be forgotten; it lies behind all the social unrest of those eventful years; it is at once the explanation and the justification of the movement that Kingsley did so much to initiate—I mean the awful, unspeakable wretchedness of vast multitudes of the English

people. I am not sure that it is possible to exaggerate it; I am sure that no words of mine can adequately picture it. Evidence, contemporary evidence, is overwhelming, and comes to us from every quarter. Read the judgment of an intelligent foreigner like Frederick Engels in his *Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844*,² or the articles on “London Labour and the London Poor” published by the *Morning Chronicle*, that did so much to sting and startle the great city out of its criminal indifference. Listen to Thomas Cooper telling us of miserable Leicester stockingers toiling a whole week through for four and sixpence, or to Lord Shaftesbury revealing a white slavery in factory and mine horrible as any *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* ever told of. Read Carlyle’s *Past and Present*, written when the prophet’s heart was hot within him as he thought of the thousands in prosperous England able to work, willing to work, pleading to be allowed to work, and yet with no work to do. Or go back once more to *Yeast*, and its revelations of almost incredible brutality and degradation among the agricultural poor, and to *Alton Locke* and the reek and stench of the sweaters’ den—read all this, I say, read a tenth part of this, and the wonder is, not that we had Chartist riots on the one hand and Christian Socialists on the other, but that red-handed revolution did not shake the whole fabric of society to its base.

Nor was this physical wretchedness the only dangerous element in the situation. There were multitudes among the working classes, and this is especially true of those who took part in the Chartist agitation, who felt that they had been duped.

¹ The student should turn to Carlyle’s notable letter on the subject: “Everywhere a certain wild intensity. . . . At the same time the book is definable as *crude*. . . . A fervid creation still left half chaotic. . . . ‘Saunders Mackaye’ is nearly perfect. . . . the whole existence of the rugged old hero a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scottish bravura. . . . That is my literary verdict, both the black of it and the white” (*Life and Letters*, by Mrs. Kingsley, vol. i. p. 191). With this judgment agrees Professor Saintsbury in his *Nineteenth Century Literature* (just issued): “A little crude, immature, and violent, but of wonderful power and beauty as literature” (p. 326). Any careful reader will detect in *Alton Locke* abundant signs of the haste with which it was written. Once or twice the grammar is decidedly shaky, there are several misspellings, and in one place the last book of the Bible is spoken of as “The Revelations” (!).

² Social Science Series, 3s. 6d. (Sonnenschein’s).

When the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed into law, many of those who still remained without any political rights—for the Reform Bill, it should be remembered, was essentially a middle-class measure—consented to waive for the moment their own claims, on the distinct understanding (so at least they believed) that in a few years their turn would come, and the work of political enfranchisement be completed. But as the years passed, and it became increasingly evident that nothing further was to be done, anger and disappointment found vent in the demand for the “five points” of the Charter, and in the riots and bloodshed which sometimes unhappily followed. And then still further—and perhaps this was the gravest fact of all—amid all this misery and unrest and disaffection, well-to-do England was sleeping the sleep of the self-satisfied and contented. A few warning voices were raised; but for the most part men knew not, they cared not. The conclusions of the orthodox political economy of the day, with its doctrine of “competition and devil take the hindmost,” were accepted, *i.e.* by those to whom they were acceptable, as unquestioningly as if they had been the laws of God spoken amid the thunders of Sinai.¹ Writing in 1844, Engels comments with natural amazement on the “miracle” “that the English have as yet no single book upon the condition of their workers.”

Unmistakably the fuel was there; a spark, and the whole country must have been in a blaze. Once, at the time of the Chartist agitation, men thought the spark had fallen. But the movement was badly managed and quickly crushed. Then came the fateful year of 1848, with revolution shaking a hundred thrones and toppling hoary institutions to the ground all over Europe. Some tremor of the universal movement reached our own shore. Riots broke out in London and many of the large provincial towns. The metropolis itself was in a state of panic. The Duke of Wellington was summoned to the defence of the city, and set about the task with all the seriousness with which he might have undertaken a second Waterloo. But the danger quickly passed, and on Kennington Common, on the famous tenth of April, Chartism died by its own foolish hand. There was the end of Chartism; but a few there were who saw that other things besides Chartism would soon have an end unless men bestirred themselves to make a new beginning; and no one saw it more clearly or said it more plainly than Charles Kingsley, the young Eversley parson.

Kingsley was at this time about thirty years of age. He had watched with the keenest interest the rise and fall of the Chartist movement. At last he could be passive no longer. To his friend Ludlow he wrote: “You say, ‘he that believeth will not make haste,’ but I think he that believeth *must* make haste or get damned with the rest.” Joining F. D.

Maurice in London, his first act was the publication of a placard addressed to the workmen of England.² Then began the famous letters signed “Parson Lot,” pamphlets and articles innumerable, the best known of which, “Cheap Clothes and Nasty,” is prefixed to most editions of *Alton Locke*. *Yeast* appeared in 1848 (“it was written with his heart’s blood,” says Mrs. Kingsley), *Alton Locke* in 1850. Where detailed narrative is obviously impossible two little incidents must suffice to show the spirit in which Kingsley played his part. This is Mr. Thomas Hughes’s account of a public meeting convened by the leaders of the Chartists and Christian Socialists respectively:—

After the President’s address several very bitter speeches followed, and a vehement attack was specially directed against the Church and the clergy. The meeting waxed warm, and seemed likely to come to no good, when Kingsley rose, folded his arms across his chest, threw his head back, and began,—with the stammer which always came at first when he was much moved, but which fixed everyone’s attention at once,—“I am a Church of England parson”—a long pause—“and a Chartist”; and then he went on to explain how far he thought them right in their claim for a reform of Parliament; how deeply he sympathised with their sense of the injustice of the law as it affected them; how ready he was to help in all ways to get these things set right; and then to denounce their method in very much the same terms as I have already quoted in his letters to the Chartists.

The other incident to which I refer—the “scene” in a London church when Kingsley preached his famous sermon on “The Message of the Church to the Labouring Man”—is too well known to need repetition, but a brief extract from the sermon is worth reprinting:—

I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is to preach and practise liberty, equality, and brotherhood in the fullest, deepest, widest, simplest meaning of these great words; that, in as far as he so does, he is a true priest, doing his Lord’s will, and with his Lord’s blessing on him. . . .

All systems of society which favour the accumulation of capital in a few hands, which oust the masses from the ground which their forefathers possessed of old, which reduce them to the level of serfs and day-labourers living on wages and on alms, which crush them down with debt, or in any way degrade and enslave them, or deny them a permanent state in the commonwealth, are contrary to the kingdom of God which Jesus proclaimed.

Plain speaking of this sort soon raised a hornet’s nest about Kingsley’s ears, and he found himself attacked on all sides. But though he keenly resented the unjust aspersions that not unfrequently were cast upon him, he was too strong and sane a man to whine and whimper if those at whom he struck sometimes struck back again. On the contrary, he was “ever a fighter.”

It seems to me (he wrote in 1851) that in such a time as this the only way to fight against the devil is to attack

¹ See *Alton Locke*, p. 80.

² It is too long for insertion here, but may be read in the *Life*, i. 117.

him. He has got it too much his own way to meddle with us if we don't meddle with him. But the very devil has feelings, and if you prick him will roar, . . . whereby you, at all events, gain the not every-day-of-the-week-to-be-attained benefit of finding out where he is. Unless, indeed, as I suspect, the old rascal plays ventriloquist (as big grass-hoppers do when you chase them), and puts you on a wrong scent, by crying "Fire!" out of saints' windows. Still, the odds are if you prick lustily enough you make him roar unawares.

And what were Kingsley and his associates fighting for? What was the aim of their movement, and what its results? Their aim may be summed up briefly thus. They had no objection to the Charter except that it did not go far enough: "It disappointed me bitterly when I read it," said Kingsley. "It seemed a harmless cry enough, but a poor bald constitution-mongering cry as ever I heard." It completely overlooked the fact that what was needed most of all was not so much legislative reform as (1) self-reform, and (2) social reform. As to the first, Kingsley told the Chartists pointedly enough: "I don't deny, my friends, it is much cheaper and pleasanter to be reformed by the devil than by God; for God will only reform society on the condition of our reforming every man his own self, while the devil is quite ready to help us to mend the laws and the Parliament, earth and heaven, without ever starting such an impertinent and 'personal' request as that a man should mend himself." And as for the second point—social reform—the goal to be aimed at was associated labour or co-operative production. The idea of "a brotherhood of workers controlling the organization, and retaining the profits of their own labour," in the form that it took among the Christian Socialists, was largely borrowed from France, and some dozen working men's associations were established through their efforts on this basis.¹

Of the results of the movement, again, I can only speak with the utmost brevity. From one point of view it failed swiftly and signally. "The demons of internal discord and external rivalry" soon did their worst, and "within a few years all the London and south country associations of producers, promoted or aided by the Christian Socialists, had either dissolved without trace or degenerated into the profit-making undertakings of small masters."² Nevertheless, the movement did its work. It drew attention to the condition of the suffering poor, and made audible a cry that from that day to this has never in England been made unheard—the cry of Lazarus in the ear of Dives. It gave a mighty impetus to the great co-operative movement which, associated with the names of Robert Owen and the Rochdale pioneers, was then only in its infancy. Of the growth of that movement since, and of the great possibilities that still lie within it,

I cannot now speak. Kingsley's own faith never for a moment wavered: "The proper impulse has been given," he wrote; "wait a little longer." I know how far short the actual co-operation of to-day falls of the ideal co-operation of some of the founders of the movement. I know with what jealous eyes it is regarded by many, and I know, too, that he is only a quack who pretends that any one remedy will cure all the many and deep-seated ills of our social system. Nevertheless, when I remember the great and splendid results which in a comparatively few years have been attained, I share with many the sanguine hope that in this *direction* at least lies infinite promise for a better and happier state of things in the days that are to come.

And, lastly, the Christian Socialists once again emphasized what social reformers of every sort are always forgetting and always needing to be reminded of, that social reform without self-reform is a delusion and a snare. "For my part," says Kingsley, speaking through the lips of his tailor-poet, "I seem to have learned that the only thing to regenerate the world is not more of any system, good or bad, but simply more of the Spirit of God." Now, that is not cant; no sincerer man than Kingsley ever breathed. Neither was he an ignorant fool; he knew—no man better—how much character is influenced by environment. But he also knew that it is man's selfishness, man's sin, that is at the root of all our evils; and that until you strike at that, iniquity will continue to put forth its spreading branches and bear its evil fruit. And therefore, said Kingsley—as his great Master had said so often before him—the great problem, the problem which it concerns every man of us to take in hand and get solved for himself is just this—*Myself*.

Note.—It may perhaps be well to point out in order to prevent possible confusion that the Christian Socialists of Kingsley's day must not be confounded with an existing organization which often goes by the same name. The most thoroughgoing of the "Christian Socialists" of to-day are represented by "The Guild of St. Matthew," many of the members of which are clergymen of the Church of England, the two best known being Professor Shuttleworth and Mr. Stewart Headlam. But the aims of this organization differ widely from those of Kingsley and Maurice, and it is a significant fact that none of the promoters of the earlier movement have associated themselves with this later development. The Christian Socialists of 1848-55 sought to establish co-operation, but on purely voluntary principles; they resented any idea of State interference, and assuredly never dreamed of attacking the institution of private property. The later Christian Socialists, on the other hand, are all for State intervention, and claim to have succeeded—notwithstanding the sneers of Mr. Belfort Bax, who tells them roundly enough that in the degree they are Christian they are not Socialist, and in the degree they are Socialist they are not Christian—in combining the teachings of Karl Marx and the New Testament.

¹ *The Co-operative Movement in Great Britain*, by Miss Potter (Mrs. Sidney Webb), p. 118 (Social Science Series, 2s. 6d.).

² *Ib.* p. 124.

* * * The book for May will be Dale's *Living Christ and the Four Gospels* (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.).

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

BY W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

R. L. M. (Birkenhead), who desires some information and a criticism on Cromwell, touches a very old theme, but one which is of perpetual interest, and especially to youth. There is no figure in English history so suggestive as this "Titan, over whom has swept the slander of three centuries": and there is no biographic study of more importance to a youth, because the moral influences of Cromwell's life are so enormous. To enumerate all the books written on Cromwell would fill a page, but there are three that stand out as of supreme excellence. These are Carlyle's *Cromwell*, Mr. J. Allanson Picton's *Life*, and Mr. Frederic Harrison's brief history of Cromwell as Protector. Nothing says so much for the real greatness of Carlyle's historical genius as this fact, that since the publication of his famous book, no one has been able to set aside his verdict in any substantial degree, or upon any important issue. Until Carlyle wrote, the general idea of Cromwell was that he was an astute knave, or at best a designing usurper, who covered an enormous ambition with the phylactery of hypocrisy. In all the older books of history this is the common estimate of his character. Carlyle altered all this, and accomplished the gigantic task of making a nation change its mind. And he accomplished this revolution of general sentiment by one fact only: he proved Cromwell sincere, and showed the world that the real clue to his character lay in his sincerity. Of course sincerity sometimes makes mistakes, and no one will deny that some grave errors may be charged on Cromwell. But the real greatness of Oliver is long ago admitted, and he is something less than a patriot and worse than a fool who can look back to the great days of the Protectorate without a throb of honest pride. Mr. Harrison deals exhaustively with the policy and aims of Cromwell, as Carlyle deals with the spiritual nature of the man. Mr. Picton stands apart from both, as an annalist with a singularly lucid style, and a vigorous grasp of his subject. These three books are the best I know, and should be on every shelf.

* * *

The study of the Bible, concerning which a Welsh correspondent writes me (*Borth*), is, or ought to be, the chief study for us all; and this I say quite apart from the religious questions which are involved. There is only too much truth, however, in the saying that the Bible is a book more talked of and less read than any other book in the world. But it will be found upon examination that it has been the source of all that is finest in English literature, and that to men of genius in all ages it

has been the supreme book. Take politicians, for example. Everyone knows that Mr. Gladstone's knowledge of the Bible is exact and profound, and that Mr. Bright had steeped his mind in its magnificent imagery, and found in it the chief weapon of his oratory. Among men of letters, the lesson is even more striking. Shakespeare must have known the Bible by heart; Ruskin has attributed all his felicity of style to the habit imposed upon him in his childhood of committing whole chapters to memory; in Tennyson there are three hundred direct quotations from it; George Eliot read it daily with ever-fresh delight; Browning knew it from cover to cover. An eminent French writer pointed out the other day that the reason why French literature is so deficient in sublimity is that the French translation of the Bible is a very poor one, which has never laid hold upon the popular mind; whereas the English translation is magnificent, and has coloured English thought and literary style for three centuries. I do not think I could do a better service to a youth than induce him to read the Bible daily, for its own sake, and quite apart from the authority of revelation which attaches to it. But it ought not to be read casually; it ought, as my correspondent apprehends, to be *studied*; and never was such a study so easy as now. I would suggest that one of the best ways of getting interested in the Bible is to read each book through at a sitting, and as a book; endeavouring to grasp its spirit, meaning, and significance as a whole. Among books that may assist in its elucidation none are better than the Oxford or Cambridge Bible for Teachers; Dr. Smith's Bible Dictionary; and the volumes of the Expositor's Bible, published by Hodder & Stoughton, some of which—notably George A. Smith's books on Isaiah—are of quite supreme excellence.

* * *

The correspondent who writes to the effect that he intends throwing up his career for another totally different, on the strength of a phrenological examination of his head, must be a very credulous person indeed. Did ever anyone know a phrenologist tell a man this: "Sir, you are a stupid, narrow-brained lout. You have no power of imagination, little conscientiousness, and a great faculty for indolence. You are admirably fitted for the position of a crossing-sweeper, and had better buy a broom." Certainly not; if a phrenologist indulged in such revelations of character, he would infallibly be knocked down. It is to the interest of the phrenologist to prophesy smooth things, and he does so. As a matter of fact, phren-

ology is mainly humbug, and has not the remotest claim to be a science. It can tell you all about the heads of statesmen or literary men, because their characteristics are already well known, and might be quite as accurately told without any examination of their heads whatever. And it can always say something pleasant for five shillings, and I must confess my correspondent got excellent value for his money, for never was vanity more adroitly tickled. Listen: he had "literary ability, critical ability, capacity for study, conscientiousness, manifest abilities above the average," etc. But he adds that before this astounding revelation of character was made, he had already given this able seer an excellent lead by asking whether he was not fitted for the ministry. Now if he had really wanted to let the phrenologist have a fair trial, he should have said, "I think of taking up burglary as a profession, and should like you to tell me whether I am likely to succeed in it." If the phrenologist had then said, "Sir, I perceive by your bumps that you will never make a successful burglar, but you are exactly cut out for a Christian minister,"—then he might have thought there was some truth in the statement. I repeat that anyone who alters the entire character of his life upon the strength of a phrenological survey of his head is simply a credulous fool, and the kindest thing is to tell him so in the plainest language.

* * *

I think that the same correspondent also merits a little plain speaking on the temper with which he regards a large and industrious class of workers with whom he is at present identified. It may be quite true, as he says, that the city clerk is somewhat of a Philistine. But does the city clerk really merit this censorious description: "Clerks appear to me to be the most ignorant, ambitionless—I was going to say degraded—class of men you could possibly set your eyes upon. When they talk of anything outside their business affairs, it appears to me to be for the most part a lot of silly, senseless, idiotic cackle, which would be unworthy of an intelligent boy, let alone a young man." What a superior person the writer must be, to be sure! This is what comes of believing a phrenologist who tells you that you have "literary ability, critical ability, abilities above the average," etc. For my own part, I have long ago learned to lay down no sweeping generalisations, especially contemptuous ones, about any class of my fellow-men. When people talk of the "ignorance of the working classes," I remember that I have known artisans who read Browning and the Greek Testament, and who, in mere keenness of mind and intellectual grasp, might very profitably cross swords with many a graduate of the Universities. And when I hear clerks spoken of as a degraded class, I remember scores of men I have known who have managed to train and develop fine characters and literary tastes

in spite of the drudgery of their lives and their mechanical routine. Upon the whole, I don't know a much worse sin than habitual contempt for your fellow-man, because there is no temper more completely unlike the temper of Him who loved the common people. Yet this correspondent, full of rancorous scorn for the dozen honest fellows who toil with him in the office, wants to be a minister of the gospel of Christ! Well, the phrenologist has read his head for five shillings, and told him of his intellectual superiority; I will read his soul—for he has shown it to me—for nothing, and tell him of his moral inferiority. Were a man never so superior in intellect, he would be utterly unfitted for any Christian ministry on earth while his soul was capable of contempt and rancour toward his brother-man. There is such a thing as character, and, as Cromwell said, "the mind, or the character, is the man." The character displayed in this letter is a very paltry one indeed, and needs a good deal of mending before it can be suited to a career which demands so much sympathy with others as the Christian ministry does.

* * *

I am glad that one of my correspondents furnishes me with the opportunity of saying a word about Philip James Bailey, who is one of the most undeservedly neglected poets of our generation. This is the more curious because when his great poem *Festus* was published in 1839, it was hailed with almost world-wide applause. Rossetti "read it again and yet again," and spoke of it in the highest terms. Many very competent critics did not hesitate to compare the author of *Festus* with Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe. Possibly this comparison was suggested as much by the nature of the theme as the quality of the work, for *Festus* is another rendering of the great Faust legend, and it must be confessed a splendid rendering. It is the more extraordinary as the work of a very young man, for Bailey was not more than twenty-four when it was published. The opening lines—

Eternity hath snowed its years upon them,
And the white winter of their age is come,
The World and all its worlds; and all shall end—

touch sublimity. The lines quoted by my correspondent—

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-beats. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best—

have probably been quoted more frequently in the pulpit during the last fifty years than any others that could be named. But the whole poem is full of noble thoughts finely expressed, and is in the most accurate sense of the word a great poem. I believe that Mr. Bailey is still alive, and is residing in a suburb of London. The most curious fact about him is that he has written nothing of note

since *Festus*. He presents an extraordinary case of arrested development. A great and sudden success animates some men and petrifies others. It would seem as if the author of *Festus* felt that he had done his utmost in his first poem, and never had the courage to attempt to surpass himself. He has spent his entire life in working over his one great poem, revising and adding, till it has now grown into an enormous volume. Thus, *The Angel and the World*, a poem published in 1850, is now incorporated in *Festus*. I can well remember the time when I first read *Festus*; I can recall the immense effect which it had upon my mind. Some of the choruses—notably one beginning “They come from the East and the West”—are superb. I have never seen the least occasion to alter my judgment of the poem. It is one of the most splendid and astonishing performances in modern literature, and it is very difficult to account for the relative oblivion which has overtaken it. For Mr. Bailey, though far from being a Shakespeare or a Goethe, is a truly great poet, and his *Festus* is a book which deserves to find a place in every young man’s library.

BRIEF ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wordsworth (Kirkcaldy). I think that forty shillings could not be better spent than upon a thoroughly good dictionary. There are certain books which are absolutely necessary as the weapons of the mind, just as tools are necessary to a workman. First among such books is a good dictionary, for unless we have an accurate knowledge of words it is impossible for us to secure either accuracy of thought or speech. A loose knowledge of words lies at the root of all the loose thinking of the world. As a mere literary exercise I know none better than to read a page or two of a first-rate dictionary every day.—*F. C.* By all means get a Kodak; you cannot do better. Write to the Eastman Photographic Materials Co., 115-117 Oxford Street, London, W. Their price list will give you all particulars.—*J. H.* (Walsall). Your verses display no real gift of poetry. Try prose, and leave rhyme alone.—*Wednesday* (Durham). Write to the Secretary of the University Correspondence School, whose advertisement you will see from time to time in this magazine.—*F. C.* (Sutton Coldfield). There is not the slightest approach to merit in your lines. Someone has cynically described verse as prose chopped into lengths; but in your case even the chopping is very badly done. The lines are full of every kind of roughness and discord, as you would know if you had the least ear for poetry. Read Tennyson’s “Idylls,” and then read your own blank verse again; if you cannot see what I mean, nothing can teach you. I think it best to be quite candid, because it is a sad waste of time to get upon a wrong track, and attempt what you can never achieve, when there are probably many other forms of culture within your grasp.—*W. E.* (Wolverhampton). I am in deep trouble. He wants to grow a moustache, but it refuses to grow. He will not be happy till he gets it. I can only comfort him with the assurance that after all life can be made tolerable without it; that, in fact, a multitude of great men have shaved it off, and still retained their self-respect; and that sensible fellows in a serious world usually find something better to do than mourn over such a deprivation.—*F. T. R.* (Balham). The lines have merit, but the last verse spoils all with its limp.—*P. P.* (Barnstaple). Your verses are fresh in feeling,

and ring true. There is a good deal of pleasure to be got in thus recording wholesome feelings and moments of honest emotion. But you will understand me when I add that there is not the sort of merit in these verses which will ever attract the public eye. They must be kept for home consumption.—*A Subscriber to the Young Man* (Portland, Oregon). The best short Life of Mr. Gladstone is by Mr. G. W. E. Russell (Sampson Low & Co.), in the Queen’s Prime Minister Series; of General Gordon, by Sir William F. Butler (Macmillan & Co.), English Men of Action Series. These are both cheap books, and are admirably written. They give all the essential knowledge, and will serve until the day comes for more exhaustive biographies.—*One Anxious to Get On* (Clapham). I did not answer your letter because it was impossible to do so. No rules can be laid down as to the best course for a youth aspiring to the ministry. Everything depends on the man,—his character, gifts, qualifications, opportunities, etc.,—and in your case, of course, I know nothing whatever. On such a question as this you should consult your own minister.—*A. G.* I can give no accurate information about life in New Zealand, and inaccurate statement is worse than useless. You had better apply in the first instance to one of the agents, and check the information he gives you by any means in your power.—*Roy* (Birmingham). The remedy you suggest would never do. There is not a surgeon in England who would perform it. Your best course is to go straight to a good doctor and frankly state your entire case to him.—*New Reader* (Bristol). Never read an abridged novel if you can get a complete edition. It is an entirely unsatisfactory method of judging an author.—*Cambridge Local* (Kendal). There is no reason why you should not go in for the examination. No doubt it is more difficult to do so at forty than at twenty, because the mind has lost something of freshness and flexibility. But you will soon overcome this by resolute study. A friend of mine, whose early education had been neglected, resolved when he was forty to take the London B.A. degree. It was a very hard struggle, for he had little time at his disposal. He was plucked three times in the preliminary examinations, but by dint of perseverance he succeeded. It took him from four to five years to do so, and I have always regarded his struggle as one of the pluckiest I have ever known. No one seemed less likely to succeed, or had greater odds against him; and what he could do, almost anyone of average intelligence could accomplish with perseverance.—*J. M.* (Falkirk). I have little faith in the remedy you mention. You need moral resolution. If you want medical advice, go to a really good doctor in Edinburgh or Glasgow.—*J. A. S.* (Bristol). Your little story has merit, but you must go on cultivating your talent for some time yet before you will write anything that any editor would accept. Take the opening sentence: “The spirit of the winter huddled across the land, howling with devilry as it passed.” The editor who read that sentence would read no farther. You are evidently under the spell of Dickens. It is a very good spell, but you imitate the faults of Dickens more easily than his merits. One of the worst faults of Dickens was a meretricious grand eloquence. But to-day people wouldn’t stand it, even from Dickens. They demand strength, sincerity, and simplicity in style. The best rule you can adopt is to use as few adjectives as possible; to say what you have to say with the utmost brevity of phrase; to calculate your effects with the narrowest frugality of rhetoric. In some parts of your story you do this. You produce a true effect because you are natural. Develop this power, and some day you may write a story that an editor will be glad to accept. There is plenty of room for a good writer, and the moment you can claim to be this, you will have no difficulty in securing attention.

All Editorial Communications should be addressed to MR. FREDERICK A. ATKINS, TEMPLE HOUSE, TEMPLE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. Telegraphic address, “OPENEYED, LONDON.”

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THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

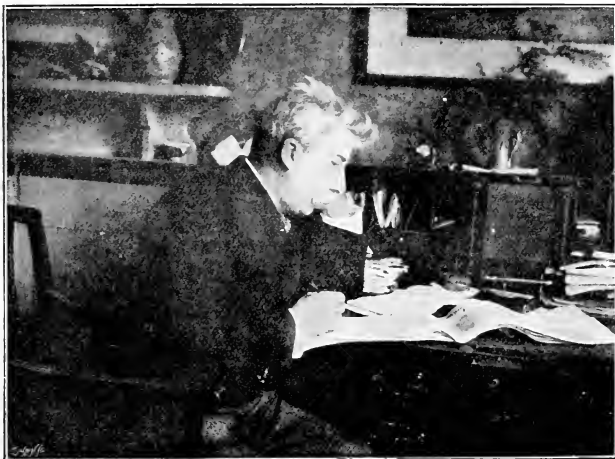
THE "PEPYS" OF PARLIAMENT.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. H. W. LUCY (TOBY M.P.).

MR. H. W. LUCY, as the "Toby M.P." of *Punch*, enjoys the distinction of being one of the most popular Members of the House of Commons, although he has never been known to take part in a debate, and has not put a shilling out of his pocket for election expenses. He is returned to his seat, after each election, without opposition, his constituency having such implicit confidence in him that they have a supreme disregard for "heckling," and say, in effect, "Go, my dear Toby, vote as thy humour directs thee, and if one day you support Rosebery and the next vote with Salisbury, we are equally satisfied." It is probably this unique sense of Parliamentary freedom which

keeps the Member for *Barkshire* so perennially light-hearted, and has enabled him to distil his Parliamentary "Essence" in so humorous a vein; indeed, "Toby M.P." has long arranged with his constituents that it will be more conducive to the progress of the world if he chronicles the events taking place in the House of Commons instead of mixing himself up in unprofitable debates in front of the Speaker's chair. From behind that vantage-

ground he sits, a silent observer, save for the scratching of Mr. *Punch's* quill, which he invariably borrows, presenting himself at his chief's dinner once a week to have it sharpened, and with which he jots down leading points in the speeches of the



MR. LUCY AT WORK.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by Messrs. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

honourable Members, supplying those more important deductions which in the heat of debate they are apt to forget. Many, doubtless, have had occasion to tender heartfelt thanks to Toby M.P. for his thoughtful interpolations, which give lucidity to weighty utterances, and let in the sunlight amongst the cobwebs which cluster in the crevices of St. Stephen's. Not only is he able to supply "points" to a Member's speech, but he can throw out useful hints regarding the rules of Parliamentary procedure, with which he has an almost unrivalled acquaintance. In short, *Barkshire* is of opinion that its Member is doing such eminently useful work as a chronicler that it would be against its interests for him to leave the lofty position which he occupies as a critical observer to descend into the political arena itself.

It was in January 1881 that Mr. *Punch* decided to make use of his idle dog "Toby" by sending him to Parliament. The idea originated with Mr. Lucy himself, who had been asked by Mr. Burnard, the editor of *Punch*, to write the "Essence of Parliament," which had been contributed successively by Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor. "My only difficulty," said Mr. Lucy, in referring to this period of his career, "was to do something quite original. The 'Cross Bench' articles which I had been contributing to the *Observer* had attracted a good deal of attention, and having made that success, it was rather difficult to make another in the same line." Possibly had the editor of *Punch* suggested to his new contributor that he should assume the character of "Toby," he might have received for answer, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" but when Mr. Lucy chose this reincarnation of his freewill, the matter was different.

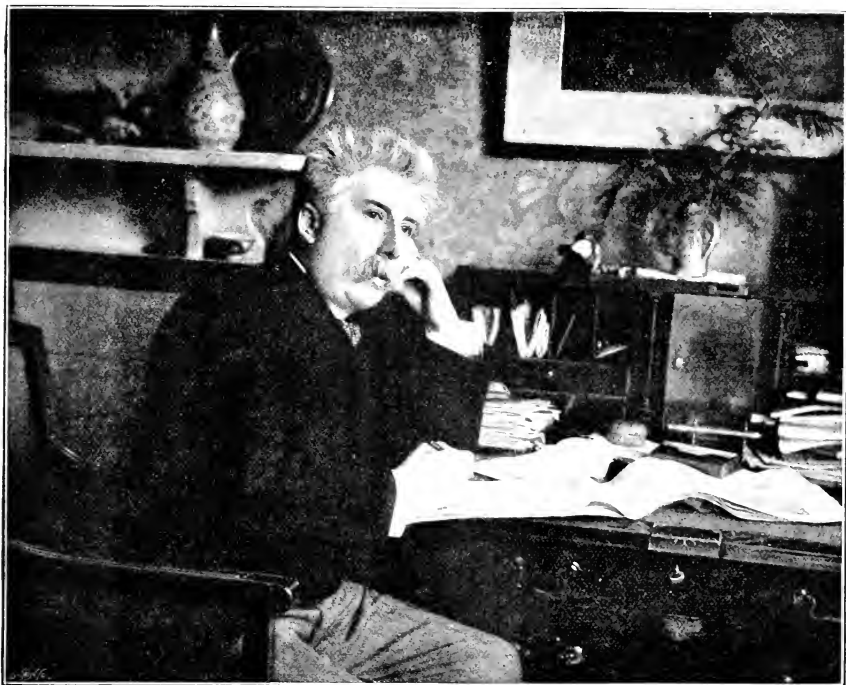
Turning to an old volume of *Punch*, I find Mr. Toby making his Parliamentary debut as the member for *Barkshire*, January 1881. The Isle of Skye or the Isle of Dogs might have been chosen as a suitable constituency, but he thought it more respectable to represent a county. Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote were fixed upon as the proper persons to introduce him to the Speaker, but no sooner was the interesting ceremony over than Lord Randolph Churchill hastened to secure the adherence of the new-comer. "Toby," said he, "we are all proud of you, and I feel greatly in need of a right-hand man: will you join the Fourth Party?" to which Mr. *Punch's* dog replied, with proper dignity, "I am a party myself—the Fifth Party." On the second night after he had taken his seat, the Fifth Party greeted a speaker with a dismal howl, upon which the Sergeant-at-Arms promptly led him out, and explained that while Members were in the habit of making such noises as, "Oh, Oh! Hear, Hear," and one had even been known to crow, never had anyone been heard to howl; the noise was unparliamentary. Toby returned to his "kennel" in the Gallery a sadder and a wiser dog,

and has never been known to transgress since. He has always manifested an antipathy to Whips, and desires it to be generally known that he can dispense with their services, and will always undertake to be in his place and vote as he pleases.

There are some jokes told about Members of Parliament who have taken Mr. Toby too seriously. "Let me see," said one Member, meeting Mr. Lucy at a friendly dinner, "although your face is very familiar to me in the House, I have forgotten where you stand for?" "*Barkshire*," replied Mr. Lucy, with imperturbable gravity. "To be sure, to be sure," continued his guileless interrogator; "I remember now." Many times in the Lobby of the House he has been met with the inquiry, "What's your constituency?" to which he briskly replies, "*Barks*," and hurries on his way.

Mr. H. W. Lucy stands, as everyone knows, in the front rank of British journalists—a position which he has won by hard work and indomitable pluck, united to his great natural abilities, which showed themselves when he was a mere youth, and would have expression. He was made for his work, and did not require to grow into it. His delightful humour, which never shows a touch of malice or bad taste, has rendered him a great favourite with all classes of readers, and his kindly good-nature is well known. He has the happiness of having a charming lady for his wife, who has accompanied him in his travels all over the globe, and who makes his home in Ashley Gardens, Victoria Street, a delightful rendezvous for his Parliamentary and literary friends. There are few more popular entertainments than Mr. and Mrs. Lucy's little dinners, at which may be met, possibly, the Speaker of the House side by side with a great novelist and a noted painter or actor. Mr. Gladstone has on more than one occasion dined at Ashley Gardens, and those who are familiar with Mr. Lucy's "Life" of the great statesman, and the numberless papers in which he has described his characteristics, will be aware that he yields homage to none more freely than to the lion of the Liberal party. For more than twenty years he has listened, "dog and pup," as Toby would say, to his speeches both in and out of Parliament. He went with him all through his Mid-Lothian campaigns, and probably knows more of his private life and public doings than anyone outside Mr. Gladstone's private circle. In the *Log of the Tantallon Castle*, Mr. Lucy's latest contribution to Gladstonian literature, he has chattily described the cruise in Sir Donald Currie's yacht. Since that voyage he has not seen Mr. Gladstone, he told me.

At the time of my visit to Ashley Gardens, Mr. Lucy had just returned from a stay in the Riviera at Lady Plowden's villa at Valescure, where he had been basking in the sunshine preparatory to entering upon the arduous labours of the Par-



MR. LUCY IN HIS STUDY.

(From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Robert Street, W.L.)

liamentary session, during which time he is never absent from his well-known seat in the Gallery for a single sitting. In addition to his weekly article for *Punch*, Mr. Lucy has for twenty-three years been the chief of the Parliamentary staff of the *Daily News*, as well as being the writer of the "London Letter" in several provincial journals, and may very appropriately be styled the "Pepys" of Parliament, for with its doings his pen is ever busy.

His London home, a commodious and artistically arranged flat, is within a few minutes' walk of the House, and from his study window he can just catch sight of its Clock Tower. I had not been in the drawing-room many moments before Mr. Lucy entered in his sharp, brisk manner. He had been busy all the morning in his study dictating articles to his secretary, as is his wont. He is below the middle height, clean-shaven, save for a heavy moustache, and wears his white hair cut close about his head, which gives a suggestion of fierceness to his appearance at first sight, but a closer acquaintance reveals the kindly look in the grey eyes and the half-comic smile about the mouth, and you at

once feel that now you understand the dry humour of Toby M.P., for it is the writer's spontaneous nature. Humour is distinctly Mr. Lucy's forte, but like all masters of the art he rarely laughs himself, and seems wholly unconscious of having given any cause for merriment in others. He has a habit of looking down at the object beneath his nose with the solemnity befitting a professor, when suddenly you meet his upturned eyes, which are full of fun. He impressed me as a man more of action than of words. He has an alert look, which conveys the idea that he is always on the "go"; no parleying, no standing still with Mr. Lucy, he has indomitable energy and perseverance, and is never happy but when at work.

At luncheon the conversation turned upon Hythe, where Mr. and Mrs. Lucy spend Saturday to Monday at their delightful house of Whitethorn, as well as much of their time during the Recess. "Yes," said Mr. Lucy, "that quaint old Cinque Port has always charmed me; it is beautiful all the year round, and still retains a good deal of its old-world stillness in spite of the railway and the trippers. When I first knew it, it had a parade,

with some eight or ten houses, where quiet families came in summer; and when an enterprising person started three bathing-machines for the accommodation of these visitors, everybody said that Hythe was 'looking up.' Now things are done on a larger scale, and Hythe is growing in importance as a seaside resort, but it is not spoiled yet. The country at the back of the town is very lovely, quite unlike most watering-places. The fields and woods and gardens are a show of flowers in the spring and summer.

"When we were staying there last August," continued Mr. Lucy, "an amusing little affair occurred. Lord Charles Beresford had been taking me over his new ship the *Magnificent*, and in order to signal a message to Mrs. Lucy, Lord Charles brought the ship close to the shore—a great war-ship, you understand; the people had never seen such a formidable craft alongside quiet little Hythe before. Crowds collected, of course; then the signalling began, and the message was something like this: 'To Mrs. Lucy Whitethorn from Lord Charles Beresford the Magnificent Mr. Lucy will be home to lunch to-morrow.' No punctuation, you see, in the signalling, which made the message awkward for me. I had a reluctance to be seen on the Parade for days afterwards, lest I should be greeted as 'the magnificent Mr. Lucy.'"

I felt curious to know how such an active man

as Mr. Lucy passes his holidays at Hythe, but to the suggestion that he indulged in bicycling or in some other pet hobby, he replied, "No, I have never done much cycling. I tried it in Scotland, but met with an accident and hurt my foot rather badly, so I gave it up after that. My hobby is working—no time for anything else."

"You have forgotten the wood"—put in Mrs. Lucy, with a laugh.

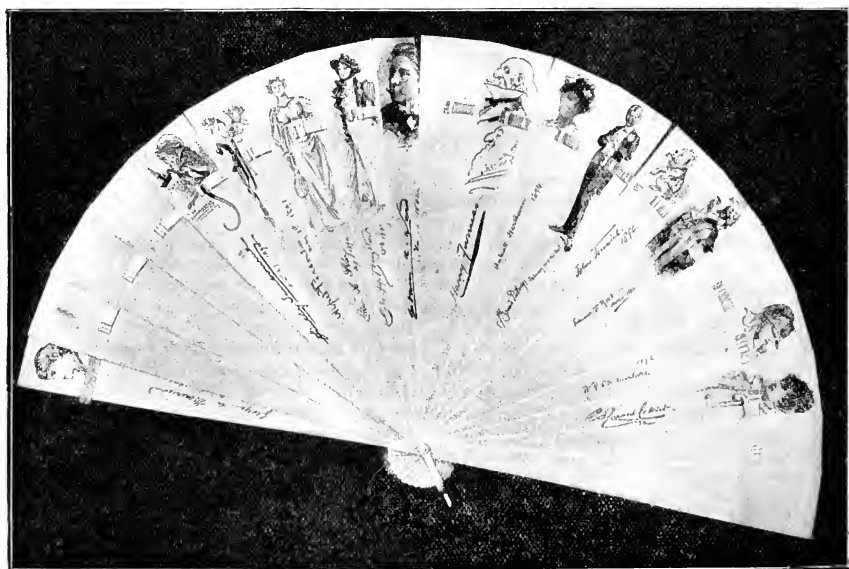
"Yes, to be sure," replied her husband, with the injured air of a man who has had a cherished weakness exposed; "I do a little wood-sawing for amusement when we are in the country."

"Do you fell trees?" I queried.

"Oh no, much more concerned to get them to grow; I only saw up wood—domestic purposes, you know."

From Mrs. Lucy I gathered that her husband's achievements in the way of preparing winter fuel were prodigious, and that so fond is he of the sawing process that the piles of wood at Whitethorn are quite beyond home consumption.

It was in the autumn of 1883 that Mr. and Mrs. Lucy made a tour round the world, visiting the United States, Japan, and India. Descriptive letters from Mr. Lucy, while on tour, were published in the *Daily News* and the *New York Tribune*, and were ultimately collected and published in his book, *East by West*. "It would be interesting to know," I



THE FAN PRESENTED TO MRS. LUCY BY THE STAFF OF "PUNCH," WITH ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND AUTOGRAPHS.

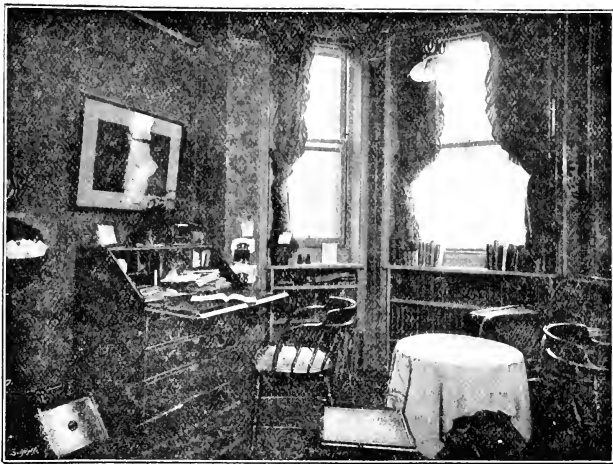
[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

asked Mr. Lucy, "which country you found most entertaining?"

"Japan without doubt," he replied. "The Japanese people are the most charming of any I ever met; especially the women, who are very pretty and graceful. European civilisation is not improving the Japs; it is destroying the art of their country, and spoiling their picturesque appearance. I brought home a Japanese dress with me, which I use instead of the ordinary smoking jacket. Mrs. Lucy has one of the native cloaks, a wonderful thing made out of rice straw. On a rainy day in Japan you will see both men and women walking about in these long straw cloaks. Even the boatmen have them in the boats, and if there comes a shower of rain on go the cloaks, to be pitched off again as soon as it is over. You cannot imagine anything funnier than the look of these men in their straw cloaks, reaching to the knee, and wide saucer-hats of straw, which make them look as if their heads were thatched. The lower classes in Japan still keep to the native Japanese dress, and so do many of the ladies, whose costumes are very beautiful with the soft colouring and graceful lines. The gentlemen affect European dress, but only succeed in looking as if they had bought a second-hand suit. I am speaking of some time ago. The changes have been great during the last few years, and from an artistic point of view greatly for the worse."

Mr. and Mrs. Lucy have a number of curios about their rooms which they have gathered in their travels, and which would have tempted me to linger after luncheon in looking round the dining-room and drawing-room, had I not been more anxious to hear some of the early experiences of my host in journalism. But the remarkable series of pictures of leading statesmen and others which hang round the walls of the dining-room demand some mention, the portraiture is so lifelike. They are all the work of Mr. E. A. Ward.

"Some years ago," explained Mr. Lucy, "my friend Mr. Ward asked me to sit to him for my picture, but I said, 'My dear fellow, it is out of the question; I'm much too busy for that kind of thing. If you want to paint me, it will have to be done when I am at work.' He agreed to that, and used to come and set



MR. LUCY'S STUDY.

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up his easel in my study and sketch me as I was sitting at the writing-table. Well, Mrs. Lucy and my friends were so pleased with the picture that he was commissioned to do a number of others. This one of Lord Rosebery is very good; when Mr. Gladstone was here, he said that it was 'a likeness without a flaw.' The picture of Lord Randolph Churchill in his study is equally lifelike, and so is Mr. John Morley's."

I also noticed over the mantelpiece a very charming picture of Mrs. Lucy, representing her with a banjo, upon which she is a proficient player, lying idly in her lap as she leans back in her chair. The latest additions to Mr. Lucy's portrait-gallery are Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Balfour. The picture of Mr. Burnand shows the editor of *Punch* sitting in meditation in his office in Pall Mall. This was exhibited in the New Gallery, and was reproduced in the *Pall Mall Gazette* with the legend underneath: "Happy thought! write a letter to Toby M.P." In the drawing-room hangs Mr. Reid's original drawing of "Toby," in the German Emperor's uniform, which he gave to Mr. Lucy. There is also a picture of the *Punch* Table, taken at its Jubilee in 1891. Each portrait of the famous staff is accompanied by an autograph. Mr. Harry Furniss would not sign his, because he did not think it did him justice; so, in the margin of the picture, he depicts himself according to Furniss, and to that has attached his autograph.

But to pass to Mr. Lucy's study. It is a bright little room, with his own writing-table standing on one side and his secretary's on the opposite. The vase of spring flowers in the window reminded me

that Mr. Lucy is so fond of flowers that he usually has some beside him when at work in the Gallery of the House.

"I do not see a typewriter in your study, Mr. Lucy," I remarked.

"No; I dislike the incessant click, click of those machines, and have never used one. I dictate all my things to a secretary, who takes it down in shorthand, and writes it out at his leisure afterwards. By this method I am able to do two days' work in one. It was quite by accident that I discovered that I could dictate. For years I had written everything I did myself; but one night at the House I cut my right hand rather severely, which made it impossible for me to use it. My Parliamentary Summary was bound to be done, and I returned home considerably upset, as you may imagine. Then it occurred to me that I would try and dictate the article to Mrs. Lucy, so we sat down together over the fire and set to work. After the first ten minutes, all difficulty vanished, and I found myself dictating quite readily as Mrs. Lucy wrote. The thing worked so splendidly that I at once engaged a secretary, and have never written articles with my own hand since. Up to that time I believed that it was impossible for me to compose unless I had the pen in my hand."

"Does not this method cause you a good deal of correction in 'proof'?"

"Not any more than the old method. My copy is very little altered, although most of the work in the House of Commons has to be done while things are going forward. I remember, during Mr. Gladstone's Mid-Lothian campaign, going to

a meeting a long way out in the country. I had to get my telegram sent that night. My secretary was with me, and I dictated the article in the midst of the mob clamouring for places. Here are the 'proof' sheets of a *History of the Home Rule Parliament*, which I am just bringing out. It has all been dictated, and you can see for yourself that the corrections are chiefly verbal and not much of that."

"And what led you to take up a journalistic career, Mr. Lucy; were you reared amongst literary influences?"

"Quite the reverse; none of my people had ever been connected with literature, and as a youth I had no friends in journalism, not even the remotest acquaintance. My home was at Crosby, near Liverpool, and after leaving school I was placed by my parents in a mercantile office in Liverpool, but I felt that my true vocation was journalism, and a journalist I determined to be. I began by teaching myself Pitman's shorthand, and after having fairly mastered that mystery I began to look out for an opening in the press, and made a call at all the newspaper offices in the city, only to be met everywhere with the reply, 'No opening.'"

"Did you attempt any original work at this time?"

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Lucy, leaning forward in his chair and looking into the fire with a comic expression on his face, "I began with poetry. My verses appeared in the *Liverpool Mercury*, and were very beautiful. One piece attracted the attention of Mr., now Sir Edward Russell of the *Liverpool Post*; he was then assistant editor of a local daily paper. He

gave me some trial work to do, and was so far satisfied that he promised me the first vacancy on the junior staff of reporters. I did not sit down to wait for that, but kept on, week after week, month after month, answering advertisements, till at length the favourable response came, and I got my chance of seeing what I could do. Through the recommendation of Mr. Russell, I was engaged as the chief reporter for the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*. It was with some trepidation that I entered that quiet little country town and presented myself at the editor's office, for I had been engaged by telegram. He eyed my youthful appearance with amazement,—I was nineteen at the time and looked younger,—and I fancied that



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[From a Photo specially taken for THE YOUNG MAN by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

I read a month's notice in his eye; however, the notice did not come."

"Did you write humorous things in those days, Mr. Lucy?"

"I was not allowed to, but I put as much 'spice' into my articles as one could safely do in a quiet provincial paper. After I left Shrewsbury I was told that a townsman had complained that 'he missed the local paragraphs.' A singular thing happened a year or two ago; a man called here one day, sent in his name, and asked to see me. I had not the slightest idea who he was. When I came to talk to him he said, 'I was one of the printers at the office of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, and remember when you first came on to the paper. I'm having a day or two's holiday in London, and passing along the street I saw your likeness in *Punch*, through a shop window, and thought I'd find you out, and see if you was any different, and how you was getting along.'"

"And you left Shrewsbury for London, I believe, Mr. Lucy; did you at once start as a Parliamentary reporter?"

"After leaving Shrewsbury, I spent some time in Paris to acquire the language; indeed, I had planned a species of European tour, suggested, I fancy, by Goldsmith's trip with his flute, but it was cut short by an appointment on the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Passing through London on my way to Paris, I was seized with a longing to see the House of Commons from the Press Gallery. They were very particular in those days about admitting a stranger. Fortunately, I had a press friend as reckless as myself, and he undertook to convey me to the desired place. I made a bolt through the Gallery door the first time it swung open, and sat down on a back bench. I had not been there many minutes before the chief janitor awoke from a snooze, spied my unlucky self, and promptly led me out, amidst a general hubbub of indignation amongst the pressmen at my audacity. That was my first sight of the House of Commons. It was in the spring of 1869. Two years later I returned to it as the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Meantime, I carried out my journey to Paris, and spent nearly a year, living in the Quartier Latin on about fifteenpence a day. It was during my visit home to spend Christmas that I received an appointment on the *Pall Mall*, then starting as a morning paper. After I had been on



"WHITETHORN," MR. LUCY'S HOUSE AT HYTHE.

the staff for about six weeks, the writer of the Parliamentary Summary was suddenly taken ill, and Mr. Greenwood asked me to take his place for the night. I did the best I could under the rather bewildering circumstances, and my efforts were so favourably viewed by my chief that he requested me to continue to write that feature of the paper."

"When did your connection with the *Daily News* begin?"

"A year or so later. I had been an occasional contributor for some time before I was asked to write its Parliamentary Summary by the manager, Mr. Robinson. I was young and eager at the time, and yearning for an opportunity to do something to distinguish myself on the paper. I heard that a balloon was to ascend on a certain day from the grounds of the Crystal Palace, and resolved to go up in that balloon. I started for Sydenham, carrying a large military cloak and a pair of seal-skin gloves, being under the impression that the thing to do up in an balloon was to keep oneself warm. The inflating was going on when I arrived, and it was only at the last minute that the aeronaut found that he could accommodate me with a place. The weather was threatening, and several who had booked seats declined to risk their necks. Just as we were about to ascend, a splendid fellow, some six feet four high, came tumbling in, and rendered six bags of ballast superfluous. This was Captain Fred Burnaby, whose acquaintance I then made for the first time. We had a pleasant voyage, and finally dropped down in a rural district amidst a crowd of rusties, who appeared considerably dazed at the prospect of seven gentlemen dropping down from the sky into the middle of a ploughed field. They stood at a respectful distance, with their mouths

open. One old lady was more courageous, and came nearer, but quickly disappeared through the neighbouring hedge when Burnaby warned her that the balloon might 'go off.'

"Have you ever had any disagreeable experiences arising out of your humorous handling of Members of Parliament in 'Tomby's Diary'; do any of them object to the jokes?"

"I have never received any complaints; it depends entirely on how caricature is written whether it gives offence. It is one of the traditions of *Punch* that it is never nasty; it takes a broad view of things, but never hits behind the back. One of my jokes had a very pleasant result. I cannot remember what the joke was—I wish I could. But I do remember that one of the men chaffed, Henry Wiggin, Member for East Staffordshire in the 1880 Parliament (now Sir Henry), sent me the first of a series of boxes of excellent cigars. The other victim, Mr. Barnes, M.P. for East Derbyshire, simultaneously moved, sent me down to Hythe a truck of his best coal. Here are some letters which I have at various times received from Members of Parliament."

In looking through this interesting album, almost the first thing I opened at was a letter from Mr. W. H. Smith. It ran: "I cannot refrain from thanking you for the spirit in which you write of a political opponent, and for the friendly act of communicating with me on the subject." Mr. Smith had just assumed the Leadership of the House when this was written.

"It seems almost unnecessary to ask you, Mr. Lucy, whom you consider to have been the most notable figure on the floor of the House during the time you have known it?"

"The figure of Mr. Gladstone as a Parliamentary debater cannot be surpassed for interest. He could speak three hours at a stretch, and putting into that effort mental and physical energy enough for a whole debate. He was more emphatic in gesture when addressing the House

of Commons than when standing before a public meeting. During periods of Tory opposition I have seen him trembling in every nerve with conviction and the wrath of battle. He would almost literally smite his opponents hip and thigh. Taking the brass-bound box upon the table as representing the 'Hon. gentleman' opposite, he would beat it violently with his right hand, creating a resounding noise which rose with his speech. Or, at other times standing with his heels together and feet spread out, he would turn round as though on a pivot to watch the effect of his speech on either side the House. Once on his feet Mr. Gladstone showed perfect self-possession, but when badgered by inconsiderable persons the great orator and statesman would show his annoyance. Of late years he was much less vehement in manner. His personality was one which could not fail to fascinate the public. Apart from politics he is quite irresistible. He has the most wonderfully expressive face that a man's soul ever looked forth from.

"The enthusiasm of the people during the Mid-Lothian campaign," continued Mr. Lucy, "was wonderful to see. An old lady in Haddingtonshire told me a story which will illustrate this spirit of hero-worship. 'An auld man, Geordie Paul,' said my informant in her native Doric, 'lived all alane in a

wee cot up there,' pointing to a hill close by. 'He used to sit at his door reading the paper spread on his knee, and mony's the time, when he thoct naebody was looking, I've seen him greetin', and the tears drapt doon on the papers, and he often muttered to himself, "To think they'd use Gledstane sae ill and he sic a man!" The nicht afore Geordie died, I gaud in to see what I could dae for him. There he was, sitting in the corner of his bed sae weak he couldna get on more than ane airm o' his jacket, but he had the paper propped up against the ither (upside down), and the last words he said to me were, "There's ae thing, Liz; if I could only see that



MR. AND MRS. H. W. LUCY.

[Drawn by WILL MORGAN, from a Photo by MESSRS. FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

Irish question settled!" The poor man knew little about it, beyond the fact that it was the question dear to his hero's heart, and he would have died happy to have seen his wish realised."

"In looking back over your long acquaintance with the doings of Parliament, what is the most notable scene which you have witnessed in the House?"

"The 'Free Fight,' in 1893," promptly replied Mr. Lucy. "I have never seen anything to equal that. Like all scenes in the House of Commons, it arose in a most unexpected way; it was over the Closure in Committee of the Home Rule Bill, and the fighting began without any warning. It lasted about ten minutes. One of the most remarkable things connected with the panic was the pained expression on Mr. Gladstone's face. At first he looked as though he could not make it out, then when he realised what it was, the look of anguish which passed over his face was inexpressible; I never saw such a look upon his face before."

"Do you not think, Mr. Lucy, that if you had women in Parliament such a scene as a 'free fight' would not be permitted to occur?"

"We should have more frequent disturbances, I think," replied Mr. Lucy, with an alarmed air, as he looked up from a newspaper from which he was taking cuttings. During the interview Mr. Lucy had been employing himself in glancing through a pile of papers which had accumulated during his absence from home.

"Does 'Toby' ever expect to chronicle the advent of the first woman into Parliament?"

"No, he doesn't expect ever to see women in Parliament, and doesn't want to, either; it is quite enough to hear them in the Ladies' Gallery. I think they are happiest and most useful at home."

"Now I should have thought that it would have added great interest to 'Toby's Diary' to chronicle the doings of lady Members."

"But one couldn't write about ladies."

"Do you think that they would not take it as good-temperedly as men do?"

"No, I'm sure they would not."

"How do you think it would answer to have a House of Ladies?"

"Not at all. They would not stop there, but would be sure to come where the men were."

"I see, Mr. Lucy, that you are not like your friend, Mr. Justin McCarthy, who is in favour of extending the suffrage to women?"

"Mr. McCarthy is too good-natured; he would give anything to anybody."

"But I am sure that you are very good-natured too?"

"So I am."

"But it does not extend to women, is that it?"

Mr. Lucy was too much engaged with taking a newspaper cutting to reply,—it seemed necessary to cut it very accurately,—and just then a knock came to the study door, and a voice said, "If you please, sir, the *Punch* boy is waiting"; so fearing to incur the displeasure of our "genial contemporary," I thanked Mr. Lucy for his kindness, and retired down five flights in a lift.

SARAH A. TOOLEY.

"A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL": A STUDY IN THE IDEAL.

ROBERT BROWNING is the poet of the great Ideal, and his whole sympathy and strength is given to those who strenuously follow in its pursuit. In the "Epilogue" to his very last volume he asks—

What had I on earth to do

With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly!

And every reader of him, who "held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake," would answer, "Nothing!" For the man who lets his priceless life be shut in within the narrowing walls of the present; to whom the hour brings all that his deepest need requires; to whose spirit there comes no soul-enthraling vision which haunts and subdues it, and binds it in a willing subjection to the quest of Beauty, Truth, and Good;—for the man in whose soul there is no disturbing aspiration filling the life with the grandeur of a divine discontent; who completes life's task and puts on the top-stone before he has reached middle life, that age may have the quiet which will be profitless and vague; whose face is always to the dust instead of being transfigured with the vision of the stars; whose

eyes are dazzled with tinsel splendours and lack the far-sightedness which describes the glory flashing about life's horizons; for lives that spend energy, noble endeavour, and pathetic activity in the pursuit of trifles, and so make the realisation of life's greatest ends impossible; who are engrossed about details—misnamed "the main chance"—and forgetful of the supremacies;—for all such men he had enlightenment, pity, and sorrow; sharp-pointed words that prick the bubbles of high-blown pretensions; flashes of searching light that reveal the hollowness of vain hopes, and show that life may lay waste its most splendid powers and waken up when it is too late to find that, like Domitian, it has been always busy—catching flies! But for the eager, the strenuous, the diligent; men who live the present in the light of and under the inspiration of the eternal; who let some fine conception become the regnant influence in character; who feel that to-day they are citizens of heaven and that there is already in their nostrils the breath of the eternal; who try every day to fashion the

earthly in the image of the heavenly ; for all these he had bread to strengthen, and wine to cheer, hope to inspire, and a great destiny to satisfy. The Ideal is to him the real, the sight of the spirit is vision, and the pursuit of the deathless is man's noblest and greatest quest.

It is one great aspect of this teaching which is presented in the fine and powerful poem called "A Grammarian's Funeral." It will be wise to recall the main outlines of the situation. The Grammarian embodies the temper of the earlier and nobler aspect of the Renaissance. He reveals the spirit of those great humanists who watched the origin and growth of that masterful Revival of Learning which in the Middle Ages shook Europe from its sleep, and which was really the parent of the intellectual activity of to-day. He was possessed with a passion to know. A sacred hunger gnawed at his very heart, a divine thirst demanded an adequate satisfaction. Racked with pain and assailed by weakness, this indomitable spirit bent more intensely over his books, studied with precision and care the minutest points of grammar, and settled some of the small details of language.

"Time to taste life," another would have said,

"Up with the curtain!"

This man said rather, "Actual life comes next:

Patience a moment!"

And so he died, not having attained, but having been disciplined ; not having obtained the promise which his own soul made to him, but having greeted it from afar and been convinced of its reality.

The poem presents us with the picture of a company of his loving disciples carrying him up to the mountain top, that there—

where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go,—

that there, on the very loftiest peak, he may be buried, and that the loftiness of his sepulchre may be a fitting symbol of the loftiness and splendour of his purpose. A less virile spirit may be laid in low-lying valleys where the mists hang and the fogs gather, but this regal and truly aristocratic spirit can breathe the clear and strong air of the heights, and there he must be laid, for

Lofty designs must close in like effects.

As he is carried by these disciples to his burial, one of them speaks his eulogy. He recounts the pure splendour of his purpose. He tells of the greatness which he had attempted. This was not a life that desired immediate achievement, but which disciplined its aims and perfected its powers. He did not crown his design with the top-stone of completion, but dug great holes and laid solid foundations. He did not belong to those who

draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit,

but to those who set themselves to the achievement of the impossible, believing that one day the time limit shall be burst, and the impossible of time become the possible of eternity. Time is but a phase, a passing aspect of his great life. It is one of the mansions of which the larger life has many. It is the schoolhouse in which the spirit discovers her great prerogatives, and sets herself to realise their imperial greatness. For those to whom the present is all, a thing complete in itself, having immovable walls of adamant, a beginning and an end ; to whom there come no indefinite suggestions, no imperious hopes, no bewitching visions ; for such as these he has nothing but scorn and contempt. They degrade their high nature to the low level of the brutes. They quench, or try to quench, the inextinguishable fires of Divine inspiration. They stifle, or try to stifle

The hope whereto so passionately cling

The dreaming generations from of old !

By their self-made littleness they disprove, or attempt to disprove, man's "loftiest fancy," and to dash his

grand desire

To see this curtain lift, these clouds retire,
And Truth, a boundless dayspring, blaze above
And round.

They attempt to undermine man's sublime, if pathetic, trusts, and to extinguish the vision for to-morrow in the darkness of to-day. They say—

But time escapes :

Live now or never !

and he with fine and biting scorn answers—

What's time ? Leave Now for dogs and apes !

Man has Forever !

And on that plan he modelled his life. He believed in eternity, believed in it as the greatest of all realities ; and in its light he interpreted all significances and found an unfailing standard of adequate measurement.

What is the note of the Ideal which this fine poem suggests ? What is the one distinguishing quality upon which it so powerfully insists ? Is it not that man's loftiest and most obstinate ideals, together with the vision that sees them and the hope that lays hold upon them, belong to the timeless ? They have not had their origin in the Now. Their life is not confined to the world where men carry watches, and where a clock confronts us at every street corner to remind us of the departure of our transitory hours. For a brief day they have stepped out of Eternity, and toward Eternity do they hasten their steps. They do not take count of the length of their days ; they know nothing of the decay of powers, nor do they wistfully forecast the future. The Ideal is of the same substance as the Eternal : all that she does is simply to be, and to disclose, as men are capable of receiving the revelation, more and more of her consummate beauty and grace. And this timelessness of the Ideal is

the inspiration and support of the great faculties that apprehend it, and commands the

Toil of heart and knees and hands

which go to its realisation. To live in the realm of the Ideal is to live in the realm of Eternity; to be subject to masterful inspirations and obedient to elevating laws. And that does not mean that the man becomes a dreamer—a shadow pursuing a shadow—for time is part of the great structure of eternity as the vestibule is part of the sacred fane to which it is the entrance. It means that a man does not allow himself—his purposes, plans, ambitions, aspirations—to be limited by life's present horizons. He will not allow the noblest elements of his interior life to be "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd," the glorious vistas which these open up to him to be peremptorily closed, and the charm and fascination of a great destiny to be made as unsubstantial as a dream.

Aristotle used to speak of certain ideas as architectonic. They had a masterful sovereignty. From the height and with the authority of their own inherent greatness they dominated all that was beneath them. Such an idea is this of the Ideal. It is decisive of significances; it is determinative of plan. Its constructive energy is seen in every life which is under its sway. The man who says that he is a citizen of eternity, and yet plans his life in the proportions of the present is an infidel. His every act is a plain witness that Eternity has not cast upon him her great and bewitching spell. A man believes just as much—and no more—as he acts upon, lays at the foundation of conduct and character, and (in the fine phrase of Cardinal Newman) ventures to make the basis of sacrifice, heroism and devotion. Let a man believe that he is immortal, that his faith and hope and love are deathless, that eternity is the sphere of his abiding activity, then the plan, purpose, and energy of his life will be correspondingly infinite. He will plan a large structure. He will determine a great determination. He "has Forever." In conceiving and in constructing the plan of life he will not attempt the building of a fabric which can be top-stoned by the time he is seventy. Seventy! what has seventy to do with it, and what has he to do with seventy? He will plan "more stately mansions," and be content—well content—if by the time he is seventy he has laid broad and solid foundations, and has learned the art of putting brick to brick and mortising stone to stone. He will be content—to change the figure—not to have read all the literatures of the world, but that he has possessed himself with capable possession of the grammar and vocabulary of the language in which the literature is enshrined.

That before living he'd learn how to live—

No end to learning :

Earn the means first—God surely will contrive

Use for our earning.

It is his paramount and clear duty, if he would be true to the august instincts of his life, to devote himself to the greatest which he can conceive, to reach out to the very highest destiny, and to leave to Him who constructed his nature upon so ample a scale to justify the trust of His creature in being true to the noble instincts of his heart. The Grammarian would

Image the whole, . . .

Fancy the fabric

Quite . . .

then, when he saw it in its grand proportions and fine splendour he would spend the present in executing some part, perhaps a minor detail. They said to him—

"Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered, "Yes!"

He knew that beyond the frontiers of the present a man has the equipment with which he has equipped himself here; and carries with him every quality with which by patience and activity his spirit has been dowered. As men stand about his partially constructed building, shallow souls say, "This man began to build but was not able to finish"; but to the ear of the enlightened and the reverent there will come the accent of another voice more authoritative and more satisfying, saying, "This man did not intend to finish, and by laying a great and solid foundation he declares plainly that he trusted God, himself and the future." The greatness of the aim is determinative of life; not its small and superficial triumphs. The purpose which a man nourishes in his heart is a better measure of a man's real character than all the deeds which he has done. Failure is often a nobler thing than success.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,

Sees it and does it :

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,

Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,

His hundred's soon hit ;

This high man, aiming at a million,

Misses an unit.

That, has the world here—should he need the next

Let the world mind him ;

This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed

Seeking shall find him.

The eternal life must be life's formative impulse. Immortality is the basis of the ground plan of character. We were planned by God for God. Man "has Forever." And he who would trust God and be worthy of his own lofty prerogatives, must plan grandly, image nobly, fancy loftily—miss the unit because he aims at a million—never know here the gladness of completed structures, but perhaps only the weariness and taxing toil of underground foundation laying. To such men Time may speak her depreciation, and invest them with the tattered robe of failure, but Eternity—herself the Judge of Time—shall speak the word of her ample and adequate justification and invest them with the laurels of conquest.

G. BEESLEY AUSTIN.

THE GORILLA: A LOVE STORY.

By FERGUS MACKENZIE.

His name dated from the days when Penny Readings became the vogue in Glenbruar, and the gorilla not long discovered—and to some extent invented as far as the marvellous stories of its strength, prowess, wisdom, and resemblance to human nature are concerned. Dr. Matthew, under the auspices of the Penny Readings Committee, lectured on the gorilla, and Peter Reid on his return regaled Meggie, his wife, with an account of the lecture.

"An' what like a beast, when a' is said an' dune, is a gorilla?" Meggie asked, when her husband had done.

"Weel, neist time ye see Joseph Dumbarrow sleepin' i' the kirk wi' his heid restin' on his hand, an' his mooth stickin' oot like a Queen Anne jug, ye may say ye hae seen the gorilla's twin brother, Meggie; for they are as like ane anither as they can look." Peter answered, with vivacity.

He could not lay claim to originality in the discovery of the resemblance, however; for the moment Dr. Matthew flashed the wonderful ape on the screen, a youngster, secure in the darkness, piped out—

"There goes Joseph Dumbarrow wi' a hairy waistcoat on!"

The hit provoked a roar of laughter; for Joseph was Chairman of the lecture, and sat grin and solemn within the lantern light, his profile cast on the screen. From that day Joseph lived and died "the Gorilla."

He was long past middle age, and was wrinkled and grizzled beyond his years. The colour of his skin, which hung in thick folds about his neck and cheeks, suggested tan shoes. Rough in bone and hair, which did not add to his beauty, he had a hare-lip, the shortness of which emphasised the prominence of his heavy underlip; and his overhanging eyebrows almost covered his small, steely-blue eyes. If he were at all like the gorilla, the beast was no beauty.

As an offset to his looks Joseph prided himself on his intellectual and social qualities. For six successive winters he had been President of the Debating Society, which he ruled with a rod of iron, and which died in his hands. He was also Chairman of the Philharmonic Club, although he did not know a sharp from a flat, and gloried in his ignorance; and on Saturday night, in *The Three Clowns*, over a pack of cards and a rummer of toddy, he was the keenest player, the hardest drinker, and the best company imaginable.

Being a single man and without encumbrances, he could play these tricks; had he had a wife and a home to maintain he would have done something

different. As it was, he lived in lodgings with Widow Archibald, and was shamefully in her debt.

It was some time after the lecture that Joseph told Peter Reid, in a profound secret, "he was lookin' about him"; but Peter not understanding, he explained at length.

"I was takin' my time to hae a look roond for a wife to mysel'."

Peter was unaccountably tickled with the situation, and told Meggie, as a profound secret, who said indignantly—

"Lookin' about him, indeed? Set him up an' shute him forrit! Does the man suppose the women-folk o' the Glen are so ill for a man as to tak' the first tattie-bogle [scarecrow] that presents himsel'?"

Meggie saw things in a different light from the Gorilla, who, secure in his own charms, looked about him for twelve months. At the age of fifty a year in the Quarry does not add to one's freshness; and Joseph did not improve with the keeping. Yet he had not neglected his opportunities, and when he made up his mind whom he would take for his wife, he kept the secret to himself, for Peter Reid had shamefully betrayed him on a previous occasion.

Yet it was by the merest accident he settled where he did. Half a dozen doors down the street from Widow Archibald's, Nancy Pordage kept a general grocery in the but end of her house, where you could get any article of merchandise from a clawed hammer to the last patented medicine. John Esplin was passing from the Quarry in company with the Gorilla when, glancing at Nancy's signboard, he exclaimed—

"Pordage—Nancy Pordage! Pordage is a funny name, Joseph. You that ken a'thing, man, can ye tell me whar the Pordages come frae; or is there anither Pordage on the face o' the earth besides Nancy?"

"No, John, no; I wadna say there's anither. I never heard o' anither," he answered emphatically. Then a novel idea struck him, and in the enthusiasm of the moment he blurted it out.

"It wad be grand to see Dumbarrow on a sign-brod." But John Esplin was slow to understand things.

Nancy Pordage was a quiet little woman, who might have been the only Pordage on earth for aught she knew of relatives or namesakes; and what was a virtue in the eyes of Joseph Dumbarrow was an endless grief to her. For she was a brave soul, with a great capacity for loving, which found expression by various circuitous if unsatisfactory channels. Homeless cats, wandered dogs, a lost

child, and, on one occasion at least, a thimblerrigger who had been chased up and down the street by the mob at a Glen feeling-market, found shelter with her. But the succour of such waifs and strays did not satisfy her hungry soul.

Nancy never wearied of her well-doing. Even when the thimblerrigger, after a hearty supper, emptied her till of its change, the want of gratitude did not deter her from a good action; and she found that virtue was its own reward.

And withal so shy and unassuming was she that the thought of a husband did not once rise above her mental horizon; nor had others thought of a husband for her. She was so little, so quiet, so serious and grave, that the neighbours no more thought of coupling her name with a husband's than they thought of associating matrimony with the angels, with whom there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Even Joseph Dambarrow did not in the first instance think of marrying Nancy Porlage, but of how his name would look on her signboard.

That suggested matrimony, and he began the siege. On the way home from the Quarry next evening he stepped in to Nancy's, and asked for some snuff. Then he said it was "a fine night." That was the first shot, and when the Gorilla began he meant business.

That snuff lasted him three days; and when he returned for more, he remarked, as she took the quarter-sheet of a copy-book and dexterously twirled it into a cone-shaped bag—

"Ye keep about the finest snuff I hae snuffed, Nancy."

Nancy blushed, and was pleased. No, not pleased; that is not the word. She fluttered and throbbled with excitement. She had not received such a compliment before; had often, indeed, been taxed—most unjustly—with giving light weight, with wetting the tobacco, and putting sand among the sugar; but she had not been told till now that any article she sold was superlatively good.

The Gorilla bought his snuff in half-ounces, because he liked it fresh from Nancy's earthenware jar, and consequently was a frequent visitor. And the compliments he lavished on the snuff would have

been sufficient to turn the heads of half the heroines in last year's romances.

It would be hard to say what happened to him, but that something did happen was very patent from Nancy's side of the counter. His hare-lip lost its repulsiveness; the grizzled beard, the yellow wrinkled skin, and the penthouse lids became comely. His snivelling tone grew musical, and his step had a rhythm of its own. His visits for half-ounces of snuff were better to her than sunshine and fresh air, better than flowers and the song

of birds, better than the ripple of the Bruar over the pebbles, better than the shadow of the beeches in the Muckle Plantin' on a summer day, better than evening skies golden and rosy-red, and than the sigh of the wind among the long grass on the Moor, better than anything she had hitherto known in her life.

How it happened Nancy hardly knew, but she overlooked the unlovely wrappage in which the Gorilla presented himself, and discerned in his



"HOO THAT, NANCY?"

husky voice honesty, in his great broad shoulders strength other than that of the brute, in his loneliness someone to befriend, and in himself one to tremble with joy before. The grocer and spinster of an uncertain age was without a doubt in love with Joseph Dumbarrow, and knew he was the handsomest man in the Glen, although all others called him the Gorilla. Yet she did not know she was in love; and no one else knew, which was more to be wondered at. But the neighbours were hardly to be blamed for their blindness; for no one suspected such a degree of folly from staid, middle-aged Nancy; and a visit to her grocery every other day for snuff, when the visitor was the Gorilla, was not in itself sufficient to excite suspicion in that suspicious neighbourhood.

The way the matter was brought home to her was as follows:—He called one afternoon as usual for snuff. It was a pouring wet day, and having worked in the rain till they were like drowned rats, the quarriers resolved to stop early. So in mid-afternoon, with the water working out of his boots, dripping from his cap, cutting ravines through the clay on his face, and making the shoulders of his coat shiny, he stood before her and demanded his customary half-ounce. She was warm and dry, with as keen an aversion to wet as a kitten, and she pitied her customer with all her soul—which was a very large one, in spite of her small body. The Gorilla saw the neatly-swept fireside, and the thought struck him, "Why should not I sit by that fireside in comfort, and take what snuff I please without having to buy it in half-ounces?"

He said, "Will ye be my wife, Nancy Pordage?"

She answered "No," and was not in the slightest embarrassed by his request. Next day, however, when she thought, it returned to her with a painful shock.

She did not appear surprised, either, as he asked his next question. "Hoo that, Nancy?"

"Because no."

"That's an 'umman's reason."

"And an 'umman that gied ye it"

"But ye'll hae something at the back o't?"

"I culd never tak' a man that spent his Saturday night at The Three Clowns; it's an ill way o' preparin' for the Lord's Day."

"Gin that's a', I can easily mend that. Ye see, Weeda Archibald cleans the grate ilka Saturday nicht, an' winna hae me about the hoose. Yet I maun be some way."

This statement was a wicked slander against Widow Archibald. She did not clean the grate from one six months' end to the other.

For a month he did not cross the threshold of The Three Clowns, and posed as a thoroughly reformed character. At the end of that period Nancy said "Yes"; and the second Saturday after the wedding he was back to The Three Clowns, the cards, and the toddy; and the work of reformation was all to do over again.

That dreary night the little woman, hungering for love and companionship, sat by her lonely fireside, and broke her heart. She could not cry to winds and clouds to take up her wrongs, nor could she declaim them in blank verse; but she closed the single shutter of her shop-window an hour earlier, and the fireglow lit up the tears shining in her eyes, as her heart grew eloquent with its sorrow. She was so timid, so loving, yet could do nothing but sit and suffer, among the wreck of her hopes and dreams.

She sat up in bed that night with a gasp and a cry of alarm.

"Oh, I think I'm deein'!" she said to her husband, snoring by her side.

"Are ye?" he answered sleepily.

She sat a few moments longer, and lay down at last. The spasm was over. It had been a sharp one; but for all the sympathy her husband showed she would have been better without him.

An hour later she sat up in agony, and gasped.

"Oh, I'm deein'—I'm deein'—for want o' breath!"

"Hap my shoulder," the Gorilla answered crustily.

"Oh, Joseph—Joseph—I'll no'—see—the licht—o'—anither day!" she panted.

"An' whar wad ye like to be buried?" he asked cheerfully.

"Ye monster—ye unfeelin' monster!"

"Gin ye dee we maun bury ye. Wad ye gang wast-by to Baldowie? It's a fair carry, but a free grave. Or east-bye? It's a short road, but the lair'll be to pay for."

Nancy said nothing till Monday morning. Then she made two statements which materially affected the Gorilla's after-life. It needed all her resolution, but she succeeded.

"Joseph Dumbarrow," she said sorrowfully, "ye hae cheated me so far, but ye'll cheat me nae farrer. Your name doesna gae up on my sign, an' ye dinna finger a copper o' mine till I'm deid and dune wi' this world an' its sair-won gear."

"Then there's nae use in my bidin' ony langer here," he answered, and with his best clothes swung in a bundle over his shoulder he set off on his travels.

Nancy Pordage sat by the fire and cried her eyes out. The beautiful vision had passed away, and her life was emptier and drearier than ever.

When the news of his departure spread, Widow Archibald denounced him for all the villains and rascals under the sun, till the wife rose with dignity and asked—

"Hae ye onything against my man, that ye speak in siccan a fashion about him?"

"Hae I onything against him? I wad just think so! I hinna gotten a pennypiece frae him for sax month; so coont that up at nine shillin's i' the week, forby odd saxpences he borrowed to buy snuff; an' a' he has left is a muckle kist [chest] i' the garret, that I canna so muckle as move."

"I'll pay my man's debt," Nancy answered sadly ; and Widow Archibald, greatly relieved, said, "I kent ye wad do the honest thing by your man, Nancy ; but it was a terrible pity ye got yoked wi' a horse o' sic an ill colour."

"Hand your tongue about my man, Weeda Archibald, an' gie me his box."

The two women went to Widow Archibald's garret, but their united strength could not move it.

"It's weel packit, I'm persuadit," the widow answered. Then they forced the lid, and it was empty, yet they could not move it.

"There's something no' cannie about that box," the widow said, and hastened down to old John Crawford the weaver, who climbed the trap-stair, sceptical of the woman's tale.

John looked in, it was empty ; tried to lift it, it was immovable ; grunted "Impm ! impm, ay !" and went down the trap-stair again. At the foot he shouted to the two puzzled women, "He'll hae screwed it to the floor, the scoundrel that he is !"

This fresh proof of rascality was another blow to broken-hearted Nancy Pordage, and she loved the rascal more than ever.

Woman is about the most curious bit of creation going. She will marry a man old enough to be her grandfather, and without a particle of love will toil for him, suffer for him, endure shame for his sake, from sheer constancy of nature and a sense of duty. A man similarly situated runs away. Nancy longed for her husband's return, and loved him passionately because he did not care two straws for her.

An old letter on glazed, waterlined paper, written to her husband a few months after this last exposure of his wickedness, lies before me now. The writing is faded and the expression awkward, but the love that shines in the simple words cannot fade.

She wrote—

"The sign will please you ; it is cheanged to J. Dumbarrow, Grocer, instead of N. Pordage. Also Weeda Archibald's dett is payed and your kist is returned all safe. I have some money left which I will send if you are ill off, also some cloaths and stockin's and other ek cetras. If this finds you I can send a parcel and some snuff the kind you like. There's an opening at the Quarry if you care to know ; and you will be welcome back to your loving wife. I often think about you and wonder if you are well. I am not well myself for the spasms, which the doctor says is from the heart. I don't think I will live terrible long now, and I would like to see you before I die. I hope you are the same."

The scoundrel did not reply to the letter, nor did he take advantage of her generosity. Whether he preserved the letter or only lost it, it is impossible to say ; it was found inside an old boot after his death.

For five years Nancy Pordage waited for her husband's return. Every Saturday she aired a "fleece" of underclothing for him, and on Sabbath

wrote a letter which she did not post on the Monday, because no answer had come to her first. She lived as sparingly as though making provision for a large family of small children, and deposited her earnings in the Savings Bank in his name. From the day he left she did not lock her door ; she provisioned her garrison for two, and was ready to welcome him by night or by day.

Her love grew with the passing years, and the thought of him became her occupation. The silent, grey woman sold ounces of tea and pounds of sugar, thinking absently, and answering her customers at random. And the neighbours shook their heads and whispered to each other, "Nancy's no' lang for this world ; her mind's ower sair set on ither things." She grew thinner, and in silence carried a world of longing and sorrow in her heart, not even uttering a sigh in the hearing of a friend.

Then one night a spasm took her, and the doctor said she had gone out like a candle in a puff of wind.

Joseph Dumbarrow was in time for the funeral, and sported the red tie he wore on his wedding-day.

"Wad ye like to see the corp, Joseph ?" the joiner whispered. "Ye hae time yet ; she's no' screwed doon."

"Ou na," he answered in a loud, careless voice ; "but I wonder gin she has ony snuff left." He opened the jar, and lying on the snuff was her bank-book, which he examined with interest.

"That's mindit' o' her, too ; she had kent I wad be after a snuff, so she put the bookie here to be handy. An' a' in my name ! That does save a hantle o' fash [deal of trouble]. I'll tak' a look o' her yet, Jeems. Impm ! Nancy was aye pleasant-lookin'. An' she has left thirty pound ! Weel, she was a thrifty stock."

The thirty pounds proved the death of Joseph Dumbarrow. He sat down in The Three Clowns to cards and toddy, and did not leave till he was carried out feet foremost.

It was not a deeply-impressed crowd that gathered at The Three Clowns to bring Joseph Dumbarrow home to Nancy Pordage for the last time. In spite of the black clothes and the measured tramp of many feet, there was a sprightly air among the mourners, which showed itself more pronouncedly when they gathered round the grave. Sy Harris got out his pipe ; Peter Reid, turning up his black trousers, seized a spade and shovelled the earth into the grave for the sheer enjoyment of the thing ; John Watson relieved the gravedigger of his ; Sy Ross produced a third ; and the three spades went as for a wager ; while a contented group of smokers stood around, with their hands in their pockets.

"Weel, that's that !" Peter Reid exclaimed, lifting his hat to wipe the perspiration off his brow. "That's the end o' the Gorilla ; and he's weel oot o' the road, I'm shure !"

So his requiem was sung : and they said he made a good ending !

THE YOUNG MAN—MASTER OF HIMSELF.

BY THE VERY REV. F. W. FARRAR, D.D., DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

FEELING the warmest and kindest interest in the welfare of young men, I have written, as I have been asked to do, on "The Young Man in the Home," "The Young Man in Business," "The Young Man in Married Life," and "The Young Man in the Church"; but one more paper is imperatively needed if the others are to have their due influence. It is, in fact, the necessary prelude to the others. It is on "The Young Man, Master of Himself." Unless he be *this*, the young man will not fulfil his highest ideal in any other sphere. His life, even if it be externally prosperous, cannot but be a failure; yes, and the worst of failures. For the worst of failures for any human life is not for a man to be poor, or insignificant, or outwardly unfortunate, but to be the slave of his lower nature. Many of the best and noblest of the human race—the prophets and the saints of God—have been hated, persecuted, outcast; they have wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, in dens and caves of the earth, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; and many of them have been tortured not accepting deliverance. They have never known the luxuries of wealth, or the self-satisfaction of fame, or the sweets of power. Nor has this been the case only with the heroes of faith. Not a few of the rarest human souls have had to bear all through life "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Of our great poet Spenser, his admirer, Phineas Fletcher, wrote in his *Purple Island*—

Yet all his hopes were crossed, his suits deny'd;
Discouraged, scorned, his writings vilified,
Poorly, poor man, he lived; poorly, poor man, he died:

and we know how often the starry soul of Milton found itself

Fallen on evil days and evil tongues,
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude.

What hope was there that a noble heart could find itself at ease amid the barbarous dissonance of Bacchus and his revellers, in the bad days of the Stuart Restoration? A man must have made very small progress in the true estimate of life if he has not learnt that what most men regard as failure may be the most splendid success, and what they regard as triumphant success may be the most abject of failures. Every young man should lay it down as an axiom that

Self reverence, self knowledge, self control,
These three *alone* lead men to sovereign power.

In the window of a room in Queen's College, Oxford, there is an inscription which records

that it was once occupied by our young hero-king Henry V., who is finely described as

"VICTOR HOSTIUM ET SUI,"

conqueror not only of his enemies, but of himself. He conquered his enemies at Azincour, but the conquest of himself—the turning of the rout caused by his earlier follies into resistance, and of the resistance into victory—required a far more earnest struggle. How many of the world's laurelled victors have driven their foes before them on many a battlefield, and yet have hopelessly succumbed to the domestic foes in their own heart! They have been defeated by their own lower self—

This coward with pathetic voice,
Who craves for rest, and ease and joys,
Myself arch-traitor to myself,
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My dog whatever road I go.

Alexander won the day at Issus, the Granicus, and Arbela, and founded one of the most colossal and enduring of the empires of the world before he was thirty-three years old; yet, hopelessly subdued by his own baser instincts, the glorious young Greek died as a fool dieth, drunken and debauched, at Babylon. Napoleon I. won a hundred terrible battles amid all the pomp and circumstance of magnificent war; yet, when he was flung to die on a barren Atlantic rock, he was so utterly devoid of the most ordinary magnanimity, that he condescended to incessant and ignoble squabbles with Sir Hudson Lowe about etiquette and champagne. On the other hand, there have been many men whose *outward* foes have triumphed over them; on whom death has fallen before they were able to see one of their high ends accomplished; who have stood pilloried, *because* of their goodness, "on Infamy's high stage"; who have ended their sad careers amid clouds and thick darkness, in the dungeon, on the scaffold, or at the stake,—who have yet earned the most immortal palms, and for whom "all the trumpets have sounded on the other side." Is not the life of Christ the eternal type of such glorious failures? And have not the "masters of those who know" expressed their adhesion to the supremacy of this ideal? Who has not heard the universal Christian proverbs, "*Via crucis, via lucis*," and "No cross, no crown"? Does not Dante sing—

For not on flowery beds, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, Heaven is won?

But let no young man suppose that the Ideal of the Cross is an ideal of abjectness or misery. It is, on the contrary, an ideal of glorious supremacy and of a permanent blessedness—

yes, even of an exultation—which the world can neither give nor take away. The worst apparent sufferers in the cause of righteousness have felt, in the depths of their anguish, a joy surpassing the joy of harvest. They have been "*contenti nel fuoco*"—content even in the fire.¹ There has often been a radiance on the faces of martyrs, as they uplifted their trembling hands out of the flames, such as has never gleamed beneath the diadems or coronals of earthly bliss. And, on the other hand, men who have risen from peasants to emperors have re-echoed with one voice the Wise King's epitaph of thrice-doubled emptiness upon the most consummate splendours of the world. They have exclaimed with Tiberius, "All the gods and goddesses were continually destroying me"; and with Septimius Severus, "*Omnia fui et nihil expedit*,"—"I have been everything, and it is all of no avail." And why is this? It is because the only real, the only eternal secret of anything which can remotely be called happiness, depends in no respect on external things. The sources of joy and glory lie solely within us. If a man's heart be not at peace; if he does not possess his own approval; if a peaceful conscience does not shed its light upon him,—then *nothing* can make him happy. For then he has been, in some way or other, practically false to his own best impulses and purest aspirations, and

The worst of miseries

Is when a nature, framed for noblest things,
Condemns itself in youth to petty joys,
And, sore athirst for air, breathes scanty life,
Gasping from out the shallows.

We learn these truths, as we learn all other truths, best from Scripture. Our Lord taught us that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things that he possesseth" (Luke xii. 15); and St. Paul describes Christians as "having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

The secret, then, of all happiness, of all nobleness, of all true success, is self-mastery, self-possession.

It might well seem strange that our *self*—the inmost secret of our being—all that constitutes our true immortality, is not *given* us with ourselves, but has to be acquired by us. We have, so to speak, to *earn* the essential reality of our own being.

Ordinary language shows how little this conception is realised. By "self-possession," in common speech, is merely meant that a man does not exhibit outward signs of emotion or alarm at any sudden crisis; that he is master of all facial expression; that he can conceal the agitation or excitement which is shown by others. And when society speaks of a youth as being "*his own master*," it only means to say that he has a private income of his own, and can do what he likes!

But the true conceptions of "self-possession" and "being our own masters," so far from these lying on the surface, are connected with the very depths of our human nature.

Our nature is not simple but complex, and its perfectness and blessedness consist in the harmonious inter-relation of its tendencies and forces. We have acquired ourselves when we have learnt to give the supremacy to what is *best* and *most eternal* within ourselves, and to keep in resolute control all base and destructive elements within us.

This truth forced itself even upon the Pagan moralists, and was seen with marvellous insight especially by Plato.² He described man as a tripartite being, consisting of the combination of a lion, a many-headed monster, and a man. The Lion represents the passions of the soul—not necessarily ignoble, but liable to become ungovernable and then destructive. The Monster—"a multitudinous polycephalous beast, having a ring of heads of all manner of beasts, tame and wild"—represents the lusts of the flesh. The Man represents the reason. Nothing, says Socrates, is more fatal than "to feast the multitudinous monster, and strengthen the lion, but to starve and weaken the man." The human being has only achieved his true destiny when the man is absolute sovereign over the lion, controlling all its impulses; and when he has crushed the many-headed monster beneath his feet. But it is only the few who do not allow the lion and the monster to overthrow and tyrannise over the reason—and then the man becomes earthly, animal, demonish.

Practically, then, every man is living in one of three conditions—(1) that of defeat; (2) that of uncertain struggle; or (3) that of secure victory.

1. The condition of absolute human defeat presents the spectacle which combines in itself all the most terrible mysteries and all the most consummate tragedies of our earthly life. It has many degrees; it may not always imply a total and hopeless abjectness; but it exists whenever a man has allowed himself to become the slave of his lowest, and especially of his animal impulses. Well may Shakespeare exclaim—

Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, yea, in my heart of heart.³

Many a man is nothing more or less than "passion's slave"—and there is no servitude more grinding or more disastrous. The duty imposed upon us by nature, by reason, by conscience, by Scripture, by every voice of God without us and within, bids us fight against our evil passions, and make them "come to heel by a strong will, the servant of a tender conscience." The man who tampers with, who makes concessions to, his lower instincts, is lost. For we

¹ Dante, *Inferno*, i. 118.

² Plato, *Republic*, ix. p. 588.

³ Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iii. 2.

are, as Aristotle said, naturally "propense to over-indulgence rather than to moderation."¹ The only way to master ourselves is to resist the beginnings of evil; to strangle the evil inclination at its very source; to crush the unborn serpent in its gleaming shell. If we dabble with it, if we parley with it, if we pamper the devil within us, nothing but a miracle of grace can save us. We cannot make harmless "covenants with death," or safe "agreements with hell."

For instance, the experience of the world shows the enormous strength of sensual impulses; yet no human being was ever born who could not have lived, as hundreds of thousands have lived, a life pure and temperate. But the *condition* of doing so is resistance; it is to harden ourselves against ourselves; it is to avail ourselves of the Divine grace which is freely and always within the reach of all who seek it. If a man thinks that he can plunge into the rushing and whirling stream and not be swept away by it;—that he can walk in the dark along the edge of the precipice and run no risk of shattering fall;—that any flowery band will be strong enough in which to check his full-fed appetites when they crash out upon him, "terrible and with a tiger's leaps," he will find, by fatal experience—renewed to the human race since the day of

That crude apple which perverted Eve—

that to encourage temptation is to abandon the true mastery of self. How can *he* escape impurity who listens to, and is ever recalling to his self-polluted imagination, the Siren's song? who thinks that he may safely defile the inner sanctities of his moral being, and yet not do so by outward act? who by impure literature, and every other form of unhallowed stimulus, feeds and strengthens the very passions which can only be tamed into temperance, soberness, and chastity by rigid avoidance, or determined battle?

Or take the awful desecration of drunkenness. Can there be a more abjectly pitiable spectacle, can there be a more fearfully dismantled hulk on the rolling waters, or a more ghastly wreck upon life's lonely shore—than the habitual drunkard? He cannot resist a chemical product; he has made himself the negro-slave of a dead thing; he has impawned that which is divine within him to the meanest and loathliest of all the fiends. "If the glass of brandy were there"—such a miserable being has been known to say—"and between me and it blazed up the fires of hell, I am so helpless that I should still be forced to put out my hand and take it."

What is this but demoniacal possession? What is this but the undying worm and the quenchless flame, self-introduced, self-kindled in the heart?

2. The second, and perhaps the commonest condition, is that of *undecided struggle*. The man who has suffered the wild beast of the flesh to make its thick carnivorous roar heard within the sanctuary of his soul—the youth who has played lovingly with the glittering venomous impulse which shall soon break into a fiery flying serpent—the man who, wilfully ceding to Satan the possession even of an inch, has given to the Evil One a right and a part within him, and forfeited his part in the Lord Jesus Christ—that man has disturbed within him the indefeasible autocracy of righteousness. He has rendered his task very perilous in the warfare which has no discharge. It is infinitely easier to stand firm than to restore a battle-array which has once wavered and been gored by inroads of the enemy. It is far easier to win the battle than to check the rout. This was the fatal experience depicted by St. Paul: "To will is present with me, but to do that which is good is not. So the good which I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I practise. But if what I would not that I do, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. With the mind I serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin. Wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me out of the body of this death?" (Rom. vii. 18–25). It is the confession of Ovid—

Video meliora, proboque
Deteriora sequor:²

It is the exclamation of Louis XIV., "I know those two men," when Massillon had been depicting the old man and the new man who exist within each one of us. All men must feel that though "the angel holds us by the hand," yet "the serpent has us by the heart." This explains the painful phenomenon of inconsistency. It accounts for the sudden frightful revelation of evil in the conduct of men who had passed for good. It renders less unaccountable the frequent phenomenon of sudden exposure and ruin in the case of men who, all their lives long, had seemed to be walking in the odour of sanctity. In many a man there are those *two* men—the Adam and the Christ.

He seemed methought to live two lives in one;
One busied still with matter to be done,
While one apart sat on a sentry-tower
Watching the moral world.

And thus, in the quaint words of Tennyson—

The piebald miscellany, man,
Bursts of great heart, and slips in sensual mire.

3. The third condition alone represents the supreme of man—the condition of settled victory, in which a man, in armed and peaceful

¹ Εὐκαταφορὸί ἐσμεν πρὸς ἀκολασίαν μᾶλλον ἢ πρὸς κοσμιότητα, Arist. *Eth.* N. ii. 8. 8.

² Ovid, *Met.* vii.; comp. Euripides, *Medea*, 1078—
καὶ μανθάνω μὲν ὅα δράν μέλλω καὶ
θυμὸς δὲ κρείσσω τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.

watchfulness, has achieved a secure and tranquil empire over himself by having attained the decisive victory over the passions of the soul and the lusts of the body which are the signs of his moral affinity to the tiger and the ape. This is the condition of those whom in the Apocalypse St. John designates as the radiant company of the pure and undefiled, who, in white robes, and with palms in their hands, follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. These are they whom Plato describes as following the winged car of Zeus and the twelve greater gods within the sphere of heaven, not like the rest which are lamed, and have their wings broken, as they sink downwards through the violence of their chariot steeds, and struggle and trample on one another.¹

The poets, who are ever the greatest of our moral teachers, have constantly, and in all ages, dwelt on the happiness and glory of these Victors over themselves.

So sings Virgil—

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
Quique metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

So Dante, to whom, as the reward of all his constancy and the issue of all his heart-shaking visions, Virgil says—

Thy judgment is now free, correct, and sound,
And thou wouldst err didst thou not do its bidding,
I crown and mitre thee over thyself.²

So Shakespeare—

I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.

So Fletcher—

Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all life, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him falls early, or too late:
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fateful shadows that walk by us still.

So Sir Henry Wotton—

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his only skill,
Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath,
This man is free from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

So Milton, in prose—

He that holds himself in reverence and due esteem both for the dignity of God's image upon him and for the sign of His redemption which he thinks to be marked visibly upon his forehead, accounts himself a free person to do the noblest and godliest deeds.

So Wordsworth, of the man

Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won.
This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms would wish to be.

So Coleridge—

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—life, and light,
And calm thoughts innocent as infants' breath,
And three firm friends more sure than Day or Night—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

So Matthew Arnold—

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear,
Resolve to be thyself; and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery.

So Clough—

Seek seeker in thyself, and thou shalt find
In the stones bread, and life in the blank mind.

So Sir Lewis Morris—

Take thou no thought for aught save truth and right,
Content, if such thy fate, to die obscure;
Wealth falls and honours, fame may not endure,
And noble souls soon weary of delight.
Keep innocence. Be all a true man ought,
Let neither pleasures tempt, nor pain appal;
Who hath this he hath all things, having nought,
Who hath it not hath nothing, having all.

And so another—

Be your own palace, or the world's your jail.

We may be quite sure beforehand that the first enunciation of a truth so striking and so necessary as this will be found in Scripture, and our Lord uttered it in the most concise yet pregnant form. In the Authorised Version the words read, "In your patience possess ye your souls" (Luke xxi. 19). But the word for "possess" is *κτάρθαι*, and the verse should be rendered, "By your endurance ye shall acquire your souls." Possession of ourselves is not spontaneously bestowed upon us; it is a dominion which each man has to gain by labour and sore struggle.

And how is he to acquire it?

There is no answer but the old, old answer. A new answer, an original answer, would be a false one. The answer is best given in the pages of the old Book—ever old yet ever new—which our mothers taught us. It is, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." It is, "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh." The *body* of man may become frightfully depraved—it may be turned from a sanctuary into a charnel-house, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. It may be desecrated from a shrine into a haunt of demons, the abode of goats and satyrs, and every obscene thing. The *soul* of man may be degraded from a home of noble virtues into a cage of unclean beasts. But the *spirit* of man can never be polluted. It may be grieved; it may

¹ Plato, *Phædrus*, 246 E.

² Dante, *Purgat.* xxvii. 140-143: "Perch' io te sopra te coronò e mitriò."

be quenched; it may be stifled within us; but *perverted* it cannot be. For it is divine; it is eternal; it is God within us, and that whereby we have affinity with God. But the Dove cannot fly in unclean places, nor can the Holy Spirit abide in a polluted heart. It requires thus a constant prayer, a constant effort, to keep the heart pure. St. Paul was "the man of the third heaven,"—the "heaven-treader," as the Greek Church calls him,—yet even St. Paul says, "This one thing I do: forgetting those things that are behind, and stretching forth unto those things that are before, I press towards the mark of the prize of my high calling in Christ Jesus"; "so run I not as uncertainly; so fight I not as one who beateth the air (with hypocritic feints), but I blacken my body with blows (*ἐπωπιάζω*) and lead it about as a slave (*δουλαγωγῶ*), lest, by any means, after that I have preached to others, I myself should be rejected."

We see, then, that victory is only for the resolute and the brave. How long and how severely did the Greek wrestler and the Roman gladiator train themselves, as do the modern competitors in athletics at this day! How careful was their abstinence, how rigid their diet, how regular their exercises! If they could thus deny themselves, and control themselves, to win a corruptible crown, how much more should we do it to win the *στέφανος ἀμάραντος*, the crown woven of heaven's unfading amaranth? And it depends, under God, upon ourselves. "I confess it is my shame," says the weak debauchee, "but it is not in my virtue to amend it." "Virtue! a fig!" truly answers the resolute scoundrel. "'Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus. Our bodies are gardens to the which our *wills* are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our *wills*. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts."

And let no young man say, "Alas! it is all too late! I have sold myself already, and for nought. I cannot dislodge from my enslaved soul the demons to whom, as to strong men armed, I have betrayed the fortress. Almost as far as I can look back—even in days when the clearness of memory is lost in the mists of 'the dark backward and abyss of years,' I have been unfaithful. The crown has fallen from my head, for I have sinned." Let every

¹ 1 Pet. v. 4: *κομείσθε τὸν ἀμάραντον τῆς δόξης στέφανον.*

youth indignantly expel these soft pleadings of despondency! They are snares of the devil. Fight on, even if at sad moments it seems to you as though your fights were all defeats. Repentance, it has been said, is the younger brother of Innocence itself. Ah, how those two brothers differ! The elder brother, Innocence, is bright and strong and ruddy and beautiful and happy; the younger, Repentance, is pale, with withered features, and downcast eyes, and shaking hands. It is his hard task to rescue a captive shut up in a lost self, that dungeon without iron bars,—a captive bound with fetters which are none the less heavy because they clank not and are invisible. But God who makes can remake, and who created can restore. The task of Repentance is ten times harder than that of Innocence. It is ten times harder to break old habits, to recover lost ground, to rally the shamed and defeated soldiers of lost battles. Yet Repentance, by God's grace, has again and again won the most splendid victories in human lives. No *living* man is lost; while there is life there is hope. Sin is never a necessity, even when it has hardened into habit and petrified into character. Observe that Hope is a virtue as well as a grace. "Thou art wearied in the greatness of thy way. Yet saidst thou not, There is no hope." Had not St. Cyprian lived a thoroughly worldly and godless pagan life? Yet in middle age he became a saint of God, and underwent that transformation of character which he had deemed to be *impossible*. Had not St. Augustine lived through a corrupt boyhood, a sensual youth, an enslaved manhood? yet did he not become "a new creation"?

Not one of you is so fallen into evil as to be unredeemable. Christ, if you seek Him, if you rally every force within you to obey His will, Christ can restore your sight, can strengthen your palsy, can touch your leprous soul into pure health again. You are a sinner now—tied and bound with the chain of your sins—but Christ can roll off from you the strangling load and set you free, and you may yet die a holy man.

Can it be true the word he is declaring?

Oh, let us trust him, for his words are fair!

Man, what is this? and why art thou despairing?

God shall forgive thee all but thy despair.

There would be very much more to say on this great subject, but I conclude with one word on the supreme blessedness of self-conquest.

It may be measured by the shame and anguish of a disintegrated, a dual individuality, a reed shaken by the wind, a life swayed hither and thither by opposing influence, a character composed of

To the undecided, and the defeated, God has given their hearts' desire, and sent leanness withal into their souls. They have plucked Dead Sea apples and are poisoned; they have clutched at bubbles which have burst at their touch. Old age leaves them like a boat which has struck upon a bank of mud in a fast-ebbing tide, which for them can flow no more. Their bodies are their prison-house. Their self-destroyed self clings to them like a Nessus-shirt of agony which they think that they can never tear off. Such a man carries about with him, wherever he goes, his own punishment for ever. Which way he flies is hell; himself is hell. He is, as one said who knew what it meant by grim experience—

Lord of himself, that heritage of woe.

On the other hand, he who has attained to self-mastery "has his own self for a better possession and an abiding." The old copyists failed to understand the depth and grandeur of that passage of the Epistle to the Hebrews (Heb. x. 34). They altered it into a meaning, true indeed, but much less profound and original, by writing (as in our Authorised Version), "knowing *in yourselves* (*ἐν ἑαυτοῖς*) that ye have *in heaven* a better and an enduring substance." The text and version are trebly faulty. The verse really consoles the suffering Hebrews in the midst of poverty and persecution, and accounts for their joy amid it all, by saying that they exulted in mercy and good works, "learning (by these very trials) to recognise that *ye had your own selves for a better possession* than all the earthly goods of which they had been spoiled, and an *abiding* possession of which

neither earth nor hell could ever rob them." That possession is the spiritual, the eternal life, overarched by the inward azure of that peace which no earthly clouds can darken. Even a heathen could feel *something* of this dignity. In one of Seneca's tragedies an aged attendant is pointing out to Medea the hopelessness of her fortunes—

Abiere Colehi, conjugis nulla est fides;
Nihilque superest, opibus e tantis, tibi,—

"Your husband is faithless, your soldiers have gone, your wealth is scattered: what remains to you?" "*Medea superest*,"—"Medea still remains to me!" is the magnificent reply. I am still *myself*. He who has mastered himself stands on the sunlit hills above the storms. Fortune can strip him of all outward resources, but not of himself, not of the unconquerable will. The tree is still a tree, with all the potentialities of life within it, though the whirlwind have stripped away its leaves.

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil:
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done.

Therefore let every youth aim, first of all, and most of all, at self-mastery. Without it, he must be base and miserable; with it, he cannot but be happy. Without it, other things are but "gifts of the evil genii which are curses in disguise." With it, he is God's child, the possessor of blessedness now, the heir of eternal happiness hereafter. Without it, he will have nothing to give back to the God who made him but "the dust of his body and the shipwreck of his soul": with it, he has fulfilled the highest ends of his being, and shall have life for evermore.

* * THE YOUNG MAN from January to April—containing DEAN FAIRBAIRN'S articles on "THE YOUNG MAN IN THE HOME," "THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS," "THE YOUNG MAN IN THE CHURCH," and "YOUNG MEN AND MARRIAGE"—will be sent to any address on receipt of 1s. 3d. in stamps.

* * WE wish to direct the special attention of our readers to the Illustrated Programme of our Fourth Holiday Gathering in Switzerland, which we send out with this number. As the parties are strictly limited, and the demand for places is already very great, applications should be sent in as soon as possible.

"THE First Year of Married Life" is the title of a very delightful article by the Rev. J. G. Greenhough in *The Home Messenger* for May. The other contents include a fully illustrated article on "The Streets of the Great City," by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, a story by Edward Garrett, a portrait and sketch of the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, a paper on Total Abstinence by the Rev. Charles Garrett, and many illustrations by eminent artists. The June number of this magazine will contain an important article by the Rev. J. H. Jowett.

To judge religion we must have it—not stare at it from the bottom of a seemingly interminable ladder.—George MacDonald.

WE are glad to hear of the success of Mr. Marshall Mather's *Lancashire Idylls* (Warne & Co.). Some may think the mention of a particular county indicates that the book is of local rather than of general interest, but really it is no more local than Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Window in Thrums*. We admit that the dialect is local, while many of the descriptions apply only to the wild moorlands which surround the Rossendale Valley; but the book is more than a description of local scenery and dialect; it is really a volume of poems, and fine poems, too. The reader will have to search far for a more pathetic piece of writing than "Oud Enoch's Flute"; while the story of "How Malachi o' th' Mount won his Wife" will touch the hearts of all who love a quaint description of the master-passion of life, whether found in cottage or in mansion. We heartily recommend Mr. Mather's book as one of the best of its kind, and we shall look with interest for his future work.

CHATS AT THE CLUB.

WANTED—A MATRIMONIAL BUREAU.

WE had been discussing the Matrimonial Agency trials, and had made quite a number of general remarks about the gullibility of the public, and the small amount of 'cuteness necessary for its spoliation, when Stanhope said there was another view of the case. "What people are willing to pay for in coin of the realm we may rest assured they want, and what they pay for at the price of much sacrifice we may conclude they want very much. If a number of men plank down in one place fees that reach a total amount of six or seven thousand pounds per annum, we may infer that they represent other sections of the community who, under the same circumstances, would act similarly elsewhere, and therefore that the desire of choosing accredited life-partners in a matter-of-fact manner is pretty widespread."

We all admitted this.

"Is not making acquaintance among the middle classes, or in that section of it which is too wise or too self-respecting to pick up a life-partner at bap-hazard, hedged about with difficulties so hideous that, until a man is ready to incur the responsibilities of a household, he dare not strive for an intimate footing where there are girls? The result is that when he is in a position to marry, he knows no one. What, then, is he to do? Get a friend to find a wife for him? A multitude of men have no women friends, and their male friends are as forlorn as themselves. Now, why should there not be a respectable, properly-constituted, trustworthy establishment where they could state their requirements, and see what is available?"

"That is exactly what the Universal Matrimonial Agency purported to be."

"The Agency was a fraud. I am in earnest."

"The answer to your question is that the general public would only have confidence in an agent of recognised probity and social status, and a person so circumstanced would not undertake the labours of the position. To sincerely strive for the matrimonial happiness of the community would be too exhausting, except as an occasional diversion."

"But let it be a business, like banking or stock-broking."

"That might induce the needy to take it up, and with all good intentions, but they would not have the position or the prestige that inspires confidence."

"Then it must devolve on a local Board."

"Too public, my dear fellow, too public. You must remember that, in the case of women at any rate, secrecy is the very breath of their nostrils; generations of subordination have taught them that they are always at a disadvantage, therefore they are afraid of publicity of any kind, lest it show

where they are vulnerable. A marriage agency on the lines you indicate would be even more serviceable to them than to us; but though they might know that, it would take years to induce the bulk of them to apply at any such centre, years in which it had been recognised as reliable."

"Then why not let it be under Government auspices? Foreign states lend the light of their countenances to lotteries, to roulette tables, we lend ours to horse-racing; why not do better, and put matrimonial agencies, as France puts pawnshops, under warranty of Government? Commercial abuses evolved the *mont-de-piété* there. Why should not matrimonial misfortunes create a Governmental marriage bureau here?"

"Is marriage such a blessing?" Henley asked, with a yawn.

"Under good conditions it is generally desirable for the individual, while under any conditions it is essential to the continuance of the state. Now, here is what I should propose—to take a census of all the marriageable people, both men and women, in each district. If it were universal it would be deprived of that element which Norbury says women tend to shrink from as a form of exposure. People of an age and in circumstances to marry would be scheduled marriageable, as they are now scheduled major or minor. Persons ineligible for marriage or averse to it for any reason would not be tabulated. One advantage of this would be that all not so enrolled might enjoy social intercourse with impunity—they would be legal detrimentals. All apprentices, all students, would perforce be among the unclassified. Of the classified there should then be two lists, that of those personally qualified for and desirous of matrimony, but without sufficient income to maintain the home unaided. This would include many young professional men, curates, ministers, junior lawyers, and officers, as well as clerks and business men in various positions. The higher class would be that of eligibles who could afford to marry a penniless wife. But these would only be subdivided in a private list, which no candidate could see without paying a fee sufficient to test whether the inquirer was actuated by mere curiosity or meant business. The unclassified list would be open to general inspection, when an inquirer accompanied his or her application with name and address. Thus, if Mary Brown wanted to know if John Jones's interest in her was serious or momentary, she would consult the list which merely contained names and the general address of a parish or district. Did John's name not appear there, Mary would know that he was a detrimental, and would be able to act accordingly. But if he were on the

list of intending Benedicts then Mary could, if so minded, investigate his financial position for a fee of, say, five guineas."

"But is it certain that John will tell the absolute truth about his income?" Norbury asked.

"It will be to his interest to do so; also the department will require every man's statement to be attested by two witnesses of respectable position among his personal acquaintances. Women will submit to exactly the same regulations. If a woman wishes to marry, her name and residential district will be entered on the general list, and her age, monetary position, educational accomplishments, and personal qualities indicated on the private list. Is a man struck by a woman's appearance, he immediately proceeds to find out that she is neither engaged nor averse to matrimony by consulting the general list. If he belongs to class two, her income will not matter to him; but if he belongs to class one, and can only marry a self-supporting wife, then, for a fee to be regulated according to circumstances, he will be allowed to discover how much or how little private fortune the lady possesses. Should she be in the large division of penniless women, then he will recognise that he must try to forget her before intimacy causes further heart-burning. At the same time he may be permitted to investigate the list for a lady possessing such qualities as would render her a desirable wife, with, at the same time, the indispensable item of a small income."

"Bravo!" said Henley and Norbury together.

"I have not finished," Stanhope continued. "I should divide the country into districts of a certain area each, and over each district I should appoint two male and two female general managers. These managers should never belong to the neighbourhood; it should be essential to their appointment that they hail from a distance of at least a hundred miles. They should be persons of probity, tact, and culture, who would regard the making of marriages very seriously."

"Would your plan include every social grade?"

"At present it seems essential chiefly for the upper and lower middle classes. Working people manage their affairs more simply, and do not suffer so much under social or moral compulsion as those somewhat higher in the social scale. When I thought this out, I had in view merely the needs of the professional and business classes, and of young Government officials, teachers, and business men and women. I thought of the class of persons who applied to the National Matrimonial Agents now in prison, and the more refined of the same class, who felt exactly their needs, but were restrained by timidity or shyness or self-respect from applying at the same source. As things are now arranged, marriage is often a very doubtful blessing, but my scheme would make the households of Britain blossom as the rose."

"It's not practicable," I said.

"It may remain impracticable during the present generation, but before another quarter of a century has passed away a scheme somewhat like that I've propounded will become so generally advocated by sensible people that it will be met by a provision of some sort. To-day it is almost a necessity. Our matrimonial arrangements grow worse every year, the marriage age is steadily rising, while such unions as happen result indifferently enough. We talk about freedom of choice; a man's freedom is only in a circumscribed area, a woman's freedom does not even pretend to exist. When my scheme becomes actual, every man will have the whole kingdom to choose from, and no woman, allowed to state her own case, will fail of suitors. At present when a man wishes to marry he must choose the daughter of his next-door neighbour, or his partner's wife's sister, or his own sister's school-friend, or the girl he meets down town or at the hydro, and he is bound to commit himself before he can learn, in nine cases out of ten, particulars which, had he known them at the out-set, would have proved barriers to his procedure. A man nowadays offers his hand blindly, knowing scarcely any of the particulars which form the basis of a happy union; hence unsatisfactory and dragging engagements, reluctant marriages, and doubtful subsequent happiness. For women the case is just as bad; a woman who dreads celibacy must accept what is offered her, irrespective of prepossessions on her part. Now, my list would obviate many of these difficulties, would show at a glance what men and women respectively are domesticated, or fond of travel, or literary, and who possesses good health and who has an income."

"After the manner of a dealer's catalogue," said Henley.

"Well, why not? Would it not be very Lard that one should be compelled to buy a house, or an estate, or a work of art, without having investigated every important detail connected therewith? Now, a life-partner is the most serious of all investments, yet you are only allowed to estimate it when you have declared yourself a purchaser. The bureau books would tabulate persons and their qualities, and prevent many subsequent surprises."

"And so ends for ever love at first sight, romances à la Romeo and Juliet, and the value of dynamic glances and personal fascination," said Henley.

"To appraise a prospective wife as one appraises a sack of wheat would render life even more humdrum than it is," Norbury said.

"I don't propose to cater for poets," Stanhope answered; "they will always be beyond rule, and in a great measure beyond everyday exigencies. I speak merely for humdrum, everyday people, who would be satisfied with everyday domestic happiness, and who, failing to find that in the world they are familiar with, fall an easy prey to the charlatan and the cheat."

NORMAN FRENCH.

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: DR. DALE'S "LIVING CHRIST AND THE FOUR GOSPELS."

A MINISTERIAL acquaintance of mine was spending a holiday Sunday some little time ago in a town in the north of England. It chanced to be the day fixed for an interchange of pulpits among the Non-conformist ministers of the town, and, in consequence, the pulpit of the chapel he attended was occupied by a stranger, morning and evening. At the morning service the preacher announcing for his text, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see," began by saying that there were in these days a great many things that we did not know; that Biblical criticism, for example, had raised a host of difficult questions as to the genuineness of our sacred writings, and so on and so on, but that whatever doubt might exist on these and kindred matters, the certainty of the great facts verified by Christian experience remained unaffected. "Explain away the books as you can, 'one thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see'; you have still to explain *me*." This, said the preacher, was the thesis of a noteworthy volume recently issued by Dr. Dale, and he should not hesitate to make ample use of the Doctor's arguments in his address that morning. At the evening service the preacher read as his text, "Ye are our epistle." He had lately been reading, he said, a very remarkable volume by Dr. Dale of Birmingham, *The Living Christ and the Four Gospels*, a volume which he would like earnestly to commend to the notice of his hearers. The aim of the book was to show how men could still continue to believe in Christ even though they were in the greatest uncertainty as to the character and composition of the Four Gospels that contained the record of our Lord's earthly life; he (the preacher) had been deeply impressed by the argument, and it would form the basis of most that he had to say to them that evening. As my friend left the chapel at the close of the second service, a local preacher roguishly whispered to him, "What a good thing it must have been for the ministers that Dr. Dale wrote that book!"

It is this much-talked-of volume that we are to study together this month, and by the time they have reached its fourth chapter some of our readers will no doubt have discovered the inspiration of not a few sermons they have heard during the last few years. For Dr. Dale was emphatically a preachers' preacher, and his books are in every preacher's library. It is to be regretted, I think, that they are not to be found more frequently in the homes of our laymen, and on the bookshelves of intelligent young men and women. For surely the man who could write *Christian Doctrine* on the one hand, and

Laws of Christ for Common Life on the other, appeals to all, ministers and laymen alike, who are concerned about the deepest problems of thought and life. England has doubtless produced many greater theologians than Dr. Dale, and many greater preachers than he, but very rarely has she possessed the great preacher and the great theologian so remarkably combined as in the famous pastor of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham.

The aim of the volume before us is twofold, and may be briefly stated thus:—To show, in the first place, that whatever doubts modern Biblical criticism may throw upon the historical trustworthiness of the Four Gospels, those who believe in Christ may, nevertheless, continue to believe in Him with an unshaken faith; uncertain as they may be as to the books, they need lose none of their certainty of Him; and, secondly, that as a matter of fact the Gospels may be trusted, they do actually contain the story of Christ as delivered by the first Apostles. The opening chapters endeavour to make good the first half of the argument; the rest of the volume is occupied with a statement of the evidence in support of the latter. Let us glance for a moment at each of the questions discussed. We will take the second first.

During the last fifty years a very fierce controversy has raged around the Four Gospels. Their historical trustworthiness has been attacked from all sides, and with tremendous vigour. The issues raised are, for the most part, questions of scholarship, which scholarship must in the end settle according to its own recognised methods. The last word on the subject has by no means yet been spoken, and Dr. Stalker was perhaps a little too sanguine when in an address to divinity students¹ he spoke of the struggle about the New Testament as having "quieted down." At the very moment that I am writing, the Church of Scotland is threatened, through the action of one of its own ministers, with a controversy which must inevitably raise the whole problem of the historical value of the Four Gospels.² But though the end may not yet be in sight, we may await it without fear. Thus far, at least, the defenders of the faith have not been put to shame. Young men who are disposed to take for granted

¹ On "The Present Desiderata of Theology," since reprinted in *The Expositor*, 4th series, vol. i. p. 241.

² I refer to the "Kilmun Heresy Case," as the newspapers term it. It has arisen through the publication, by the Rev. A. Robinson, the parish minister of Kilmun, Argyllshire, of a volume entitled *The Saviour in the Newer Light* (Blackwood's, 7s. 6d. net).

the weakness of the Christian position should read Lightfoot's *Essays on Supernatural Religion*¹ or Principal Wace's *Christianity and Agnosticism*;² and if from these they will proceed to the study of some of the books recommended by Dr. Dale in the Preface to his own work, they will learn a much-needed lesson in respect for the strength of the position of those who, in spite of all that has been urged to the contrary, still persist in treating the Gospels as serious and trustworthy historical documents. There is no need for me even to summarize the argument, since both details and summary are given with such admirable force and clearness by Dr. Dale himself. But anyone who will take the pains to master that argument will, I think, begin to feel that Dr. Horton is in no way overstating the case when he says that "we destroy the very foundation of history; we make all historical evidence worthless, if we do not recognise that here are historical documents supported in the fullest way by authentic records which, under the circumstances, can be accepted as sufficient."³

Still, it is conceivable that some may hesitate. They are sure of Christ, but of the books they remain in doubt. Their doubt does not arise, necessarily, from any detailed examination of the evidence; for such an examination they have neither the time nor the strength. But they know enough of the questions at issue to realise their difficulty; they know that great names can be quoted on the one side as well as on the other, and while the experts are still debating they prefer to sit on the cross-benches. It is of such as these that Dr. Dale writes in the opening chapters of his volume. How, he asks, can uncertainty in matters which lie wholly within the province of literary and historical criticism, weaken the certainty of

great spiritual truths which a man has verified in his own experience? A man trusts Christ for certain great and wonderful things, he receives certain great and wonderful things from Christ—in the name of all that is reasonable, is he to let go his hold on these things because there are some others concerning which he still remains in doubt? The argument is of course an old one, but in Dr. Dale's volume it is set forth with unsurpassed power; and it is this modern and magnificent rendering of an old truth which gives to his book its great value.

It may be granted that the Doctor's position is at times open to criticism. In his eagerness to strengthen his case, he appears sometimes to overstate it, and to underestimate the importance of our knowledge of the historic Christ. Professor Bruce thinks that a strain is put upon the argument which it will not bear. "Does not the experience," he asks, "which forms the foundation of the argument presuppose the faith which it is used to prove? . . . Men living in heathen countries may have their religious experiences, but they cannot have specifically Christian experience while they remain ignorant of Christ." And he quotes with approval the words of another writer (Stearns) on the evidence of Christian experience: "There is no reason to believe that Christianity could, for any long time, continue to exist as an active power in the world were the Bible to be blotted out of existence."⁴ In justice to Dr. Dale let it be said he would probably be in entire agreement with the writer here quoted, and he would certainly not dispute Professor Bruce's statement that "men living in heathen countries cannot have specifically Christian experience while they remain ignorant of Christ." But is not all this rather beside the mark? Dr. Dale is not so foolish as to say, "Let criticism do its worst; let it take away our Gospels if it can, it matters not"; what he does say is that criticism cannot touch the faith of him who has already trusted in Christ for salvation. His own language is explicit enough: "My primary intention [is] to explain why it is that those who believe in Him continue to believe."⁵ The point of Professor Bruce's quotation is, I presume, that Christian experience itself could have no assured permanence in the absence of the records furnished for us by the Four Gospels; and I freely admit that Dr. Dale has left himself open to occasional misconstruction on this head; but the main argument of the book remains, I believe, in unassailable strength, namely, "That, even while a Christian man is unable to reach any definite and secure conclusion on the controversy concerning the origin of the Four Gospels, his faith in Christ as Son of God and Saviour of men may remain firm; that he has grounds and reasons for his faith which lie beyond the reach of criticism concerning the authorship and authenticity of these wonderful narratives; that he stands on a rock, and that 'the floods of great waters,' when they rise highest and rage most fiercely, cannot 'come nigh unto him.'"

* * The book for June will be Carlyle's *Life of John Sterling* (Chapman & Hall, 2s.).

¹ *Apologetics*, p. 253 sq. (T. & T. Clark's, 10s. 6d.).

² Page 10. The italics are Dr. Dale's own.

¹ (Macmillan's, 10s. 6d.) Originally published in the *Contemporary Review* in reply to the anonymous work, *Supernatural Religion*.

² Also a reprint of controversial articles written for the most part in reply to Professor Huxley. (Blackwood's, 10s. 6d.)

³ The following judgment from the remarkable posthumous volume, *Thoughts on Religion*, by the late Professor Romanes, will be read with interest: "Then it seemed [referring to the time in his own past life when he was in the habit of taking it for granted that "Christianity was played out"] that Christianity was destined to succumb as a rational system before the double assault of Darwin from without and the negative school of criticism from within. Not only the book of organic nature, but likewise its own sacred documents, seemed to be declaring against it. But now all this has been very materially changed. . . . The outcome of the great textual battle [that is, the battle in regard to the Christian texts or documents] is, impartially considered, a signal victory for Christianity. . . . After half a century of battle over the text by the best scholars, the dates of the Gospels have been fixed within the first century, and at least four of St. Paul's Epistles have had their authenticity proved beyond doubt. . . . It is no longer any question as to historical facts, save the miraculous, which, however, are ruled out by the negative criticisms on merely *à priori* grounds."

PRINCE KROPOTKIN: EXILE AND AGITATOR.

A TALL, slight, military figure, with an unmilitary stoop; a bearded face, with kind, blue-spectacled eyes; a magnificent head; and the gentlest and most cheery manner—that is Prince Kropotkin, the man who has recently had another experience of what it means to be an exile having also the name of being a political agitator. A few weeks ago, only half-cured of an attack of influenza, he went over to France to fulfil a lecturing engagement at Paris. When he arrived at Dieppe a French officer of the law desired him, by order of the Minister of the Interior, to go back at once. A decree of expulsion against him had been made out as soon as it became known that he intended to come to Paris. Had the decree been made public, Prince Kropotkin would not have come. Instead of this, it was kept secret, and special police *commissaires* were stationed at four French ports, to await the arrival of the exiled Russian. It is easy to see why this pretty performance was put *en scène* just now, when the one endeavour in official France is to “curry favour” with Russia. The President was just meeting the poor consumptive heir of all the Russias down at Nice; truly, the ostentatious expulsion of a Russian “criminal” (whose heinous wickedness consisted in having joined one of those secret societies with which Holy Russia is teeming, as the natural result of the efforts of a people struggling vainly to be free) was a tacit piece of homage effected with great cleverness.

The ostensible reason for the expulsion was, however, that Prince Kropotkin's lecture was to have been on the subject of “Anarchy: its Ideal and its Philosophy.” It is only natural that the word anarchy should, to the average Frenchman, spell the name of Caserio Santo, the murderer of good President Carnot. But surely, surely, the ministers of the country ought, at this late hour, to know that the evil thing anarchy, that makes for the fiendish slaughter of individuals, has a rival which has for its ideal no brutal sacrifice of individuals, but a free democracy with the grand motto, “Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,” and that Prince Kropotkin's whole past life has shown him to be only a dreamer of dreams concerning this second form of anarchy.

I had a talk with Prince and Madame Kropotkin at their cottage in Kent, the day after the former returned from Dieppe. He was not in the least angry, not even excited, and treated the whole thing rather as a joke, to which had attached the only inconvenience of a long journey for a man in very delicate health. To Prince Kropotkin such an incident, at the age of fifty-four years, has become only a very trifling matter; for this man, with the kind, scholarly face, and with the wide sympathy

with all who are desolate and oppressed, has behind him a life of such adventures and vicissitudes that a mere expulsion from a country counts for nothing. At least, not outwardly; for though the Prince has learned to drink his bitter cup with a smile, as did the Northern heroes of old, who sang songs of victory while they walked along the road of the serpents, I can never get rid of the idea, even while I listen to his humorous account of his experiences, that the sensitive, refined man feels deeply the humiliation and injustice which have met and still meet him at every turn, once he leaves the hospitable shores of this country, which he loves next best to his Russia, the Forbidden Land.

What a life it is that lies behind this chief among Communist Anarchists, this member of the Russian noblesse, this scientist, author, lecturer, and labourer in the wide field of popular education! He was born an aristocrat, and brought up among the Russian aristocracy: he was an officer in the service of his country, whom the Government under the Tzar Liberator sent as aide-de-camp to Eastern Siberia, and whom his love for travel and for science brought in contact with the ablest of his compatriots. He was a very darling of his Government, who sent him here, there, and everywhere, into the mysterious, fascinating, unexplored regions in the heart of Russia. The Russian Geographical Society awarded him its Gold Medal for his writings on the first steamer expedition up the Sungari River. After five years in Siberia he came to St. Petersburg (he was born at Moscow) to study mathematics at the University for four years, and acted as secretary to the Geographical Society, which sent him, at the age of thirty, to Finland and Sweden to explore glacial deposits. Plainly, young Prince Petr Alexeievitch Kropotkin was a man of whom the Russian Government and nobility might well be proud.

But suddenly the scene was changed.

Like all young Russian nobles, Prince Kropotkin went for a trip on the European Continent, and in the course of his journeyings came to Belgium and Switzerland. For an educated Russian the various countries abroad have no linguistic terrors. He talks at least four languages—Russian, French, German, and English—every day in his own surroundings; hence he is at home all over civilised Europe. It so happened that in Switzerland and Belgium he became acquainted with the International Working Men's Association, the ideals of which are those for the defence of which Prince Kropotkin became what he is to-day—an exile, an outcast, a wanderer upon the earth; whose heart may be overflowing with all that is best, but who

is shunned by the Pharisee and the Philistine for a very fiend in human form.

The soil was no doubt prepared for the seed which was sown when Prince Kropotkin began to attend the meetings of the I.W.M.A.; for anyone who has lived in Russia can very well imagine what he must have seen of the life of the poor people in the interior. He returned to Russia, full of his new ideas and ideals, and, as always happens in similar cases, he soon met kindred spirits, joined one of the innumerable secret societies, and was clapped into jail.

I wish I had known him then—had known that in the same Peter Paul's fortress to which we sometimes went to see the burial-places of the Tsars, and which, with its slender spires and picturesque groups of houses, rises so beautifully out of the blue waters of the Neva—I wish I had known then that in some silent cell on that same island-fortress a man was bending over his writing materials, and telling the world of the wonders of the Glacial Period, while his hot heart was throbbing with love for his poor, patient, benighted people, and with hatred of the evil power that left the mute millions in their misery, and him who fain would save them in a prison-cell. The Petr-Pavlovski Island would then have had another and a thrilling interest beyond that of its beauty, its grandeur, and its historic associations. But no doubt, in those days, had the word Anarchist been whispered, we would have heard the name of Prince Kropotkin with a shudder, for our only point of contest with people of that denomination was that during one period of our six-years' residence on the banks of the Neva we never left the house after dark, and there were sinister rumours that mysterious men—"Anarchists or Nihilists"—had been seen at dead of night stealthily walking round the house. They did no other harm but that they left their footprints on the garden-beds, and destroyed some of the precious flowers on which, day after day, I spent no end of care and soft water. But, Anarchist, Nihilist—why, the very word made the Russians turn to the nearest church and cross themselves in fear and trembling.

After two years in prison Prince Kropotkin, never a very robust man, fell ill, was sent to the prison hospital, and escaped abroad to England, thence on to the centre of attraction, Switzerland, where for a few years he worked hard and steadily towards the realisation of his new ideals. Here, also, he became engaged to his wife, a lady of splendid qualities of the heart as well as of the head, and in every way a suitable helpmate to the Prince. But this life of peace was not to last. In 1881, Prince Kropotkin was expelled from Switzerland again, for his wicked agitations. He said nothing, and went to Thonon, in France, waiting till his young wife had passed her B.Sc. examination in Switzerland. When Madame Kropotkin had

joined her husband, they came to live in England; the lady continuing her studies in scientific chemistry; her husband lecturing and writing incessantly, in order to awaken people to the barbarities that were going on unheeded in Russia. For a year there was peace. Then the exile went to stay at Thonon, and lo and behold! the French Government had him arrested for participation in the International Working Men's Association. Five years' imprisonment was the sentence which filled the heart of the exile's wife with despair. Every three months she might see her husband for a day; and once, when he was on the point of death, she might even nurse him. But when three of the five years were over, the men of science in this country—to their honour be it said—united in a petition to the French Government to set Prince Kropotkin free. They succeeded, and since then the exiles have lived in this country; faithful still to all the old ideals; working unwearily towards their realisation; hoping on, hoping ever, though the dawn of a better day for their country delays so very long.

It is with a sense of relief that I turn from the picture of his stormy past to that of Prince Kropotkin's present life. No greater contrast could be imagined. Some time ago I was asked to interview a Polish political exile, an artist, who had been sent as a political prisoner to Siberia, had spent many years in the mines, and who, on being released, joined the Munich School of Artists, and painted a gigantic picture representing the leave-taking of Siberian exiles from their friends who had accompanied them to the frontier. "M. Sochazeffsky is staying with Prince Kropotkin," wrote Mr. Walter Crane, in recommending the Polish artist to us, and it was with a good deal of curiosity that I set out for the address of the Communist Anarchist Prince. My cabbie, when we got down to the suburb in Kent, declared there was no such address, from which fact I inferred that Prince Kropotkin did not occupy a seigniorial mansion.

Before a row of small working-men's cottages we stopped at last, and I was shown upstairs. The front room was evidently Prince Kropotkin's "workshop," furnished with books and papers in many tongues, and with very little else. And there, at the table, stood the owner of the room, polite with that best form of politeness which is simplicity itself and quiet kindness. It did not take us long to become acquainted, for the man was full of praise of his artist-friend, and in deep sympathy with the unspeakable sufferings through which the latter had passed in Siberia. Later on, I saw Prince Kropotkin occasionally in the reading-room of the British Museum, where he spends many of his days. And wherever and whenever I met him, the impression remained always the same, that he is a man of noble thoughts and aspirations, tolerant of the in-

tolerant, with a whole-hearted love of his kind, but also with a burning hatred of oppressors and evil-doers—a man to have offered whom a refuge England may one day be proud.

After Prince Kropotkin came back from his unsuccessful attempt to pay a visit to France, a few weeks ago, I was privileged to obtain from him an account of what had happened. On this occasion I saw another phase of the home-life of the exile. Madame Kropotkin received me in the bare little front room downstairs that looks upon the tiny well-kept front garden. It would be difficult to imagine a more suitable helpmate for the Prince than this lady with the dark, strong, reposeful face, and the manners of a queen, who meets you with dignified courtesy, and about whom there is absolutely no make-believe. She is as sympathetic as her husband, and her aspirations are the same as his. Her little girl of nine, with a face as fresh and sweet as a blossom, and with a shyness that is becoming a rare attraction in the children of this day, was with her, and as I looked upon the two I thought the only thing of beauty in the small room—a fine reproduction of the Sistine Madonna—had

here its modern prototype. Presently Prince Kropotkin joined us, still weak from an attack of influenza, but as cheerful as ever, and naturally rather full of his French experiences. It would have been so easy to have made public the decree of expulsion against him when it was first made out. Prince Kropotkin would then have been spared the expense and the weariness of a long journey. But it suited the French Government better to have him land in France, and then to expel him ostentatiously. This being so, it would have been only natural if the exile had coloured his account of the expulsion. But not one word of blame came across his lips; he stated what had happened, and made no comment, except what can be expressed by a shrug of the shoulders and a somewhat mournful smile. As I went away, and turned round at the garden-gate, I saw him standing at the window, his little daughter Sasha in his arms, and a face the happiness of which was a good thing to see. At all events, the home at the little cottage in Kent is a peaceful harbour on the stormy seas on which this man's life is cast. And that is a great thing.

HULDA FRIEDERICHSEN.

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.

V.—STRIFE AT THE WELLS.

And the herdmen of Gerar did strive with Isaac's herdmen saying, The water is ours.—GEN. xxvi. 20.

THE Methodists held cottage services in Brasiers Row, and prospered. They provided an unwelcome exercise in magnanimity for the spiritual giants who tramped from Silover to wrestle with tremendous doctrines of "fate, free-will, and knowledge absolute," in the Meeting-Room at Witchburn Common, a mile or two beyond. The prick of the rivalry lurked in the attitude of the people. They had their favoured orators, who were not so invariably favoured of the leaders on circuit, or down at the Turret Chapel. Which, indeed, is nothing strange, for it is clear that a grasp of the truth may exist without showy parts, and that earnestness need not imply a pretty taste in anecdotes.

But the men of the slopes of Red Lap chose whom they would, and neither coaxing nor thunders mustered a throng when they had shut the door on complaisance. Legend gave them a gipsy descent, and at least they showed a sturdy intractability like that of Romany sons. A dwindling number came to either meeting-house; for the glitter of the chair-turning wage gained fast on farm serfdom, and deprivation of the fields for six days seemed to send the toilers wide on the seventh.

Those who turned yet an austere eye on temptation waited, a band of critics, in the hedgerows, and if the preacher who went by to Witchburn Common had a good mark they followed him, but if prosy, or fallen on disgrace for some trivial matter, they filed round incontinently, and soon filled Eli Bramber's narrow room to suffocation. It was by no means certain that they would be rewarded with better fare, for there is no order of pulpiteers purged from occasional dullness. But privilege had been vindicated, and it was pleasant to know that an unpopular exhorter would watch through the repeats of a long hymn, vainly expecting a pell-mell rush. Even a torpid imagination could overtake his shamefaced report to the Turret elders, who knew the thing. He must needs say—

"No-o, not many hearers last Sabbath; rather a poor congregation."

The thought of it was apt to cause a misplaced chuckle, perhaps when the "Methody supply" was coveting for them a specially solemn mood. But both in the cottage assembly and where Mortimer Howard was usher and clerk and beadle there were ill-timed interruptions. On one of the rare Sunday ministrations of Pastor Glad at Witchburn

Gate—permitted by reason of an anniversary at the Turret—he was sorely shaken towards inveterate mirth, and that by the tempter in no form more calculated to alarm than the apparition of a fluttered little maid. The child held the door wide, and her shrill pipe cut easily into the heart of exegesis—

“Please, is Johnny Crocker here?”

Asaph Dagnal had formerly been one who lingered to see how the balances of rustic sufferance plunged, but not as the others. They were too boorish at bottom, and too lifted up with the pride of stable wits to have overmuch fellowship with the poet. He felt, on his part, that the old Silover contempt was on his track, like a ravening monster with poisoned fangs, and he stood at his distance, and ultimately went with the one or two. Whereat Mortimer Howard at first condescended to wonder. But not recognising that these parts could have any problem too large for the Witchburn overseer he decided that Asaph was ashamed of ragged dress, and straightway dismissed it. As if Asaph ever remembered that tatters were not all men’s wear!

But latterly there had come a strange spell on the rhymers. The Methodists were entitled to take credit, for the days of divided fealty seemed ended. Asaph was no more seen at the Gate Meeting-Room, whereas Eli Bramber’s cottage had no Sunday worshipper who exceeded him in regularity. Whether crowded or with only here and there a man or woman full of the strong wine of religious joy, and the critical and the careless alike absent, the roamer came. He humbly drank in words that carried power, as first in Judea. He was very quiet—only gentler than of old; and the yellow heap of schoolboy text that through winter cold or summer heat was his cuirass had stray additions. If doggerel no less than the first essays, they at least kindled to heart-fervour on loftier themes. He was shy as touching these, and his confidants were few. The whisper sped, nevertheless, that Asaph wrote hymns, even as did another Asaph in an Eastern land.

It may have been the loss of a remarkable trophy, fated for all anyone knew even yet to clothe with distinction the “cause” that could claim him, which set Mortimer Howard to planning. There was curious iron scroll-work on the stove that in sharp seasons kept the chief pew moderately under the temperature of a Turkish bath. The overseer began to treat the grotesque as his oracle, and to put to it a double-barrelled question. Once or twice he forgot at notice-time, and went mumbling over to the desk, and had nearly fired both chambers, instead of inviting to the collection-plate and to the prayer-meeting. His question ran this way:—

“Can’t these louts who stick out in t’ lanes till first praise is pretty nigh t’ end—can’t they nobow be cir-cum-vented?”—the trick of the scissor’s snips

between syllables was inveterate,—“and can’t we get one foot anyways set down main and solid afore these upstarters at t’ shoe-maker’s?”

Whether Asaph Dagnal’s settlement in Methodism was responsible for this persistent rumination is less clear than the outcome of the head-work. The travail produced a campaign, laid cunningly down beforehand to every feint, dash, and counter-march, and with victory as good as grasped from the beginning. And thereby annals that after the heroism of witch-burning had dropped into interminable commonplace came to have a new purple patch of strain and stress. At least, so partisans said, battle-quickened.

There was first diplomacy at Silover, for though powerful in all matters of the Gate Meeting-Room, Mortimer Howard was not free to drag forth the Turret men earlier or bid them stay later, and this was of the essence of his scheme. Surprise and cajolery are arts in which an overseer should always read skill, and they were played for all they were worth one rainy day at market under the crazy arches of Silover corn-standing. Enoch Martins was cheapening the wage of the best gardener on the flank of either Shaw Cross or Red Lap, having found it convenient to forget that Free Hood had a lien on mercy as well as on strict justice by reason of their joint membership in Frewin’s Yard. For twenty years Free Hood had delved and planted for any who paid his price on week-days, and in other soil and for a better Master on Sundays, and his name was numbered first on the cardboard “plan” in the Turret Chapel vestry. He was a big greybeard, massive and melancholy, and with the drawl of all these slopes increased from the invincible patience of a plodding brain. But there was salt to his speech sometimes, though Brasiers Row missed the humour, as the man himself might, disdaining pulpit tinsel.

“Not looked for but found, like Dagnal and t’ Londerer,” said the overseer of Witchburn Common, quodoning from paucity of invention, and perhaps from sub-conscious association, a jest not yet stale. He vaulted with wonderful nimbleness over a grain sack, and incidentally—though he never guessed it—sent the gardener to Knives Down on his own terms. Then he sped on in his talk and flourishes.

“I wanted to see you both,” he said. “It’s a shame to have our finest talent flouted and left for poor Methodist stuff with a pinch o’ doctrine to a pottle of—aw!—bran. Here was Free Hood last Sunday: capital he were. I shan’t forget in a hurry how he made us all get a grip o’ the doctrine of the Trinity. I’ve had it ever since. ‘I compare the Trinity,’ he said, ‘to a candle which gives light to all in the house. What is the candle? ’Tisn’t the tallow. That isn’t what gives light t’ the house. What’s the candle? ’Tisn’t the wick. The wick isn’t the candle that gives light to the house. What is the candle? ’Tisn’t the light. The light

isn't the candle. No, the candle that gives light to the house is the tallow and the wick and the light all in one. That's the candle? Oh, it was capital! And five there, beside my family—five!”

“They were at Eli Bramber's,” gloomily remarked the gardener, not a muscle of whose weary face had altered under this open praise and more subtle tribute of exact recollection and report.

“Yes, I know;” and Mortimer Howard girded inwardly at the tone of tame acquiescence. “They were there. Fetch 'em out. Don't put up with it, as if you hadn't the pluck of a mouse. Give it into my hands to arrange, and I'll be too many for 'em.”

Enoch Martins had a superstitious reverence for autocracy with a weightier whip than even his own.

“How would you do it?” he asked.

“By shifting time o' meeting backwards and forwards till they know as they're beaten. It'll mayhap be a tussle. But let the deacons say the word and I'll see to it. He'll have long sight who'll see farther than I can fit him.”

The man of craft left the seed to germinate, and clumsily saluted, and pushed over to Brick Causeway, remembering haste and laggard shopping.

There was trouble with Pastor Glad, who loved peace to the jeopardy of his name for soundness in the faith. But votes conquered, and the soreness left in the minds of many who stood up to harangue bare benches. No formal resolution was passed, but it was understood that Turret Chapel backed the overseer.

First the meetings at Witchburn Gate were announced for thirty minutes later. The mocking crew on Brasiers Ridge were hard set to for their choice. If they waited to measure the Silover man they were unconscionably behindhand for the cottage service. On the whole, they preferred room to breathe, and for the most part they came up sheepishly to Mortimer Howard's bell. The opening round was his.

It stirred the blood of an ordinarily quiet man, none other than David Hough, the thatcher, with whom Asaph Dagnal lodged. He saw more than the petty pride of a plausible mischief-maker. The *odium theologicum* is not bitterest at the scholar's desk. It can set a hard look on simple faces and draw black blood to the surface anywhere.

“They are bigots down t' Turret, with a bigot's creed!” David Hough cried, to the little junta of earnest gospel scatterers of whom the Row reckoned him chief. “They would stifle the free offer. But I daren't let it bide. Woe is on us, brethren, if we submit. I will strive to the last day I live rather than submit.”

And the hamlets, even to Knives Down, knew on the morrow that the cottage followed Witchburn meeting-house in the hour of Sabbath service. It was thus for two Sundays only. Then Mortimer Howard cheerfully harked back to the original time.

Moreover, he brought up a succession of choice speakers from Silover, persuading stalwarts to sundry exchanges on the plea of a critical position. He still held the lead, and smiled in complaisance at the triumph that was digging a chasm between Christian hearts.

So wide already was the gulf, and so instant the suspicion and implacable the enmity, that the Rev. John Glad could scarcely have found Nell Perryman the shelter he sought if it had not been for Asaph Dagnal. It was very strange how quick of ken this waif of the hills could sometimes prove, and that where vastly wiser men—as they believed—would have wanted a multitude of words. In this case Asaph had the thread before three sentences were out.

“Dave Hough's wife has room, and they'll do it, and never let on to George Alloway or any like him; they shall do it,” he said, with a queer uplook of purpose, and surely a catch in his roughened throat behind the promise—things that made the minister vaguely marvel.

Asaph added an ingenuous sting.

“But let it be my word w' Dave's wife and not yours, sir,” he proceeded. “It's persecution that mostly comes from Turret, and fighting w' bits o' Bible, and that ruffles some of us like the east wind sawing across Red Lap gully; and this is another sort o' work, isn't it? I'm nobbut so sure as Dave's wife will understand.”

John Glad went home on that with sobriety in his heart as well as with joy and thankfulness, and forgot the dudgeon of the great man who slept. And a girl who knew not certainly whether her name was Perryman or Alloway, but realised well that she must have passed all bounds of forgiveness, was eager to fulfil menial duties daily, and wondered always that she had listened to the masterful pleader who, surely by reason of the deep-toned music of his voice, had dragged from her reluctant lips twice over the promise that at least she would wait hereabouts a month. He was a minister—even if a minister called and inducted by hard men; and his mission was to save. But he was not as many when he spent money on securing the obdurate a refuge.

Witchburn Common heard little and saw less of the drama so near, and destined for all that showed to finish as saddest tragedy. Neither David Hough nor Ann his wife broke the seal set on their lips, and such as probed Asaph for a clue to the minister's confidences were disgusted at his doltish answers. The dreamer's irrelevance seemed to grow apace, and to command pity.

But the thatcher shook his head with gloom and fixed conviction.

“If there's a touch of something better—softer like, as Asaph says, in the minister, and mayhap Dagnal's right, yet he's one alone. The others would drive, drive, drive. But we'll put our time

on again come Sunday. The others would never touch a poor erring creature wi' one of my thatching ties—not if he or she couldn't see eye to eye wi' them. I don't know as they would if it were so. They are all alike, and main hard and jealous and bitter, and George Alloway's one o' the old pattern, matched at Turret as easy as hayricks at Andler's Farm; no differ. It won't matter that she's his daughter. T' minister may try his best; the stiff neck 'll beat him. Leave such as they to draw t' gate narrow for poor timorous mortals—never!"

But there were elemental forces with which honest David Hough failed to reckon. Perhaps his sense of wrong caused him to gauge but indifferently the warmth of the beams that entered straitened souls, and had no origin on earth. This at least is clear reprimand to the sweeping condemnation he pronounced, that on the morrow a gig rattled along the edge of the great down, and that in it were George and Rachel Alloway.

The mother waited outside, the reins held in a convulsive clutch. It was the sign of the discipline that Nell had defied. The draper dismounted unsteadily, and entered the wide, rambling house—two cottages in one—where the thatcher lived, and prepared material and lodged his guests. The eyes, dark with a rising storm of love, sought everywhere for Nell. Was she gone? Could it be too late? If it were so, how would Rachel take it?

And "Nell, Nell!" he cried. Never once the name of the house-mistress, but "Nell."

A trembling woman, comely still, but pale and heart-worn, and oh, so thinly clad, set a foot timidly in the mid-doorway.

"Nell!" he said again, and imperiously. It changed in a moment to a strange, husky cry of man's tenderness that shakes the heart more fiercely than a woman's. The floods were over the bar.

"My lost little maid Nell!" He smoothed the fallen hair timidly; for Nell was sobbing on her father's shoulder. He thanked God that Nell could

cry; once she could not, for anger and self-will had sealed the fount.

"Bide one minute, Nell; my horse needs a look," George Alloway said, with a twinge for the innocent deceit. He came back through the porch, and quick steps pursued him. The mother's arms went wide, and Nell half recoiled, and then sprang into the warm, welcoming circle, as any wandered bairn may.

The comment was David Hough's. He had entered behind, hearing wheels and warned no other way. His wife was marketing in Brasiers Row, and could not hope to overtake the gig, though she had seen and guessed its errand and nursed an unselfish joy.

"She was dead and is alive again—was lost and is found," said the thatcher. He saw prejudice in ruins, but his deep tones had only content with the overthrow of his verdict. But he remembered that he was a Methodist, and with the shimmer of delight on his broad face there played the old strong glow of duty.

"Hallelujah!" he cried,—“Glory to His name!”

The hand of the elder at the Turret Chapel went out swiftly, and David Hough grasped it, and his world seemed to swim.

"Amen, my brother, from my heart," answered George Alloway.

At the very juncture when, as he firmly believed, victory was within reach, Mortimer Howard found the control of times and seasons at Witchburn Meeting-Room gently but resolutely taken from him. He sulked, but no one apologised or explained. When he recalled his defeat a key was always lacking.

The curious thing, as a few gossips in Silover noticed and said, was that the services at Brasiers Row and Witchburn ceased to clash at the very time when Nell Perryman came home. It was indeed George Alloway's doing, backed up by the minister.

"THE Home Life of the Princess Beatrice" is the title of a fully illustrated article in *The Young Woman* for May by Mrs. Tooley. There are also three complete stories—one of them by Miss Mary Dickens, the granddaughter of the famous novelist. All the stories are well illustrated. Dr. Gordon Stables writes on "That Little Cough"; the Rev. James Thew has an article on "The Art of Finding Happiness"; Mrs. Pennell contributes a paper on "Learning to Cycle," which is accompanied by some very humorous illustrations; and there are other papers by Mrs. Mayo, James Ashcroft Noble, Mrs. Esler, etc.

AMONG the books which we can confidently recommend to our readers is the new edition of Mrs. Esler's fine story, *The Way of Transgressors* (Sampson Low). From among the glowing notices

accorded to this book in the *Spectator*, *Academy*, *Vanity Fair*, *Saturday Review*, *Court Journal*, etc., we subjoin the following extract:—"With comedy and pathos, tenderness and humour, the author points out both positively and negatively that life is, after all, very much what we choose to make it. The fortunes and misfortunes of the Grace family, the gentleness of true nobility, and the misery that accompanies the way of transgressors are admirably portrayed."

PEACE of mind must come in its own time, as the waters settle themselves into clearness as well as quietness; you can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into caltness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure, and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet.—*Ruskin*.

JOSEPH: THE TYPICAL YOUTH.

BY THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

III.—TEMPTATION.

To one who reads the Bible, but reads it without bringing his own experience to the test of its statements, there must seem at times to be a mystery about this whole subject—if not downright contradiction. In one place, for instance, we have the Lord Jesus Himself bidding us pray that we might not be led into temptation, and in another we have the Apostle James—the Lord's own brother—bidding us "count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations," and he even goes the length of giving us this new beatitude—"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." Similar seeming contrarieties are to be found everywhere throughout the Word. Is there any reconciliation of these?—any simple solution? I think there is.

Let us consider first what temptation is, in the light of Joseph's experience, which is the fairly typical experience of nearly every youth or maiden. It simply, in its deepest meaning, signifies the application of a test. This is better understood, perhaps, when we speak of the same thing by another word, and call it a trial. Till we read the word temptation in the light of the word trial, we are hopelessly in the dark both as to its nature and its value.

Why do you test or try anything? Is it not in order that you might prize it the more if it endures the testing? If you are certain that a thing is useless or worthless, you do not take the trouble to subject it to any examination or scrutiny. When the diamond merchant tests the gem that has come to his hand, is it not with the eager desire of finding it really is what it appears to be? When a new bridge is subjected to a severer strain than it is ever likely to be called on to endure, is it with the expectation that the bridge will break down?—is it not rather with a fervent hope that the bridge will bear the strain, so that it may be thoroughly trusted and honoured in the time to come? In all these cases we catch something of what the apostle meant when he bade us count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations. With a strong faith in the Almighty, yet compassionate and merciful God, the trial of our faith and the test of our character are the surest evidences that God is counting us worthy, and is seeking to fit us for some greater honour in days to come than has ever been laid on us in the past.

Is not Joseph a proof of this? Had we the story of his trials only we might have been left in wonderment as to their meaning. Happily, the sequel to them all has been given us—the honour to which he attained, the grand magnanimity he

acquired, the greatness of the faith that shone in him at last, like the glow of an undimmed sunset. And who can withdraw his vision from that remoter time and fix it on the men and women of our own day who have had trials—calumny, sorrow, deep testings of the soul, but have borne them, and borne them well—without seeing similar results following—a strength of character not easily turned aside, a high aim and purpose more clearly seen for the tears that had cleansed the vision, and one that is more strenuously and steadfastly struggled after because of the firmer annealing their natures got as they passed through the fiery furnace? As we glance past the process and look at the result, we too can but reverently say, "Blessed, yea, blessed is the man that endureth temptation."

But if the trial of our faith and our fortitude have this beneficent effect, what is the meaning of the petition the Lord taught us to offer—"Lead us not into temptation"? If it be good for us to be tried, why are we counselled against being tested? The difficulty here does not lie in the words of the petition: it lies in our separating the petition from the one that follows—"Deliver us from evil." All the danger of our testing lies in the evil we ourselves are cherishing. Let anyone look into his own heart, and he will find that he never yet was overmastered with a temptation unless he had beforehand been dallying, toying with, and cherishing some evil thoughts about that very thing. Merely to pray, then, that we may not be led into temptation, without also praying for divine help to be delivered from evil, is the presumption that thrusts its hand into the fire with a prayer that it may not be burnt. In this, as in all things else, the Lord is the best interpreter of His own meaning—and as we hear Him teach His disciples to pray "Lead us not into temptation," we hear Him also give the counsel, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." If they would not be led, they must watch. The Apostle James casts further and complete light upon both these aspects of trial when he says, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man; but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed." No trial or temptation for an evil purpose comes from the Lord: it can proceed only from the evil of our own hearts.

Trials and testings are necessary if ever the soul is to be ripened, or the character formed. Look back over the list of all whom God signally owned

and honoured in the end, and you will find that everyone had to be subjected to a most searching test of his character—Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Job, Moses, David, Isaiah—every prophet and forerunner of the Lord. And to what varying trials were each of the apostles subjected, from Peter, who fell through trusting in his own strength, only to stand ever afterwards the more securely by relying only on the Lord—to John and Paul, the fruit of whose lives is more abundant to-day in the souls of men just because of the greater abundance of the temptings and trials they were called to endure.

As you study such varying cases as these, you find, in the cool, calm, dispassionate gaze with which we can look back now, that the trial or testing was never the same with any two. It was adapted with finest accuracy to the peculiar disposition of each. The strong, grand, kingly nature of Abraham could not be tried by circumstances that were needed for a timorous dreamer like Isaac, and therefore Abraham is not subjected to them; the fiery, ambitious, unbridled nature of Jacob could not be taught or tamed as the simpler, less turbulent nature of Joseph could. So far as we can judge, looking back on it all, nothing less than long years of schooling in the desert could have separated the gold of faith and patriotism that was in Moses from the dross and clay with which it was mingled: but how glorious was the result of all that long and patient sifting! The trials that were needed to bring out the best that was in St. John were very different from those required to bring out the best in the more highly-strung and energetic St. Paul. In every case you find the trials were not mere haphazard circumstances: they searched out the peculiar flaw that was in the disposition of each, and that needed to be revealed, if ever it was to be mended. Had you been in the secret of all that the Lord ultimately intended Joseph to be and do, you could not, with all your skill, have devised a series of tests that would more completely fulfil the double purpose of warning the man where he was weak and of strengthening him there by his submission to the severe schooling.

So with every one of us. What is in us must surely be searched out, but the dangerous weakness of the character is seldom the same in any two. What is a bait or enticement to one has little or no effect on another. What would swiftly kindle a flame in one nature would sweep over another and leave it unscathed. All that temptation can do for any of us is to startle us into a truer knowledge of ourselves than we possessed before. As you sat on the mossy stone and looked over the fair landscape everything was as pure and innocent as an earthly Eden—but when you rose and turned the stone

over, how you stood back amazed at the slimy, unclean things that were writhing and crawling everywhere to get away from the light! Your overturning of the stone did not create these loathsome things: it only revealed them; they had been there all the time, though unsuspected. This is all that any trial or temptation can do for us: it can but cast a fierce and sudden light upon some evil or frailty we had not suspected before to be in our character. It does not create it, does not even compel us to yield to it; it but shows it. In the decisive moment the result must turn on whether we have hold on God, or whether we are trusting in our own strength only.

Therefore the need of the word that is both a warning to ourselves and a plea for uttermost compassion and charity towards others—"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." It is a warning for ourselves, for the best we can say at any time is that we *think* we are secure. We know not all that is hidden in our own hearts till the particular test comes and searches us out. What might tempt my brother might not tempt me, what would tempt me might have no power over him; but we neither of us dare to say we are invulnerable. It is the opportunity that makes the thief; it is the spark that kindles the blaze. The only safe attitude of the soul for us is one of humble, watchful, prayerful dependence upon God.

But surely this same word may well lead us to all compassion and charity towards others. Who can tell the strength of another's trial? Who can tell all that has gone before to mislead the judgment or weaken the will? Who dares to say of anyone who has fallen that in the same circumstances *he* would have stood? Nay, more, all round us now, men and women are bearing their burdens and fighting their battles, and, like ourselves, they are weak and frail and fallible. Who shall declare how much the issue of their struggle must depend on us—on the hand of help we extend or hold back—on the word of cheer or sympathy we utter or restrain? Joseph's own acquaintance with trial led him in the critical hour to forgive all the past sins and failings of his brethren, and see only the need and weakness which he could succour; however it might have been with them, it was but for him to act a brother's part; and the Saviour-like spirit he showed at that time was honoured by God to be the most signal chapter for good in the history of Israel. Oh! if the spirit of Brotherhood and Sisterhood were stronger in us, the record of moral shipwrecks and disasters would be briefer. Whatever else of the gospel we may have mastered, we are yet far away from its true spirit till, individually, we have humbly taken up love's responsibilities and acknowledged in our hearts that *we are* our "brother's keeper."

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,
Author of "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

It is astonishing how strong a hold some of the most thoroughly exploded economic fallacies seem to have upon the human mind. There seems to be no way of killing such fallacies; like weeds, they spread underground and are always cropping up in fresh places. Here, for example, is our old friend Malthus figuring again in a batch of letters that lies before me. Now, who was Malthus, and what was it he had to teach? He was a very amiable gentleman who published, nearly a century ago, an *Essay on the Principle of Population*, the intention of which was to refute the doctrine of the perfectibility of human society as taught by Rousseau and his school. The chief point in this essay was that there was a natural tendency in population to increase faster than the means of subsistence. Taking his basis of argument from the animal world, he pointed out that animal life is so prolific that if allowed to multiply without restraint, it would overrun "millions of worlds in the course of a few thousand years." The inference was that it was a duty to put a restraint upon this prolific tendency. Man being, after all, only a superior animal, and liable to the same tendencies, must also come under this law of restraint. To a certain extent such restraints already existed. Poverty, war, profligacy, epidemics, plague, famine, celibacy, and infanticide, all acted as restraints. But in his judgment these were insufficient. If man himself did not take means to arrest the prolific tendency, he would be slowly starved off the face of the earth. In a given space of time the earth would have yielded all that it was capable of yielding to the support of man; and therefore the plain deduction was that man must anticipate this period by limiting the species. And here one thing is worth notice in justice to Malthus. He never hinted at, and still less justified, those artificial checks to population which go by his name. All that he did was to urge self-restraint on men, and to insist that no man ought to marry till he had a reasonable prospect of supporting a family—a very commonplace and entirely sensible conclusion.

* * *

But surely it does not take any prolonged reflection to see that the main contention of this thesis, namely, that population increases faster than the means of subsistence, has been proved absolutely false by the march of events since the day when Malthus wrote. There is not a single nation of Europe that has not vastly increased since 1797, and yet upon the whole the European peoples were never so well fed as now. Malthus naturally could not foresee the

growth of colonisation, and that has altered every condition of the problem. Moreover, as if to crown the whole contention with futility, the very checks on which Malthus relied for the suppression of population have themselves become less and less effective. Plagues have vanished, famine is practically unknown, epidemics have been greatly limited in force and area by the growth of sanitary science, wars have become less frequent, celibacy has been discredited, and poverty is far less grinding and universal. Probably hot-headed Socialists will be ready to deny the last statement. But if they will take the trouble to compare the condition of the people in 1797 with their condition in 1896, they will discover a change which is almost miraculous. Every student of the French Revolution, for example, knows that the peasantry of France were actually starving by millions in the close of the eighteenth century. But it was from the savings of the peasantry of France that the huge war-indemnity to Germany was paid off at the close of the Franco-German War. The same thing is seen on even a more impressive scale in England. Hard as may be the lot of the agricultural labourer to-day, yet his life is princely compared with that of his ancestors. Food and clothing are cheap and abundant, and he is better housed and educated than ever he was. Wages are higher, and comfort is more generally diffused. Yet all this time population has increased by leaps and bounds. What then becomes of the statement that population increases while the means of subsistence remain stationary—which is the entire contention of Malthus, and the principle on which his essay is built up?

* * *

The simple fact is that the spread of colonisation has altered everything, and colonisation is very far yet from having reached its limit. Thus, at the present moment, an entirely new empire is springing up in South Africa, and another in Western Australia, and in these there is abundant room for millions of citizens. Or take America. Will anyone contend that this vast continent is adequately occupied by some sixty million human beings? Probably it would not be too much to say that there is room, and ample room, for the entire populations of England, France, Germany, and Italy upon the soil of the United States, and a vast period of time must elapse before these soils can be overcrowded. The same remark applies to Canada, and even more cogently to Australia, where we have a continent only a fourth less in size than Europe, with a population less than that of London. Be-

sides this, the growth of commerce has altered the entire conditions of human subsistence. We are fed on meat grown in New Zealand, on corn grown in Canada, on fruit grown in Florida or Australia. Our houses are built of timber grown in Norway, and our streets are paved with wood grown at the Antipodes. But even if this were not so, it is by no means clear that the soil of England is incapable of supporting its population. One thing is very certain; it has never yet been tilled as it might be, and upon the whole has been cultivated on the most wasteful principles. Altogether, then, Malthus is a bogey. The world is wide, and there is not the remotest sign of the human race being starved out. The one thoroughly sound and applicable doctrine in the Malthusian philosophy is that reckless and imprudent marriages should be discouraged, and that it should be held a social crime to marry without some reasonable prospect of earning the means of support. A self-restraint of this kind has always been necessary, and it always will be necessary, irrespective of all limitation or expansion of the means of subsistence.

* * *

I have already said that the doctrines labelled Malthusian to-day are such as Malthus would have indignantly disowned, and my correspondents give me clearly enough to understand that it is these doctrines they have in mind. But if the rest of my contention is sound, there is no need to say a word on a subject which is unsavoury at the best. The people who go about propagating this new and disgusting phase of Malthusianism are no doubt well-intentioned, but they are great fools. What they strangely overlook is not merely that the bottom of the whole contention is knocked out if it be true that the means of the subsistence have increased in equal ratio with the growth of population, but that population must grow if nations are to exist at all. There is no surer mark of decadence in a nation than decay of population. And there is nothing so likely to produce such decadence—morally as well as numerically—as artificial checks on the growth of population. The virile and prosperous nation increases and expands after a healthy human fashion, and when its own limits become too narrow goes farther afield, and builds up new empires. That has been the continuous history of England since the beginning of this century, and but for an abundant population it is clear that colonisation would be impossible. The less one listens to this pernicious modern Malthusianism the better, for it is not merely economically false but morally unsound. The one thing Malthus wished to teach was the duty of reasonable self-restraint in human creatures, which merely means that he wished them to be men and women, and not animals; and with that contention no reasonable man will have the least quarrel.

While speaking of colonisation it would be a friendly act on my part to point out what is so often overlooked, that it needs a sturdy frame, good health, great industry, and a capacity to endure discomforts genially, to make a good colonist. Youths who go abroad supposing that they will step from an elaborate civilisation into one only a little less elaborate, make a great mistake. Thus, I have before me a letter from one whose judgment I can thoroughly trust, describing things as he found them in Coolgardie. He went out under very good auspices, so that probably he had a better time than many emigrants would have. But he speaks, nevertheless, of the rough experience he has had. Coolgardie he describes as "a wretched place"; Perth as "a miserable hole." At neither Perth nor Albany was there a bed to be had, without having to wait a day or two for it: "Shakedown" are thought good enough, and if you don't like that you can leave it. Wherever you go it is sand, sand, sand; there are no flowers, no vegetables, no birds, but flies by the million. One day it is 109 in the shade, the next only 80 or 90; and after a hot scorching wind from the north, it will veer round to a cold one from the south. The town consists mostly of zinc houses, one floor, with a few canvas, also brick ones among them. Hotel charges are from £3, 10s. to £5, 10s. a week; all drinks are 1s. each; baths 3s. 6d. each; laundry, 12s. per dozen; water, 6d. per gallon; and so on." I don't quote this account to discourage the intending colonist, but simply to warn him. It is not to be expected that towns which have grown up in a day will have much beauty or comfort, and it is natural that things should be very dear in them. In almost every case it will be found that higher wages imply costlier means of life; the one thing found in such a place is a more rapid chance of acquiring fortune than at home. Of course, the man who is resolute to get on in life will not mind the discomforts; but there are so many youths who go abroad with wild dreams of Paradise and El Dorado, that it is very necessary to let them know what the reality is like.

* * *

The letter of *Faintheart* (London) touches upon a point which will possibly be of interest to some others of my readers. He has a thoroughly honest desire to succeed in life, and upon the best lines; to make the most of life, not in the sense of making a fortune, but of putting his powers to the highest interest of opportunity. But the point of the letter is this: he is a young journalist, engaged in the drudgery of his profession, and discouraged by the mechanical routine of his work, and he concludes: "I see absolutely no opening for me or anyone else (*who has not any influence*) in the press, either of London or the provinces." Now, I believe this to be an entire mistake, and I have had plenty of knowledge to sustain me in the belief. Journalism is pre-eminently a profession in which "influence"

is of no use whatever. There is not an editor in London who would not rather have a youth come to him on his merits than on the strength of influential introductions. Here and there, no doubt, a little personal influence rightly exercised at the opportune moment would do much for a man. We all of us owe something to human help—a friendly word spoken in season, or an honest effort to serve our interests by someone who believes in us. But what I mean is this, such introductions are practically useless unless the young journalist has specific talent and equipment for his work; and if he has they are not necessary. The youth who comes to a great newspaper office highly recommended by influential people has no more real chance of success than the humblest journalist. It is by the quality of his work that he will stand or fall, and if the work of the humble journalist, who has no friends at court, is really better than his, he will have to make way for him. I would therefore say to *Faintheart*, and all like him, get rid of the notion that "influence" is necessary for success on the press. Do your best to make yourself a thoroughly competent journalist, and as soon as you are one you will find openings enough for your talent. There is always room at the top of the tree, and the man who is best capable of climbing to the top always gets there. There is, after all, a sort of rough justice in life which on the average gives to every man the prize to which he is fairly entitled.

* * *

I am afraid I am not capable of answering the letter of *M. A. A.* (Cardiff) as I could wish, or as it deserves. But I will content myself with naming a few of the historical novels which I regard as the greatest, not merely as literature, but as expositions of history. First and foremost I should place Charles Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*. This is probably the greatest historical novel in the English language. I don't mean to say that Reade's power was superior to Scott's, but simply that he has put into this one novel an amount of historical learning and ardent genius which are not to be found in any single novel of Scott's. The period also is singularly difficult—the Middle Ages, and the beginning of the new learning—and this makes Reade's achievement all the more remarkable. For the Elizabethan period Kingsley's *Westward Ho* and Scott's *Kenilworth* are supreme. Something also should be said for Lytton's *Last of the Barons* and *Rienzi*, books once read by multitudes, but now generally forgotten in the eclipse which has fallen on Lytton's fame, yet nevertheless admirable pieces of work, and probably the best books he ever wrote. Among modern historical novels I should name first Mr. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*, and Mr. Conan Doyle's *Micah Clarke*. No two books could be more dissimilar. Mr. Shorthouse's is learned, laboriously

written, and almost too elaborate to be convincing. Mr. Doyle's is written in his usual free, strong style, and his learning does not trouble him or us; by which I mean that it in no way interferes with the extraordinary vividness and movement of the narrative. But one only mentions some names to forget others. Many competent critics have claimed that no historical novel in the English language has equalled Thackeray's *Esmond*. Certainly no one who desires to comprehend the eighteenth century can afford to pass over Thackeray, who probably knew more about it than any historian, and has conveyed its spirit and atmosphere as no historian could. Such names as these embolden one to ask whether in any other European literature there are so many historical novels of first-rate excellence? Certainly Dumas has not equalled Charles Reade, nor do I know of any book in foreign literature that presents past history with so delicate and true a touch as Thackeray. But I am loath to dogmatise on such a subject. I merely name the books which have delighted me most, and hope my correspondent will find as much pleasure in them as I have.

BRIEF ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. C. (Belfast). I have not met the lectures of Gough to which you refer, and do not think they are published in this country. Your best plan would be to ask a competent bookseller to make inquiry for you.—*Hamlet* (Kirkcaldy). One of the best editions of Shakespeare I have seen recently is the *Stratford-on-Avon* edition, published by George Newnes, at the very low price of 1s. 6d. per volume. The print and paper are good; and there is one novel and useful feature: in the case of obsolete or archaic words the modern equivalent is printed in the margin. This looks a little awkward, but it is exceedingly useful, as anyone knows who has had the trouble of turning up a glossary to discover the meaning of words. If you want a thoroughly learned edition, probably the best is Dyce's. An edition which I greatly admire is *The Temple Shakespeare*, each play published in a separate volume, and exquisitely printed by Dent & Co. The text is also excellent, being a reprint of the Cambridge Edition, edited by W. Aldis Wright, and published by Macmillan.—My attention is called by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier to a new series of lectures on Bunyan by Dr. Alexander Whyte, dealing with some of the municipal and military incidents and characters of the Holy War. This ought to be the book needed by my correspondent who asked last month for some sort of commentary on this famous book of Bunyan's.—*Mac* (Glasgow). It is really impossible to praise your verses. They have imagination in plenty—but don't you know that verse obeys metre? Here we have all lengths of line, and all absurdities of rhythm, and some most curious rhymes. "List, O list, to the infant's weary weep," strikes the ear as comic; perhaps you will feel it to be so now you see it in print.—I would call the attention of *One Anxious to Get On* to the fact that I have repeatedly stated that I do not undertake to answer letters through the post, and I only reply to such questions in this column as seem to be of general interest. Manifestly, the question of what particular qualifications are needed in a particular young man to enter the ministry is not a question of general interest. It is really a question incapable of any helpful reply at all, because I do not know enough of you to venture on advice.

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THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

IN A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

On entering Mr. Onslow Ford's spacious studio I found that the sculptor, in his blouse and apron, had just finished his day's work. Of what that work had been something could be inferred from the model's "throne," still standing almost in the centre of the room, and the uncovered clay model of Professor Huxley, placed on a pedestal near by. Mr. Ford had divided his day between this piece of work for the Natural History Museum and one of those imaginative creations in marble which in recent years have won him so much renown at the Royal Academy.

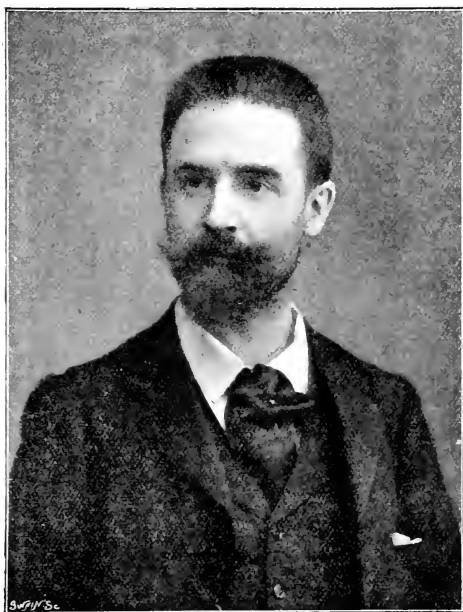
"I like to change from one kind of work to another," the eminent sculptor tells me, as we sit down at a little table for a cup of tea. "There is such a sense of freedom about imaginative

work; you labour to please only yourself. In executing the statue of a distinguished man like Huxley one is generally in the hands, to a large

extent, of a committee whose views of what is artistic and true may or may not agree with one's own. Of course, with some committees one has practically no difficulties, they are all kindness; and this I ought to add is the case with the Huxley committee, although up to the present we have not been able to agree as to whether the scientist should be standing or sitting. I shall submit models to them in both positions before a decision is arrived at."

"I suppose on such points committees themselves are often divided in opinion?"

"Oh yes, and then the sculptor gener-



MR. ONSLOW FORD.

[From a Photo by WALERY.]



MR. ONSLOW FORD'S STUDIO.

[From a Photo by HILLS & SAUNDERS, Eton.]

ally gets his own way. The greatest difficulty occurs when the members of a committee surrender their individual judgment to the chairman and he happens to have formed a dogmatic theory of his own. In making a statue of a man after his death one must necessarily be greatly guided by information which only his friends can give as to characteristic manners and expressions, but one does not care to consent to a hopelessly inartistic pose."

On looking round in the winter twilight I found that I was in quite a goodly company of eminent people in marble and bronze. There was General Gordon on his camel facing Lord Strathnairn astride an immense charger,—Mr. Ford truly has need of so large and lofty a workshop,—there were busts of Gladstone, Balfour, and Irving, and a statue in miniature of the late Sir Rowland Hill; whilst in one corner stood a replica of the beautiful Shelley memorial which was placed in University College, Oxford. On one shelf stood the marble busts of several of Mr. Ford's artist friends—Orchardson, Briton Riviere, and Alma-Tadema, the last-named being the subject of his diploma work on his election as R.A. In the centre of what, when the thick curtains are drawn, is a second studio, Mr. Ford had been working the day before on the clay model of the late Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, whose statue he has been commissioned to execute for Mansfield College and for the Birmingham Art Gallery. The great preacher is in a sitting posture, with a book in his hands. His chair and gown, which had been placed on a table close by, have been lent to Mr. Ford by Dr. Dale's family in order that he might use them as models.

"I am placed at some disadvantage," says the sculptor in respect to this piece of work, "because I never saw Dr. Dale except for a moment once in a crowd. So I have to rely largely on photographs and the information of his friends. I have also read an account of his life, and studied one or two of his sermons, in order that I might better understand my subject. Before beginning a statue I like to have formed my own mental conception of the man's character."

"Sir Henry Irving was your first important subject, was he not, Mr. Ford?"

"Yes, and that was because of my strong interest in, and admiration

for, the great actor. I went to see his Hamlet again and again, and I longed to do a statue of him in that character; but it was some time before I could get an introduction to him, and a still longer time before I succeeded in seeing him. Recognising that I was a young man on the first rung of the ladder, he consented at once, and, moreover, purchased the statue when it was done. Since then we have been excellent friends.

"Before this, most of my work had been done with such of my friends as I could persuade into giving me a commission—or even to sit for me. Whilst living at home at Blackheath I did the 'heads' of most of the leading men in the neighbourhood, and received many commissions at moderate prices. My first exhibit at the Academy was a bust of my wife; that was in 1875, when I was twenty-three."

"The Gladstone statue was your second success?"

"Well, the Rowland Hill commission led to that. Some members of the Rowland Hill committee were also on the committee of the City Liberal Club, for which the statue of Mr. Gladstone was executed. If I hadn't won in the Rowland Hill competition I don't suppose I should have obtained this commission. It was in 1882, when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister, with very little time to give me for sittings. All I could get was about half an hour three or four mornings at Downing Street. There is the bust which I first did of the G.O.M.," added Mr. Ford, pointing to the other end of the studio. "I always make a point of doing a bust first, when I have a commission for a full-length statue. It enables me to get to work on the statue itself much

more easily and satisfactorily. But, of course, the difficulty of a face varies very much; from start to finish it was about two years before I completed the statue of Mr. Gladstone.

"About the same time I received a commission for a bust of Mr. Balfour; it was given to me by a metal company, of which he was chairman, and which desired to have the bust cast in its own particular metal. Fortunately, Mr. Balfour, who was private secretary to Lord Salisbury, had then plenty of time. I found it very difficult to put his face into marble. He used to give me sittings at my studio at Chelsea, and never seemed in a hurry; I needn't tell you that I found him a charming companion. Miss Balfour liked this bust very much, and a year or so ago Mr. Balfour asked me for a replica, in order that he might give it to his sister. I replied that I should much prefer to do a new one, and got Mr. Balfour to give me one or two sittings at Carlton House Terrace, although he had, of course, but little time to spare. I found very little change in his features. They were a little fuller, that was all. The exciting time that he had gone through as Irish Secretary hadn't left the slightest discernible mark on his face. But then, Mr. Balfour told me that he had never been obliged to use a sleeping-draught. He had many times retired to rest with a sleeping-draught by his side, but he had always slept without taking it."

Mr. Onslow Ford's success in the competition for the Guildhall statue of the founder of penny postage would seem to have been the turning-point in what has since been a brilliantly successful career. When he left the paternal roof at Blackheath to take a studio in London, his main difficulty, he frankly tells you, was to find a studio cheap enough. In the whole art world at that time he had but two friends — men who had been fellow-students with him at Munich and Antwerp, largely on whose advice he had first abandoned the idea of painting for sculpture. As he says, the Gladstone statue, which is so much in favour with the ex-Premier's family, was the immediate sequel to his success with Rowland Hill, and since then his fame has been continually extended by such great works as the Shelley and Gordon memorials, and by such creative pieces of

statuary as "Folly," which was purchased by the Chantrey trustees, "Dancing," "Peace," "Music," etc. An important work on which he is engaged at the present time is an equestrian statue of the late Maharajah of Mysore. For the horse, Mr. Ford frequently goes forth of a morning to some livery stables where a fine Arab steed is tethered specially for this purpose.

"I suppose you greatly prefer working in marble to bronze, Mr. Ford?"

"It depends chiefly on the subject. Some things cannot be done as well — if at all — in marble; pieces of imaginative work, for instance, involving delicate lines and fine curves. It is curious how much interest is apparently taken in bronze work. I often receive letters asking me for information as to the chemicals I use in my bronze work."

"Do you think sculpture generally is being much more practised?"

"There is probably not so great an increase proportionately in the number of sculptors as in the number of painters. I believe that 12,000 pictures were sent to the Academy for last year's exhibition, whereas a few years ago the number was only 8000. Well, I don't suppose that in the same period there has been an increase of anything like one-third in the sculpture sent in. But I shall know better about this when I have done my work in 'placing' the sculpture for the coming exhibition. The task of hanging the pictures and placing the sculpture at Burlington House always falls, you know, upon the Academicians last elected."

It is for the reason thus indicated that Mr. Onslow Ford has only one exhibit in this year's



THE SHELLEY MEMORIAL, BY MR. ONSLOW FORD.

Academy, a bust of Henschel, sent in accordance with a promise made to the distinguished musician. The sculptor did not relish the privilege of "placing" his own work.

The studio is now suffused with the clear light of a big incandescent gas lamp, by means of which, Mr. Ford tells me, he is able sometimes to work in the evening, putting finishing touches to the labour of the day. In thinking of the devotion to his art which this remark implies, one begins to understand how, without the magic of influence at the beginning of his career, Mr. Ford has been able to get right to the front at the age of forty-four. The readers of this magazine will have noticed how again and again in the interviews which have appeared with celebrated authors, artists, and business men, it has been shown that

the secret of success has been, not in wealth or influence, but in strenuous, persevering hard work.



MR. ONSLOW FORD'S STATUE OF MR. GLADSTONE.

In the portrait by Arthur Hacker, which hangs on the studio wall, as well as in the flesh, Mr. Ford does not look more than his age. In fact, when introduced to his sons—one of whom is enjoying a studentship at the Academy schools, the other studying at the well-known *atelier* of Messrs. Calderon & Ward in St. John's Wood—I gave a little start of surprise. The sculptor early gave hostages to fortune by marriage, and attributes his success, I believe, largely to the inspiration of his wife. At any rate, it was her face—in marble—which won for him so prompt an admittance to those portals of Burlington House at many times in vain.

F.

LITERATURE AS A RESOURCE.

THE great books refresh and restore our idealism. You cannot read the great books without having strongly brought back to the horizon those dreams of your youth in which you once believed, but to which you may have proved faithless. Young men and women, you will hear all sorts of judgment on life as you go out into it. You will read all sorts of judgment upon life from all sorts of people. Let me say to you what I believe is true: The only man or woman who has anything to tell you about life that has any authority, is the man or woman who has dealt with life nobly from the divine point of view. There is no other way of interpreting it, and any other interpretation is misleading and false. Great books have the power of nobly interpreting life. They restore to us the ideal. People speak of the ideal as if it were a dream or vision of the poets, something iridescent and fading, something delightful to amuse oneself with, but not the food for daily human life. Everything else may go and the world be saved; but when the ideal dies, then the world dies, because the imagination will fade, and all that is great and heroic

in the possibilities of the human race will vanish with it.

Great literature is charged with the ideal. There is Helen for beauty, and Penelope for faithfulness, and Rosalind for that exquisite combination of purity and freedom and vivacity which makes up one of the most charming types of womanhood; there is Agnes Copperfield for all womanly sweetness, and Anna Karénina for the fathomless tragedy of womanhood; then there is Arthur for purity, and Galahad for singleness of heart, and Launcelot for courtesy, and Roland for knighthood, and Horatio for manhood, and Henry V. for kingship, and Colonel Newcome for the ideal gentleman. Books are full of these beautiful and varied characters, more real to us than those persons who live next to us, whose hands we take and whose voices we hear. They represent in one form or another what is noblest and best in us. Then there are the great interpreters of life—life as Homer saw it, Dante, Shakespeare, Browning saw it. It is a continual renewal of our faith in what is highest and greatest and noblest—idealism.—*Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE NOVELISTS.

III.—GEORGE ELIOT.

WITH George Eliot, as with Dickens and Kingsley, there has been of late years a steady set-back of fame, and something like an organised system of depreciation among critical authorities. Even Mr. Frederic Harrison, who writes as George Eliot's friend, and displays a genuine anxiety to make the best possible case for her, admits his incapacity to re-read *Romola*, and to recall "the indefinite lingering plot, or the precise relations to each other of the curiously uninteresting families who talk scandal and fuss about in Middlemarch town." Once regarded as a Colossus, we are now bidden to believe that George Eliot was merely a woman of very energetic and industrious mind, who by dint of enormous toil made herself a novelist, but was never an artist. But this is manifestly untrue. An artist George Eliot was, and at times a very great artist. The place of Mrs. Poyser in English fiction is as assured as the place of Sam Weller; and this is to say that she has accomplished the highest work of an artist in creating types and persons who are real to us. What is probably meant by the statement that George Eliot was not an artist is that she was rarely an artist only; too often she spoiled her art by the weight of learning, pedantry, and philosophy with which she overlaid it. And this is true. For a period of four years in her life George Eliot wrote with consummate art. These were the years during which she produced *Scenes from Clerical Life* (1858); *Adam Bede* (1859); *The Mill on the Floss* (1860); and *Silas Marner* (1861). *Romola*, with all its splendid merits, marks her decadence as an artist, and betrays exhaustion. In *Middlemarch* this decadence is still more pronounced, and it is complete in the utterly tedious *Daniel Deronda*.

Now, the reason of this decadence is plain, and has been already indicated. It is that George Eliot took herself too seriously as a teacher to maintain for any long period the true freshness and spontaneity of the artist. We are quite sure that when Dickens wrote the *Pickwick Papers* he had no idea whatever but that of thoroughly enjoying himself, and of communicating his enjoyment to his readers. In a less degree we are conscious of the same temper in the early writings of George Eliot. In the hours when she can forget that she is a very learned woman, capable of throwing theologians and philosophers in the arena of "The Westminster," she writes perfectly, with that exquisite pleasure in her own creations which is the chief joy of the artist. But from the first we are conscious of a wide difference between her and Dickens, or any other of her great contemporaries.

Even when she depicts the simple humours of the countryside, she makes us understand that behind it all there is a very definite and subtly-argued philosophy of life. Probably no writer of fiction has ever had so reasoned and philosophic a conception of life. No one has brought to the task of fiction so serious a mind. No one has taken so high and solemn a view of the moral issues of art. But in the end the pedant extirpated the artist. If George Eliot had had a happier life; if she had known less of books, and had never muddled her mind with philosophy and theology; if she had begun to write twenty years earlier, with the idea that the true function of fiction was to depict life, and had simply set herself to dramatise what she saw in the serio-comedy of human action, without too nice an attention to philosophical analysis, she would have been a far greater writer. As it was, she began to write novels long after most novelists have become famous. She began under the spur of an outside influence, and it is quite conceivable that but for the suggestion of George Henry Lewes her novels would never have been written at all. It was upon the whole a sort of miracle that a mind stuffed so full of dull pedantries could ever have addressed itself to such a task at all. For the four years which I have named she broke fairly free from the traditions of all her previous intellectual activity. Then the old mould gripped her mind again, and she relapsed into blue-stockingsm. The miraculous period was over, and henceforth her books presented the curious spectacle of artistic genius struggling hard, and often in vain, against an ingrained dullness and ponderousness of mind.

On the other hand, the very seriousness of George Eliot's conception of life gives an ethical value to her writings which is rarely found in fiction. If, in early life, we read *Adam Bede* for the mere sake of the poignantly pathetic story of human life which it unfolds, we are likely to read it many times in later life for the sake of the ethical message which it contains. Gradually we begin to see that there is not a single character of George Eliot's that does not stand for some ethical idea. The Bedes, and Mrs. Poyser, and Hetty Sorrel, and Maggie Tulliver, and Godfrey Cass, all represent an ethical idea. They stand entirely outside the category of the *Pickwicks* and the *Pumblechooks*. We feel that they were meant to teach something. They preach sermons to us, and it is evident that their author intended them to do so. Thus it becomes a nice question whether George Eliot has really gained or lost by deliberately setting herself to be a teacher of morals. In her later books she has undoubtedly

lost, because the artistic instinct is repressed by long-winded prelections on matters which the novelist should indicate rather than discuss. But is it not also clear that her earlier creations would never have taken so deep a hold on the mind, could never have impressed us so powerfully and continuously, if they had not also been so many ethical ideas, miraculously incarnated in flesh and blood, and with so subtle an art that all kinds of readers can appreciate them, quite apart from any ethical passion in the reader, or in spite of the entire absence of such a passion?

Looked at from this point of view—and it is probably the point of view that George Eliot herself would have wished us to take—how intense and enduring is the ethical force of her books! Take but one aspect—an outstanding aspect, which no one can miss—her treatment of the sexual problem. Holding the opinions she did, and remembering the character of her own life, it would not have surprised us if she had taken a view of marriage which is common enough among many of the revolted women of to-day. But no one could write less like a revolted woman than George Eliot. She lays down as a first principle of society that there shall be no love without marriage, and no marriage without love. The finest chapter in *The Mill on the Floss* is given up to the elaboration of this principle. Maggie Tulliver nowhere reaches such a height of character as in the scene where she pleads with Stephen Guest, not only against him but against herself. Everyone will recall the passage. "Many things," says Maggie, "are difficult and dark to me; but I can see one thing quite clearly—that I must not, cannot, seek my own happiness by sacrificing others. Love is natural; but surely pity and faithfulness and memory are natural too. And they would live in me still, and punish me if I did not obey them. I should be haunted by the suffering I had caused. Our love would be poisoned. Don't urge me; help me—help me, *because I love you!*" The same note is struck again later on when Maggie has been entrapped into her elopement with Stephen. She pleads that her will has never consented, and that it is impossible she can ever consent to snatching happiness by the betrayal of others. The last thing the noble soul should seek in life is personal happiness, especially happiness that is bought by the misery of those who have trusted in us. It is by such acts as these that society is broken up, and the mutual faith that holds its units together is lost. To those who read between the lines there is surely in this passionate contention the confession of George Eliot's own soul. So far from urging others to do as she has done, she puts all the force of her conscience and genius into the argument against herself. There is something that is at once noble and pathetic in this. It has the effect of a personal recantation. Her ultimate conscience speaks, as Balaam's did, and it blesses that which she might have wished to curse.

One effect of George Eliot's philosophic apprehension of life is seen in her sense of its disciplinary nature. This is another note which she is never tired of striking. When she pictures Maggie Tulliver reading, with awakened soul, the yellow pages of Thomas à Kempis, it is that she may learn the old lesson so constantly reiterated by Carlyle: "Love not pleasure, love God: this is the everlasting Yea." The true dignity of man is found in his power of self-renunciation. If he be a mere bundle of voracious appetites, what is he better than the beast? But the very presence of appetites in man is the divine hint that he is meant to bridle and overcome them. It does not matter what he loses in the process; his gain is always more than his loss. Here George Eliot, philosophic pessimist as she often was, and professed antagonist of Christianity, comes very near the old monkish treatment of human nature. She has nothing to say on behalf of the gratification of natural appetite. Compare with her, in this respect, the impassioned plea for liberty of appetite in *Jane Eyre*. Charlotte Brontë exemplified, as Mr. Russell succinctly puts it, genius and ignorance, just as George Eliot exemplified genius and knowledge. It is true that even Charlotte Brontë shrank from the conclusions of her thesis; but the nature of the thesis is plain. George Eliot, with her much wider range of ideas and knowledge of life, takes the lofty ground that the discipline of life entails upon us first of all the discipline of the passions. We are meant to suffer, and the bolder face we put upon it the better. Her heart warms toward a St. Theresa because she is the very type of suffering endured for the ideal, and she makes Theresa the subject of her noble poem to *Middlemarch*. This tendency to monkish philosophy and ideals in George Eliot is very curious, the more so when we consider her antagonism to Christianity. It is quite conceivable that a very little would have turned her at one period of her life into a good Catholic. This "very little" never happened, however; but in her insistence on the disciplinary character of life she has got at the heart of the Catholic ideal, and expresses it with an austere emphasis worthy of an anchorite.

The same tendency is seen, under another form, in her treatment of humble life. She loves to paint persons whose lot in life is insignificant, but whose spirit is high. Nowhere has she accomplished this with so much effect as in Adam Bede. Adam is the complete realisation of Carlyle's peasant-saint—perhaps we ought to say artisan-saint. In other respects also the conception bears the mark of Carlyle, notably in the dignity with which honest work is clothed. A bishop once said that probably Adam Bede was the nearest portraiture of what the human life of Christ in Nazareth was like that is possible to human art—and it would be difficult to utter a higher compliment on George Eliot's genius. But the fundamental idea that underlies Adam

Bede is found in many other of the personages of George Eliot's drama. Tom Tulliver is another variation of the same type. She wishes us to see that honest work always ennobles character. The character of Tom is far from being a noble one, but it acquires a certain dignity from its patience, resoluteness, and sense of duty. If Stephen Guest and Philip Wakem had been more strenuously engaged they would both have been happier men. Even Maggie, whom she loves, falls into most of her troubles through a certain vagueness and indolence of nature. Vice is the product of unoccupied minds. Virtue grows of itself in energetic natures. Arthur Donnithorne falls into his fatal passion for Hetty Sorrel mainly for want of something better to do. Hetty Sorrel is betrayed by her vagueness of mind, which indulges itself in all sorts of vain and foolish dreams. Adam Bede stands out in contrast with both as the type of the healthily-balanced nature, disciplined and strengthened by the pressure of daily work and practical aims, which leave no room for idle reverie.

But clear through all the drama rings one note, like the monotonous boom of some iron bell—the divineness of duty. George Eliot is never so impressive as when she is showing us the tragedies which spring from neglected duties. The sole residuum of her early evangelical faith was this reverence for duty. Perhaps it was in one way the reaction of her evangelicalism. Having thrown away the idea of grace, of men and women being saved by a diviner power, and with scarcely any action of their own, she naturally went to the other extreme, and urged that the only salvation for man was the salvation he wrought out for himself in his strict adherence to the highest ethical standards which he knew. No one will say that this was not something that was worth teaching, and that needed to be taught forty years ago much more than it does now. It is quite possible to teach the doctrine of grace in such a way that it debilitates the will. There was a time—and George Eliot lived in that time—when such teaching was common. Anything that seemed to savour of man doing anything to save himself was counted heretical. Mr. Froude once said that he had never in his life heard a sermon on the Ten Commandments, or the duty of plain honesty. George Eliot, bred in the most orthodox evangelicalism, probably might have said the same. When she passed out of evangelicalism it was to find herself in an austere world, where faiths counted for nothing, and duties for everything. She uttered this belief in every book she wrote. She made it her mission to impress men with the power that lay in themselves to make their lives worthy. We may supply the neglected element in her teaching if we will, and say that it is still true that works without grace are vain; but it is also true that faith without works is dead, and this George Eliot taught with all the force of her

conviction, and often with most commanding eloquence.

As a consequence of this conviction it was also natural that she should perpetually insist on the irreparable consequences of human error. She allows no way of escape for the sinner. She insists that there is no forgiveness of sins in nature. She does this often in a way that can only be regarded as pitiless. Too often she speaks as though men and women were merely the puppets of irresistible tendencies. She says, "See, in this man there is a piece of diseased moral tissue. It is quite certain that it will grow worse, and the ulcer will spread. Medicine and surgery are alike useless. In three months he will be dead, and I will show you the process by which dissolution is achieved." No wonder many people called her a fatalist, and felt her novels to be unspeakably depressing. Where was that fine romantic necromancy which always contrived that all things should come right in the end? Where was the genial interference on behalf of human nature, so common among novelists, who always exercised a species of grace on behalf of their heroes, and manumitted the punishment they had richly deserved? Certainly not in George Eliot. If it had not been for her humour, her vital sympathies and deep pity, the play of her compassion and generosity of feeling, her books would have been the most dismal imaginable. She did her best to conceal the iron logic of her reasoning under such feelings, and, upon the whole, she was so successful that the reader was enabled to forget it in the pure artistic pleasure which she afforded him. But the iron logic is there all the same. She weighs character to its finest gram. If she sets nought down in malice, she certainly extenuates nothing. She insists that as men sow so shall they reap. No divine power is so clear to her as the goddess called Nemesis. None is so awful, so unrelenting, so invariable, in her dealings with men. The appropriate frontispiece for every book she wrote would be the scales and the sword.

Nowhere does this moral intensity appear so clearly and forcibly as in the characters of Tito Melema and Godfrey Cass. She takes infinite pains to show us that Tito was not a bad man. He had a perfectly genuine appreciation of all that was fine and noble and high-spirited in human conduct. But he was never the sort of man to distress himself about being good. Brought to close quarters with the austere virtue of Ronola, he is chilled to the bone. She bids him breathe too rare an atmosphere, which he cannot endure. He asks for a warmer and more luxurious atmosphere. He is essentially of a pleasure-loving and luxurious nature. He is by no means the sort of man to step deliberately into evil; he is too fastidious in his tastes, and too anxious to keep the fair show of virtue. But he slides into it, and having once begun to fall, falls rapidly. His first act of perfidy to his wife is the

beginning of a long line of perfidies. In the end he becomes a contemptible wretch, whose dismal doom is justly merited.

In Godfrey Cass the same moral is enforced, but in another form. Godfrey has a happy knack of forgetting that wild oats spring up. When once his miserable wife seems safely dead, he forgets that she ever existed. He feels that he has purged his fault, and that upon the whole he should be pitied for all that he has suffered. He is ready now to live a life of perfect virtue, and does so. But he has yet to learn that our actions are like children: we may strangle them, but we cannot be as though they had not been. The slow-footed Nemesis is on his track all the time. It all comes home to him in the bitter moment when the child he had disowned through so many years now disowns him, and he cries: "There's debts we can't pay like money-debts, by paying extra for the years that have slipped by. While I've been putting off and putting off, the trees have been growing—it's too late now. Marner was in the right in what he said about a man's turning away a blessing from his door; it falls to somebody else. I wanted to pass for childless once, Nancy—I shall pass for childless now against my wish." There are few pages in George Eliot's writings so simply pathetic as this. Without an effort she rises at the same time into tragic greatness. And it is in reading such passages as these over again, after a lapse of years, that we perceive how truly George Eliot was a teacher, and was even greater as a teacher than an artist. Perhaps it is this fact that truly differentiates her from all other novelists—a moral intensity which while acting occasionally to the detriment of her art, at the same time invests it with an enduring dignity, and is the real source of all its noblest achievement.

And one thing more may be added. Just as

George Eliot, in spite of her own breach of social conventions, maintains these very conventions in all her writings with an almost passionate earnestness; so in spite of her renunciation of Christianity the spirit of Christianity asserts itself unmistakably in her books. Dinah Morris preaching on the village green is one of the immortal pictures of literature. No page so pious, pathetic, and spiritual is to be found in the writings of any novelist of the Victorian era. The fact was that the evangelicalism rejected by her mature intellect was never dislodged from her heart. She was an eminently spiritual woman, and no errors of creed or conduct had the effect of destroying this spiritual element in her nature. She loved St. Theresa because she was conscious of intimate sympathies with her, and she wrote with impassioned tenderness the prayers put into the lips of Dinah Morris, because they were her own prayers, and she also was all compact of piety and divine yearning as Dinah was. A man, when he rejects the Christian faith usually does so with thoroughness; but in woman the faiths of the heart outlast the denials of the mind. Thus by a noble inconsistency, at once profoundly touching and striking, George Eliot, positivist and semi-pessimist as she openly declared herself to be, remained a Christian in heart; and in the fulness of her fame was still pretty much the same woman who had prayed before the Cross in the quiet Warwickshire village as a girl, and had sought with tears and penitential outpourings the conversion of her soul. The true George Eliot is not the woman who dispensed the unsatisfying bread of positivism to admiring disciples in St. John's Wood: she is Dinah Morris wrestling with God for the soul of Hetty Sorrel, and Maggie Tulliver thrilling in spirit to the devout passion of Thomas a Kempis.

W. J. Dawson.

GAMBLING.

I RANK high among the signs of a choice human youth the clearness of sight and the healthiness of soul which make a man refuse to have anything to do with the transference of property by chance, which make him hate and despise betting and gambling under their most approved and fashionable and accepted forms. Plentiful as those vices are among us, they still, in some degree, have the grace to recognise their own disgracefulness by the way in which they conceal themselves. Some sort of hiding and disguise they take instinctively. Let even that help to open our eyes to what they really are. To keep clear of concealment, to keep clear

of the need of concealment, to do nothing which he might not do at noonday—I cannot say how more and more that seems to me to be the glory of a young man's life. It is an awful hour when the first necessity of hiding anything comes. The whole life is different henceforth. When there are questions to be feared, and eyes to be avoided, and subjects which must not be touched, then the bloom of life is gone. Put off that day as long as possible. Put it off for ever if you can. And as you will hold no truth for which you cannot give a reason, so let yourself be possessed of no money whose history you dare not tell.—*Phillips Brooks.*

To have our desire set on nothing absolutely except character, to be glad that God should lead us into any land where there is character to win—this is

the only real explanation of life. He that has it may be more than reconciled to living.—*Phillips Brooks.*

JOHN TANSLEY'S IDOLS.

BY WELLESLEY PAIN.

It was very seldom that John Tansley ever allowed the routine of his mode of living to be disturbed. He liked to be as methodical in his hours of recreation as when fulfilling his duties at the bank. He was a thrifty man, too, and lived in his own little house. The scrap of garden at the back was frequently capable of producing flowers. Wherein it differed from other gardens in the terrace.

Besides his housekeeper there lived with him a piano, which he had brought from his old home, a large musical-box, a hen-canary, and a dog. The piano was not a source of much comfort to him. He liked music that had words behind it—when he knew and approved of the words. At one time in his life—it was soon after his home had been broken up and the piano had come to be his property—he had tried to learn to play the piano, but the lessons were soon discontinued. Then, being still wishful for music in his house, he bought the musical-box. The hen-canary and the dog had not been with him so long. He had purchased the former, and, being unacquainted with the habits of canary-birds, still hoped that his bird would

sing. He had given seven and sixpence for it, and had entered the amount at the time in his private account book. When he had had the bird three months, and had tamed it, so that it would eat out of his hand and come out of its cage quietly, he tried to forget that he had given three solid half-crowns for his pet. It seemed to him absurd that a man should buy a thing for the sake of loving it. But then he was a confirmed bachelor. Now the joy which he felt in possessing the dog was not marred by any such thoughts. Two years ago, on a hot summer's afternoon, he had found the dog on his doorstep.

The dog was only a puppy then, and at first sight did not appear to be particularly lovable. It was very dirty, and had hard red rings round its eyes, besides small patches of baldness on its body. Fortunately, Tansley was just a plain lover of dogs; had he been a dog fancier, he might have hesitated before picking up a mangy little mongrel and carrying it into his dining-room. This he did, however, to the disgust of his housekeeper, who disliked all dogs.

That was two years ago. Now the puppy had grown up, and the housekeeper had become reconciled to it, and John Tansley loved it as only a lonely bachelor can love a dog.

Other hearts fell

victims to the charms of this delightful animal. The children in the neighbourhood were quick to discover that the dog was good-natured and puppyish, and Tansley liked nothing better than to watch a three-year-old child as it toddled up to his dog, stopped it, and passed

a podgy little arm round the patient animal's neck. Then Tansley would stop in his walk and chat with the child, until very soon every boy and girl in the neighbourhood knew that Mr. Tansley's dog was named "Mat."

Because Mr. Tansley had found it on his doorstep, and many a boy would go home to pray that he might find a dog in a similar manner, and that when found he might be as faithful to him as Mat was to his master.

One summer's evening, when the children were playing with Mat, there came an idea to Mat's master. It was strange, seeing how fond he was of his dog, that he had never thought of it before. This was the idea.

Tansley had a married sister who always paid him an annual visit extending just over one week. The married sister had one child, a daughter, who



"NOW, 'O REST IN THE LORD,' PLAYED VERY SLOWLY WITH ONE FINGER, IS NOT PARTICULARLY SOOTHING."

was now eight years old. Tansley had not seen his niece since the christening. He wished very much to see her, but more than that he wanted to see her at play with Mat on his lawn. So that evening he wrote to his sister and included Dorothy, his niece, in the invitation. They came the following week.

The visit was nearly over; only another day was left. Tansley felt unusually dejected as he got out of bed and drew up the blind. He opened his window a trifle wider and looked out.

Already the sun was shining fiercely, but the little garden looked cool and inviting. Mat was stretched full length on the grass plot, and, as the wind played with the branches of the solitary tree, he blinked. Just for a minute Tansley wished that he might stay away from the bank and have a holiday. Then he repented of the thought and began to dress. He reminded himself that he was a business man with duties and responsibilities that required his personal attention.

Presently Tansley noticed that his niece had come into the garden. She was playing with Mat. When she tired of her game, she sat down on the imitation rustic seat, and urged Mat to do the same. Now, Mat's education had included some very sharp lessons about getting up on to chairs and seats, so the dog could not understand Dorothy's wish that he should sit next her. He was, in fact, feeling very perplexed. Tansley watched them from the window. He wished to see if Mat had forgotten his training. But the lessons had sunk too deep for that. The most Dorothy could do was to get Mat to put his fore-paws on her lap, and even then she had to hold them in that position. Then she began to talk to the dog. Occasionally she would stoop down and whisper in his ear, while her hair fell forward, completely covering the dog's head. When she was not doing this, Tansley could hear the conversation quite distinctly.

"Mat, you're a dear doggy—kiss me. No, don't get down—you're *not* to get down. Now be still, because I want to talk to you—quite still. No, you're *not* to lick my hand. Now you're wagging your tail too fast—too fast—too"—(Here she bent down and held the offending tail till it was motionless. Tansley winced.) "Do you know, Mat, I'm going away to-morrow?—aren't you sorry? You don't *look* very sorry. Mat, would you like to come with me—would you—would you? Now wag your tail—that's right—that means Yes. But what will uncle say? Shall we ask him at break?"

Tansley thought he had heard enough. He closed the window and sat down on the bed.

There was a knock at the door. His housekeeper had come up to tell him that they were waiting breakfast for him. He finished dressing quickly and went downstairs, but before opening the door he had quite decided that it would be impossible for him to part with his dog. As soon as his niece

mentioned the subject he would explain to her gently that she did not know how much she was asking. Then he opened the door, and Dorothy ran to kiss him. He could not help wondering if she would have done that if she had known what was passing in his mind just then. All breakfast-time he sat in an agony of expectation, framing sentences in his mind, so that he might speak as kindly as possible when refusing Dorothy's request. For he meant to refuse. He loved his niece—now that she was fond of his dog—but he could not let his dog go.

It came at last. Dorothy was reproved by her mother for being selfish, and then for the first time Tansley saw his niece in a sulky temper. He went to the bank feeling utterly miserable.

Later on, as he sat at his desk, he argued the matter to himself again and again. If he refused to give Mat to Dorothy, the latter might grow to dislike him. On the other hand, if he gave up his dog he would be left alone. Further reflection brought the unwelcome thought that even if he adopted the latter course he would only be earning his niece's affection by a gift; and, although he was only a bachelor, he knew enough of love to know that that kind is not worth having. Then again, it was not good for the child to have everything she wanted. On the other hand, what was his love for his niece worth if it ignored the very first sacrifice it was called upon to make? He had not thought of it that way in the morning.

After some time he decided to give up his dog, and tried to forget that there is such a thing in the world as cupboard-love.

As soon as he could leave the bank he hurried home, and found his niece in the garden. She was sitting with her back to the house, and did not hear his approach.

"Dorothy,"—he spoke as cheerfully as circumstances would permit,—"*I—I've come home early from the bank to tell you that I—I made a mistake this morning. If you will promise to be very kind to him, and feed him regularly, and take him out every day, you may—you may have Mat!*"

He paused. He had expected a little scream of joy, a wild rush towards him, Dorothy's arms round his neck, and a shower of kisses. But none of these things happened. Dorothy was sitting still, looking on the ground.

"Don't you understand?" he continued. "You may have Mat—all for your own—only you must bring him with you when you come again. Good heavens, child, what's the matter?"

She had lifted her eyes to him now, and they were full of tears; but she did not speak.

"What's the matter?" he asked again.

"Oh, Uncle—Uncle John, I—I'm very—very sorry, but I—I lost your canary this morning!"

"Dorothy!—where— There, there, don't cry—you shall have Mat all the same. You couldn't help it, I'm sure. Tell me how you came to do it."

So Dorothy told him all about it, and her account was almost true. The real facts of the case were as follows.

As soon as her uncle left the house in the morning, Dorothy went into the garden to sulk. She could not understand why her uncle had not given Mat to her at once, and when the dog came out for a romp she snubbed him. Mat retired as sorrowfully as the prospects of immediate breakfast would allow, and Dorothy went indoors to play with the bird. She opened the cage, and the bird hopped out on to her finger. Then she stepped out into the garden again, still carrying the bird. This was a thing she had been forbidden to do, but she had seen her uncle do it, and thought the bird would be equally safe with her. After a few minutes, during which she watched the bird attentively, she fell to thinking about the dog again. She was in a childish temper, and when the bird fluttered its wings and flew from her finger, it was very difficult to decide whether it was the result of an accident—or the other thing.

Tansley, of course, believed that the whole thing was a pure accident, though resulting from carelessness. But because his niece was crying so bitterly he made light of his trouble, and the day ended happily enough.

The following evening was a quiet one for Tansley. Dorothy and her mother and Mat had left that morning. Not having anything better to do, Tansley sat in his garden and mentally reviewed the events of the past week. The next day he received a long letter from his sister. The first part of the letter was a lamentation on the discomforts of travelling in hot weather. Then as a kind of after-thought came the following—

"... I don't know how to prepare you for a piece of very sad news. It concerns the dog. I suppose the animal was not used to travelling. All the way up it was very excited, and when we changed at Bramton it bounded out on to the platform, dragging Dorothy with it. I shouted to her to let the chain go, as I really thought the dog was going mad, but I suppose she didn't hear me. (The chain completely ruined her gloves.) Suddenly the dog stopped and faced the poor child. I am glad to say she *did* drop the chain then, or I don't know what would have happened. Some of the porters tried to stop it, but the dog evaded all their efforts by jumping on to the line. I did not wish any of the men to risk their lives, but they *would* go after it. However, just as our train was coming in, the stupid thing ran right under the engine's wheels. It *must* have been mad. Dorothy was very foolish, and cried all the way up, but I explained to her that she had had a very fortunate escape. Her new doll's house is now absorbing all her" . . .

Tansley thought he had read enough—for the present at any rate. For the first time for many years he was late at the bank that morning.

In the evening he sat in his garden again, and meditated. He was a religious man, and it seemed

only natural that he should connect the loss of his bird and the death of his dog with the providential ordering of affairs. Did not the Bible expressly state that even the sparrows were not forgotten by God? There was every reason to believe—and to hope—that canaries were included in the same category as sparrows. For Tansley knew that his bird could not live very long in the open air. It was probably dead now. Even if it had not died from starvation, the other birds had doubtlessly made short work of the yellow intruder, as is their custom. Then what was true about canaries must be true about dogs. There was a good deal of comfort to be got out of that thought. It was, therefore, not by any unlucky combination of circumstances that he had been deprived of his pets; they had been "taken from him."

But why? Tansley was not at all sure if he ought to ask himself that question, but it pressed itself on his mind so persistently that he could not avoid answering it. An hour passed away before he arrived at the solution of the problem. Then everything seemed quite clear. He had devoted too much precious time to Mat, had loved him too well—had, in fact, idolised him. There was a little text in the Bible—he had hung it in Dorothy's room, but he knew it was equally applicable to himself, which said, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

He went indoors and opened the piano. If Dorothy had been there, he would have asked her to play, for he felt he wanted music just then. But as Dorothy was not there he sat down to the piano himself. Now, "O rest in the Lord," played very slowly with one finger, is not particularly soothing. Tansley soon found this out, and gave it up. Then he thought of his musical-box. He wound it up as far as it would bear winding, and threw himself in the easy-chair.

He always had to spend a few moments in extreme agony after the musical-box had been wound up, because for the first two rounds the machinery worked so rapidly that it was quite impossible for him—or anyone else—to distinguish the tunes. After "O rest in the Lord," it put in some very fast work with the waltz from *Faust*, changing with painful abruptness to a mutilation of Chopin's Funeral March. Its last tune was "The flowers that bloom in the spring," from the *Mikado*. After it had worked off the first few rounds, the pace slackened, the tunes became more intelligible, and Tansley's face wore an expression of absolute contentment. Very soon, however, it slowed down, until it seemed as though every note must be the last. Tansley resolved to stay to the end. He wanted it to stop in the middle of one of the sacred tunes—"O rest in the Lord," for choice. But it didn't. It pulled up very slowly in the middle of the song from the *Mikado*. Then he sighed very softly to himself, and went to bed.

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: CARLYLE'S "LIFE OF JOHN STERLING."

JOHN STERLING belongs to that select few, of whom also are Edward King and Arthur Hallam, who owe their immortality to their friendships. King, Hallam, Sterling—not one of them would have lived in men's minds for, at most, more than a generation or two; but Milton's *Lycidas* and Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and Carlyle's biography have built for each of them *monumentum aere perennius*.

Sterling's own work was inconsiderable. His brief life was a long flight or series of flights from death; and when, at the age of thirty-eight, the unequal struggle was ended, of "things done" there was little to be shown. A novel, which perhaps not twenty persons living ever read, and of which perhaps ninety-nine out of a hundred have never even heard; a few poems, which from the day of their publication until now the public have refused to give any heed to whatsoever; and the two basketfuls of fragments carefully gathered by the hand of Mr. Hare—this is the sum total of John Sterling's literary doings; and though he made a few experiments in other fields, outside of literature he did nothing. It would really seem, as Professor Saintsbury says,¹ as if "there was simply not enough substance in him" for a biography.

At the same time, let us not do Sterling an injustice. We need not deny him his own full number of inches because it is his good fortune to have Carlyle's giant shoulders to stand upon. To dub Sterling "a rather poor creature," "an affluent consumptive dawdler," "not unamiable nor ungifted, but with no great originality in him, and without the slightest capacity for taking trouble, in order to make up for the lack of originality," as Professor Saintsbury does, is not only as he himself half admits "brutal," it is positively unjust and untrue. Let it not be forgotten that when both Carlyle and Tennyson were prophesying, for the most part to a heedless and perverse generation, Sterling was among the first to recognise their true genius. To the *Westminster*, then edited by John Stuart Mill, Sterling in 1839 contributed an article on Carlyle, of which the latter writes as follows: "What its effect on the public was I knew not, and know not; but remember well, and may here be permitted to acknowledge, the deep silent joy, not of a weak or ignoble nature, which it gave to myself in my then mood and situation; as it well might. The first generous human recognition, expressed with heroic emphasis and clear conviction, visible amid its fiery exaggeration, that one's poor battle in this world is not quite a mad and futile, that it

is perhaps a worthy and manifold one, which will come to something yet; this fact is a memorable one in every history; and for me Sterling, often enough the stiff gainsayer in our private communings, was the doer of this." Moreover, though the reading world has never taken kindly to Sterling's poetry, it is worthy of note that so great a poet as Wordsworth himself expressed the sincerest admiration of it.² And Carlyle, whose friendship never made him blind to his friend's limitations, says of "those poor Two Volumes" referred to above, "He that reads them will not wholly lose his time, nor rise with a malison instead of a blessing on the writer. Here actually is a real seer-glimpse, of some compass, into the world of our day. . . . I have known considerable temporary reputations gained, considerable piles of temporary guineas, with loud reviewing and the like to match, on a far less basis than lies in those two volumes."

But the most conclusive reply to Professor Saintsbury's contemptuous verdict is surely to be found in the troops of friends of whom, for so many years, Sterling was the radiant centre. Is it possible that the poor weakling of Professor Saintsbury's imagination should have been to Thomas Carlyle what we know John Sterling to have been? Above all, is it conceivable that of such a man Carlyle could have written such a biography as even the Professor admits this volume to be? John Stuart Mill was the last man in the world to lapse into hysterics, but this is how he writes to Mr. Robert Barclay Fox of Falmouth in 1842: "I feel impelled to write to you . . . to condole with you on the loss which Sterling's going abroad is to you, and on the anxiety which after so much longer and more intimate knowledge of him than you had had when I last saw you, I am sure you must feel about a life and health so precious both to all who know him and to the world. It is a cruel thing that the hope of his being able to live even at Falmouth and be capable of work, without the periodical necessity of going abroad, should be thus blighted when it seemed so fortunately realised. I fear not so much

² "When we told him [Wordsworth] who had been the genius of those bright starry evenings, he said, 'John Sterling, oh, he has written many very beautiful poems himself, some of them I greatly admire. How is he now? I heard that he was in poor health.' When told: 'Dead!' he exclaimed; 'that is a loss to his friends, his country, and his age. A man of such learning and piety!' . . . And the poor old man seemed really affected. He said, 'I was just going to have sent him a message by you to say how much I had been admiring his poetry.'"—*Journals of Caroline J. Fox.*

¹ *Macmillan's Magazine*, June 1892, p. 105.

for his bodily state as for his spirits. It is so hard for an active mind like his to reconcile itself to comparative idleness, and to what he considers as uselessness, only, however, from his inability to persuade himself of the whole amount of the good which his society, his correspondence, and the very existence of such a man diffuses through the world. If he did but know the moral and even intellectual influence which he exercises without writing or publishing anything, he would think it quite worth living for, even if he were never to be capable of writing again."

After such a tribute as this, it surely needs not to be said that Sterling is a man worth knowing for his own sake. But to know Sterling is to know, or at least to get an introduction to, a hundred men of light and leading. This is one of the delights of his biography,—doors into charmed circles open on every side. We get a peep into the editor's room of the youthful *Athenæum* and of the redoubtable *Times*. We sit in the Union Club at Cambridge, or later, in the Sterling Club, and listen to Maurice and Trench and Kemble and Spedding and Venables and Buller and Milnes—all men of Sterling's "set." We visit Highgate and hear Coleridge talk "with eager musical energy, two stricken hours, his face radiant and moist," ourselves passive buckets the while. We are admitted into the secrets of Spanish political refugees, watch with curious eyes the game of plot and counterplot, only to hear at last, more in sorrow than in wonder, of stern Destiny's harsh "checkmate." And then by way of strangest contrast, from Torrijos and his Fifty, their vain schemings and swift death in Malaga, we turn to the Foxes at Falmouth, and all the sweet simplicities of that quiet Quaker home in our remote English Riviera. A goodly fellowship, open to all who know John Sterling.

Of the circumstances under which Carlyle came to write his friend's biography, the book itself will tell. Of the fashion in which he has fulfilled his self-appointed task, each may judge for himself. "A poor tatter of a thing," said Carlyle; "perhaps

the most beautiful biography in the English language," says his biographer; and for once, at least, the world is wholly of Mr. Froude's way of thinking. From beginning to end the book is in Carlyle's happiest manner. Of all his works none is so free from blemish, so artistically perfect, so wholly beautiful. The book abounds in lovely things. Here are two sentences in description of Sterling: "The kindly but restless, swift-glancing eyes, which looked as if the spirits were all out, coursing like a pack of merry, eager beagles, beating every bush." "I likened him often, in my banterings, to sheet lightning; and reproachfully prayed that he would concentrate himself into a bolt, and rive the mountain-barriers for us, instead of merely playing on them and irradiating them." We have exquisite little nature vignettes, like this of Llanblethian: "You see it like a little sleeping cataract of white houses, with trees overshadowing and fringing it; and there the cataract hangs, and does not rush away from you"; and this of Highgate: "Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves; crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible, or heard only as a musical hum; and behind all swam under olive-tinted haze the illimitable liminary ocean of London;" character sketches like those of Sterling's father, and especially of Coleridge—one of the most famous in the whole Carlylean portrait gallery; and so on, through an endless profusion of things good and beautiful and true. In a word, the prophet has come down from his tub, and has ceased to damn. Our century could ill spare Carlyle the prophet; but, perchance, our children's children will read *John Sterling* with delight when the Chelsea prophesyings sleep undisturbed in the dust on the top shelf of the world's libraries.

* * The book for July is Bacon's *Essays*, of which there are many editions. The volume in the Golden Treasury Series (Macmillan's, 2s. 6d. net) is all that can be desired. Macaulay's *Essay* on Lord Bacon should also be read.

THE REV. J. H. JOWETT, who succeeded Dr. Dale at Birmingham, contributes a very fine article to *The Home Messenger* for June, entitled "The Society of Encouragers." This number also contains stories and articles by Edward Garrett, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Rev. J. Reid Howatt, etc.; and there are many charming pictures by well-known artists. *The Home Messenger* is conducted by the Editor of THE YOUNG MAN, and its circulation is advancing every month. (Horace Marshall & Son, 14.)

As usual, there are three complete stories in *The Young Woman* for June. They are written by Mabel Quiller Couch, Deas Cromarty, and A. S. Timbrell, and are admirably illustrated. Perhaps the most prominent feature of this number is a remarkable

interview with Miss Kingsley, the African Explorer, by Mrs. Tooley. It is fully illustrated, and is sure to attract much attention. The Rev. A. R. Buckland writes on "The Modern Yearning for Distinction"; Miss Friederichs gives us "A Peep at the Pioneer Club" (fully illustrated); Phyllis Browne writes on "Making a Call"; and there are several other attractive contributions by well-known writers. We shall be glad if our readers will introduce this wonderful threepennyworth to their sisters and lady friends.

I BELIEVE that failure is less frequently attributable to either insufficiency of means or impatience of labour than to a confused understanding of the thing actually to be done.—*John Ruskin*.

THE YOUNG MEN OF BIRMINGHAM.

UPON the whole, the average young man's lot in Birmingham is probably a happier one than in any of the provincial cities. The civic spirit for which Birmingham is justly famous has benefited none of its citizens more than those who are in their early manhood. The social, political, and intellectual energies of the city have in their lives the interaction of cause and effect. The ever-increasing variety of crafts and industries in Birmingham offer scope to the most different tastes and talents, so that few of them feel obliged, in pursuit of a vocation, to go forth as strangers in a strange town.

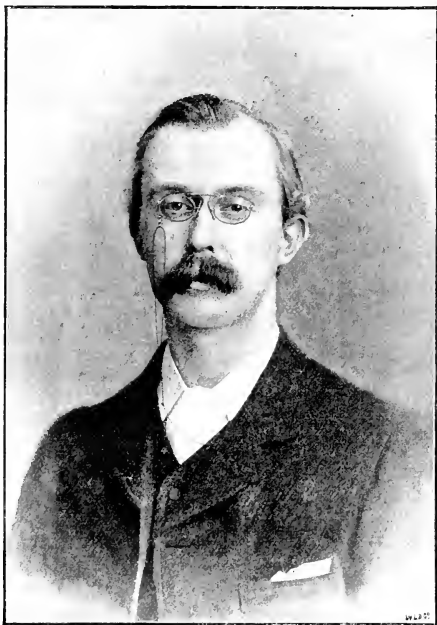
The Council House, with its noble roof and clock tower, stands out as the natural centre of Birmingham life, from which radiate the light of art, science, education, municipal patriotism. Within a few hundred yards of this spot, at any rate, you have the scene of an extraordinary amount of intellectual activity on the part of the rising generation of the city. Close by is the fine College which perpetuates the memory of its distinguished citizen, Sir Josiah Mason, as well as the splendid building of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, with its two thousand members, to say nothing of Free Library, Reading Room, and Art Gallery and Museum, in which many young men spend most of their evenings. At a stone's throw almost on the right of the Council House is the Technical School in Suffolk Street, and at about the same distance on the left the School of Art—two municipal institutions which, taken together, are at present unparalleled in this country. Visit in turn these several places any evening from Monday to Friday, observe with some care all that is taking place in them, and you have a fair clue to the character of a large proportion of the young men of Birmingham. For these big central institu-

tions have their counterparts, smaller but equally successful in achieving their purpose, all over the city.

The Mason College has expanded so much beyond the original idea of its munificent founder that it bids fair before long to attain to an academic equality with the University College, Liverpool, or Owens College, Manchester. The young men attending its classes in the daytime and in the evening already breathe the atmosphere of University life. There are now some 700 students going through a regular course of instruction day by day in the faculties of arts and sciences, and of medicine, whilst about 300 students attend the evening classes. The amalgamation, a year or so ago, of the medical department of Queen's College, Birmingham, with Mason College, has had the effect of increasing the popularity of the city as a centre for young men studying medicine, and what is of more importance, it has accelerated the time when Birmingham may obtain University distinctions and privileges. The whole body of the Council, the teaching staff of Mason College, are, I believe, more or less animated with this hope. This faith in the University ideal is significant of the

enthusiasm for culture which so largely leavens the mass of Birmingham young men.

In its way the Midland Institute gives evidence no less convincing of the prevalence of this enthusiasm. Established about forty years, as the indirect result of some readings given by Dickens at the Town Hall, the Midland Institute has grown with the growth of Birmingham, until, within its four broad, massive walls, we have a fair microcosm of the greater part of its social and mental activity. To begin with, the Institute may be described as a popular evening University. Last winter there

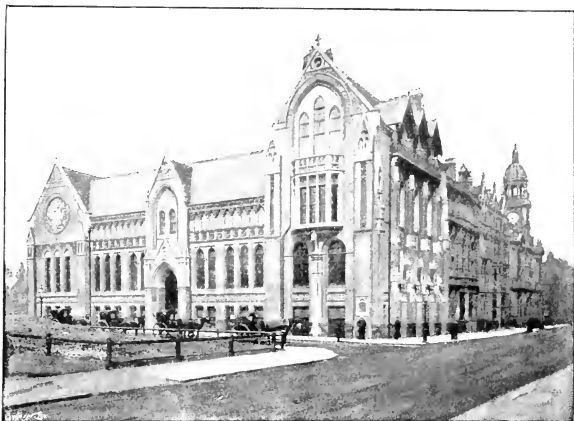


THE REV. J. H. JOWETT.

[From a Photo by EDWARD G. BREWIS, Newcastle-on-Tyne.]

were nearly four thousand entries to classes that practically covered the whole field of instruction in literature, science, and art. Of this number, however, a certain proportion—possibly a third—was made by young women. For the Midland Institute, like the Mason College, admits both sexes on equal terms.

But in the Midland Institute young men find much more than a splendid Continuation School. They have in it a rallying-place for the most varied tastes in recreation, hobbies, or even "fads." There the chess-players have made themselves famous in the chess world by carrying on the redoubtable Birmingham Chess Club; there the archaeologists have nourished an enthusiasm for relics of the past which has made itself felt throughout the Midland counties; there the musicians have banded themselves together as the Birmingham Amateur Orchestral Society, and contributed not a little to the success of the periodical Festivals. Music has, indeed, a flourishing school to itself, the entries to which last year were nearly 1300. If it be added that there are every year two or three courses of lectures by some of the most distinguished men of the day, that in its reading-room, smoking-room, library, and



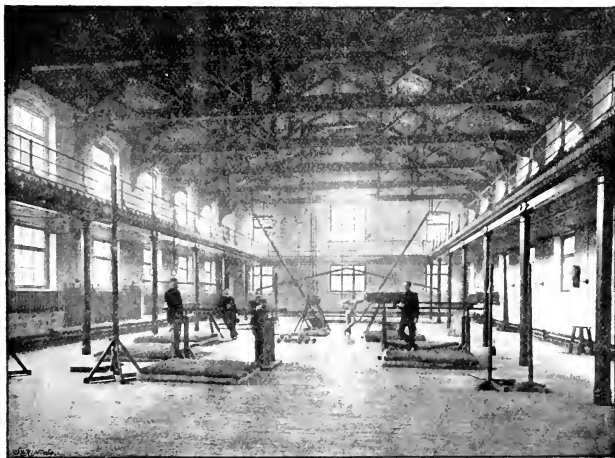
THE BIRMINGHAM SCHOOL OF ART.

[From a Photo by H. J. WHITLOCK, 11 New Street, Birmingham.]

other common rooms, the Institute offers most of the advantages of a big club, and that these are obtained by an annual subscription of one guinea, or by the small class fees, it will be seen that the Midland Institute has no small part in the development of the younger manhood of Birmingham. What that part is one could probably best realise by attending the annual Conversation. This important event in the social year of Birmingham extends over three days, and is attended by several thousand people, including most of the best-known men and women in the city. The whole of the big building is turned

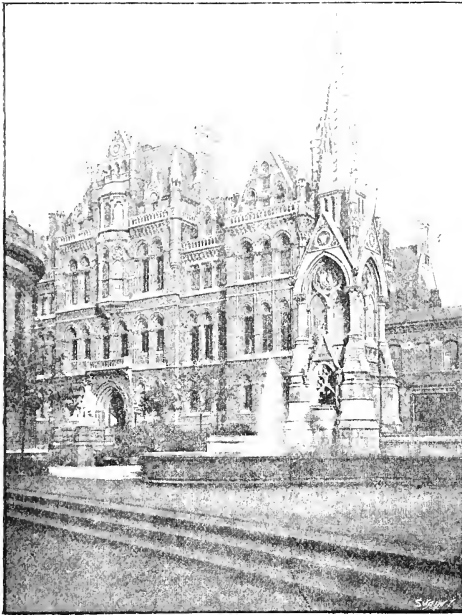
to some account, from the theatre, which seats a thousand, to the smaller class-rooms, and the use of the Town Hall is, as a rule, also obtained, the programme including concerts, dramatic performances, lectures and scientific exhibitions, etc. The mutual interest and cordiality shown on these occasions have indicated how successfully the Institute has cultivated the spirit of good fellowship among different classes in the city.

As may be supposed, the extraordinary success of the Midland Institute has left but little scope for friendly rivals. The way in which both its social and educational



THE GYMNASIUM OF THE BIRMINGHAM ATHLETIC INSTITUTE.

[From a Photo by H. J. WHITLOCK, 11 New Street, Birmingham.]

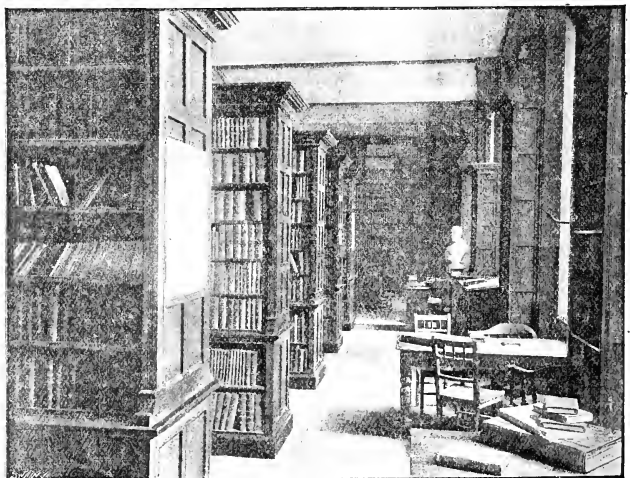


MASON COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM.

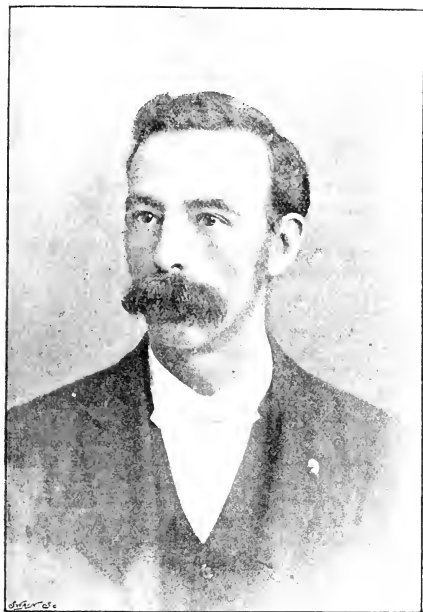
functions are fulfilled is probably more responsible than anything else for the comparatively small membership to which the Y.M.C.A. has attained. This Association, which has its quarters in a narrow court off New Street, Needleless Alley by name, does not number more than 800 all told—including members, associates, students who are neither members nor associates, and the youths' branch. On the other hand, it must be said that the activity of the Association, religious, educational, and social, would seem to be greatly out of proportion to its numbers. As I shall have occasion to show, the young men of the Association exhibit an exceptional amount of energy in furtherance of healthy recreation as well as of religious propaganda.

In the Municipal Technical School, which, formerly accommodated in the Midland Institute, has now a fine building of its own, there are over 1700 students—for the most part, it need hardly be said, young men of the commercial and industrial classes. All the classes are held in the evening, and as there were—at the beginning of last session—over 3500 entries to them, it is evident that a considerable proportion of young men are studying there several subjects bearing upon their trade or vocation. At present there are only four branch schools, having but 78 students. A considerable number of young men are to be found, however, in the evening schools, numbering twenty-five, carried on by the Birmingham School Board in various parts of the city. Taking full advantage of the new Evening School Code, which recognises persons over twenty-one as scholars, the Board now provides in such schools instruction in science, languages, various commercial subjects, and "The Life and Duties of the Citizen." These schools are attended by between five and six thousand students, of whom the largest proportion are young men from eighteen to twenty-five.

In the art world the young men of Birmingham—with some assistance, it must be added, from the other sex—have recently distinguished themselves by the creation of a new school of book illustration. This achievement can be directly traced to the Municipal Art School, which is doing so much to raise the



THE LIBRARY AT MASON COLLEGE.



MR. F. N. SHARRATT
(OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR UNION).

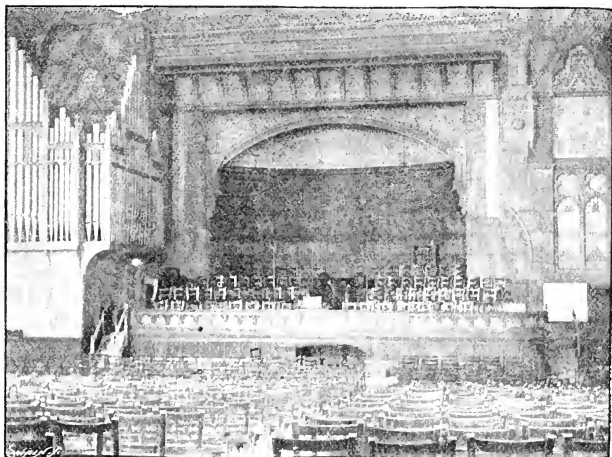
[From a Photo by T. Lewis, Stratford Road, Birmingham.]

taste and develop the talent of young Birmingham, and which, with its 13 branch schools, now makes its influence felt in all parts of the city. There are about 1100 students at the Central School, and 2500 at the branch schools. At the former, instruction is given during the day as well as in the evening, this being largely availed of by young ladies. In the evening the great majority of the students are young men, representative of pretty well all classes in Birmingham, brought together either by the desire to obtain some special knowledge of value in their daily employment or by interest in art for art's sake.

These schools have been at work for about ten years, — they were the first of their kind, and are

still the best,—and, as the result, there is probably no English-speaking city in which the young men take greater interest in art and give greater promise of achievement in one or other of its various spheres. Of the vitality of their love for art the prosperity of such institutions as the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists and the Midland Arts Club are further illustrations. The birth-place has been the subject of too many cheap sneers on the subject of its supposed Philistinism, and it is pretty certain that the Birmingham now in the making will give even less excuse for such taunts.

On the other hand, Birmingham could never be accused of indifference to athletic sports. Until recent years, however, the enthusiasm of its young men was largely confined to cricket and football. These games, together with cycling, are doubtless still first favourites in summer and winter, but the action of the Corporation and the School Board has brought swimming into competition with them, and since the establishment of the Birmingham Athletic Institute there has been much more indulgence in gymnastic exercises. The Athletic Institute in John Bright Street, built by Mr. George H. Kenrick about a dozen years ago, is almost unique, I believe. It contains club rooms in addition to the gymnasium, and has become a common centre for the athletic recreation of young men as well as of girls and women. Under its auspices branch classes are held in different parts of the city, and series of free lectures given on health and physical development. Its building a gift from Mr. Kenrick, and the working expenses largely defrayed by donations, the Institute is quite free from all commercial considerations, and is managed by a committee of



THE LECTURE HALL AT THE MIDLAND INSTITUTE.

gentlemen, whose sole object is the encouragement of healthy sport among the rising generation of Birmingham. The members of the Y.M.C.A. likewise support a gymnasium, and it is significant of the esteem in which physical recreation is now held by the young men of the city, that of its total membership nearly 300 should belong to athletic clubs carried on in connection with the Association.

Birmingham is exceptionally well provided with parks, and consequently its young men with facilities for cricket, football, tennis, etc. On a Saturday afternoon every available inch of public ground is usually in use, and in addition there are innumerable fields on the outskirts rented by various bodies of young men—the Y.M.C.A., for instance, having a large field near the Bristol Road. At the same time, an enormous number of young men are content to stand through a cold winter afternoon watching the play of some professional football teams, such as the "West Bromwich Albion," "Aston Villa," or "Small Heath,"—champions whose names are household words with them.

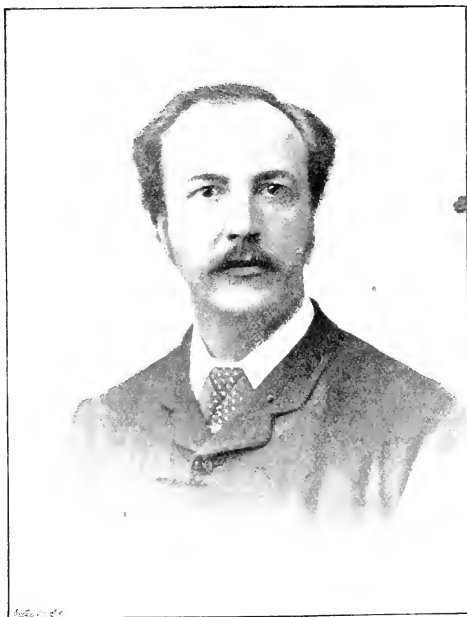
At one time the young men of Birmingham were intensely political. Of late years, owing to causes which I need not stop to examine, their exceptional interest in public affairs has, it is to be feared, been very much on the wane. The collapse of the big Liberal Club, as the result of the party split, has had, I am told, a distinctly disintegrating effect upon the political interest and activity of Liberal young men, which has been but little repaired by the establishment of the comparatively smaller institution in Temple Street. On the other side, the membership of the Midland Conservative Club largely consists of young men, who resort to it, there is reason to think, however, much more for social enjoyment than out of political feeling. The political young men still give strong support to the Birmingham Parliamentary Debating Society, and

to the Birmingham and Edgbaston Debating Society, in which Mr. Chamberlain as a young man first attracted attention by his oratorical ability.

Of religious activity on the part of young men, Birmingham still offers remarkable examples, foremost among them being the famous "No. 10" class at Carr's Lane Chapel. This body of young men in the historic congregation of which the late Dr. R. W. Dale was for so many years minister, obtained this sobriquet from the number of the room in the chapel building in which it usually meets on Sunday afternoons. Its methods do not appear to have had originality, and its

exceptional success must be attributed to the personal influence of Dr. Dale and his predecessor, Angell James. Dr. Dale not only had enthusiasm himself, but also an exceptional talent in imparting it to others, and this influence lives to-day in the devoted work of Mr. H. Hindmarsh, the President, and Mr. Linford, the Secretary of "No. 10." "No. 10" has now an excellent library for its free use, and occasionally varies the routine of its Sunday afternoon gatherings by "tea and conversation," and debates on ethical and social questions.

By the appointment of the Rev. J. H. Jowett as successor to Dr. Dale,



MR. ALFRED HAYES
(SECRETARY OF THE MIDLAND INSTITUTE).

[From a Photo by DRAYCOTT, Birmingham.]

the congregation at Carr's Lane Chapel has given Birmingham an exceptionally distinguished young man. The man who has been thought worthy to occupy the most influential pulpit in Birmingham has only just passed his thirtieth year. But the record of his work at Newcastle-on-Tyne gave Birmingham confidence in his ability to continue Dr. Dale's work, and the short period Mr. Jowett has been at Carr's Lane has fully justified this confidence. A clear and concise speaker, with broad human sympathies, and the humour and freshness of a young man's outlook, Mr. Jowett's success is likely to be greatest with respect to young men. Already he has not only

won the warm esteem of the young men in the congregation, but by the manner and matter of his preaching has aroused the interest of young men throughout the city. Mr. Jowett is a native of Halifax, and having, at the age of seventeen, shown the bent of his life, was sent to Airedale College by the Congregational church he attended there, in order that he might enter the ministry. Winning a scholarship at Edinburgh University, Mr. Jowett spent four years there, forming during that time a friendship with Professor Henry Drummond which has had a marked influence upon his life.

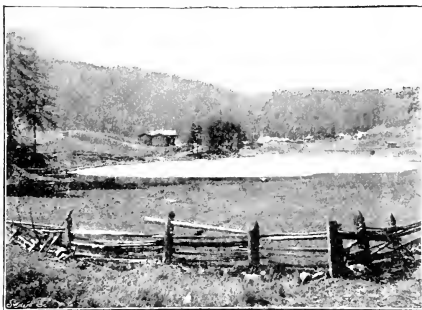
Among other young men prominent in the

religious world are Mr. F. N. Sharratt, one of the Hon. Secretaries of the Birmingham and District Christian Endeavour Union, and Secretary to the Birmingham Sunday School Union, and Mr. A. H. Hindmarsh, Secretary of the Young People's Missionary Conference of all the Congregational churches in the city. Mr. H. S. Voxall has identified himself with the P.S.A. movement, which, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., has over a thousand supporters, its meetings at the Midland Institute being attended as a rule by seven or eight hundred.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

AN IDEAL HOLIDAY.

It is quite evident that the great Holiday Conference of our readers and their friends at Davos Platz this summer is going to be a great success. Davos Platz is 1500 feet higher than Grindelwald, and borders upon the magnificent scenery of the Engadine, and there is no finer holiday resort in Switzerland. There will be concerts and lectures every evening during August. At the concerts we shall have the assistance of Miss Helen Saunders, Miss Jeannie Gray, Miss Lizzie Neal, Miss Beatrice Stanley Lucas, Mr. J. F. Horncastle, and Mr. Charles Constable, and there will be recitations by Mr. Alexander Watson. The lecturers and preachers will include Sir B. W. Richardson, Mr. Edward Whymper, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Dr. Andrew Wilson, Sir Walter Foster, Rev. A. Boyd Carpenter, Rev. H. Price Hughes,



LARET LAKE, DAVOS PLATZ.

(Photo by FRADELLE & YOUNG.)

THE young man who is always thinking of and caring for his small personal wants, who is for ever yielding to the small solicitation of pleasureless dissipation, cannot be either pure or good. Show me the youth who, between his meals and at all times, wants nips and pick-me-ups to stimulate his jaded senses and flabby enervation; show me the young man who wastes over his cigars and cigarettes enough every week to support a poor family; show me the young man who selfishly burdens others with the small, miserable debts of his contemptible self-indulgence; show me the young man who is for ever thinking of his dress and personal appearance, and I will show you a young man who is on the high road to intemperance and impurity, and to that ghastly banquet where the dead are, and her guests are in the depths of hell; the young man whose life is

Rev. Geo. Jackson, B.A., etc. Parties will leave London by the Dover and Calais route on Fridays, May 22 (Whitsuntide), June 12, 19, July 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, August 7, 14, 21, 28, and on Tuesdays, July 28, August 4, 11, 18, 25, and September 8 and 15. Members of these parties can return by Paris. Other parties will travel by Dover, Ostend, and Brussels. For ten guineas we offer a second-class return ticket between London and Davos Platz, with full hotel accommodation for eleven clear days at Davos Platz. Or, if our friends prefer it, they can have seven days at Davos and three days at Lucerne. This would make a most delightful holiday. Full particulars will be found in our illustrated prospectus, which will be sent to any address on application to the Editor of THE YOUNG MAN, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

mean, whose aims are paltry, whose heart is not in his work or with his God. Above all other prayers, such a youth needs to cry—

God harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice
That craves for ease, and rest, and joys:
Myself arch-traitor to myself,
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe,
My clog whatever road I go.

And only in proportion to the sincerity and the intensity with which he raises that cry will he ever be able to feel that—

One there is can curb himself,
Can roll this straggling load off me,
Break off my yoke and set me free.

Dean Farrar.

THE SUPREME MOTIVE.

By THE REV. HERBERT W. HORWILL, M.A.

"WHAT makes life dreary," says George Eliot, "is the want of motive." But in the fashioning of a noble life—a self-sacrificing life especially—is one motive as good as another?

While we are young and in sound health, the mere love of activity may be enough to keep us busy in Christian and social service. The restlessness of childhood passes into the eager vivacity of youth. The energy within must find some outward expression. We must be doing something. What that shall be depends largely upon surroundings. For ministers' sons, for instance, it is in some respects easier to become preachers than anything else. It is the line of least resistance. The sheer pleasure of energetic action has more to do with many a young man's motives than he imagines.

But if this is all, wait until he is old and worn-out, and where is the irrepressible buoyancy then? Indeed, we need not wait as long as that for a test. Wait until the influenza comes along. Where is your Samson now? Cæsar, the Colossus that bestrode the narrow world—

Had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl.

A higher motive is the love of truth, love of wisdom, philosophy. Before the mind of an earnest student passes a vision of some new truth, it may be scientific or it may be theological, which is hidden from the majority of his fellows. It fascinates and inspires him. The enthusiasm of his discovery makes him a pioneer. He is going to make the whole world share the revelation which has filled his own life with a new delight. Zealously does he labour in the public cause, a consecrated apostle of the enlightening doctrine.

Then one of two things happens. Perhaps he finds that this truth of his is not easily seized. Men are so busy with their eating and drinking and money-getting that they will scarcely give him a hearing. He is an apostle with no converts. Then the illuminating truth becomes more beautiful than ever in contrast with the stupidity of men. He leaves the unthankful mob in disgust, and becomes a recluse, shutting himself up in his study or laboratory that he may enjoy uninterrupted meditation on the truth he loves. Thus the very motive which at first prompted him to

service now leads him to a selfish isolation, and he is content to die with a brilliant reputation and a tearless funeral. Or this may happen. When he brings his vision down from the clouds, he finds it is not quite as true and clear as he thought it. The edifice of his theory is not quite four-square. It gives here and there. The great principle which alone made his existence dear to him collapses, and he is overwhelmed by the wreck not of his system only but of his own life.

A higher motive still is the love of man, the enthusiasm of humanity, philanthropy. In our reflective and poetic moods we are profoundly stirred by the thought of the achievements of human genius, which has made the very forces of nature its bondservants, and is advancing the bounds of knowledge and imagination with a rapidity that almost bewilders. It is not hard to love man, the ideal man, or to labour for the sake of those in whose lives, though they may be but young children, are such vast and noble possibilities. But the love of man, if it means anything, means the love of all men. How will this work? It is not a question of admiring our statuesque figure of the ideal man, with the genius of Newton and Shakespeare rolled into one and no failings, but of loving actual human beings of whatever race or colour. Take the Chinaman, for instance. I once spent two days in Canton, and I affirm without hesitation that it is impossible—apart from Christian motives, I mean—for anyone with the tastes and training of an Englishman to love the crowds that throng those streets, so repulsive are their manners and mode of life to our own feeling. Or take the dehumanised creatures, lost to every sense of shame and self-respect, that make their lair in the vilest slums of our English cities. Can we honestly say that we love them? It takes an expansive imagination, does it not, to discover there the latent possibilities of a Shakespeare or a Newton?

The fact is that the love of man, though it may carry us a good way, inevitably breaks down sooner or later, through disappointment. In many cases there is the disappointment of failure. To the most persevering zeal the reformation of a degraded character can never be an easy task. Very often when we are pulling a man out of the pit and nearly have him safely set upon a rock, there is a sudden relapse, and our efforts seem utterly wasted. It is not in human nature to stand much of this. The mere continual contact with misery often

dulls the ardour of the worker, and there comes over him a deadly faintness if he allows himself to think of the immensity of the whole problem. And if there is not the disappointment of failure, there is sure to be the disappointment of ingratitude. Humanity has always persecuted its best friends. Ingratitude is a commonplace of history. It is the same in every country, and in every age. Socrates—devoting his life to the uplifting of his fellow-citizens, and judicially murdered on the charge, forsooth, of corrupting the youth of Athens; Wolsey—pathetically lamenting that, if he had served his God as he had served his king, he would not have been abandoned in his grey hairs; Lincoln and Garfield—done to death by the assassin; John Bright—spat upon as he passed through the streets of that Manchester which he had made a power in the councils of the nation. A late distinguished civil servant wrote in one of his letters, that Government was the most ungrateful of employers. You might write and write until you had written off your fingers to the first joint, and Government would say nothing. You might go on writing until you had written off your fingers to the second joint, and at last Government would lift up its eyes and exclaim, "What a remarkably short-fingered man!" In a report of a recent town council election, I read that a defeated candidate, who lost a seat which he had held for nearly twenty years, declared on the announcement of the poll that he was almost inclined to say that the burgesses were not worth serving. Exactly. Haven't we each of us a private list of burgesses who we find are not worth serving—people for whom we have made sacrifices, people whom we have helped in their friendlessness, people whose cause we have championed, with efforts that have cost us much, but with no reward but misrepresentation and abuse? We say sometimes that there is no gratitude in *politics*: as though there were gratitude in anything else! The men who have been the true saviours of society might have had for their epitaph, "Of whom the world was not worthy." In some cases—Cromwell, for instance—not only have they been fiercely assailed during their lifetime, but centuries have passed before their very memory has been cleared of the mire of their foes' slander. Without doubt there are prophets and righteous men, dead hundreds of years ago, whose sepulchres have not yet been built, nor their tombs garnished. Even "the judgment of posterity" is not safe to be reckoned on as an incentive to doing one's duty. The result is that, after a few years' experience of the ingratitude of human nature, many an ardent reformer becomes soured and cynical, and the confidence of his early enthusiasm for humanity gives place to the lament, "Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?" "For the deadliest of all wet

blankets," says Mr. John Morley, "give me a middle-aged man who has been most of a visionary in his youth."

These motives, then, are not enough. In the case of a few outstanding men, the love of activity, or the love of truth, or the love of humanity, may suffice to keep them hard at work in unselfish service to their lives' end, but it is the case of the average man that we have to deal with, and these will not raise him to the necessary level of persistent, unrelaxing enthusiasm. They do not give staying power. We should find on investigation that nearly all who at this moment are working without other motives than these, say among the poor of the East End, are young men. Now we must have a strong motive of some kind. It is not enough simply to know that for abstract reasons it is the right thing to help our fellows. As Tyndall said, we need a "lifting power," even to make us do our duty.

Though we have not yet solved the problem, our inquiries so far have been on the right track. Each answer that has failed has had in it one element that is essential, namely, love of some sort. The world is to be saved only by the carrying out of Mr. Stead's magnificent motto, "The union of all who love in the service of all who suffer." All who love! Yes; but who love what? Who love whom? Here is the gist of the whole matter.

Shall we turn for light to the teaching of Jesus? One morning, soon after His resurrection, He was about to lay upon one of His followers the solemn pastoral charge of the sheep and lambs of His flock. But before entrusting him with so weighty a commission, He would be sure whether His disciple was possessed by a motive adequate to the task. If the question had been "Lovest thou activity?" Peter would have had no difficulty in answering. He loved it only too much, and did many absurd things in consequence. Had he but stopped to think, he would have known that nothing could be more utterly 'unavailing' than to try to save his Master by lunging at the ear of a priest's servant, but there was his sword temptingly near, and he must be doing something. He was the kind of man who would be most at home in the midst of a thunderstorm. If he had lived to-day, what an admirable Irish Member he would have made! But the time would come when even this vigour would desert him, and another would gird him and carry him whither he would not. Neither did Christ ask, "Lovest thou truth?" Peter did undoubtedly love truth, after a fashion, but his devotion to it was not strong enough to stand the test of a housemaid's ridicule. If the question had been "Lovest thou man?" Peter would have been equally disqualified. He loved a certain number of Jews—his fellow-disciples at any

rate, except on those not very rare occasions when they were discussing who was to be President of the Conference; but even at a later date he needed a special revelation to get him to love Gentiles.

"So when they had broken their fast, Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me?" Our problem is solved now. This is the love that never faileth.

When there is this motive of devotion to a personal Christ, all the others follow and are made constant. It vitalises them and gives them an enduring energy. The love of activity is quickened by the love of Christ, for he who shares the risen life of Christ is always young. The buoyancy of spirit which would otherwise fail with the decay of youthful strength is prolonged by a supernatural inspiration. "It shall be in him a well of water springing up." Thus many a man who, according to the actuaries' tables, ought to have taken his pension years ago, is still trudging without weariness the dark and dirty country roads, and like Billy Bray hardly feels the ground beneath him for the joy of being a messenger of Christ. So, too, he who loves Christ must love the truth, for He is the supreme manifestation of the truth; indeed, He is the Truth, as well as the Way and the Life.

Still more noteworthy is the power of love to Christ in stimulating love to man. These burgesses of ours are now the brothers of Jesus Christ, and that makes all the difference. We can love the Chinaman and the slum-dweller now, for the same reason. "We love because He first loved us." Not simply "we love Him," as the Authorised Version had it, but "we love"—love Him and love everybody through loving Him. It would not be an exaggeration to say that more solid philanthropic work has been done from love to Christ than from the philanthropic motive itself. As Tennyson's

THAT which God asks for He gives. When He requires from us an absolute and complete devotion to Himself, it is because He is ready to grant us the power of His Spirit to create and to sustain that devotion in our hearts. Every precept is but the reverse of a promise; every commandment is the prophecy of a grace. . . . God does give to those who are willing to receive it, all the grace they need for the perfect life.—*Dr. Dale.*

THERE are some spirits which must go through a discipline analogous to that sustained by Elijah. The storm struggle must precede the still small voice. There are minds which must be convulsed with doubt before they can repose in faith. There are hearts which must be broken with disappointment before they can rise into hope. Blessed is the man who, when the tempest has spent its fury,

hospital nurse says, in her indignant reply to the sneer that the good Lord Jesus has had His day—

How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
But that He said, "Ye do it to Me when ye do it to these?"

What was it that engraved Africa upon the heart of Robert Moffat? Before this love of Christ came to inspire him, Africa was to him what it is to ninety-nine people out of a hundred, simply so many square inches on the map. It was this supreme motive of love to Christ that carried Xavier to the burning sands of India, and Gilmour to the barren steppes of Mongolia, and Patteson to the inhospitable islands of the Southern Seas. I have a private theory that the reason why the North Pole is not yet discovered is that there is no ground to suppose that it is inhabited. If it were believed that any race of human beings lived there, Hudson Taylor or somebody would have started an Arctic Inland Mission long ago, and some devoted Christian apostle would have outstripped the zeal of Franklin and Nansen, and by the warmth of his gospel would have changed the climate before now. And is there ever any fear of being disheartened by ingratitude when we are serving Christ? Are we ever almost inclined to say that *He* is not worth serving? Does He not rather, unprofitable though we be, sustain our souls by a present portion of peace and joy, and by a hope that maketh not ashamed?

If we would have this supreme motive, we can gain it only as Peter gained it. What made the difference between the denial in the judgment-hall and the avowal by the Galilean lake? Surely it was the fact that Calvary came between. How could Peter help loving Christ then? It is only as we stand at the foot of the Cross that we can "know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge."

recognises his Father's voice in its undertone, and bares his head and bows his knee as Elijah did. To such spirits it seems as if God had said, "In the still sunshine and ordinary ways of life you cannot meet Me; but, like Job, in the desolation of the tempest you shall see My form and hear My voice, and know that your Redeemer liveth."—*F. W. Robertson.*

I do not fear to follow out the truth
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain; there is more force in names
Than most men dream of; and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair seeming name.
Let us call tyrants tyrants, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God.

James Russell Lowell.

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.

VI.—WHAT ZACHARY SAID TO THE SIL.

MEN write books for gold and fame, and some for love of simple things that scholars miss. In their work they may be happy, having faith and a good hope of posterity, or a quiet delight in life's pageant and paradox. But to print and sell is a different matter, as Asaph Dagnal found; and not Asaph only.

Silover had surely a right to think that it grew genius as easily as Rector Tatton established a new grape in his wonderful vineries. There was the rope-spinner's case. The fellow had talent, though he was wandering baggage, and had never succeeded in getting his poor tattered runes to press. Even the ribald, who led him to renounce them, admitted that he could "put a jingle-jangle like in your head," or—for change of metaphor—leave words in ploughboys' memories "that went bum-bumming with t' horses up and down t' furrows." Which was testimony, for the feat baffled the schoolmaster.

Asaph's successor was Michael Mann, the gifted hairdresser of Hasty Lane, and he triumphed notably over a Dalesbury printer's prudence. Oiled, powdered, and breathing out perfume like one of his own window-pots, he was irresistible. The bard of Brasiars Row could be kept at bay. He wilted at the first impatient word. But this gorgeous being, with his undertaker's black gloves, his silver-headed cane, his unction, and his certainty, was Dagnal's walking revenge. He coaxed, and the printer fell.

It was a pretty plot for one of the comedies that were merrier to the multitude because of the chief actor's chagrin. As a boy the Silover hairdresser had eaten salt below stairs in a surgeon's household, and he had peeped into books when he ought not. In manhood, and with time often heavy on his hands, for the Nazarites between the hills were many and obdurate, a passion seized him for wedding Science and Song. He could have told the moment when the vision of his destined path to greatness came. Doughty, the card-playing chemist in the Fair Place, was distraised upon for rent. In the wreck some dismal anatomical plates went to the hammer.

"Neat little things here for your albums—cut 'em down a bit, mayhap," said the auctioneer,— "when you've the rheumatiz find easy which bone it's on, and know where to rub—useful, d'ye see? Shall I say 'arf a crown to start 'em? What, no offer? Chuck that lot o' poets in, Padge. Now you've a bargain; quick, you'll lose it. Pope,

Crabbe, Blair's *Grave*—'pon my word, it's appropriate,—"Young's *Night Thoughts*—all very elegant and amusing, like the pictures. Is it 'arf a crown?"

"Five shillings," said Michael Mann. Whereat the ivory cube fell instantly, and the crowd cried, "Bravo!" "Plucky bid!" "Come to you to feel our ribs now, Mann; bad for Dr. Smallpiece."

The raillery was heavy, and the buyer went unscathed. Already his grand idea had shaped. His fingers itched for the pen. He carried off his prize in high feather, and by a travail that was prodigious he concocted an epic on the Human Skeleton, a stanza to each bone, or perhaps for dignity's sake a couple.

And next, with his witness that a little knowledge is a barbarous thing, he went to Dalesbury and proudly ordered an edition of three thousand to begin with. Once the advertisement was out, the modest shillings would flow back in a broad, freight-bearing stream. So much originality must compel attention. Every man who either broke a bone or set one would infallibly want an author's copy.

But the hairdresser waited in the sickness of a receding hope. The slow savings of years went to stop the mouth of the hypnotised printer, now very wide awake and clamant; and still there was a balance. At last disgust at Dalesbury badgering, and the dust on his stock of pamphlets, and the sly questions of home scoffers, goaded the victim to the desperate deed of a bonfire. It was a mistake. A spy beheld the holocaust, and next day Silover rang with comment and laughter. Yet, if Michael Mann had only guessed it, there was often sincere pity and surprise at a dullard world behind.

"I've gotten one o' barber's buiks safe at home," said a kiln hand who heard the report,— "I bought one half-price. It were fer a fairin' to gie the missus a twel'month come next April cattle-sellin'. That's how I mind. I knew Sal wouldn't noways make much o' t' po'try. 'Tisn't so reglar as hymns up t' Turret, and not so natty like as Asaph's, though a deal more learned. But I reckoned as t' bones 'ud catch missus's fancy uncommon, an' so it were. 'My! ain't it awful serious to think as how there's all them to shake in us?' she said. I mind her skeered look. An' she'd stop out a-walking to harken to her bones if so be she could. It took my Sal's fancy uncommon, an' we've gotten t' buik in t' big chest. We'll keep it, an' 'tis like enow when they hear as there's no more o' 'em in t' barber's shop some big-pot up in t' smoke 'll want it bad.

Up'll go my figure then, and down'll come Lunnon chap's faace, I'll wager."

He chuckled, and his mates agreed and applauded.

But there was genius in Silover of quite other grain, and reticent and unknown. Pastor Glad had written a book, and therein was his temptation. He was greatly favoured. He had found a publisher at once, and readers, and there was a slender store of gold, as his housekeeper knew, secreted together with the child of his fancy in the high corner cupboard. Tithed for Nell Perryman's sake, it had shrunk to a few pounds now. But it so befell that while on the one side every coin seemed to scorch the skin of the man who touched it, on the other each glittering piece had a syren enticement and said, "Add to us; fill your treasury; be independent of the Turret."

The books were beneath, in a thin packet, with the compliments of a great house in "the Row," and more dangerous than the money. Three slim volumes were left, arrayed in the pretty russet and gilding that for one day of exquisite fooling had been fairer in John Glad's eyes than softest hues in autumn woods. It was his own pomp and glory, and it clothed not sinking tides of power but rising.

It had been a much larger parcel; but with fever in his fingers he had addressed copies to unforgotten friends, conscience severed. They named him a fanatic; they detested the sect he had joined. Now was his chance to show that culture had not perished in his preacher's coat. He had longed to prove to his own kith and kin that they were justified who once said that he had a fine touch in letters.

So the minister sent away his olive branch, and smiled many times as he pictured first the astonishment and then the pleasure in the dear old panelled breakfast-room of a far-western manor-house. He caught himself at it when Amos Bounderley was praying at the Friday evening service, and compunction smote him. It was no excuse that Amos favoured a nasal delivery and distressed the fastidious, and that when you had his key-words you had his phrases and his prayer. The wandering mind was sin, and to sigh was not necessarily repentance, unless the root of bitterness were also extirpated. The pulpit said so, and the pulpit earnestly desired to believe it. And a great strife entered John Glad's soul.

Letters reached his table—delightful letters, with a new atmosphere.

"You may be a Calvinist still, and hearing nothing to the contrary I suppose you are, and amongst your Boeotians in that absurd conventicle up somebody's back-yard," wrote the aunt who had the family money-bags. "But it is clear you are less a bigot than we have all believed or you would not cut a novel open for a frivolous friend, much less read it, much less write it. And such a novel, with wit and persiflage and the modern spirit.

Your rustics are most amusing. We laugh, we immensely admire, we thank and congratulate you."

It was the last of a dropping shower. He welcomed them all, with a thirst that drank the sweet waters and still desired. But this one—more plain-spoken, perhaps, than any—came to a shamed and contrite man. It intensified the struggle that had consciously commenced in the shabby vestry hung with daubs of impossible Scripture scenes. Somehow, when he looked up he saw Jael driving the tent-pin into Sisera's head. The preposterous print, in which the nail was a crowbar, had been before his eyes when he remembered in an agony that Amos Bounderley was wrestling humbly with his Maker. He could note again, and mechanically, the ridiculous stare of sapience on the prostrate Canaanite's face, as if aware that his doom was in the programme. It was a trick of the strained senses, and beyond that he was ready to think a portent, and an indication of duty. A woman's hand was lifted when she least wished it against John Glad the novelist, who troubled the peace of John Glad the preacher.

What ought he to do? He felt that it was in him to advance, and to build his house of fame. He longed to rummage out a certain rough draft and complete it. He was drawn to his desk as if a loadstone were under the frayed velvet.

Yet he resisted. He was as sure as a new deputation could have made him that a wave of horror would engulf his hearers if it were once believed that he dabbled in fiction. It was the unclean thing to the stalwarts of the Turret. Play-acting was many shades worse, no doubt, but it depended on degree. At the core and spring of both was the evil that ran souls of men daily down steep places—Frivolity. In a child's Sunday toys; in a vain woman's bonnet frippery; in dance, and tale that was other than bait to bring the reader to the hook of the moral; in idle song and mummary, was indifferently disguised the Goliath that saints had to smite with the stones of disdain and abhorrence. Enoch Martins would have put it so.

John Glad was too much of a scholar to share the prejudice. He had proved that his world was wider. But it remained that the Turret trusted him, and that influence would perish in a night if all were known. There were weak ones whose steps he was grateful to be permitted to guide. If the teacher fell, would the scholar stand?

The same afternoon that Mrs. Dasent's letter came, the minister chanced upon Dr. Smallpiece. It was odd how often it happened. Since the doctor rode down Love Lane long ago with grave news about Serena Bounderley, and rode back having discovered a man and a humorist behind a white tie, they had plentifully exchanged thrust and parry, and through desultory fighting at contested positions in politics, theology, letters, had come to secret league of esteem.

"Look here, doctor, I'm making tracks for lunacy unless you'll help me," said the minister, sticking his hands in his pockets out of Silover earshot on the singel grass of the Fair Place.

"En? I don't see any new symptoms," drily responded the other, after a few seconds of half-startled inspection,—“there are the old ones, of course. It argues tendencies when a smart man with a head on his shoulders, and with a door ajar into a benefice, given sense as a grain of mustard-seed; when he exchanges for Frewin's Yard and a zealot's fixed idea. But we've thrashed that out before. It's beating poor straw.”

Then he waited, and watched a volcano rumbling.

"I am an under-shepherd over God's heritage, and I have never doubted my vocation. But now, there is this! I seem to live a lie. Not that I awoke for a long while. It is my secret. I can trust you, doctor, and I want light—light! I walk a lone path. There is hardly a layman in Silover who reads, except yourself, and perhaps Hemming, at the schools. I haven't a wife or sister to hold the balances for me. And my hand shakes. I've published a book. Nobody in these valleys knows it or dreams it. A book!—an idle tale; pages of nonsense, with, I hope, a bit of backbone. It's doing well on the bookstalls. They persuade me to go on writing; and I want to do it. There's the rub. But can I, dare I? Ought I to be two men, the preacher, and I fear many must think, the prodigal? Is there standing ground? Give me a candid opinion, doctor. Perhaps the mists will scatter then.”

Dr. Smallpiece was astonished, and more interested and moved than his phlegm revealed. He could easily fill gaps as he listened. He saw the track of the minister's thought, and sounded his difficulty.

"It can be put in a breath," he said. "Do you owe these stolid people at the Turret the sacrifice of your tastes and leisure? What is the book's title?"

"*As Shadows Flit in Arcady*."

"Are you 'Leonard Murray'? That is capital. I have the story. It has specially pleased my daughter Agatha. Now I see my way to picking out types. There was something familiar, and yet I was at fault. Agatha was at fault—which is stranger. But if you talk of madness, Glad, why, it savours of bending wits to put the question to me. Let Martins, Bounderley, and the rest drag up a new boy in leading-strings—forgive me—to set the scheme of the universe to a Dead March from their rostrum. Do you live for art, man. There's money in it, and satisfaction. I diagnose the malady as suppressed talent; I prescribe pens, ink, paper."

"Resign my pastorate?"

"Free a good man from shackles."

The minister was moody, and the cloud was

thick. But for a moment he fancied that a thin pencil of light guided away from the Turret.

"I think it must be so,—quietness, and the literary life," he said.

Arguing that it was settled at last, and that the load was no longer on his back, John Glad carried laggard steps at a wide circuit into Love Lane. But the sense of buoyancy was not.

He was met on his own threshold by Zachary Martins. The youth was sheepish like his kind, and needed help many times in his narrative. But his heart was full and his eyes flashed.

"It's father," he said; "you know how stiff he can be with a fellow. He and I can't hit it. He's always down on me, and I daresay there's sense in the sly pokes—at the back of the row, you know. I'm no farmer, and don't seem to pick it up a bit. It's all manures and fattening and store hogs, and whether turnips are a good crop, and what's the rotation in this field and the other. It's slow—awful slow. But the governor won't hear of anything else. I think it cuts him that I'm dull; yes, I'm sure it does."

The lad bungled and wavered.

"You are your father's only son, all he has," said John Glad gravely.

"Yes, and it makes it awkward—awkward to tell."

"Why should it? I am pleased that you have come."

And still Zachary beat about the bush. His errand was out with a leap, and a stammering tongue finally.

"This is all about it, sir. I've word from my mother's cousin, Bartholomew Crook, of a place in London, and it's in my mind to go. I would have gone—run away—but for your sermon last Sunday evening. But I couldn't forget it. It was about not pleasing ourselves."

A dreamer nodded, though his gaze was vacant. He had laid the whip on his own shoulders, and lo, here were consequences.

"But if I stop I'll never love hogs and guano and beating the dealers at Dalesbury Market—never! Must I stop, sir?"

The query was eager, and it was an ingenuous youth, with good in him though all the Turret elect should shake their heads over humorsome pranks that were common property. But to bring his care to the minister, and now! That shook the dream veil over John Glad's face. It cast back into the crucible another's fate besides Zachary Martins'.

They were in the garden, through which the Sil ran, no babbling brook except where Amos Bounderley had built a sluice at the minister's whim. The boy waited, white and quivering, wondering at his temerity, ready to repent the step. John Glad idly tore up an envelope, and the pieces floated on to the waterfall and the vortex.

"I think you ought to lay the whole matter

before your father," he said, when Zachary's impatience almost broke leash; "tell him all, quite all—that you cannot take kindly to the pretty sights and duties of field and farmyard,"—he smiled at Zachary's jumble,—“then leave it frankly with him. If he insists, stay. If he will hear and allow your appeal you can leave happily, without a breach.”

“He will not hear,” said Zachary.

On the morrow the doctor turned his chestnut into Love Lane, and Pastor Glad came out to him through fumes of burnt earth.

A whip-handle pointed to the brickfield.

“There’s a reason for the decision you took yesterday.”

“And revised on the hour, doctor,” answered John Glad, with a new note in his voice and a quiver in his nostrils,—“I have found that I can serve. My call is not spent. It has been shown to me that I was hasty, and perhaps in grievous error. The book is written, and for the present it ends there. I think my trial is over.”

His eyes had a curious softness that vexed Dr. Smallpiece. He had an inkling whence it came, and that this issue was past recall.

“Stark crazy, as all enthusiasts are,” thundered the old man.

And he repeated it in bitterness of spirit to his daughter Agatha, the light of his widowed house, and a radiant, witty, womanly girl, with other views sometimes than her father.

“A better minister, a better man,” she answered demurely.

In the twilight Zachary Martins was again waiting in Pastor Glad’s garden. Joy tingled in his veins. He had begun his story when somebody called his friend away.

“Father has given me leave to go to London,” he said. Then in time of delay he fell to talking to the Sil, through pure eagerness and gratitude. “The minister’s a brick,” he said. “He hasn’t his match in Silover. I don’t believe he has his match anywhere.”

CHATS AT THE CLUB.

STANHOPE’S HOLIDAY.

STANHOPE said he would go abroad for Easter; instead, he went to Hampstead Heath. That is the way with Stanhope, he is full of brag. When he has announced a mountain and there is only a molehill, do you think he is ashamed? Not a bit of it. He always has some high-minded proof to offer that the molehill is finer than the mountain. In this case, he said he had intended to go to “gay Parée” to study French, but it occurred to him that human nature is above French. I asked him if he intended any reference of an uncomplimentary nature to me, and he said I occupied no place in his thoughts. There are times when I know Stanhope is a prig and a bore; but I don’t tell him so. That would be rude; also, he is bigger than I am.

Henley asked if he had seen much human nature on Hampstead Heath, and he said, “Lots.”

“It made me think,” said he. Then we knew he was going to begin, so we all sat down.

“It seemed to offer a kind of excuse for the problem novel and some fictional nastiness,” Stanhope began.

“What did?” said Henley.

“The rough life of the masses of people I saw there. Looking at them, it struck me that the few thousands of the well-to-do classes know nothing of the trials and temptations of the multitude who seek their periodical pleasures in the weary gaieties of Bank Holidays, and then I thought that the man who goes down among them and delineates what he sees, however coarse, even filthy it may be, is a

social historian who is doing far more valuable work than he who paints an imaginary world and tints it like the rose.”

“I have no great objection to Gissing,” said Norbury; “his people are ugly, but not bestial. I don’t think you can class the problem novel with the realistic novel of low life. That is quite another story.”

“It struck me that the realistic novel of low life ought now and then to be offered to the well-to-do,” Stanhope went on. “Looking at those poor things who rode on donkeys and screamed at the pitch of their voices, and spent their pennies at cocoanut shies, and found enjoyment in squirting water on their neighbours, it occurred to me that when their pleasures are such, their everyday existence must be fairly paralleled by Hades. Then I said, ‘It is good for us unthinking ones to be shown how the other three-fourths live.’”

“Who is qualified to show it?” said Norbury. “To understand what the populace feels you must belong to it. The man who looks at it with the eyes of a gentleman looks at it with the eyes of an alien, and exaggerates all its griefs. The only writer I can think of at this moment, who was of the people and who wrote of the people, is Carleton, and none of his records are absolutely distressing. There are always glints of gold in the saddest web he weaves. Dickens knew intimately the hand-to-mouth existence of the genteel poor,—he had felt it in his own person,—yet his records are far more

merry than sad. A person to whom refinements are more than nature, lifelong habit, sees a shabby woman with a soiled baby in her arms, and a not entirely sober companion with her who is smoking a pipe upside down, and pictures a whole train of horrors in their home-life, when from their point of view there is nothing of the kind. The woman thinks well of the world since her husband does not beat her, and would not care to take his holiday without her, and he thinks there is no finer little woman than his, and no better cook of a bit of tripe for supper anywhere. I am by no means sure that the possession of wealth and culture is an unmixed blessing. I am by no means sure that purple and fine linen and plate and pictures are not so many impedimenta that hamper our march towards peace of mind."

"That is the kind of stypitic with which we salve our consciences when we don't want to think of the poor," Stanhope said, a little crossly. "I have heard of people who believed that eels enjoyed being skinned, and that foxes took a sincere pleasure in the hunt."

"You remember Miss Wilkins's story of the two old women who deserted the comfortable house that had been provided for them because they could not bear to be deprived of the chinks that were in their walls at home?" said Norbury.

"Of course if you quote fiction to disprove facts you will beat me."

"Well, let us take facts! I know a case of a philanthropist who put a slum family that was considered respectable into his house as caretakers for a year when he went abroad, thinking to educate them; but they were only made miserable by the decencies that surrounded them until they had destroyed them. I could not tell you the enormities they perpetrated—I should be ashamed; but I can assure you that they nailed the canvas of a picture worth two hundred pounds over a broken pane, and that they propped up the leg of the kitchen table with a statuette of Hebe. When

the philanthropist came back, he wept as much over his spoiled illusions as over his desecrated home. First he drove out his protégés, and then he sat down in his library and cried. That experience tapped the vein of his desire to aestheticise roughs."

"Surely Mr. Stead says the well-to-do ought to turn their town houses into holiday resorts for East End costermongers, and their churches into weekday play places for slum children," said Henley.

"Mr. Stead hearkens too much to Julia, and Julia is a mere sentimentalist," Norbury answered. "I have no doubt there are many nice-minded people among the lower orders, but I do maintain, and that without any insolent intention, that large sections of them are little superior to Red Indians or Maoris, and we know that these die of contact with civilisation."

"And with rum," said Stanhope.

"Have you ever talked with a conscientious owner of slum tenements?"

"They don't exist."

"Well, I have talked with one, and I tell you it is next door to impossible to turn rookeries into decent houses. The tenants will wrench off the water-taps and sell them for old brass, pull down the gas-pipes and sell them for lead, and burn as firewood anything that is combustible in the place."

"What a shady lot of people you must have known!" Stanhope was beginning to lose his temper.

"I like to sift my facts before I begin to spout. Lazing over Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday would not be sufficient to supply me with a theme for the beatification of the coster," said Norbury, who was getting angry too.

"Of all the unjust and unreasonable fellows!" said Stanhope indignantly. "I never said a word of the coster, save that it is a misfortune to be rough and dirty and poor."

"And who said it wasn't?" Then the two saw the ridiculousness of the position and laughed.

NORMAN FRENCH.

WOE to the man who loses the faculty of worship, the faculty of honouring and loving and fearing not merely something better than himself, but something which is the absolute best, the perfect good, his God! The life is gone out of his soul when this is gone. There is a cloud upon his thought, a palsy on his action, a chill upon his love. Because you must worship, therefore you must have God.—*Phillips Brooks*.

I MAINTAIN that in young men with abundance of life within them and around them, gambling and betting, if they be not the result of much thoughtlessness, are signs of premature demoralisation which hardly any other vice can show. In social life, in clubs, in college, on the street, the willingness of young men to give or receive money on the mere

turn of chance is a token of the decay of manliness and self-respect which is more alarming than almost anything besides. It has an inherent baseness about it which not to feel shows a base soul. To carry in your pocket money which has become yours by no use of your manly powers, which has ceased to be another man's by no willing acceptance on his part of its equivalent—that is a degrading thing. Will it not burn the purse in which you hold it? Will it not blight the luxury for which you spend it? Will you dare to buy the gift of true love with it? Will you offer it in charity? Will you pay it out for the support of your innocent children? Will it not be a Judas treasure, which you must not put into the treasury, because it is the price of blood?—*Phillips Brooks*.

THE STORY OF JAMES NISBET.

IN the years 1830-32 I was assistant to the Rev. Edward Irving, the great London preacher. During the first of these years I was the guest of Mr. Nisbet, who was one of his elders, and I was treated as one of his family. Mr. Nisbet was very communicative, and we soon became close friends. One day he told me the whole story of his life, and as the facts of it are known only to myself, and they have valuable lessons to teach, I think I ought to communicate them to the public while I am yet alive.

Mr. Nisbet's father was a soldier, but after the battle of Waterloo and the prolonged peace which followed he left the army and returned to Kelso, his native place. There he took a small farm under the Duke of Roxburgh. One day the Duke sent for him and told him that he meant to turn his small farms into larger ones, and that if he was able to take the one which his would be turned into, he should have it. "I thank your Grace," he replied, "but I cannot do that." "Very well, just stay where you are; I will let your little farm remain as it is." After this Mr. Nisbet said to his son (he had only one, and no daughters), "Jamie, this place will not keep you and me. You have had a fair education, and you are smart enough to do for yourself. Just go to London, and try to get into some house of business, offering to take any job they put you to on very small wages." He was not long in finding a West India house, where he had to light the fires, both of the house and of the offices, and to attend to them through the day. Being a Scotch Presbyterian, he attended the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Nichol, of the Scotch Church, Swallow Street, a narrow thoroughfare near Regent Street. Dr. Nichol was an earnest and faithful preacher of the gospel; but though Mr. Nisbet was a well-living young man, he had at first no religious impressions, and merely attended his place of worship. However, Dr. Nichol's appeals to the conscience of his hearers began to touch him, and were so awakening that he became a true and earnest Christian. His minister coming to know this, invited him to become one of his Sunday-school teachers; and though he could not well refuse, he felt himself so ignorant of what he would have to teach, that he determined to study the Bible for himself with the aid of Matthew Henry's Commentary. This he bought, and employed all his time after work till nearly morning in reading and studying the Bible. But this brought him to a standstill. His master had ordered him to light the office as well as the house fires on Sunday as on other days; but though he did this and thought little of it at first, he could do this no longer, and at once went and told him so. Being pleased with his services, his master was unwilling to part with him, and he reasoned with him. "You light the

house fires, and what's the difference between one fire and another?" "There is this difference, sir; I am no judge of what fires are required for in the house, but office fires are never lighted but for doing business." "But what have you to do with that? I don't ask you to do business for me." "But, sir, I cannot help other people to do what is wrong." "Well, I am sorry to part with you, but I must have my office fires lighted." "But not by me, sir." So away he went. The master told his wife what had passed. "Foolish man that you are to part with that lad; you'll get plenty to fill his place and do whatever you bid them, but perhaps they will rob your till, and that will be worse for you. Here is a religious young man, who will rather give up his situation than go against his conscience. You ought rather to raise his wages than lose his services." "Well, there's something in that," said her husband; "I'll think of it." So he determined to send for young Nisbet again; and his wife knowing the time he had appointed, took care that he should be ordered to see her first. "Well, my lad, I hope you are not going to yield to my husband?" "Certainly not, ma'am." "Well, I am glad of that; and if you refuse to yield, I think he will take you back." So he went to his master, who said, "Well, sir, are you going to do what I asked you?" "Never, sir." "But what have you been doing since you left me?" "Driving a bread cart, sir." "That's a mean occupation." "No, sir; nothing is mean by which a man can make his living with a good conscience." "Well, but if I get another to light my office fires, will you stay?" "I am no judge of other people; and if you do not ask me to do it, I am willing to stay;" which he did.

But Nisbet got tired of the place, and began to think of some way of doing for himself. He observed that religious books were not kept by the booksellers in London; they would order any such book for you, but did not keep them in stock. So he said to himself, "Could not I rent a little shop, and advertise it as a place where only religious books would be kept?" And when he had made as much money as would enable him to do this, religious people came to him in considerable numbers. He took care to secure the best books, and having read them, he talked of their contents. His customers increased. He married, and his wife stood behind the counter. He prospered, from month to month, but at length he came to a stand. One day he had to pay a bill of thirty pounds, and he had not thirty shillings—what was he to do? He went to prayers earlier than usual in the morning, and while he was praying about it there was a ring at the door. He hastened to open it, and found that the carriage of the Duchess of Beaufort was there.

"Mr. Nisbet, I always pay my own bills, and your place being the nearest, I have come to you first. Your bill comes to thirty pounds, and here it is," handing him the money. On returning to his wife, to her amazement he put the money into her hands. He went to his knees again, but now to give thanks; and from that time Mr. Nisbet's business began to improve, and an unexpected incident, which I give in his own graphic way, greatly increased his success.

The London Missionary Society, then recently formed, required funds and missionaries. The funds came in steadily, and they advertised for offers of missionary service. No response came from educated men, but some of the working classes offered their services. Their claims had to be investigated, and for this purpose a Committee was formed consisting of ministers of different denominations—Church of England, Presbyterians, and Independents; and they selected only those who, besides being devoted Christians, seemed capable of being trained sufficiently for the work that lay before them. One of this Committee undertook to teach them Latin and Greek; another, to instruct them in English Literature; a third, to take them through a course of Bible Study and Systematic Theology; and so on. But as the students had to be boarded in London, a difficult question arose as to where they were to be accommodated. "Send them to Nisbet," said one. "Yes," said another; "he's the man, if he will take them." Mr. Nisbet at once agreed, and took a larger house for the purpose. With him they were very happy, as they told him again and again; and from him they learned much that was of great service to them afterwards. At length when their studies were completed, they were sent out. On leaving that warm home with regret, Mr. Nisbet made them promise to write to him as well as to the Committee. Their first letter was properly addressed to the Committee, but the details they gave of all their experiences were so minute that the Committee had to complain of the length of their letter. They met only for one hour once a week, and were obliged to ask that nothing but facts, briefly told, should be written to them. This rather distressed them, as they wanted to open their hearts on the great work they were engaged in, but they determined to do this to Mr. Nisbet; and the ladies and gentlemen interested in the mission, on calling on Mr. Nisbet, heard all these letters, and this brought a considerable increase of business to him.

At length, being now comparatively wealthy, Mr. Nisbet deemed it advisable to remove his business and his place of residence to the West End of

London; and having acquired that large and commodious house, 21 Berners Street, Oxford Street, he fitted up part of it as his dwelling-house, and part of it as his place of business, and it was there that I lived with him. Mr. Nisbet made a liberal use of his money. One day I found the book in which he entered the sums he gave to the objects in which he was interested; and there I found £5 to this, £10 to that, and in two or three cases £50 to a third. I told him what I had done, and hoped he would excuse me, as it had taught me an excellent lesson to make a liberal use of the means I possessed. He then began to tell me what he had done for Kelso. Believing that the Rev. Horatius Bonar had great preaching gifts, he never rested till he got his friends to join with him in building a church for him at Kelso, himself being the largest subscriber. That church was soon filled, and continued so till the Disruption of the Established Church; and Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Bonar having joined those who had left the Establishment, this handsome building became the property of the Established Church. But Mr. Nisbet—in order to retain the precious services of Dr. Bonar—determined to have a Free Church erected in Kelso. This was done, and to this also Mr. Nisbet was the largest contributor.

In course of time Mr. Nisbet began to feel the cares of business rather too much for him; so he wrote to a young friend in Kelso, who had begun business there for himself, asking him whether he would come to London and take charge of his business, and he would make it worth his while. This he did at once, and being clever and energetic he soon became at home in the business, and after some time Mr. Nisbet made him and Mr. Murray (a connection by marriage) partners, and the firm then became Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. By degrees Mr. Watson and Mr. Murray did all the active part of the business, which prospered increasingly under their care; Mr. Nisbet merely superintending and talking with the customers as they came. Another partner, Mr. Taylor, was included, and this arrangement, I think, continued as long as Mr. Nisbet lived. After the death of Mr. Murray and Mr. Taylor, Mr. Watson conducted the business alone for some years, and was succeeded by the present estimable members of the firm, who ever since have well sustained the credit of that firm, as publishers of the best religious literature of a strictly evangelical type.

Now, what is the lesson of this story to every young man? I give it in words which cannot be disputed: "Them that honour Me, I will honour."

DAVID BROWN, D.D.

BUFFON was probably not far from the truth when he asserted that the genius of great men consisted in their superior patience. Nothing repelled nor tired them; they turned every moment to account. "Not a day

without a line" was the maxim of Apelles. Constant and intelligent observation was the practice of Newton. "We must ascertain what will do, by finding out what will not do," was the saying of Watt.—*Smiles*.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG PREACHER.

BY DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

You have asked my advice regarding Helps, Guides, and Aids to the power of public speaking. My modest wish is to say a word or two upon books which deserve notice both as warnings and examples. Some years ago I laid out a small sum in the purchase of the most magnificent work ever penned upon the subject to which it is devoted,—nothing less than “a complete guide to the attainment of purity and elegance of style in speaking and writing.” The sum expended was “two and eleven,”—how far the investment was such as to tempt you to follow my example you shall presently see. Please to remember that the book in question is not merely a guide, but a *complete* guide, and not a complete guide to rudimentary writing, but to the attainment of *purity and elegance of style*. What is said on the title-page is repeated on page 33,—“our treatise being designed for the advanced student,” etc. Notwithstanding this high design, the condescending author gives on his 16th page “Preliminary Hints to Juvenile Readers,” the originality and value of which do not admit of two opinions. Here they are :—

“Be careful to pronounce each word deliberately, with a clear and distinct utterance of every syllable, and with due attention to the vowels, diphthongs, and final consonants. Read as if conversing in polite society, not as a task, not thinking of your voice and how you impress your listeners, but, as far as you can, forgetting yourself, and entering into the feelings and sentiments of the author : and a caution to youthful readers may here not be ill-timed, namely, that they especially guard against an over-serious and formal tone and manner. The object of reading is to give pleasure, while imparting information : therefore the voice, as well as the expression of the countenance, should indicate cheerfulness, making it apparent that the reader takes an interest in the subject, and is gratified by the exercise. There is a natural charm in a lively and unaffected tone ; and, to conclude, we recommend the old-fashioned couplet as a very good rule for beginners, namely—

Learn to speak slow ; all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.

“A variety in exercises gives mastery, and for this it is advisable to practise alternately the different styles of composition, from the light and humorous, to the more grave and dignified.”

The comprehensive advice to be careful about vowels and diphthongs, yet not to think of the voice ; to forget yourself, and yet to let the countenance indicate cheerfulness ; not to think of the voice, and

yet to aim at a lively and unaffected tone, is most charming, enabling the author to come in at the front door and go out at the back, and to say contradictory things in such a manner as to be bound to neither of them. The youthful reader is not to think of how he impresses his listeners, yet he is to show that he is gratified by the exercise ; he is to be indifferent to his hearers, and yet to remember that his object is to give them pleasure, and impart to them information. They must be *very* juvenile readers for whom such lucid hints are designed. You will be pleased to observe that the countenance is to indicate cheerfulness, as a proof that the reader takes an interest in the subject, whether the subject be “light and humorous,” or “the more grave and dignified” : the great object with our pleasant author is to be *cheerful*, in whatever direction the rhetorical wind may blow.

So much for juvenile readers. Coming to “advanced students,” the author “doubts whether the strict formality of methodical systems may not often prove rather a hindrance than a help to minds of a superior cast.” Keeping his eye upon “minds of a superior cast,” the author sublimely says : “Had the early genius of Shakespeare been thus cramped and rigidly tied down to precise modes and details of study, we much doubt whether his imagination would have expanded with the noble freedom, and bold and graphic originality, which constitutes the great charm of his dramatic compositions. We admit that, so trained, he might have been eminently shrewd and clever, but he would not have been Shakespeare as he has come down to us, and as we delight to know him.” This is, of course, a most satisfactory explanation of Shakespeare. We now see clearly all about him. Avoid precise modes and details of study, and you will probably be a Shakespeare ; keep clear of “hints to juvenile readers,” or you will never write “Hamlet.” The judicial mind of the author admits that had Shakespeare read such hints, and been foolish enough to take them seriously to heart, he would have been a tolerably shrewd man on the whole,—nay, more, “eminently shrewd and clever,” which is a poor encouragement to the public to buy our author’s “complete guide.” How any man can have brought himself to imagine that Shakespeare could have been “cramped and rigidly tied down to precise modes and details of study” is not to be satisfactorily accounted for, except on the principle that he himself was “rigidly tied down” in his youth, and has never been able to shake off his bonds.

Having thus explained the majesty of Shakespeare, the author adds with wonderful simplicity : “We have therefore purposely omitted much of the

introductory matter commonly found in school treatises," etc. This is one of the collateral blessings which Shakespeare has conferred upon the world. Because Shakespeare *might* have been spoiled by modes and details, our author shrinks from the possibility of nipping some young Shakespeare in the bud, and *therefore* avoids "precise modes and details of study." This was very daring on the part of the author, yet he recovered himself by the aid of a great name. "Nor," says he, "are we without support in this our view. It was the advice of Dr. Johnson," etc.; clearly showing how impossible it is even for the strongest minds to proceed far in original thinking without coming upon unexpected and illustrious companionship. Dr. Johnson advised a young man to give his days and nights to Addison, and our author adds this important remark: "We hold the counsel advisable, for his writings exhibit a faultless style and classic purity, while breathing a cheerful spirit, enlivened with a rich vein of humour and a playful but harmless satire, and as a moral essayist he has rarely been excelled." After this, no one will be at liberty to question the "advisableness" of Dr. Johnson's advice: in the first instance, Dr. Johnson supports our author's opinion, and in the next, our author supports Dr. Johnson's opinion, and thus the whole question is settled. Still, remembering that "by some this celebrated essayist is regarded as out of date," the author judiciously adds: "We deem it well, then, to begin with Addison, but by no means to end with him." Certainly not! *Begin* with an author of "faultless style and classic purity," but "by no means *end* with him." Give your days and nights to Addison, and the remainder of your time to somebody else!

One brief division of this "complete guide" is entitled "The Suggestive Faculty," and in giving "Hints for its Exercise," the author says: "In order to be fluent in speech, we must be fertile in thought, for words being but the signs of our ideas, to have a copious command of the former we must multiply the latter. Whatever, therefore, sets our thoughts actively at work, will serve our turn, and claims our first attention. For this, formal rules are not needful, a single suggestion may suffice. We will then at once commence." Prepare yourself, my friend, for one of the most pathetic illustrations ever addressed to your heart, and please to remember that it forms part of a book intended for "advanced students,"—not for tyros, but for men of capacity and strength. The author's object is to teach his advanced students how to "multiply ideas"; and how admirably the illustration is fitted to serve this useful purpose you will see without the aid of a commentator: "You have received, we will suppose, two invitations, each being to spend a month, one with friends in town, the other in the country; you must choose between them, and perhaps are puzzled in so doing. Ere you decide, you will think and turn over in your mind the pleasure and advantage

you may expect from either. On the one hand, the country tempts you with its freshness and beauty, its rural scenes, its walks and rides, and healthful recreations. On the other hand, the town attracts with its gaieties, its social pleasures, and diversified entertainments; in either case, not omitting the companionship you may prefer, and the society you will enter into. Here is no lack of matter for thinking, if you would choose discreetly; and it will be helpful to note down separately the *pros* and *cons*, and then weigh and consider. We have merely thrown out the hint for the youthful composer."

"Here is no lack of matter for thinking"! You will observe that the town attracts you *with* its gaieties; you will also observe that you are not only to *think*, but to *turn over in your mind*, and the difficult part of your work is to think and turn over "the pleasure and advantage" which exist only in expectation, and therefore don't exist at all. It is very prettily said that the *country* tempts you with its *rural* scenes. Observe the intellectual process through which you have to pass before going out for a month's holiday: "think—turn over in your mind—note down separately—then weigh and consider"; *that's all!* Why, you could not do more if you had to choose between life and death! I am afraid that if anything could have enfeebled the wings of Shakespeare, this process of "thinking" would have succeeded in doing so. If you should ever avail yourself of this absurd advice, pray don't tell the friend whose hospitality you accept that you have made your way to his house through the briers of such sharp logic, and especially keep the secret from his wife, or she will not ask you whether you will take tea or coffee, for fear you should retire for an hour to "note down separately the *pros* and *cons*." It is, however, a great relief to find our author saying, "We have merely thrown out the hint for the youthful composer"; if the youthful composer will do the same thing, the hint will be treated exactly as it deserves. No, no; we must have something better than this, worse is impossible; why, this is infinitely better—a minister, whose command of words was positively alarming, was asked by what method he had acquired such amazing fluency, and he frankly owned it was the result of practice; said he, "When I go out to walk, I say to my stick, 'Long stick, hard stick, strong stick, smooth stick, thick stick, light stick, nice stick,' whereupon his waggish listener added, '*Dry stick*,' and left him."

You are not to be deterred from the practice recommended by our author by its difficulty, because "such a process constitutes the element of solid improvement," and, besides this, "the task becomes easier with practice, one thought begets another, till at length we master the difficulty, and become conscious of our power. We then begin to take a pleasure in duly ordering our ideas, and in giving a becoming expression to them." This word of encouragement is needed, considering the painful-

ness of the task appointed by the exacting author. Some of us have great difficulty in "commanding our thoughts"; judge therefore of my delight in coming upon this luminous passage—

"It is most desirable to acquire betimes a habit of fixing the attention, and concentrating the thoughts, which are ever prone to wander, especially with the unpractised; a watchful guard is therefore requisite to counteract this propensity; and it is no less needful to be able to control our ideas than to have formed them aright. In the choice of words, also, to give a judicious expression to our sentiments, due care and discretion are indispensable."

That settles the question, by putting you up to the art and mystery of mental concentration. You see now exactly how it is, don't you? Appoint a watchful guard, and give due expression to your sentiments,—that's all, nothing easier, my dear sir, if you know how, which is not the business of the "complete" guide to tell, especially for the trifling sum of two and elevenpence. Still, our author must have felt that in putting the case in this clear manner, he had made a considerable contribution to that form of authorship which, as George Eliot says, "is called suggestion, and consists in telling another man that he might do a great deal with a given subject by bringing a sufficient amount of knowledge, reasoning, and wit to bear upon it."

You will admit, I am sure, the importance of "variety in forms of expression"; on this subject our author is conspicuously great, as you will see by the following:—

"This is effected by changing the position of the component parts of a paragraph, or compound sentence, without altering the words.

"EXAMPLE.

(1) When a good man dies he leaves all his bad behind, and carries all his good with him.

When a sinner dies he leaves all his good, and carries all his bad.

(2) When a good man dies he carries all his good, etc.

(3) A good man when he dies leaves, etc.

(4) A good man when he dies carries, etc.

(5) When he dies, a good man, etc.

(6) A sinner when he dies—When a sinner dies, etc.

N.B.—This sentence admits of twelve variations."

Now, sir, no more talk of want of variety in preaching! By a skilful use of this novel permutation, one sermon will last you a lifetime. When I reflect on this, it is impossible to begrudge the two and elevenpence for so complete a guide. Query: if one sentence admits of twelve variations, of how many variations will two sermons admit? Then the *text* may be varied: begin one inch from the beginning, then begin in the middle, then read it backwards, and then try it from the beginning. If the order of words may be varied, why may not

the *emphasis* of the words be varied too? See how rich a field is opened by this simple plan! Take the text, "Go thou and do likewise"; and the results are truly wonderful. Thus—

Go thou and do likewise; that is, don't do it *here*, but go out and do it.

Go *thou* and do likewise; don't work by deputy, do your own work.

Go *thou and* do likewise; it is not enough to go, you must also *do*.

Go *thou and do* likewise; don't merely think or approve, but *act*.

Go *thou and do likewise*; don't be original; copy and reflect, but don't originate.

N.B.—This emphasis is adapted to all subjects and occasions.

The native delicacy of the author's taste is strikingly shown in his remarks upon "Qualified or Softened Expression." Some of us have an unfeeling way of calling a spade a spade, and a shameful habit of calling a liar a liar. To all this rudeness there may now be a happy end. Speaking upon "Qualified or Softened Expression," the author says: "This serves to mitigate the severity of rude and harsh-sounding words, by avoiding all such as are highly offensive. Thus, instead of branding the individual with the odious epithet of liar, we may accuse him of misrepresentation. Instead of the stigma, sluggard or idler, we say, deficient in energy, the reverse of diligent, prone to inaction. Insufferable pride will be exaggerated self-esteem; for madness, alienation of mind; and instead of brutal folly, a lamentable want of prudence."

This rule would considerably change (not improve) the method of putting things in some parts of the New Testament. For example, "If any man say he love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar," would be—he is guilty of misrepresentation: a much gentler method of dealing with the case. Even Solomon, wisest of men, might be amended: when he says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," he should be read as saying, "Go to the ant, thou who art prone to inaction!" When Jesus Christ calls Herod a "fox," He should be understood as calling him "that animal of the genus *Canis*, with a straight tail, yellowish hair, and erect ears,"—decidedly more polite, and considerate of human feeling.

It is with much relief that I turn to an eighteen-penny book, by Mr. Holyoake, called *Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate*, of which I believe a new edition has recently appeared. It is full of wise and practical counsel, and rich with allusion and quotation of the best kind. An extract from the chapter on *Effectiveness* will show what I mean: "Young men, poetical from ardour, and enthusiastic from passion rather than principle, will often rush from libraries crammed with lore with which nobody else is familiar, and pour out before an

audience what the speaker believes to be both sublime and impressive, but which his hearers cannot understand. They grow listless and restless, and he retires overwhelmed with a sense of failure. A. B., a young friend of considerable promise, thus failed in my presence. I endeavoured thus to divert his despondency. Failures, I urged, are with heroic minds the stepping-stones to success. 'Why have I not succeeded?' he asked. 'I can never hope to say better things of my own than I said to-night of others.' The cause of your non-success is obvious. You commenced by addressing your auditors as men, and you left them as children. A young preacher who had ascended the pulpit with great confidence, but who broke down in the middle of his sermon, was met by Rowland Hill as he was rushing from the pulpit. 'Young man,' said Rowland, 'had you descended the pulpit in the spirit in which you descended, you would have descended in the spirit in which you ascended.' Something of this kind will explain your case. In your exordium you should address your auditors as though they were children, state your arguments as though they were learners, and in your peroration only assume them to be men. On the threshold of a new subject men are as children; during its unfoldment they are learners; only when the subject is mastered are they as men, with manhood's power to execute their convictions. Had it struck you that probably no man of your audience was familiar with the habits of society in the days of Spenser's *Faery Queen* or of the high and mystic imaginings of the solitary Paracelsus, would not the thought have caused you to recast your whole lecture? Take care that you do not render yourself amenable to the sarcasm of Swift, who, when Burnet said, speaking of the Scotch preachers in the time of the Civil War, 'The crowds were far beyond the capacity of their churches or the reach of their voices,' Swift added, 'And the preaching beyond the capacity of the crowd; I believe the church had as much capacity as the minister.'

An extract relating to debate will show you Mr. Holyoake's spirit and somewhat of his method: "The object of discussion is not the vexatious chase of an opponent, but the contrastive and current statement of opinion. Therefore endeavour to select leading opinions, to state them strongly and clearly, and when your opponent replies, be content to leave his arguments side by side with your own, for the judgment of the auditors. In no case disparage an opponent, misstate his views, or torture his words, and thus, for the sake of a verbal triumph, produce lasting ill feelings. Your sole business is with *what* he says, not *how* he says it, nor *why* he says it. Your aim should be that the audience should lose sight of the speakers, and be possessed with the subject, and that those who come the partisans of persons shall depart the partisans of principles. The victory in a debate lies not in

lowering an opponent, but in raising the subject in public estimation. Controversial wisdom lies not in destroying an opponent, but in destroying his error; not in making him ridiculous, so much as in making the audience wise."

The wisdom of these counsels may be turned to advantage even in the pulpit, for though you do not there enter into debate in the ordinary sense of the term, yet you have to reply to objections, to anticipate difficulties, and to commend your cause to the judgment of all who hear you. It is specially needful in a minister who has the entire conduct of a service, that he should be noble in his treatment of all supposed objectors. Their arguments should be stated with all possible clearness and force, and courtesy should never be sacrificed to victory.

Have you ever seen Paxton Hood's book with the singular title, *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets*? Get it, by all means, if you can. The mere arrangement of the subjects might be considerably improved; but the matter, the spirit, the enthusiasm, and the poetry leave nothing to be desired. The book has called me out of many a gloomy fit, and helped me to begin again after I thought the end of my work had come. There is not a tame sentence in all the book; if there is, I have not seen it. Wisdom, anecdote, individuality, illustration, parable—plenty; insipidity, monotony, cold exhortation—none. Mr. Hood gives his reader to feel how sublime a thing it is to be a preacher. We are not allowed to drop the preacher into a secondary rank; he is called of God, he is inspired by the Holy Ghost, he is the interpreter and revealer of the Redeeming Heart. Read this book if ever you be tempted to give up the exercise of your ministry.

Vinet, Baxter, Bridges, Greswell, Porter, Cotton Mather, and others will have a good deal to say that is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction" in homiletics. Remember that no preacher was ever made by rules. You may have a bag full of excellent tools, but if your fingers be unskilled, your instruments are of little use. Does the *spade* make the gardener? Does the *camel* make the painter? A man may read guide-boards and finger-posts all the days of his life, and yet never take a walk; or he may be profound in Bradshaw, and yet never enter a train. It is possible, too, to be a critic without being an artist, and to be able to find fault without being able to do better. Many of your hearers will complain of your sermons, who could not write a sermon if they were to be rewarded with heaven for doing so. Don't upbraid them for their inability. Faultfinding is a distinct and special talent. What would you have thought if, when you told your shoemaker that your shoes didn't fit, he had challenged you to make a better pair? Remember this, and be humble!

JOSEPH PARKER.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,
Author of "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

I FIND that my remarks to a London correspondent who desired to try life in a cottage on next to nothing a year have aroused considerable interest. I will endeavour, therefore, to state briefly my position. In the first place, I am far from advising every town-bred youth to fly the city and endeavour to get a living from the land. Ever since the days of Rousseau there has been a great deal of talk about "a return to nature." What Rousseau meant by the phrase was that the general effect of a highly complex and artificial civilisation was to spoil human nature. It cramped the free movements of man, depressed his vitality, destroyed his natural joy in life. Of course, Rousseau went much farther than this. His argument was pushed to extreme and paradoxical conclusions, and in the end affirms "that all civilisation is a state of social degradation; that all science and literature, all social institutions and refinements, are forms of degeneration from the primeval savage life, which, with all its ignorance and brutishness, he audaciously pronounces the state of human simplicity and perfection." This, of course, is pernicious nonsense. It simply means that the savage is superior to the civilised man, and that all progress is, as Carlyle would have said, progress backward. Yet it will be remembered that even this extreme conclusion has more than once been echoed by some of our greatest modern writers. Tennyson, in *Locksley Hall*, shows himself as momentarily fascinated by it, and indulges himself in the picture of the savage life on a tropic shore in a state of nature. Huxley once said, on a certain memorable occasion, that he had seen savage life and life in the East End of London, and that in cleanliness, comfort, and all that made life worth living, the naked savage had a better time of it than the East End toiler. Remembering these sayings, we see how pervasive this idea of Rousseau's has been, and how much it has influenced the social conceptions of men.

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Now, probably I should not be wrong in assuming that every thoughtful and sensible man who lives in a city or large town has occasional moments of Rousseau-ism. A moment's reflection shows him that what he calls his superior position as a citizen is a sham. He earns more money than the villager, but then he also has to spend more. Money is, after all, worth only what it will purchase. Thus, let us suppose that A. lives in the country on a total income of £50 per annum. For his cottage, which is entirely suited to his wants, he pays £10 per annum. From his garden or allotment he can grow all the vegetables he wants, and perhaps have a

margin over, which he can turn into money. Food is cheap, and he can keep a simple table for an almost incredibly small sum. It is not necessary that he should appear constantly before his neighbours in good clothing. Almost anything can be worn, and for a great length of time, so that expenditure on new clothes sinks to the lowest possible proportions. Added to all this, A. breathes clean air, has excellent health and a joy in living, steady nerves and a clear brain. But B. lives in a city on £100 per annum. He will search long before he finds a house of the most modest dimensions at less than £20 per annum. Rates and taxes will add a fourth—perhaps a third—to his rent. He will not be able to go and return from his work without expense. Trams, railway fares, and buses will amount to a considerable sum in the year. Clothes that would do in a village will not do in the town, and expenditure on clothing will be constant. Added to this, he will breathe soot, will be depressed in vitality, will be harassed by anxiety, will always feel that he must strain every nerve to keep his place in the race of life, because if he does not there are a thousand competitors ready to jostle him aside. Now, nominally B. is twice as well off as A., because he is the yearly dispenser of twice as much money. But B. has to do so much more with his income—that is to say, its purchasing power is so much less—that it is a matter of doubt whether A.'s £50 is not really worth more than B.'s £100. Added to which there can be no comparison between the conditions of their lives; for A. has everything that can keep a man in health, and much that can give genuine pleasure to the mere act of living; while B. has everything that can make health difficult, and destroy the pleasure of life. Is there any thoughtful and sensible man who has not dimly felt that A. is getting the most out of life, and that in some way A. has solved the problem of living much better than B. has done?

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But it will be said, "Oh yes, but who would care to live in a village? No intellectual life, no amusements—utter dullness! It would be terrible." Well, as regards an intellectual life, that can be lived anywhere: and is it not significant that our greatest writers have much more often than not elected to live in the country? There was once some force in this objection, in the days when intellectual life was mainly confined to cities, because it was there alone books were published and circulated, and there was the brisk intercourse of human thought by means of papers and journals. But all that has long ago been altered. Books go everywhere to-day. Magazines and papers find their way into the

remotest hamlets. The railway, the printing-press, the telegraph, have equalised the intellectual conditions of life. Besides which it is no uncommon thing for the village to have its reading-room, and you may be sure that books are read far more thoroughly by countryfolk than by townfolk. As to amusements, what amusements has the city to offer the poor man? City amusements are all expensive, and are in the main supported by the idle or the leisured classes. My own experience of cities is that the men with £100 per annum take little or no share either in the amusements or the intellectual advantages of a city. They have to work too hard and too long. A youth, with intellectual tastes, coming to a city often has a vague idea that he will be likely to see and hear the great leaders of thought and action. But, as a matter of fact, nothing of the kind happens. The force of circumstance grinds him down into a monotonous rut of routine. He may occasionally see some state procession, or something of the kind, and much good may it do him. As a rule, he is quite as far away from all that is splendid, imposing, or stimulating in a great city as though he dwelt a hundred miles away in the heart of the country.

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No doubt the city communicates a certain nimbleness to a man's thoughts, but it is a great delusion to suppose that the average citizen is a better educated man than the average villager. We have already seen that books are as much the heritage of the villager as the citizen. Probably the only advantage the citizen has over the villager is the evening paper: and again I say, much good may it do him. I once stayed for some weeks at a cottage, where I had an excellent object-lesson of how life can be lived in the remote country. The house was small, and it had attached to it a diminutive farm. On that farm almost everything which the family needed was raised. The oatmeal, the bread, and the vegetables were home-grown. The clothes which were worn were made of the wool that had grown upon the farmer's own sheep. It is true that the farmer's wife did not spin and weave, as would have been the case fifty years earlier; in this respect civilisation had interfered, and the wool was sent to a little factory thirteen miles away, where it was manufactured into cloth. The eggs and dairy produce were a fair exchange for the groceries required. There was an excellent day-school three miles away, where the children had been educated. The eldest daughter, who was a skilled angler, and taught me where the best pools for fish were, was simply but soundly educated, and could talk intelligently of books. Now, consider this type of life. It was a healthy outdoor life. It had leisure, and was subject to no killing overstrain. Its needs were small, and they were easily supplied. It had amusements, and it had intellectual interests. Above all, it was lived in the midst of beautiful

scenery, where the eye was constantly delighted, and the taste pleased. No doubt it had some drawbacks, as all lives have. There were dreary winter months; but then winter can be dreary in cities also, and at least there were no asphyxiating fogs. And the point of this object-lesson was, that this simple, industrious family had solved the problem of how to live out of the soil. Of course they had to pay rent, but that did not interfere with their ability to earn all the means of a comfortable subsistence. Imagine them with the land their own, and comfort would then have been modest affluence. Can anyone, looking on this picture, deny that in all that makes life worth living, this family had the advantage every way of the man who dwells in the stony ravines of a great city, hard-driven and harassed from day to day, and with all his toil never quite free from that anxiety and strain of mind which are the natural penalties of a struggle amid a crowd of competitors?

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This, then, is the conclusion at which I have arrived, and it has been the result of long thought and considerable observation. First, that the universal rush to cities which characterises our modern life is bad in itself, and disastrous in its social effects. Secondly, that the one remedy for this monstrous overgrowth of cities is a return to the land. Further than this, I add that the time was never so ripe for such an experiment, because land was never so cheap. It will no doubt be said, "But is not this very cheapness of land a proof that agriculture does not pay?" No; all that it proves is that rackrenting and extravagant methods of agriculture do not pay. Take again the illustration I used before. How is it that a man paying £6 per acre for an allotment as against the 15s. per acre of the farmer over the hedge, and moreover only able to till it after hours, is able to make it pay, while the farmer tills his land at a loss? The reason is, that the man with the allotment is far more thorough in his work, and that all his labour is spade-labour. Suppose you put this man, then, into a cottage of his own, and gave him a few acres of his own, is it not clear that the man would raise all he wanted from the soil, and live in modest affluence as long as his tastes were simple? Now, this is precisely the remedy I suggested to my correspondent, who gave me these two conditions as controlling the problem—that his eyesight had failed, and that country life was absolutely necessary for him; and that he had a small sum of money which he could use for a new start in life. I said, "Why not get your living in the way that is the most primitive of all—from the land; and what is there to prevent a man who asks nothing more of the world than food and clothing, getting all he needs out of the soil?" But I should be foolish if I supposed that every discontented clerk was able to go away and straightway do this. Work on the land needs strength,

patience, endurance, and some knowledge. The man attempting such a life must cut off all extravagant tastes, and reduce his needs to the simplest elements. If he can do that, he can succeed. And I contend that he need not go to Canada or New Zealand to do it. It is generally conceded that, taking the year all round, no country has a climate so favourable to agricultural pursuits as England. It is also a fact that the soil of England is rapidly falling out of cultivation for want of men willing to live upon it. We want established again in the country that sturdy yeoman class, displaced and destroyed by the rage for large farms—men who owned their own acres and lived in sturdy independence; and it seems to me that never was a more favourable moment than the present for the restoration of the yeomanry of England.

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Akin to this subject is another, suggested by the letter of *G. P.*, who gives no address. Rousseau, when he preached a return to nature, condemned civilisation as a total failure. *G. P.* has apparently fallen into the company of some Latter-day Christians, who urge that it is the consistent statement of the New Testament that man is to wax worse and worse, and that the "tendency of things is downward." I should very much like to see what evidence there is in the New Testament for any such assertion. If I have read the Bible rightly, I find in it the promise and prophecy of a vast spiritual evolution for the race, ending in the new heaven and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. And if I have read history rightly, I see on its every page the record of that evolution. For instance, my correspondent reports that his friends stated that "statistics proved that drink, crime, and impurity are steadily on the increase." Now, as a matter of fact the very opposite is true. Take drink, for example. Is there anything analogous in the life of to-day to the life of the eighteenth century, when "three-bottle men" were as common as blackberries, and Cabinet ministers were repeatedly and offensively drunk in public, and in the parish of St. Giles alone every *fourth house* sold drink, and the advertisement was common, "Drunk for a penny, and drunk with straw to lie upon for twopence"? It may be said that there is more drink consumed to-day: yes, but there are more people. The phrase "drunk as a lord" has almost lost its significance, for drunkenness among the aristocracy is now but rarely known. And the entire habits of the people have changed also, and such pictures as Hogarth painted—the Beer Street and Gin Lane in which the obscenity of drunkenness is depicted with a terrible realism—could not be painted now. So with crime and impurity. For some years there has been a steady decrease in crime; and anyone who compares the morals of 1796 with those of 1896 will

see at once that this work of spiritual evolution has made enormous strides during the last century.

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The fact for which we do not make sufficient allowance in any study of statistics such as these is that we live in a day when all is known. No crime goes unreported, no social scandal is hidden, no gross offence against purity escapes comment. We wash all our dirty clothes in public. A divorce case is reported in all the papers of the country, and its obscene details are often fully discussed, if they are sufficiently sensational. I make no comment on the right or wrong of such a custom. I am not prepared just now to discuss the question of what the action and limits of the press should be in such cases; or the yet more difficult question of whether a perfectly unbridled press does not do far more to demoralise a community than to instruct it. But I wish to press home this consideration, that the full and constant publication of all that is base and foul in social life is likely to lead to wide misapprehension of the true condition of society. Mr. Frank Ballard once remarked that it would be a refreshing thing if the press would try the experiment for a week of only reporting the heroisms and good acts of the week. But heroism and goodness do not readily intrude themselves in the reporter's way. The intelligence of a crime is flashed round the world, while an act of goodness is forgotten. Thus it might well happen that an unsophisticated foreigner, reading our papers for the first time, might readily suppose England a very sink of perjury, crime, lust, and drunkenness. But as he came to know England he would be undeceived. He would find great philanthropic and religious organisations ceaselessly at work, a high standard of duty and purity among the great majority of the people, and a sense of right generally diffused. It is certain that in no true sense of the word can any man who disbelieves in the progress and moral evolution of society be a Christian; for the very spirit of Christianity is a boundless optimism. Such pessimism is usually the result of ignorance. A very little knowledge of history in its relative aspects would at once dissipate it. Indeed, it seems to me that it is almost out of the power of language to state in terms that shall be sufficient and still exact, the enormous change for the better that has been wrought in the world during the last century—to say nothing of the contrast between the world at the coming of Christ and the world now. It is in this fact that one of the surest evidences of the divine power of Christianity is found; for it is obvious that no condemnation of the Christian religion could be more complete than to affirm that the world is growing steadily worse, and will do so in spite of Christianity.

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

"WHOM GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER."

By CYRIL MULLETT.

I.

"SHALL we go, Kate?"

"Can we afford it, George? You are out of a berth, you know."

"Oh, that will be all right. Things will look up again after next week. Hook's will be wanting fresh hands then, and I'm sure to get in. Besides, we must live, whether we stay at home or not, so we shall only be the railway fare extra out of pocket, and a sniff of the 'briny' will do you good, I think; you have been looking rather pale and thin lately, old lady."

The pair, mere boy and girl, whose united ages would have little more than brought George's up to the Roman standard of manhood, stood looking at a placard wherein was set forth, that on the following Monday, being a general holiday, the London and Great Southern Railway would despatch an excursion train conveying baggageless passengers to that pleasant seaside resort, Ousemouth, for the small sum of three shillings,—“there and back, third class,”—thereby affording jaded Londoners the opportunity of inhaling ozone during the space of some hours for an extremely moderate outlay; of which opportunity George and Kate Carden were now keenly anxious to avail themselves. These two, in spite of their lack of years and experience, were married, and had, in fact, entered upon that responsible state, in defiance of all economical considerations, some months back. Possibly it was not very worldly wise of George Carden to marry Kate Maclean, when his income was in such proportionate ratio to his years. But when a man loves a girl, and that girl is left entirely alone and friendless,

he must, if he respect her, either give her up or marry her, though it may be the choice of one of two evils, with circumstances alternately pointing to each as the greater. They were both in a somewhat peculiar position, inasmuch as neither of them had any near relatives in the world. Ramifications and distant branches of their families, they knew, from former hearsay, were scattered about over the globe, but of interested kin they had none. Kate's parents had died when she was quite a baby, and she had been brought up by an old aunt, whose death, about a year ago, had thrown her alone and unprotected on the world. Timid and shrinking by nature, bereft of all close ties, with no one to turn to or confide in, and utterly unable to stand alone, she had gladly accepted that refuge from necessary self-reliance which George's arms so chivalrously offered. She was, and had been for some time past, a clerk in the employ of the Providential Insurance Company, where she was still known as Kate Maclean, for the reason that the rules of the establishment made it compulsory for the lady clerks to resign their appointments upon attaining the dignity of wifehood. She and George, therefore, had decided, after much anxious debating, that she should keep her marriage a secret from the office as long as possible, and thus continue to draw a salary which, though not large, was of material assistance to the newly-fledged ménage. George was the only child of a linen draper in a small provincial town, whence he had been duly translated to that “Mecca” of the sons of country drapers—a City wholesale warehouse. His mother had passed out of his life when he was very young—why he had never known, and he had instinctively never

ventured to inquire. His father never mentioned her name, nor had George's path, to his knowledge, ever been crossed by any members of her family. George was sent to London to "learn the trade," but his initiation had hardly commenced when his father died, leaving assets which barely covered his liabilities, so the son remained on in town, oscillating as exigency compelled between sundry big firms in and around Wood Street.

It is the custom among the large houses in the "rag trade" to take on or discharge large blocks of assistants as the state of business may dictate, and it is an understood thing that little or no notice is required on either side to determine or constitute an engagement. This, however, is not such a great hardship as it would seem, since if some firms are not busy and discharge their employés, others probably *are* busy and are glad to receive them. George had been discharged a day or two before the holidays, but he knew he should certainly get fresh employment when the interrupted tide of business once more resumed its flow. And now, on this spring Saturday afternoon, he stands with his young wife in front of that prosaic placard, little knowing how it was destined to shape so terribly the future course of their hitherto eventless lives.

The question of the excursion was debated long and seriously that evening when the pair got home to their lodgings—a couple of neatly furnished "unfurnished apartments" somewhere in Pimlico—till, at length, it was finally decided that they would go. The reason that the matter required debating at all was owing to a vague opposition on Kate's part. This was strange, as she had generally proved herself keen enough over the prosecution of any little relaxation they had permitted themselves; now she raised feeble objections to the projected jaunt (to have them quickly demolished), because she felt a vague reluctance to undertake it. "She didn't quite want to go, but she didn't know why." If disaster be caused by the temporary loosing of some Maleficent Agency, may not its presence abroad be indefinitely felt by certain nervous, susceptible, quasi-hysterical organisations anterior to the catastrophe it brings about? Kate might have been unwittingly conscious that disaster "was in the air," but her vague objections were overruled by her husband. A blow by the sea would do her good. They would go.

When they stepped into the train at Bridge Street on the Monday morning they were in a position which many a criminal fleeing from justice might have envied. They were leaving behind absolutely no traces of themselves. A moment's survey of their social surroundings will render this clear. In the first place, they had not told the landlord where they were going; George had left his employment, and had not yet procured any other; while Kate, known as Miss Maclean at her office, would be denied in that name at their

lodgings, where the people of the house were even ignorant of the nature of the business she so regularly attended. Not that anyone was likely to want to trace them. They had no relatives. George's friends were mere nodding City acquaintances, and Kate had been obliged to carefully temper the cordiality of her relations with her fellow-clerks, owing to the necessity of keeping her marriage secret; while their landlord had, in their modest furniture, sufficient security for his rent. Thus they entered the train traceless and untraceable; without a letter or card upon them—nothing but a washerwoman's hieroglyphic on their linen. Their spirits rose buoyantly as the flying train rapidly unfolded that unequalled panorama—an English landscape on a fine June morning. George and Kate, who were both country born, drank in the old familiar draught with all the avidity of emancipated abstainers. The other occupants of the carriage were alike affected by the unwonted brightness of one of those rare days which, by reason of his being unused thereto, acts like a generous wine upon the soul of an Englishman. Kate began to feel quite hungry—a sensation she had not experienced very keenly of late. She thought she would eat a biscuit, and was pulling off her glove—

"George," she cried, "I've lost my wedding ring!"

"Nonsense, Kate! Are you sure? Feel in your glove." It was not there.

"Are you sure," he asked, "that you put it on this morning? You know," he continued, whispering, "you don't wear it at the office for certain reasons; you must have left it at home."

"I am sure that I put it on when we started. I must have pulled it off with my glove in the 'Underground.' It has been a little too large for my finger lately, you know. I ought to have wound some cotton round it, as you told me." The tears stood in her eyes as she moaned, "It's so unlucky to lose your wedding ring; I feel as if some great misfortune were in store for us."

George, whose mind and body were of the robust order, and of a type which is little affected by "signs," did his best to console her by pretending utter disbelief in the loss of her ring, she *must* have left it at home, and he chatted on, munching his biscuits, till they slowed down for their first stoppage at Parlington.

Here the train was timed to stay five minutes, and George, who found eating biscuits rather dry work, took the opportunity of getting out to procure a glass of beer at the refreshment bar. It was a very long platform, and the train had drawn well up at the farther end of it, which was some little distance beyond the offices. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been ample time for George to get what he wanted and rejoin the train comfortably, but there was a crush of customers, the

young ladies behind the bar declined to hurry themselves, and, as the train was late, the guard gave the signal to start before the five minutes had really elapsed. A rush was made for the platform, and George, waving his hand to Kate, who was looking anxiously out of her window for his return, had barely time to scramble into the first carriage he came to, before the train was well in motion. And husband and wife were parted.

II.

ON the outskirts of the large manufacturing town of Casterton, which, as everyone knows, stands in the two counties of Mereford and Swansett, a little boy stood pitching stones on to the permanent way, just where the Ousemouth branch diverges to the left from the main line to the South.

A pebble flung from the hand of the child fell between the points which serve to conduct the traffic off the main line on to the nasty curve along which the branch sweeps round the southern part of the town on its way to the coast. The signalman receiving word that the excursion from London to Ousemouth was approaching set the points accordingly, but the obstructing stone prevented them from quite closing. Had not the train been going at such a high rate of speed, or the branch line quite so curved, a little bumping would have been experienced, and the points would probably have been negotiated in safety. As it was, the driver, anxious to make up lost time, instead of slackening at the junction as he should have done, dashed on to the points at full speed, with the result that the engine left the line, and after ploughing its way for some distance along the ballast, ran into the bank and toppled over. The coaches immediately behind were telescoped; the couplings broke all along the train, and the rear waggons, owing to the momentum and the force of the impact, literally mounted on to the top of those in front, crushing them to splinters. In the space of a few seconds there was presented a spectacle of ghastly ruin and disaster as is happily but seldom seen in this country; while the roar of the escaping steam, the crashing of the breaking timbers, the cries of the wounded, and the hoarse shouts of the hastening rescuers offered such a scene of infernal horror as numbed the faculties of some of the onlookers to such a degree that they were unable at first to render any material assistance. But scores of willing hands were quickly at their humane work. Messengers were despatched for doctors, who arrived rapidly in response to the summons. A breakdown gang from Casterton was on the spot within a very short time of the catastrophe. Stretchers and ambulances were improvised; the dead were laid out reverently on the bank, and covered by tarpaulins taken from some hay waggons on the siding, while the wounded were carried away

to the infirmaries in the town. The more serious cases were sent to the Mereford Hospital, because it was nearer; the slighter hurts were attended to at the Swansett County Asylum for the Sick.

George was one of the first to be extricated. He was quickly sent off to Mereford as a very serious case indeed. He was insensible. He had received a compound fracture of the skull, and a portion of the bone was pressing on the brain. He was surgically treated, and with great skill; but for days he remained in the same state of torpor. The doctors expressed great doubts of his ever waking, until, as clinical observation accrued, they came round to the belief that he would probably regain consciousness, but would be to some extent paralysed, either functionally or sensorially.

Kate was found firmly wedged on the floor of a carriage where a portion of the roof had fallen across the seats, providentially protecting her from serious injury, but at a sad cost to the other occupants of the carriage. She was got out in an unconscious condition. When the doctor saw her he said, "She has only fainted, she is not hurt; she'll come to presently," and passed on to the more important cases. Some of the uninjured passengers, who were doing all they could for the relief of their less fortunate brethren, tried to revive her with water, and with brandy poured between her teeth, but to no purpose. She did *not* come to, so at last she was taken to the Swansett Asylum, where it was speedily understood that she was in a state of syncope, superinduced by the great nervous shock sustained by her (no doubt) hysterical organisation; that she would awake therefrom, physically, perhaps, little the worse, but that some neurotic disturbances would probably supervene, though of what nature it was then impossible to accurately determine. She remained in this state of almost suspended animation for some days before she began to recover consciousness; but when she was deemed well enough to be asked to give some account of herself, it was found that her whole past was a blank — she remembered nothing, not even the accident. She could neither read, write, nor talk intelligibly; and just about the time that she was making inarticulate sounds in response to questions she did not understand, her husband, in the other hospital, coming back to life, was replying that he "had forgotten," when asked who he was and where he lived.

Thus both George and Kate were victims of amnesia of a destructive character, brought on, in the one case, by injury to the head, and, in the other, by a shock to the nervous system. Their recollections of all that had taken place in their lives up to the time of returning consciousness were entirely gone. They knew nothing about themselves — neither who they were, or where they came from; whether married or single, or how old they were. Kate had entirely lost all her former

acquirements, even to intelligible speech. The only phase of memory that remained to her was its very lowest organic, or automatic form, which produces locomotion. George, though bereft of all conscious memory, retained the organic phase to a much higher degree. He could still converse, and even read, but he could localise nothing. For instance, if he read the word "George" he could not localise that name in his mind and apply it to anything that had been there before. *This localisation is recollection.* The word "George" was, of course, imprinted somewhere in the cerebral nerve cells, but owing to the derangement of these cells the old channels of communication were altered, and when read, the word no longer found its way along these channels to its particular cells to be localised, and, by arousing those cells to action, become recollected. The difference between the two states of George and Kate may be explained from the fact that there are, as already conveyed, two phases of memory—the organic or automatic, and the psychical or conscious. The seat of the latter being in the upper part of the brain, it is necessarily more exposed to exterior influences, such as happened to George; while the former, being seated in the lower part of the brain, is naturally more affected by nervous shocks such as sustained by Kate. Thus, amnesia of the psychical or conscious memory can exist, leaving the organic memory more or less unaffected; but any affection of the organic, being arbitrarily fundamental, must necessarily extend itself throughout the entire function. The conscious memory is, in other words, what we remember by an effort of the mind, the organic is what we do without apparent volition.

Here was a truly remarkable situation. Man and wife in body corporate within a mile or so of each other, yet, in reality, as widely parted as are the Poles. Nay, more so; for we know where the Poles are, and may reach them, if only in the spirit. George and Kate were oblivious of each other's existence. They neither now could recognise a past. George, certainly, did accept assurances from others on that score, and he knew from new observations that their statements must be correct, just as a student accepts the statements concerning the conformation of the globe; but of anything specific in his past his mind had lost all traces, and there existed no one in contact with him who could disturb ever so slightly the blank void which lay behind him. He was sent, as soon as his health permitted, to a convalescent home in a large southern seaport. Here he quickly grew quite well, his memory too becoming quite reliable concerning things happening *since* his accident. With Kate the process of mental recovery was much slower; for when she regained her normal condition of bodily health she had to be entirely re-educated. The process was not so tedious as one would think. The brain cells containing her former acquirements did assert

themselves considerably, though in an automatic way which precluded consciousness. Her singular sweetness of disposition greatly endeared her to the people around her in the Asylum, and about the time that George obtained, through a governor of the hospital, a post as purser's clerk on board the big Australian liner *Wenonah*, Kate had donned the cap and strings of a nurse-probationer in the institution which had done so much for her.

George found his occupation very much to his liking. It was, though he was not aware of it, much more congenial than his former employment in the "rag trade," and really there is no life so jolly as that led in the well-found passenger steamer of a good line. Disaster is comparatively rare. The people around you are, for the most part, persons of some breeding, and are generally on their best behaviour. The good living, the ever-changing scenes, and the invigorating air, all conspire to aid a man's health and digestion, thus bringing out his best qualities. Everyone has some good in him somewhere, it is said, and a sea voyage under comfortable circumstances is the best way of developing it. Sundry trips did George make backwards and forward to the Antipodes, and he was happy, save at odd times when he suffered himself to dwell upon the dark curtain which had fallen between him and his past. But he was an opportunist, and he resigned himself cheerfully to the present. It was infinite mercy on the part of the Almighty that no ray of light was suffered to fall on that past; one glimpse of his former state, one faint recollection of his wife, and his peace of mind had been gone for ever. Of course he was George Carden no longer. George Carden had passed out of his own life, forgotten! He had been obliged to assume a name. He therefore selected that of the town in which he awoke, for his surname, and, oddly enough, for his Christian name he had chosen at random his real one of "George." He was thus rated on the ship's books as "George Casterton."

III.

THE *Wenonah* is lying warped against the quay in the Greathampton Docks. With the exception of the mails, the cargo is all under hatches, and in a short time they will be outward bound for Brisbane. George is standing at the gangway, attending the passengers as they come aboard. Presently a voucher is thrust into his hand, and he reads, "Mrs. Clinton-Douglas and child, and Mary Swansett." He looks up, and the "companion's" eyes fall straight into his. A strange sensation thrills through him. The trio pass on, but he continues staring after them till they disappear into the saloon, and he is recalled to himself by some reference to his duties. Still, he cannot banish the expression of those eyes, which for half

a second fell into his with that far-away, weary look. She was a handsome girl, too—tall and pale, with a refined air about her. He cannot account for the sensation that her appearance caused him. He finds himself speculating whether he had ever met her "in the past."

But George was not a man to shirk his duty for sentiment, and the first few days of every voyage meant a busy time for him, till things had shaken down a bit. But when matters had become shipshape, the old indefinable feeling began to reassert itself, and he discovered himself anxiously searching about for another glimpse of "Mary Swansett." For some days she was not to be seen,—the pains of *mal-de-mer* kept her a close prisoner in her cabin,—till one afternoon he suddenly came upon her seated on a deck-chair, with the little girl at her feet. Again their eyes met. He stopped short irresolutely; whereupon she rose, holding out her hand in the most natural manner possible.

"How do you do?" she asked. "I have been very poorly, but I am better now."

Heavens! how her voice affected him! He blurted out some commonplace remark, and then stood stupidly, in a curious state of mental tumult, till some order from the purser came to relieve his embarrassment. Mary, too, showed some signs of disturbance. She felt, she knew not why, a strange sympathy towards this awkward young man. She flushed, and then devoted herself assiduously to her little charge. On account of her health she had been compelled to relinquish the nursing, and had accepted the post of companion to a lady who, with her child, was rejoining her husband, a wealthy sheep-farmer on the Condamine River in Queensland. Mary's duties were not of an exacting character. Mrs. Douglas usually retired to her cabin very soon



"HE BLURTED OUT SOME COMMONPLACE REMARK, AND THEN STOOD STUPIDLY."

after the little girl was put to bed, thus leaving the "companion" ample time for the cultivation of her husband's acquaintance; and although no gleam of light as to their original relationship glimmered in their minds, to rend the dark mantle of forgetfulness which veiled the past, it was a biological fact that their souls had rushed together at that meeting by the gangway.

It was during a hot night on the Arabian Sea, when no one thought of going below, that Mary, divining George's feelings towards her, and thereby conceiving it her duty, let drop in faltering sentences what little she knew of her past, and the terrible circumstances which led to her poverty of recollection. She told him how she had been carried

insensible from the wreck of the train; how the nervous shock had shattered her memory; that she knew not who she was, and that "Mary Swansett" was an assumed name; that the past was a blank, and that even her knowledge of the cause of the hiatus was due to information imparted to her at the hospital.

George listened to her with every nerve in his body tingling painfully. When she had finished, he recited the strange parallel his own experience afforded. He was in the same train. *His* past was a blank, and *his* name and history had alike been blotted out.

"Mary," he breathed intensely, "do you not recognise that it is something of a higher order than chance which has thrown us together on this ship? Are we not, by very reason of our misfortunes, better fitted for each other than any man or woman who have yet come together since the beginning of things? I have loved you since the moment your eyes looked into mine on the gangway." The big tears came slowly trickling down her cheeks. "And you love me. I know it, I feel it; and I can read your mind like an open book. You are thinking that you ought never to marry on account of the uncertain past. That might apply were any other man pleading with you; but the peculiar identity of our past bids me boldly ask you to place your hand in mine and face the future as my wife."

She rose. "I do love you, George," she said, "but you must give me a little time to think. Good-night."

George went away. Had he ever met her in the past? He must have done so. Some affinity must have already existed between them. Perhaps she had been his sweetheart, and he was taking her on a trip when the accident occurred. But no; comparison showed they had been extricated from different parts of the train. So he gave up his speculations and attempts at penetration.

They had touched at Colombo, and one night, as the ship was ploughing along the Indian Ocean, her big anchor reflecting the light of the Southern Cross, Mary, with faith and hope in her heart, placed her hand in George's and "promised."

IV.

THE navigation of the Torres Straits is at times rendered embarrassing by the occasional pronouncement of hitherto unknown rocks, ever-rising monuments to the industry of the coral insect. The *Wenonah* was making Brisbane, *via* the North Passage, and was now carefully threading her way through the archipelago known as the Prince of Wales's Islands, which lies between Cape York and the coast of New Guinea. It was a glorious afternoon; a cooling breeze had sprung up, and they were little more than three days' journey from their

destination. Everyone was in high spirits at the prospect—not because the passage had been unpleasant, but from the reason that the human mind holds change in due regard, and the human legs require stretching.

To George and Mary, however, the approaching termination of the voyage began to open up a vista of contingencies which contrasted ill with their present happiness. They would have to part. Mary would, of course, remain with the Douglasses, but George would have to keep at sea. The exigencies connected with existence admitted no alternative. These thoughts, though unexpressed, kept both somewhat silent during an afternoon which seemed to exercise such an exhilarating effect upon most of the other folks on board. It was about five o'clock, and just as George was leaving his cabin, where he had been busy with his books, a terrific shock was felt, causing the vessel to stagger from stem to stern. It was followed by a horrible crashing, grinding noise, as the sharp coral tore its way through the bottom of the ship. The truth flashed swiftly across each mind, "We are on the rocks!" Fear filled every heart and consternation was on every face, but there was no panic. With one accord the passengers turned in mute appeal to the captain and his officers. Quietly and decidedly were the orders given for sounding the bell and for the closing of the bulkheads. The water was reported rising quickly, and, alas! the ship had received such a twist when striking that the bulkhead doors refused to close. The passengers were assured that there was no immediate danger, and an anxious conference took place between the officers concerning the advisability of trying to back the ship off the rocks and beaching her on the nearest island; but the water was rising too fast, and a successful attempt to get her off would necessarily cause it to rise faster, so arrangements were made to land the passengers by means of the ship's boats.

George recognised the cause of the shock at once, and as soon as he had recovered his feet he rushed on deck to find Mary. She was there, with Mrs. Douglas and the child. Entreating them to be calm, he hastened to acquaint himself with the exact position of affairs. In a short time he was able to return and comfort them with the assurance that there was no danger, since, as the sea was so quiet, the boats could easily carry them all off the ship to the small islands close by. In addition to this, a coasting steamer which had hove in sight, now lay-to alongside, in case of emergency. The boats were lowered, and the work of passing the passengers into them was carried out with a method and precision which spoke well for the training of the ship's crew and the manhood of its company. The women and children stood in a line to be taken off first, and George at his post by one of the gangways strove like one inspired at the work, since each one who was got off brought Mary nearer to the front. Her

turn was close at hand; Mrs. Douglas had been already passed down, when the ship suddenly gave a great lurch, and then commenced to slide backwards off the rocks. The officers in charge of the boats quickly divined what was going to happen. The shout arose, "She's sinking!" A terrible cry went up from the ship as the boats began hastily pulling away to avoid being sucked down by the foundering vessel. Mrs. Douglas stood up, screaming for her daughter. "Quick, George!" cried Mary; "throw her in." Seizing hold of the child's skirts, he literally hurled her into the retreating boat. She was saved. Then he turned to Mary; leaving the gangway, he hurried her across the vessel towards some life-buoys. Too late! Just as he was about to grasp them, the ship gave another lurch, and he was flung back across the deck. She began to rear up like a frightened horse. The stem was already under water.

"Come, Mary," he cried, seizing her round the waist. "Put your arm round my neck. Quick, before she sinks!"

He has a twofold object in view—to get clear from the influence of the foundering ship, and then to keep his head above water till the boats shall pick them up. He plunges in with his precious burden, and strikes out with all his strength; but he is heavily handicapped with Mary's weight. Though not immediately in the vortex of the settling *Wenonah*, he is not yet out of the "draw" of the water caused by the displacement. He makes no progress, though he struggles on manfully. Alas! the boats seem heading away from him to where the throng of strugglers in the water appears thickest. He is tiring fast. Mary can feel it. She makes an effort to free herself from his grasp. "Save yourself!" she gasps. He makes no answer, but holds her tighter. He is getting lower in the water. A light wave covers them; their shortening breath draws some water down into their lungs. They are drowning. Suddenly the present fades away. They are going to sleep, and a bright light like that of a glorious dream comes into their vision. The intense pressure on the brain cells does its

work. The black veil between them and the past is rent in twain, and the old life rolls tumultuously before them. With one last supreme effort he throws his right arm over her, crying, "Kate! wife!" and as the water closes above their heads, with a faint pressure of the arm which is encircling his neck, she murmurs, "Husband."

When George came to himself he was lying in a bunk on board the coasting steamer which had rendered such valuable assistance to the human freight of the unfortunate *Wenonah*.

"Where is Kate?" he asked.

"If you mean the young woman as was a-clinging to you when we picked you up, she's being looked after by the cap'n's wife in her cabin."

He sank back thanking God for His great mercy. He was soon up and well—making frequent inquiries about Kate. She was doing bravely, but still weak. Towards the close of the following day he was told that she was awaiting him in the captain's cabin. He went down, paused at the door for a second, and then entered. To lay bare the passion of that meeting would be sacrilege. The crises of great joys and great sorrows—and they are akin—are better left to the understanding of sympathetic natures.

As soon as the steamer arrived at Brisbane with its quota of the rescued, relief was despatched to the island to fetch off the remainder of the *Wenonah's* company, and George was among those who volunteered for the work. It was his last voyage. His and Kate's romantic stories becoming known, excited a great deal of sympathy and interest. Mrs. Douglas, too, insisted that it was to George her daughter owed her life, so Mr. Douglas gratefully offered him a post in his employ as an inducement to remain in the Colony.

George and Kate were remarried at a little church at Brisbane. They had wished to keep it quiet, but the news leaked out, and a large concourse of people flocked to witness the ceremony which renewed a bond so terribly interrupted, yet so happily restored.

The Young Woman for July contains a complete story by Evelyn Everett-Green, that will greatly interest young men. It is entitled "Bow: a Story of the Henley Regatta," and is fully illustrated. There are other stories by Jessie Patrick Findlay and Deas Cromarty; a paper "On the Eyes and the Ears," by Dr. Gordon Stables; a specially interesting article on "The Girl who Wishes she was a Man," by Mrs. Mayo; a fully illustrated article on "The Burmese Young Woman"; and many other attractive features. The August number of *The Young Woman* is to be a special summer number, and it will be full of bright and interesting reading for the holidays.

The Home Messenger for July has many clever

and beautiful pictures by the best artists, and is altogether a very remarkable pennyworth. Mr. Silas K. Hocking contributes an article on "The Silence that is not Golden"; the Rev. J. G. Greenhough writes on "The Training of Children"; there is a new serial story by Grace Stebbing, a fully illustrated article on "A Ramble in Norway," and a Story for Children by Mr. Reid Howatt.

To know that there are some souls, hearts, and minds, here and there, who trust and whom we trust, some who know us and whom we know, some on whom we can always rely, and who will always rely on us, makes a paradise of this great world. This makes our life really life.—James Freeman Clarke.

MAX NORDAU: THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.

By WILLIAM CLARKE, M.A.

SEVERAL years ago someone put into my hands a cheap reprint of a book called *Conventional Lies of our Civilisation*. Being somewhat in revolt against civilisation myself, I opened the book in a spirit of eagerness, the more so since I knew that it had exercised a considerable influence in America, where it was used as a kind of text-book by the small Socialist party and by so-called advanced

people generally. I supposed at the time that the author's name, Max Nordau, was a pseudonym, little imagining that, in a few years' time, he would be one of the most talked-of men in Europe. When this book was republished last year in a more expensive and attractive form, I read it all through again, and found my first impressions of Nordau fully confirmed. What those impressions are, and more especially what is the value of Nordau's more famous work, *Degeneration*, I will discuss later on. Let me first say a word or two about the personality of the man himself.

Max Nordau is a man of striking appearance, and of somewhat under fifty years of age. You see at once that he is of Jewish origin. The intensely bright and prominent eyes are Jewish; so is the nose, which is not, however, so pronounced as among most members of Nordau's race; so is the sharp, keen air of the man. Nordau is not, however, of the type of the city Jew, the Jew of finance; for he is not thick-lipped or sensual. He may rather be said to belong to that Jewish type of which Heine is the great representative—the Jew of intellect and culture, the Jew who has either passed through or has never experienced the stage of money-spinning and stock-exchange gymnastics. The modern Jew has these two sides—the side of

Spinoza and the side of Rothschild. Nordau belongs emphatically to the former. He carries his head erect, looking forth on the world with a certain knowing air, and, pleasant as he is, he conveys the impression of a certain scorn for those who do not know as much as he does. This may be an unjust inference: I only speak of the feeling produced on my mind. The face indicates intel-

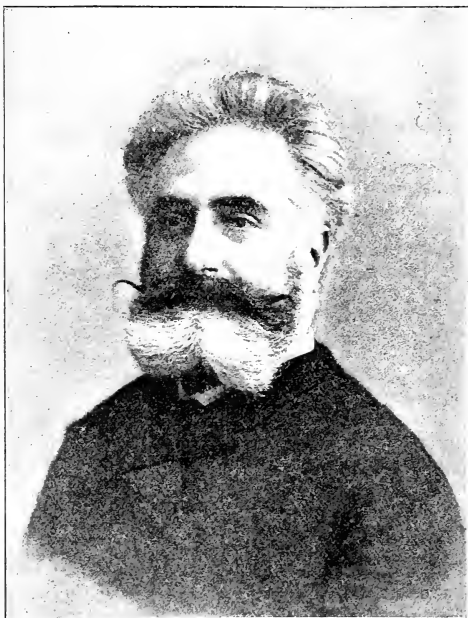
lectual curiosity, facile power, marvellous mental rapidity, a by no means unkindly, albeit satirical disposition, but along with these, an utter absence of reverence, a marked blank in the region of sympathetic imagination. One feels that this man would never produce the higher poetry, as he has never enjoyed any deep spiritual experience. Those lines of his own favourite Goethe must mean nothing for Nordau—

Who never ate his bread
in sorrow,
Who never spent the
darksome hours,
Weeping and watching
for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye
gloomy Powers.

This clever man is a little too clever, a little too self-

confident, a trifle too assertive, a little too much under the domination of the logical understanding, a little too cocksure about everything in heaven and earth. Such, at least, is the impression he makes, and this impression is confirmed by much, if not most, of his writings.

The splendid condition of Max Nordau as a purely intellectual machine fills you with wonder. He seems to know everything that is worth knowing. The politics, art, literature, science, social details of Europe seem at his fingers' ends. He can turn from one language to another with a facility that seems almost miraculous to English people, whose linguistic



DR. MAX NORDAU.

[From a Photo by REUTLINGER, Paris.]

powers are generally bounded by the ability to spell out tags of Horace with the aid of a dictionary, and to struggle blindly with foreign waiters and railway officials. I have known not a few of the accomplished Englishmen of our time, but one and all appear clumsy and diffident compared with Nordau. He takes up any allusion at once, and knows all about what you are saying. If he has not actually read (for that would be impossible), he has heard of everything in the shape of a book ever published during the last hundred years. I suppose he has not seen every drama put upon the stage in half the theatres of Europe, but you would think he had. Nor is this mere superficial hearsay in his case, but quite genuine knowledge. He has the power of Macaulay, who absorbed knowledge, as it were, through the pores of his skin. Mark Pattison once calculated the number of books a man might read through during the course of a lifetime. I forget how many there were, but the number would have appalled the cultivated, not to speak of the average man. Nordau gives one the impression of having acted on Mark Pattison's principles by reading all day long and in half the languages of Europe. But it has not been the reading of the bookworm, but of the man of the world, of the man who reads, not for the sake of accumulating vast stores of learning, but for the purpose of equipping himself for the tasks of modern life. For dilettanteism, Nordau has the utmost contempt; he is utilitarian alike in theory and practice all the way through.

Having heard this prodigy talk in half a dozen languages on as many themes of human interest, you are amazed to discover that the reading of books has been Nordau's recreation, and that the business of his life is the practice of medicine. Born in Hungary of Jewish parentage, Nordau has lived for years in Paris, where he has cured the ailments of the poor with a devotion beyond all praise. Decidedly, if he has no religion, he can at anyrate say with Abou Ben Adhem, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men." Never indulging in luxuries himself, Dr. Nordau easily snakes enough money to keep the mother and sister who share his simple home, and to procure the books he needs. He lives an almost ascetic life, but keeps his eyes open to all that goes on in Paris and the world at large. Some persons imagined that he could not have read all those French books which he quotes in *Degeneration*; but Nordau has the same kind of interest in probing into the dustheap of French decadent literature that he has in morbid pathology. It is all of it research into abnormal conditions for the good of mankind, and at this manner of work Nordau never tires. Although he is manifestly unfair to France in many ways, he believes in the French method of so-called "human documents," and hence he has thought it right to go with some detail into the lives and manners of some

of the writers whom he dissects with such a steady hand at the scalpel, such a firm grasp of the operating-board.

Besides practising medicine in Paris, Nordau has travelled much in Europe. Like Ulysses, he has seen men and cities, though he has never mixed in society, and never belonged to any literary clique. And although he has acquired fame in England by two books only, he has written a great variety of works—plays, essays, novels, pamphlets—some ephemeral, others of more lasting worth, but all clever, incisive, often indeed brilliant. One could easily conceive him turning out a fresh book every week with little more effort than the average writer turns one out in a year or two; and whether you agreed with their arguments or not, you would at least find them all interesting. Of how many men could half as much be said?

But enough of Nordau as an individual: let us turn to his works, or at least to those which have made a stir in this country, and endeavour to appraise their worth. Are these books merely sensational works for the hour, or have they a positive value, on the one hand as affording diagnosis of any social disease, or on the other, of providing us with sound therapeutics?

Let it be said at once that Nordau is no mere sensation-monger. Whether he is right or wrong he is always serious, always in dead earnest. No man lives more entirely for ideas, no man less for the passing flattery or fame of the moment. He thinks that he has a gospel to preach which is needed at the present time. He sees, or thinks he sees, two great sources of evil, which influence for the worse our whole civilised life. In the first place there is what he calls degeneration, moral, physical, and intellectual. In the second place there is absolute insincerity, or a fatal divergence between our professed belief and our actual conduct. In considering this doctrine of Nordau's, I purpose treating him more seriously than he has been treated by critics like Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. G. B. Shaw, and the anonymous writer who has produced a reply to Nordau entitled *Regeneration*. It seems to me that these critics do not feel sufficiently the real evils of the time which Nordau has laid bare. Indeed, Mr. Shaw gives one the impression of believing that there is no evil, and preaches, in his light and airy way, a gospel of Pyrrhonism, which is fatal to the very reforms he professes to have at heart. Like his favourite author, Goethe (as Matthew Arnold has it), Nordau "puts his finger on the place, and says, Thou aildest here and here." Nobody acquainted intimately with the literature and some phases of the art of the day can doubt that they contain a very considerable expression of that profoundly unhealthy matter which Nordau has exposed in his powerful pages.

If one would understand Nordau, he must first understand Lombroso, the famous Turin professor

who has studied for many years the varied forms of human aberration. Lombroso has ridden a sound theory to death. Finding much that is undoubtedly abnormal in the lives of men of genius, he has concluded that genius itself is little else than a sign of insanity. If we look at the history of such men, we see not a little to support this view. Consider, for example, the cases of Aristotle, Lucretius, Raphael, Swift, Beethoven, Byron, Rousseau, Poe, Leopardi, Loyola, Voltaire, Carlyle, Tasso,—to give names which occur instantly to the mind,—and we perceive the truth of the saying that great wits are close allied to madness. Not a few men of genius have committed suicide, and some have even been criminals. This idea, then, is worked out in an extreme and exaggerated form by Lombroso in a book whose English title is *The Man of Genius*. Nordau has taken up this idea with reference to certain representative contemporary writers. He finds that the predisposition to abnormality is strengthened by the social facts of to-day. Life is lived at a high pressure unknown before in human history. Scientific inventions have given us a new environment, to which the majority of us have not adapted ourselves. We live in crowded and noisy cities, where our vitality is fast used up; we rush about to catch trains; our ear is at the telephone; we are agitated by events happening all over the earth; life is one constant round of excitement and precariousness. We have developed a wholly new set of diseases, chiefly nervous, through the altered conditions of our life. Our very amusements are no longer quiet and peaceful, but are big, noisy events, at which the whole world is invited to participate. Those who desire quiet must go to more and more out-of-the-way nooks to seek it: the crowd invades us everywhere. It cannot be denied that this modern city-life must be affecting us powerfully for good or evil; and Nordau sees in it an influence which is exerting a twofold effect. It is on the one hand causing degeneration among those who cannot readily adapt their lives to the new conditions, and so leading them to admire the exciting, the abnormal, the unhealthy, the appetite for which grows by what it feeds on, and gives rise to an ever fresh demand for a supply of certain kinds of fascinating but poisonous products of perverted genius. On the other hand, this perverted genius is only too willing to meet the demand by the supply of forms of art and literature which are found to pay. Thus the desire to make money and to be talked about are artfully worked in with the production of baneful forms of art.

Dr. Nordau does not think that this degeneration is by any means universal. The average healthy working-man he holds to be free from it. It is the well-to-do classes, devoured by *ennui*, who are the special victims of degeneration, the people who drive in the park and fill the boxes and stalls of theatres. The main trouble with them is that they

do not, as a class, work for their living, but are dependent on the labour of others. They are more or less social parasites, growing to unnatural dimensions and developing unnatural needs, at the expense of the healthy and normal members of the community. This, it will be seen, is precisely the account which Socialists give of society; and as a matter of fact Nordau is in substance a Socialist. Yet, singularly enough, it is by those who conceive themselves to be Socialists (but are probably at bottom Anarchists) that Nordau has chiefly been attacked in this country.

The more prominent characteristics of contemporary art and literature will be, therefore, such as will respond to these abnormal feelings. Such characteristics are: sensationalism, eccentricity, egoism, vagueness, highly-wrought passion divorced from moral aim, love of the horrible, the grotesque, the criminal, the occult, mysticism, sex mania, reason generally subordinated to moods and states of feeling. The writings of the most prominent authors of the time—Ibsen, Tolstoy, Ruskin, Zola, Rossetti, Wagner, Maeterlinck, Whitman, Morris, Verlaine, Swinburne—are subjected to fierce, vehement, scathing criticism, and are found to yield these unhealthy results. To make the meaning of Nordau more clear, let me illustrate by a reference to the writer of whom perhaps Nordau makes most ridicule—Maeterlinck, whom some of his unwise admirers have termed the Belgian Shakespeare. I asked a very intelligent lady who had been to see one of this writer's plays, what she thought of it. She said she felt "creepy," just as many people feel at a spiritualist *séance*, and that this peculiar feeling lasted the whole evening. "But," I asked, "what was the effect of the play on your emotions apart from your nerves, and what, above all, was its effect on your intellect?" She told me it had but a slight influence on her deeper emotions, and no influence whatever on her intellect. As her intellect is unusually powerful and her nature unusually responsive, one is almost compelled to the conclusion that in Maeterlinck we have a writer who appeals mainly to peculiar nervous sensations, which he mistakes for spiritual intuition. Now it is precisely this kind of mere unintellectual impressionism which Nordau thinks is a sure sign of the degenerate nature of our literature. It is akin to the blue fire and false lights of the stage, it is sundered from intellect, it is the "monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens" of a decaying civilisation.

While Nordau is most satirical towards Maeterlinck, he reserves his most tremendous maledictions for Ibsen, whom he looks on as the greatest impostor in current literature. A more violent, a more scathing onslaught than this on Ibsen has rarely been penned. A Norwegian rushlight, says Nordau in effect, has been mistaken for a magnificent world luminary of the first order. Ibsen's ethics are pronounced infamous; his science is ridiculed; his

social theories are found to lead to anarchy; he has no knowledge of society and the great world outside his petty Norwegian range of life; he is neither thinker, moralist, nor prophet. Most of the plays are dissected with the object of showing how absurd they are, though Nordau freely admits that Ibsen has no small skill as a dramatic writer. Ibsen is held to be crazy on the sex question, to portray his women as all heroines of a strident "new woman" type, while his men are either liars, humbugs, and poltroons, or else are "cranks" of the type of Dr. Stockman in an *Enemy of the People*.

It is impossible, however, in the space at my

It has had its effect, too. It was not mere idle curiosity that sold seven editions of an expensive book within three months. One effect may be alluded to. It has killed the indecent, unhealthy morbid sex-novel, the production of which has disgraced England of recent years, and which has been, for the most part, the work of Englishwomen, to whom one would like to address the old command, "Go spin, you jade, go spin." The terrific exposure, also, of this worst kind of morbid literature in the person of one of its hierophants in a recent trial has not only provided a needed object-lesson, but has pointed the moral which Nordau has set before us with so angry and tumultuous energy.



DR. MAX NORDAU'S STUDY.

disposal to analyse this book; I have given some indication of its general line and contents, and I have hinted that there is not a little in it with which I find myself in agreement. I know of no book, certainly, in which the imposing claptrap and impudent frauds closely connected with modern cultivated life are more mercilessly dissected. We must remember, too, that Nordau is essentially a dissector. Trained in anatomy, he carries his anatomical methods into literature, and we must make allowance for that. Much of what he has said needed saying, and though it might have been said with greater refinement and critical exactness, it could not have been said with greater power.

I must not, however, be thought to be a disciple of Nordau, for I am a critic also. I hold that he has done needed work, but that he has not done it with discrimination. I think also that he has a fundamentally wrong point of view. As illustrating the first criticism, it seems to me absurd to lump together, as Nordau does, people so different as Ruskin, Tolstoy, Rossetti, and William Morris on the one hand, with filthy or drivelling decadents on the other, in the one general category of "degenerates." The two sets of people have not an idea in common. The mysticism of Tolstoy is not the mysticism of the French symbolist. Indeed, it may be doubted whether there is any mysticism in

the great Russian novelist of a marked kind. Most critics would hold with Matthew Arnold that Tolstoy's besetting sin is a disposition to put the letter in place of the spirit, which is the very opposite of mysticism. It is equally absurd also to jumble up together such a writer as Ruskin with those who prattle about "art for art." There is not a shadow of excuse for this: indeed, Nordan is not entitled to deal with Ruskin at all, for it is plain that the sole work of Ruskin's which his critic knows is *Modern Painters*, and that all Ruskin's noble ethical teaching is entirely unknown to Nordan. Only a competent musical critic could deal with Nordan's chapter on Wagner; but a mere amateur like myself, who has enjoyed and been profoundly affected by much of Wagner's music, is inclined to say that the blending of the arts to produce a complex effect on the mind (which is Wagner's chief sin in Nordan's eyes) is not only sound, but is justified by its results. Nordan tells us it is going back to primitive forms of art which we have outgrown. But if it is reversion, it is reversion that takes up into its grand sweep much of art's noblest achievement in its long and splendid history. One feels, too, in Nordan's criticism of Wagner the spirit of the Jew. Wagner was something of an anti-Semite. He felt, in particular, that Jewish composers like Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn had deflected the proper evolution of German music. This is a high theme, which I cannot treat; but it is evidently a theme to be discussed on its merits from a purely artistic point of view, and with no reference to mere racial prejudice.

But the lack of discrimination evinced by Nordan is not so grave a source of error as is his wrong point of view. It is in considering this that we are led inevitably to what I have termed his therapeutics as distinguished from his diagnosis. He sees very clearly our social diseases, but he has no adequate remedy. He is, however, as I think, right on one point. Either, he contends, we shall be obliged to deliberately abandon much of the modern machinery which is making life so intense and playing such havoc with human nerves and tissue, or we shall have to remodel social life in such a way as to adapt ourselves to the new conditions. In a word, we cannot eat our cake and have it. If we are to exchange the advantages of open-air country life and hand labour with the aid of simple tools which we individually own for the different advantages (if advantages they be) of the smooth and rapid mechanism of city life with all that it involves, we are bound to make enormous changes in regard to labour, and we are bound to curtail very greatly individual liberty. Otherwise the degeneration of our section of the human race becomes a certainty. Filled with this latter idea of adaptation to the new conditions of urban life, Nordan is once more carried away to an absurd and one-sided conclusion. Himself a materialist, he thinks that science and

science alone will completely dominate our life. Religion, art, metaphysics, and, in great measure, literature, will disappear, having served their turn in bringing the human family up to its present level. They will simply drop aside as no longer useful, and we shall find all our inspiration and resource in science alone. If such a day is to come, I trust I shall not live to see it. Even if the word science be extended far beyond the narrow bounds of physical science, it can never cover the infinite range of human interests. We desire not only to contemplate existing facts which can be tested, weighed, analysed, and measured, but we need also to reach forward in imagination to those ideals which have not yet hardened into facts, but which are, as Plato said, "the patterns laid up in heaven." It is precisely these patterns, invisible to bodily sight, submitting themselves to no test-tubes or microscopes, which have been objects of contemplation to seer, prophet, poet, and artist in all ages. To be blind to the heavenly patterns means the death of the soul, just as truly as to take no earthly sustenance means the death of the body. Therefore it is in the very nature of things that science can never satisfy man, because it merely analyses the actual fact, and man does not live by actual fact alone. If industry without art is, as Ruskin truly says, brutality, life without art, without religion, without poetry, would be intolerable. It is indeed probable that science may enormously extend its range both in the realm of practical achievement and in that of pure knowledge; but let it go as far as it will, our imagination, our affections, our undying beliefs outstrip it. We do not give up these higher elements of life because science on its lower range cannot logically justify them. And it is these things which constitute the ground and substance of art, religion, and philosophy. Therefore so long as these things last (that is, so long as mankind lasts) science can never exhaust or express the whole experience of man.

In conclusion, I must say a word about the other book, *Conventional Lies of our Civilisation*. It is a powerful book, more interesting to the general reader than *Degeneration*. Its main point is that the vague modern pessimism which troubles the world is due to a fatal divergence between real belief and everyday action. We keep a number of superstitions going in which we do not in the least believe, but to which we pay a mock reverence, because we have not the courage or honesty to make our beliefs and our actions square. Nordan traces this hypocrisy through the whole of social life in its more important phases. We are, for example, servile to kings, though they are no better or wiser than we are, and though we know that the old view of their divine right is a lie. If we are really self-governing, as we pretend we are, why do we not get rid of kings and the whole atmosphere of lying toadyism which surrounds them? We pretend that we keep

up an aristocracy of birth (for which, if one could have it pure, Nordau thinks there is a good deal to be said), and we talk of our "old nobility." Whereas the plain fact is that present-day nobility is not old, and is an affair of money, not of birth. We pretend to believe that modern industrialism is making everyone wealthy, whereas it is creating a huge and wretched proletarian class all over the civilised world. Men profess still the old romantic ideas about marriage and perfect love lasting for ever, when all the time both parties have their eye on the marriage settlements, and the passionate love does not endure for a couple of years. But it is above all in religion that Nordau sees, or thinks he sees, the contradiction between belief and action. No sane, rational man, he declares, believes or can believe to-day in the old historic creeds of Christianity, and those who pretend to do so are insincere. He pictures the priest in his unmanly garb going through genuflections and unmeaning ceremonies, and he contrasts these with what to him are the grander functions of the future, when the glories of "science" are celebrated in national temples. This passage in Nordau's book reminds me of two irreverent suggestions I once heard made as to what should be done with Westminster Abbey. One person thought it should be turned into a vast chemical laboratory, the other that it might be smartened up and converted into a dancing-hall.

But this is the merest secularism of a pronouncedly vulgar type, it may be urged; and the criticism is true. This second book of Nordau's is little else than what one may hear from narrow and uncultivated speakers at the "hall of science." In justice to Nordau, we must remember that he is a Jew, and that the grand historic faith of Europe is to him quite meaningless. To the Catholic the ancient Church which Nordau despises was created by God Himself. To the philosophic observer that Church is at least the grandest and most abiding outcome of the intellect and imagination of Europe. To Nordau it apparently means nothing but a gigantic fraud. We concede Nordau's sincerity, which is transparent, but it is at once evident that one who can take up this attitude, however true may be his delineation of the evils of the time, can provide us with no remedy.

It is not, as I have said, science, or even that kind

of scientifically formulated ethics to which Nordau refers at the end of *Degeneration*, that can save society from the "body of this death." It is rather the wider application of truths already living, however feebly, in the consciousness of civilised man. In a sense it is true, as Nordau says, that our current action is sundered from our noblest belief. Our faith in human brotherhood, for example, is contradicted by the mournful spectacle which Europe presents at the end of the dying century. Apart from questions of dogmatic belief, the supreme value of religion in the forms in which we have known it is, that it presents human life not as (in Nordau's words) "a chemical personality," but as conscious spirit in living relation with an infinite Spirit. All the higher human duties are therefore seen "under the forms of eternity." Life is conceived as no longer bounded by this "bank and shoal of time," but is infinite in content, infinite in value, just in so far as it is redeemed from the dominion of the lower, consecrated to the higher ends of being. How absurd it is to talk of brotherhood between "chemical personalities"! Brotherhood is an essentially spiritual relation, expressing itself in material forms, but in no way explicable by them, and in no way justifiable save through a spiritual faith. That faith must be accepted before it is absolutely proved; it is in the experience of life and the world-process that the proof comes in time.

Here I must close. My survey of Max Nordau has been necessarily brief and imperfect, and there is much which he has said that I have not dealt with or even alluded to. He has, in my judgment, done a needed piece of work in destroying, however savagely, some fraudulent reputations, and in exposing some real and serious evils in our current literature and art. He has dealt a telling blow at pruriency, at hysteria, at vicious and absurd theories masquerading under pretentious forms. For all this he should receive our warmest thanks. He has also, as I think, revealed in literature positive degeneration corresponding to the moral and physical degeneration going on undoubtedly in society. But he has written without discrimination, he has tended to confound good and bad, and he has no real gospel to offer our sad and weary world. In a word, his diagnosis is largely right, his therapeutics impossible.

MESSRS. ISBISTER are publishing a series of charming little shilling books which deserve a world-wide circulation. They are beautifully printed and handsomely bound, and ought to become immediately popular. The two books by the late Bishop Thorold, *On Marriage* and *On Money*, are as wise as they are vivacious, but the gem of the series is *On Living Together*, by Dr. R. F. Horton. In many respects it is the best piece of work he has done. Dr. Horton

is a bachelor, and his chapter on "Living together as Husband and Wife" must be the result of observation rather than experience.

THE secret of success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whip-hand of yourself, that is the best educator. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you're an educated man; without this all other education is next to nothing.—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

THE AMBITION OF THE SONS OF ZEBEDEE.

By DR. MARCUS DODS.

WHEN Peter in a crude bargaining fashion asked Jesus what reward He meant to bestow upon those who had left all to follow Him, he received the reply that the Twelve would rule along with the Christ, and would receive ample compensation for all losses incurred in His service. James and John, hearing of "thrones," were stirred to the ambition of sitting on the right hand and left of the Monarch in the new kingdom. In some respects this was a noble ambition. Certainly it did honour to Christ. They, after experience, owned Him fit to be a king. His appearance and bearing suggested the throne: through all His unassuming gentleness there shone an inalienable majesty, an easy supremacy in all companies, and a mastery of every situation. They saw no incongruity, and felt no hesitation in giving Him the highest place. This is the Person born to rule. For us—they felt—our joy and life would be to be under Him and near Him. The influence of Christ upon them; the opening to them in Him of new possibilities and a new world is seen in their confident expectation that even they could rule with Him and near Him. Perhaps in the East divisions of rank are more easily overstepped. But the experience of Masaniello, the Neapolitan fisherman, reflects some hue of doubt and astonishment on the confidence of the sons of Zebedee. How did these Galileans expect to bear the fierce light that beats upon a throne? What differentiates their ambition from the obtrusive rashness which thrusts itself into posts and offices for which it has no qualification? Mainly this, that their confidence was a confidence in Christ and an enthusiasm for Him. Place and power in separation from Him they know nothing of. Their future is, to be with Him, guided by His wisdom, strengthened by His courage, forwarding His purposes, representing His authority. Any selfish taint in their ambition was lost in their enthusiasm for Christ; and their request, although reprehensible in its ignoring the claims of the other apostles, was on the whole commendable.

Therefore in the answer of the Lord there is no contempt, no anger, no disappointment, but rather tender remonstrance, as of a father to the child who has innocently and ignorantly begged to be allowed to accompany him on a perilous expedition. "Are ye able to drink the cup that I am about to drink?" And even supposing that you are, it is not I but the Father that allots positions and destinies.

In this answer of our Lord's we have two

closely-connected ideas. First, that Christ is not an arbitrary Prince advancing His favourites to high posts and bestowing rewards on those He loves, but the Administrator of an inflexibly righteous and impartial government, under which all things are regulated by law and a regard to justice. He *has* honours to bestow, places to fill, benefits to confer; all that is worth working for and living for is in His gift, but these things He must give to those who, in the judgment of His Father, that is, really, are the right people to possess them. He is no respecter of persons. James and John knew they were His most intimate friends on earth. Many a private talk they had enjoyed with Him: to many an intimate scene they had been admitted, while others were excluded. There was no mistaking the ease and cordiality of His relations with them. All the advantages and joys of His friendship they knew themselves to be welcomed to; but He could not reverse moral law and upset moral order in their favour.

Few things our Lord ever said seem more essential to know and to lay to heart. We so naturally rest content with the assumption of those brothers, and fancy that, as Christ loves us, the best must and will be ours. We allow no weight to the fact which Jesus here emphasises, that there is a moral order, and that in God's government high position means high character; and that nearness to Christ is but another name for likeness to Christ and a participation in His experience. That which determines rank and position in the eternal order is fitness; there must be a correspondence between character and position, between attainment and rank, between fitness and the work to be done. Christ cannot promote His favourites irrespective of what they are in themselves. Many a father would dearly like to make his son his partner, but he cannot, or only with disaster, unless the lad has in him the makings of a man. And Christ cannot give to any man an indulgence whereby in his case there shall not be required the steady, real, and prolonged self-abnegation, the true and effective thirst for what is spiritual, the inward and actual love of holiness and hatred of carnality and worldliness, which alone win the crown of life.

The second idea with which Christ confronts those who are ambitious of standing high in His service is that they must drink His cup and be baptized with His baptism. Necessarily. Christ has won the place He holds among men and has reached His true and inalienable rule by actually

submitting Himself to all the tests which can be applied to human character in this world. He is highest because He is best; because He has actually devoted Himself to other interests than His own. And the only path to participation in His rule is participation in His experience and in His character. He never blinked the cost of following Him. If we misunderstand His terms, it is not from any want of explicitness in His statement of them. He plainly tells us that the kind of greatness He calls us to is greatness of service, the life He Himself chose. He expressly points out the difficulty of following Him. Rejection by the world, loss of what the world offers as its rewards, privation, much that is hard to flesh and blood, all this He plainly assured men awaited those who attached themselves to Him. No man ever yet made this life easy to himself, and found himself near to Christ in what constitutes the glory of His character and work. To be next to Christ in glory and in influence—nothing is so attractive. These men knew what His friendship was, and how much it meant to them to have Him for their hourly Companion, their most intimate Friend. To them nothing was so real, nothing so filled their life, nothing so absorbed their soul. To be on such terms with Christ always; to enter into His spirit; to see with clearness and fully to sympathise with what occupies His mind and engages His effort; to be among those He trusts and with whom He shares His thoughts, His success, His joys—what a life that would be! surely the very life of life! Existence could yield no richer, riper fruit. But it costs. It is so satisfying partly because it costs so much; because it requires that indolence, insincerity, selfishness, impurity, be quite conquered and for ever done with; it means that we take our Christianity seriously and directly from Christ's own lips, not adulterated by the interpretations of His half-hearted and timorous followers, not travestied by a nominally Christian, really godless world.

He, then, who in his inmost heart chooses and cherishes this best ambition of being near to Christ must arm himself with that same mind which was in Christ, with a fortitude of steel. He must be prepared to drink that cup which pledges him to steadfast allegiance to Christ and independence of the world, a cup in which are ingredients distasteful, bitter, seemingly destructive to life, but which alone give health and immortal vigour. He must be prepared to be baptized with His baptism, to pass with Him through a true death to the world, and commit

himself once for all to a life with God and in God. Viewed prospectively, this may not seem so difficult. Many may say with James and John, "We are able," but when it is actually attempted, and the impossibility of attaining for any one hour the ideal set before us by our Leader, we begin to understand His actual greatness, and by our own failure recognise His victory and what it cost Him.

But when our Lord heard the resolute answer of James and John, "We are able," He was not displeased. In every generation since, there have been many to follow them, recognising their own weakness, but believing that Christ calls us to follow Him, and will not stultify Himself by omitting to give us needed aid. When He said in reply, "Ye know not what ye ask," He meant to prompt them to a deeper understanding of the difficulties, but not to a relinquishment of their purpose. He bids us weigh the consequences of our petitions; and this we have great need to do. No exorcism has been more abundantly produced in the history of Christianity, and none eats away its life more certainly than ignorant and thoughtless prayer. When we are put to shame by our lack of temper, or courage, or by our worldliness, or by being possessed and carried away by evil imaginings, we turn to Christ and ask Him for the needed grace, apparently presuming that it is as easily provided and assumed as a new suit of clothes; that we have merely to give the order, and put on the new-made habit. In such a case we might hear the Lord's voice in tenderness, and yet with an accent of disappointment, saying to us, "Ye know not what ye ask." It is not so that character grows, but by self-restraint and self-discipline. Can you endure all that is needful for the formation of these habits you ask for? Character has an organic growth like a tree. You cannot have fruit unless first you have blossom and a branch to bear it. But we ask God to give us fruit without either branch or blossom. Qualities of soul can be produced only by long and painful processes. You ask for humility: are you prepared for the humiliations, the mortified vanity, the failures which produce it? You beg for heavenliness of mind: are you prepared to be led forward to those painful times in which the blankness of this world ceases to be a trite pulpit commonplace and becomes a reality? Can you find in the fellowship of Christ that which more than compensates for all loss, and gives you a happiness eclipsing all other joy, and that purifies while it stimulates?

WHEN I open a noble volume, I say to myself, "Now the only Cæsus that I envy is he who is reading a better book than this."—*P. G. Hamerton.*

A MAN is never safe in rebuking another if it does not cost him something to have to do it.—*A. A. Bonar.*

PRINCIPAL EDWARDS OF BALA : A STUDY IN WELSH HISTORY.

THE historian of the nineteenth century must write a long chapter on "The Revolt of Principalities." Modern Europe has been revolutionised by principalities. Conquered nations have wrested the sceptre of true power from their conquerors. It has been a century of powerful monarchies but of more powerful principalities.

Grant Allen, in an article on "The Revolt of the

Celt," maintains that a return wave of Celticism is reconquering England, that the Teuton conquest which for centuries has been pushing westward teutonising has at last been checked, that the Celt is increasing with greater rapidity and is pouring his surplus population into the teutonised regions. This, if correct, heralds the transference of power, and the substitution of Celtic for Teutonic ideals. He also ventures into the treacherous region of prophecy: "The Celt must inevitably swamp the Teuton, and peaceful Celtic ideals consequently supplant the predatory ideals of rapacious Germans." Grant Allen's deductions are doubtless open to challenge. This fact is, however, incontrovertible, namely, that the fourth quarter of the century has witnessed a remarkable revolution in the small Celtic principality on the south-west coast of Britain.

Because bloodless it has not been one iota the less momentous, significant, and far-reaching. Whiffs of grape-shot are not the only symbols of power. Mirabeau, world-compeller, and Robespierre, arch-tyrant, are not the only possible leaders of revolutions. If the result of the French Revolution was the final victory of the Celtic ideals of the populace over the Teutonic ideals of the old *noblesse*,

the same has been achieved in Wales, unmarked by murder, rapine, and horrors, and when some coming Carlyle chronicles the dramatic incidents and portrays the principal actors in this revolt, pre-eminent among such will stand the achievements and personality of Thomas Charles Edwards, who stands for thoughts and facts, ideals and aspirations, in his country's history. Power has passed from

the Saxon proletariat into the hands of Celtic peasantry. And this is in a very large measure the harvest of Principal Edwards' life-work.

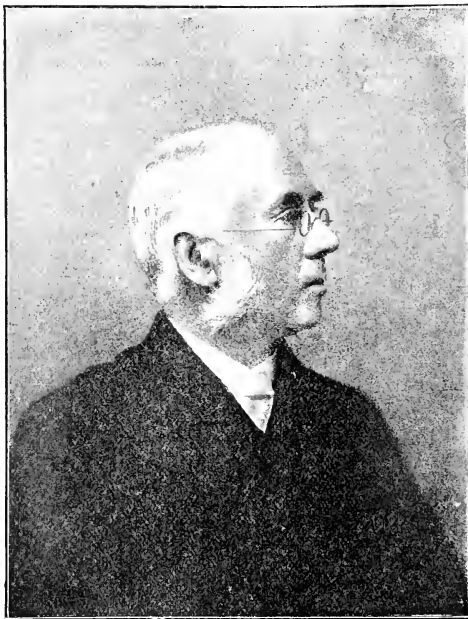
It is the purpose of this sketch to trace the history and record some of the results of this revolt in which he has been one of the chief actors.

Bismarck and Moltke, though never in the thick of active hostilities, were nevertheless the creators of the German Empire, and Modern Wales is the creation of Principal Edwards and the Stalwarts of 1870, although they have not been prominent in the aggressive crusades of the Young Wales party.

The history of the revolt, briefly, is this.

Some six-and-twenty years ago, a coterie of patriotic Celts—Sir Hugh Owen, David Davies, Gohebydd, and others—discussed the social condition of their native land. There were many wrongs to be redressed, rights and privileges to be defended, but nothing of permanent value was possible until the educational system could be remedied and perfected.

"To Newton and to Newton's dog Diamond, what a different pair of universes," observed Carlyle. "To the educated and uneducated Celt, what a different pair of universes," argued these patriots. Up to 1870—the jubilee year of British peasantry—



PRINCIPAL EDWARDS.

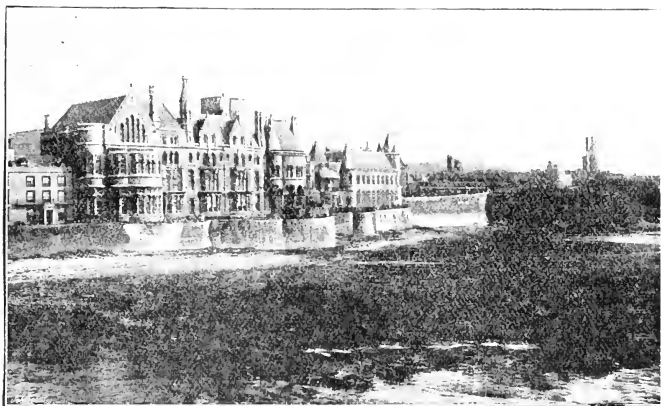
[From a Photo by CHARLES H. YOUNG, Dolgelly.]

wretchedly equipped elementary schools were the only available institutions for the Welsh peasantry. The old endowed schools had been captured by the noblesse.

Colleges and universities there were none. The Scottish centres of learning were far away. Cambridge and Oxford, up to 1862, had been barred against Non-conformists. The educational ladder was made up of the vernacular Sunday-school, competitive gatherings, *Eisteddfodau*—local and national—the Chaired-bard of the National *Eisteddfod* being the year's Senior Wrangler. These patriots recognised that by perfecting the educational system there would be provided a powerful lever for the elevation of their country, and they dreamed the Utopian, some said Quixotic, dream of a College for Wales. But they were not mere dreamers. They were of the metal to convert dreams into realities.

The moment and the man had come.

When the Cambrian Railway opened up the charms of Cardigan Bay, an enterprising speculator erected, at a cost of £80,000, a magnificent hotel at Aberystwyth, which, unfortunately for him, proved a white elephant. Negotiations were opened, and



ABERYSTWYTH COLLEGE.

[From a Photo by GYDE, Aberystwyth.]

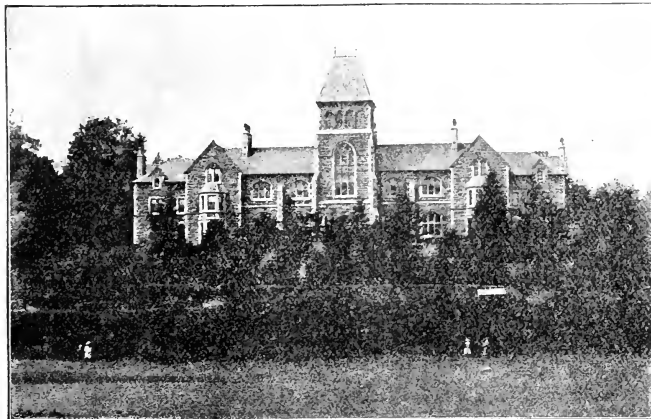
the building ultimately was purchased for a College for Wales.

Aberystwyth is "The Biarritz of Wales," and its University College occupies a commanding position facing the beautiful bay. It is a fine Gothic structure, admirably adapted for educational purposes. In close proximity to it, on a bold promontory, stand the picturesque ruins of a twelfth-century castle.

Aberystwyth is an ideal spot for a great academy. Its bracing atmosphere and diversity of scenery develop a vivacity of temperament, a quickness of sensibility, and a versatility of feeling as well as genius. The charming bay with its fine boating, the Rheidiol Valley with its wondrous woven mantle of trees, shrubs, and flowers, its gently-flowing crystal

stream, surpassed but by a few even in the land of perfect valleys, its sister valley, the Ystwyth, the rugged rocky headlands, the multitude of hills encircled with zones of wood, reposing on the bosom of high mountains,—"pillars of heaven, the fosterers of enduring snows,"—with the rich, sheltered plains at their feet, offer unsurpassed opportunities and facilities for muscular as well as mental development.

When Dr. Edwards was chosen Principal



BALA COLLEGE.

of the New College, the appointment gave immense satisfaction to the entire nation, for in addition to a brilliant academic career he represented facts and thoughts of the people's history and hopes.

Ever their phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
At bed and table, they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty, and words of good.

Subdued peoples cherish the heroisms of vanished years. They people the present with phantoms from the past. They reverence the descendants of illustrious ancestors, because they ever reproduce the looks of beauty and words of good of the "loftier brothers."

Happy the inheritor of a heroic name! The new Principal's name perpetuated the memory and deeds of his great-grandfather, Thomas Charles, founder of Welsh Sunday schools and of the Bible Society, whilst his father, Dr. Lewis Edwards, founder and for fifty years Principal of Bala College, was in the very zenith of his power as a preacher, philosopher, and theologian. Apart, however, from these associations, his own career eminently qualified him for the post. A distinguished scholar, a progressive educationist, a man of the people, conversant with their difficulties and disabilities, and sympathising with their aspirations, he was by associations, traditions, culture, faculty, and position, conspicuously fitted to be the leader of this revolt. In 1861 he took his B.A.—Honours—in the London University. The following year he stood second in the M.A. list, the late Professor Jevons occupying the premier position. The same year he entered Oxford—among the first batch of Nonconformists admitted—to attend Mansel and Jowett's famous lectures. He won a Lincoln College Scholarship, remained four years, and obtained first class in "Finals."

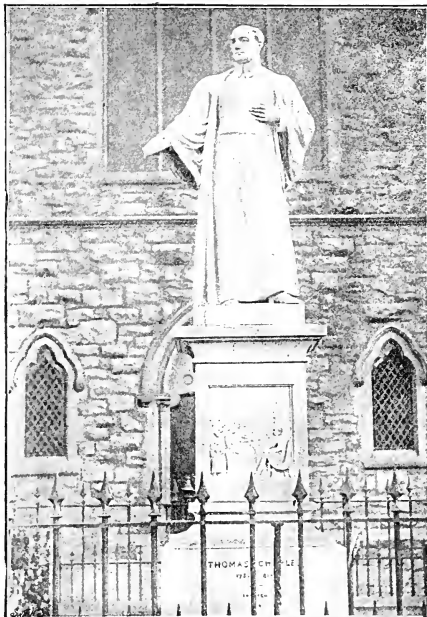
After quitting Oxford he accepted the pastorate of a church in Liverpool, and forthwith ranked among the "coming preachers of Wales." Six years' successful ministry terminated on the acceptance of the principalship of the New College, which opened with 25 students in October 1872. Steady has

been its growth. The number in residence this year is 354. This does not, however, represent the progress of the movement. Its striking success led to the opening of two other colleges in Bangor and Cardiff respectively; these three now form the constituent colleges of the recently-created University of Wales, the Chancellor of which is the Prince of Wales.

In 1887, when women students were admitted, only *one* entered. The following year, however, they numbered twelve. This year there are 150 in residence; and there is in process of erection on

the extreme end of the splendid crescent promenade a commodious hostel, which will accommodate 200 women students. Miss Carpenter, the lady principal, has won golden opinions, and the lady students many degrees and distinctions in examinations.

After nineteen years' arduous and prosperous work, Dr. Edwards resigned, and accepted the principalship of Bala Theological College. His accomplishments in the field of theology are no less distinguished than in that of higher secular education. His Commentaries on *The First Epistle to the Corinthians* and *The Epistle to the Hebrews* rank with the finest of the age. Thirty thousand copies of a Welsh Commentary on Hebrews were sold



THE STATUE OF THOMAS CHARLES AT BALA.

in a few days, and his recently published Davies Lecture on "The God-Man" is, doubtless, amongst the noblest contributions to the literature of the Incarnation.

No account of Dr. Edwards would be complete which omitted his place in the religious life of Wales. For, after all, for 150 years the pulpit has been the supreme factor of the nation's life. For hundreds of years Wales has had no powerful princes, great generals, eminent statesmen, distinguished scholars, artists, architects, etc. Oppressed nations produce no world-renowned celebrities. Emblazoned on its escutcheon, woven into its history, are the names of its *great* men, who, as the product and the impersonation of their country and their age, have, with but few exceptions, been preachers.

Seers retain pre-eminence as the nation's leaders. Consequently it is of supreme moment that a prince among preachers should be the teacher of the nation's teachers. Dr. Edwards has no peer in the Welsh pulpit, and decadence of power will be impossible where his influence and enthusiasm dominate. Abreast of the latest conclusions of scholarship, fearless in the pursuit of truth, loyal to the central doctrines of the Christian religion, inheriting its best and sublimest traditions, representing its most heroic and noble achievements, he is an ideal head of a great school of theology.

A critic once observed that in his sermons the Principal's main positions are more impregnable than his outposts. Granted. In military warfare that is genius, why not the same in preaching? Dr. Edwards is a preacher of positive truths and a student of speculative doctrines. We once heard a village pedagogue questioning the Principal's orthodoxy because he ventured to state that St. Paul was not the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews!

A detailed chronicle of the progress and achievements of this Celtic revolt in the principality would exceed the allowed limits of this sketch. Briefly, the following résumé will indicate its power, possibilities, and prospects.

Educated, the peasantry have dethroned the old Saxon *noblesse*. The educational ladder, elementary, intermediate, and higher, is perfected. "Village lads" have rapidly climbed it, and the ascent

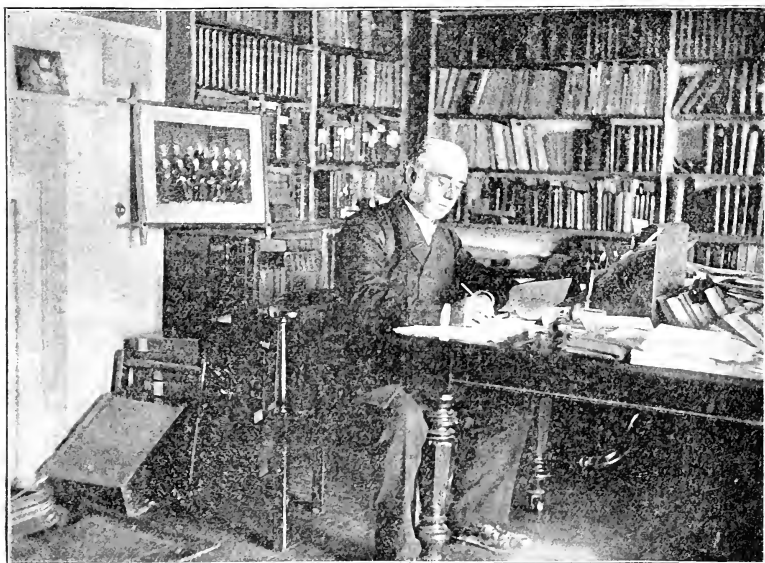
continues. Many have already attained positions of influence which they worthily fill. Scions of powerful houses are no longer the nation's parliamentary representatives. Saxon scholars are no longer its ecclesiastical diocesans. Sons of peasant farmers, of artisans, of tradesmen, are the audible voices of its aspirations, defenders of its rights, champions of its privileges, and heralds of its complete emancipation.

One sometimes wonders what thoughts pass through the mind of Principal Edwards as he contemplates from his charming, quiet home in Bala, the new world of Wales. The Wales of 1872 and the Wales of 1896, four-and-twenty years after—"What a different pair of universes!"

The epoch surveyed in this sketch has been transitional. The constituents of a nation's life have been presented as passing out of their most elementary form. We have seen forces and energies separating themselves from a yesterday which concealed them, and struggling towards a to-morrow which they are to shape.

Someone has observed that we are simply the summed-up totals of innumerable double lines of ancestors. The University of Wales, although an achievement of nineteenth-century progress, is after all but the attainment of an old ideal. Heroic Owen Glyndwr dreamed of founding great and powerful Universities in Wales, whither the learned of France would come to lecture.

In its three University Colleges, distinguished



PRINCIPAL EDWARDS AT WORK.

[From a Photo by DAVIS, Aberystwyth.]

savants from the English, Irish, Scotch, French, and German Universities are *residential* professors and lecturers.

Former students of Aberystwyth College have at-

The paramount personality of this momentous revolt is, we rejoice to remember, still on the sunny side of threescore years, and we may look forward for further enrichment of theological and



ABERYSTWYTH.

[From a Photo by GYDE, *Aberystwyth*.]

tained to considerable celebrity in theology, politics, arts, and sciences; while at Bala College preachers are in training who will maintain, if not enhance, the deservedly high reputation of the Welsh pulpit.

expository literature from that charming study overlooking the broad, beautiful expanse of Llyn Tegid.

T. WYNNE-JONES.

OUR SUMMER GATHERING IN SWITZERLAND

WE are receiving large numbers of applications for places in our parties for Davos Platz, and we would advise those of our readers who wish to attend our Holiday Conference to send their booking fees at the earliest possible date. Davos Platz is 1500 feet higher than Grindelwald, and borders upon the magnificent scenery of the Engadine. There will be concerts and lectures every evening during August. At the concerts we shall have the assistance of Miss Helen Saunders, Miss Lizzie Neal, Miss Beatrice Stanley Lucas, Miss Jeannie Gray, Mr. J. F. Horneastle, and Mr. Charles Constable, and there will be recitations by Mr. Alexander Watson. The lecturers and preachers will include Sir B. W. Richardson, Mr. Edward Whympy, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Dr. Andrew Wilson, Sir Walter

Foster, Rev. A. Boyd Carpenter, Rev. H. Price Hughes, and Rev. George Jackson, B.A. (of Edinburgh). Parties will leave London on Fridays, July 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, August 7, 14, 21, 28, and on Tuesdays, July 28, August 4, 11, 18, 25, and September 8 and 15. Members of these parties can return by Paris. Other parties will travel by Dover, Ostend, and Brussels. For ten guineas we offer a second-class return ticket between London and Davos Platz, with full hotel accommodation for eleven clear days at Davos Platz. Or, if our friends prefer it, they can have seven days at Davos and three days at Lucerne. Full particulars will be found in our illustrated prospectus, which will be sent to any address on application to the Editor of *THE YOUNG MAN*, Temple House, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.

JUSTICE.

THREE men went out on a summer night;
No care had they or aim;
They dined and drank—"Ere we go home,"
Said they, "we'll have a game."

Three girls began that summer night
A life of endless shame;

And went through drink, disease, and death,
As swift as flying flame.

Lawless and homeless, foul, they died;
Rich, loved, and praised, the men;
But when they all shall meet with God,
And justice speaks—what then?

STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

ROBERT BURNS.

It was my pathetic pleasure to ride over to Dumfries some five years ago to see the house in which Robert Burns died. It was not altogether easy to find it, for nothing had been done to commemorate its association with the greatest of Scottish

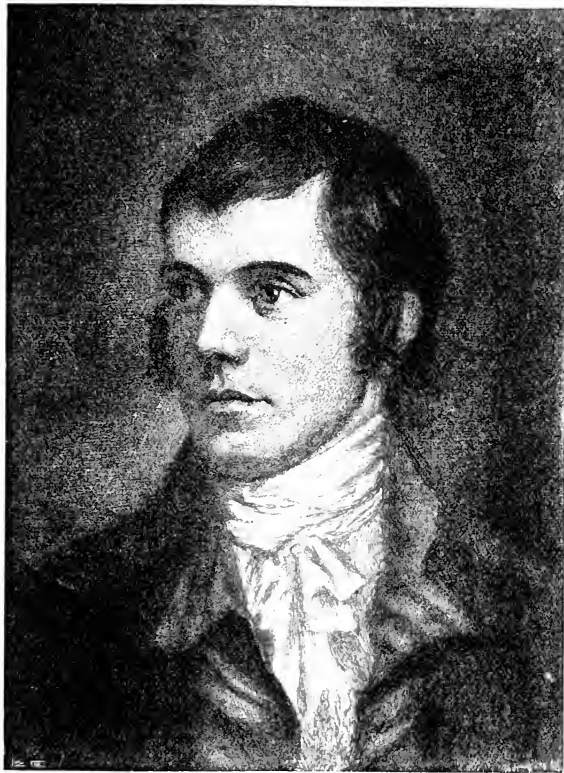
poets. It was *To let*, and if I remember rightly, there was some talk of its being annexed to an adjoining charitable institution, and altered accordingly. No one seemed to take much interest in the matter, and it was natural to think that Burns was without honour in Dumfries. There stood the plain house in the narrow street; the rooms small and ill-arranged; desolate and unnoticed, save by some casual inquisitive tourist such as myself. This neglect was all the more marked in comparison with the care taken of Car-

lyle's house at Ecclefechan, which I had visited a day or two before. This cottage, in which Carlyle was born, has not a tithe of the pathetic and national interest which the house has in which Burns died. Carlyle wrote nothing memorable in it, and the great years of his life were spent elsewhere. Nor was Carlyle in any sense the idol of a nation, as Burns is. Yet at Ecclefechan there is a zealous custody over the rooms where Carlyle was born, and an honourable effort to treat the small grey

building as a literary shrine. At Dumfries another spirit prevails. This house where Burns died was to me, and doubtless is to thousands, one of the most pathetic spots on the surface of the globe. Within these walls the heart of Robert Burns broke;

in these narrow rooms the last act of an appalling human tragedy was played out. Apparently Dumfries had forgotten all about it.

Perhaps it would be too much to assume that there has been a general change of spirit in regard to Burns during the last five years, but there are at least signs that his star is again in the ascendant, and one may hope that even Dumfries may regard the omen. It was on the 21st of July 1796 that the great poet breathed his last; and it is quite certain that the centenary of his death will be widely commemorated



ROBERT BURNS.

[From an Etching by W. HOLE, R.S.A.]

throughout the civilised world. One of the chief signs of this commemoration is the flood of new editions of Burns's poems which has come upon us. Some of these are admirable reprints, but with no attempt at critical revision; most of them are cheap. One is not cheap; but it is done with such splendid care that even a poor man who loves Burns will feel that it is worth his while to make a great sacrifice to possess it. I refer to the Centenary Edition of Burns, edited by Messrs. Henley and Henderson. In this

edition Burns receives due justice, and almost for the first time. All that can be done by means of fine type and scholarly editing has been done to render honour to his genius. What the great editors have done for Shakespeare has been done for Burns by Mr. Henley and his co-editor; and, it may be added, the changes of a hundred years have rendered the proper editing of Burns scarcely less needful than the editing of Shakespeare. Hitherto much that Burns never wrote has been carelessly included in his writings. Even to a Scotsman some of his Scotch has become partly unintelligible. Errors in printing and punctuation have passed unnoticed, and have been perpetuated. All this is put right in this sumptuous and monumental edition. It is as perfect as love, enthusiasm, and the most delicate and capable critical knowledge can make it.

Putting down this memorable volume, and remembering that desolate house in Dumfries, one's thoughts naturally range over the history and writings of the great poet. In spite of the neglect of Dumfries, no man has ever been more loved and honoured than Burns, and a hundred years do much to test the reasons of that honour.

Burns has suffered much from unsympathetic criticism, and has suffered not a little also from injudicious sympathy. An unsympathetic critic like Principal Shairp can do little else than read the unhappy poet an acrid moral lecture; writers of another temper ignore altogether the wilful errors and turbulencies of the poet's conduct, and concentrate all their indignation on an indictment of the Scottish nation for not doing more for the greatest man of genius Scotland ever produced. A careful review of Burns's life puts all these writers out of court. To his own faults Burns was never blind, and there is no reason why we should be blind. No one knew so well as himself that he often behaved like a blackguard. No critic can say harder things of him than he said of himself. But it is clearly incumbent on any just critic to recollect how very fully Burns was a product of his time. A hundred years is a long stage upon the road of moral progress. Other times, other manners—and in the heyday of Burns's youth manners were very different. No one thought in those days of drunkenness as a vice, as long as it was not shameful and confirmed. Few persons thought much the worse of Burns for the squalid amours that are mixed up in his history. In fact, Burns shows a conscience in every way more sensitive to the shame of these things than most of his contemporaries. This is a fact which the unsympathetic biographer usually overlooks. The result is that where he should touch the wounds which to Burns were a lifelong agony with a delicate hand, he probes them with a vigour which is brutal, and might almost be described as malicious. He uses his history as a tag for a tea-meeting speech. He measures his life by standards which were not in

existence a hundred years ago. No real knowledge of the man Robert Burns can be gained by such a method as this.

The critic of too redundant sympathies errs in the other direction. He claims for Burns an immunity from rebuke which Burns would never have claimed for himself. He regards him as the pitiable victim of a conspiracy of circumstances: Burns knew very well that the great conspirator against his happiness was himself. He makes the whole Scottish nation accessory to the downfall of the poet. But what are the facts of the case? Simply these: that no man who ever lived had more generous treatment shown him by a host of friends. When he went to Edinburgh at twenty-seven, he found himself the observed of all observers. He was suddenly raised from being the poet of a parish into the poet of a nation. The Duchess of Gordon, Dugald Stewart, Walter Scott, were eager to make his acquaintance. Never did poet experience such a sudden revolution. Even the rage for Byron was not nearly so remarkable, for Byron was a figure in society before he was a poet, and had a thousand advantages which were not possessed by Burns. Burns entered Edinburgh a typical Scottish countryman. He had been bred on a hard soil, had lived on plain diet, and had moved only among insignificant people. He had had no opportunity of acquaintance with the polite and learned. Yet society prostrated itself at his feet. He was made welcome in the best homes of a fastidious city. When he asked for a place in the Excise, it was immediately secured for him. When he left Edinburgh, he left it, thanks to the hearty friendship shown him, some five hundred pounds richer than when he entered it. The whole episode is creditable both to Burns and his admirers. His strong common sense kept him from the foolish inferences which might have been drawn from such a triumph, and he behaved himself with manly dignity and independence from first to last. And it is certain that no city could have behaved more handsomely to a young provincial poet than Edinburgh behaved to Burns. Very rarely indeed has the greatest of poets been treated more considerably; and it is the merest nonsense to spend breath in abusing the Scottish nation because it did not do more than it did for Burns.

One sometimes wishes that it were possible to take the authentic man of genius, when he is discovered, and shut him up in solitude for a period of years, till the best fruit of his brain is safely garnered. How many men of genius have been ruined by fame, how few have been the better for it! Such a reflection has an especial cogency as applied to Burns. What a tragedy is the story of his literary development and its sudden arrest! We do not often remember that the greatest poems Burns wrote were nearly all the product of six months' labour. No wonder the publication of his volume excited astonishment: it was, as Mr. R. L.

Stevenson justly says, "a volume of masterpieces." In that one glorious winter, beneath the simple roof-tree of an Ayrshire farmhouse, Burns poured out poem after poem, each one of which was secure of immortality. All that he did was done with the perfect ease of supreme genius. If one could have kept him there, if some wise friend could have seized those poems as they fell from his hand, and put them away, and some wise voice could have said, "Write on for five years like this, and then it will be time to think of publishing," we might have had something like the matured fruit of his astonishing genius. But Burns was never blessed with a wise counsellor, and the only counsellor he had—himself—was far from wise. We know that in this great period of his career he had great literary schemes. He felt his power; he was eager not merely to exercise, but to develop it. A few years of steady toil at such a time might have produced truly Shakespearean results. But that maturity was denied him, and one must sadly own, by his own wilfulness. Despite all the dignity and common-sense with which he conducted himself on his Edinburgh visit, that visit ruined him. When he came back to the quiet of country life his power of work was gone. Henceforth his life was a fever. He felt incapable of the steady application by which alone great works of literature are shaped. The inspired hours were over, and henceforth his genius burned only with a fugitive brightness.

It has been pointed out that in Wordsworth's poetry you can distinguish the exact moment when the magic and the glamour—"the light that never was on sea or land"—left him. After that he wrote decent verse indeed; but there was never heard again that strange, thrilling, prophetic note of the impassioned visionary. The same thing cannot be said of Burns, however. He never lost the note of the supreme poet. It is heard ever and again to the last with piercing sweetness. But it is occasional and fitful. The fact was that while Burns never gave up the vocation of a poet, he was conscious that he could never do what he had once hoped to do. More and more the sense of failure weighed upon him, and his steps took a downward way. There is something infinitely pathetic in the fact that he would take no money for the songs he wrote in these later days. They might be good enough, but they were not what he once hoped to write. In his wounded pride he was even capable of pretending he had not written them. He would claim no praise for his immortal *Auld Lang Syne*,—surely the greatest lyric in the world,—he coldly stated that he had merely found and published it. Such a circumstance throws a piercing light upon that inner tragedy which broke his heart. That tragedy was the tragedy of injured pride, of moral failure. He knew his life was a wreck, and he could blame no one but himself. No one will ever know the agonies that were suffered in that little house at Dumfries.

There is no language that could describe them. When he repudiated the writing of *Auld Lang Syne*, it was as though he plucked his heart out and flung it to the nation, saying, "Do what you like with it. If you trample it under foot, it is all that it is worth." Yet mingled with all the bitterness of his thoughts was still the sense that made him a great artist. He mutilated his life, but never his poetry. He is fastidious to the last over the shaping of his verses. He revises them almost to the moment of his death. He feels that poor result as they are of all his early ambitions, yet they may still have a worth in them, and he has hope that the world will not let them die.

It is all very well to ponder the possibilities of such a life, and to say that thus or thus it might have been so different. And although we may freely state that it is the mission of the strong man to conquer circumstances, yet it must be owned that circumstances were badly against Burns from the first. For my own part, a review of Burns's life only teaches me afresh the folly of any speculation on such themes. Probably there was no way of saving Burns by any change of circumstance. If he had loved rightly, if he had married happily, if he had found the sustaining hand of a pure and self-sacrificing affection with him in his hours of trial, things might have been different. But, as Mr. R. L. Stevenson puts it, in his fine essay, Burns "trilled with life," and had to pay the price. He rather took pride in the rôle of the village reprobate. He never attempted to put the least serious or continuous check upon his passions. He began life, in fact, with the stupid notion that there is something manly and fascinating in playing with fire. He plumed himself on his Byronism. Of course, many other persons besides Burns did the same. The society in which he was bred was coarse enough. But the man who wrote *The Cotter's Saturday Night* knew better. And it is something that should be recorded to his credit, that Burns never hardened his heart as Byron did. His relations with women were pitiful enough; but he knew his errors, he smarted under them, and repented with passionate tears. Folly and error are the worst things we can charge against him. Blame as we may, we pity even more: and we love always.

Perhaps it is this quality of winning love which has had as much to do with the fame of Burns as his literary genius. Poetry is so much the expression of the heart that it is rarely possible to consider it as a thing apart from the poet. The person and character of an historian, for example, are of little interest to us; for a man of no very marked personality, and with no elements of personal fascination, may write very good history. But the poet stands in a totally different category. The poem is the poet. The printed page is a leaf torn out of his own heart. This is particularly true of all lyric poets, but it is truer of Burns than

of any. His personal emotions colour all his writings. Of epic or dramatic gift he had scarcely a trace. Even though we could have wished that he had written those versified stories of Scotland which he purposed, we have grave doubts whether he could have done them properly. Certainly his strength did not lie in this direction, so far as we can judge. But when he interprets the epic of the human heart, when he utters the poignant cry of intense emotion, who can match him? Where is there another poet who has moved us so deeply by such simple means? Who can equal him in that swift felicity of phrase which goes straight to the very centre of the soul, and gives an incommunicable pang of joy and pain? The man who can do this for us is always loved. He is for us no name in a cyclopædia of literature, but a beloved and vital figure in our life. His life itself, with all its errors and saddening episodes, becomes sublimated into a moving poem. We resent harsh judgment passed upon him, as we should resent an insult to ourselves. There are many persons who feel for Burns a much more intimate friendship than they feel for any living friend. And the reason is clear: the poetry of Burns is so truly personal, that when we take the poetry to our hearts, we take the poet also. It is his highest claim—we love him: and genius can accomplish no more wonderful result than this, for it means that Burns has so interpreted his own emotions that they have become part of the common property of humanity, and one of its chief delights and solaces.

It has sometimes been said that, after all, Burns only did what other Scottish poets had done before him. In a sense, of course, this is true. He was by no means the first poet who had sung of Scottish life. But Burns handled his theme as it had never been handled before. He brought to his task not merely an infinitely finer mind, but an infinitely deeper heart. Surely it is a little astonishing, if we think about it, that Burns should have found his way into the first rank of poets at all. The dialect in which he wrote would in itself seem to present insuperable difficulties to such an ambition. His knowledge of literature was slight, and his observation of life limited. Yet in spite of these, and

many other disabilities, Burns is not merely a poet beloved of Scotsmen, but of all English-speaking peoples. Nor is it genius alone that explains the phenomenon. The truth is, that Burns is the greatest of democratic poets. He understood the common people, and the common people received him gladly. There is an entire absence of the literary man about him. He draws his inspiration direct from nature. There is something primeval in the man; he is a large-limbed, large-hearted giant, who deals with the primitive facts and elementary passions common to humanity. People who read no other poetry are captivated by the voice of Burns, and his audience is found in field and factory and mine, among men who feel that he has understood the pathos and dignity of a poor man's life. Of no other poet can this be said. Browning is for the elect, Tennyson for the boudoir, Wordsworth for the student and the lover of the open air. Wordsworth does indeed sing nobly of the poor; but he does not sing in their language. Burns takes their very words, expresses their very thoughts, gives lyric meaning to their emotions. He is no mere artist, seeing in human life themes for poetry, and in nature "bits" for word-painting; he feels both life and nature intensely, and never speaks save out of the fulness of his heart. This is the secret of his strange mastery over the minds of men. He has done in poetry what Bunyan did in prose—work so great and yet so simple, that it is the proud possession of the common people, who in turn have made the learned people rally to their side.

Much more might be said, but enough has been said to indicate the reasons of that enthusiasm which Burns has excited for a hundred years, and which seems steadily to increase rather than decrease. Apart from the pathos of his story, and judging the question simply from a literary point of view, I think the chief reason, after all, is that he is so thoroughly a democratic poet. With a lyric genius equal to any that the world has ever known, Burns, by the circumstances of his life and his own natural instincts, made himself the poet of the poor, a true people's poet, and almost the only one which English literature can boast.

W. J. DAWSON.

WE have received two books this month that should prove of special interest to young men. *The Mind of the Master*, by the Rev. John Watson, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), is being very widely discussed, and although it contains statements from which many earnest Christians will altogether dissent, it is a book that no man who thinks seriously about the great religious problems can afford to do without.—We have seldom read a more delightful book for young people than *The Life that is Easy*, by Mr. C. Silvester Horne (H. R. Allenson, 30 Paternoster Row). Mr. Horne holds that the

Christian life is perfectly natural, perfectly easy; and that the more of the Christian life we live the easier we shall find it. "Unless Jesus Himself deliberately misled us, the yoke which He proposes we should accept is an easy one, and the burden He would fain impose is light." So the perfect life would be the perfectly easy life. Mr. Horne is not likely to win the assent of all his readers, but the fact remains that this is one of the most refreshing and helpful books we have ever read. We advise all our readers to buy it at once. Mr. Allenson will send it to any address on receipt of 2s.

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: BACON'S ESSAYS.

BACON'S *Essays* is the one book in the prescribed course of reading for this year that I am afraid some of my readers will be tempted to skip. To ask a man to sit down to a repast of "Counsels, Civill and Morall,"¹ in the hot July days, may seem a little unseasonable; and perhaps I have no right to complain if some of my guests rise from the table before even the covers are lifted. But let them be patient with me for one moment, and I think I can convince them that it will be well to stay. In the first place, the *Essays* are very miscellaneous; each is complete in itself; they may be read in any order, and they are very brief, the whole fifty-eight averaging in the small volume of the Golden Treasury Series less than four pages each. Further, they deal with subjects that are of interest to everybody, with matters that as Bacon himself says in his Introduction, "come home to men's business and bosoms," such, for example, as "Truth," "Envy," "Love," "Wisdom for a Man's Self," "Friendship," "Gardens," "Anger," and so on. And what is of still greater importance, they deal with them in a fashion that has no equal in our literature. But let the *connoisseurs* speak. "Bacon's *Essays* are our English Book of Proverbs," says Dr. Alexander Whyte. They are, says Mr. John Morley in his delightful paper on "Aphorisms," "the unique masterpiece in our literature of this oracular wisdom of life, applied to the scattered occasions of men's existence." John Sterling counted Bacon's the best book in the English language for the education of the mind and the training of the powers of reflection,²—so likewise Dr. Johnson, and many others.

The truth is there have been few men in any age who have had so much to say, and at the same time have known so exactly how to say it as Francis Bacon. "These short papers say what they have to say without preface, and in literary undress, without a superfluous word, without the joints and bands of structure; they say it in brief, rapid sentences, which come down, sentence after sentence, like the strokes of a great hammer."³ I do not remember any book that so completely answers to old Thomas Fuller's quaint phrase, "much matter decocted in few words," as do Bacon's *Essays*. It is the supreme example of thought packed close and made portable. Take a familiar passage like this, from the essay on "Studies": "Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them, and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom

without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. . . . Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics subtle, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic and rhetoric able to contend." This is a perfect miracle in thought-packing: you cannot thrust the keenest knife edge in at any point. For the man who desires to learn the art of close, exact thinking, and terse, strong writing, no better model could be suggested than Bacon's *Essays*.

Of course this wonderful literary power did not come to Bacon without long and laborious striving. Fragmentary papers still remain to show the immense pains he took not only in "following out the great ideas which were to be the basis of his philosophy," but also "in fashioning the instruments by which they were to be expressed." "He was a great collector of sentences, proverbs, quotations, sayings, illustrations, anecdotes, and he seems to have read sometimes simply to gather phrases and apt words. . . . Nothing is too minute for his notice. He brings together in great profusion mere forms, varied turns of expression, heads and tails of clauses and paragraphs, transitions, connections; he notes down fashions of compliment, of excuse or repartee, even morning and evening salutations; he records neat and convenient opening and concluding sentences, ways of speaking more adapted than others to give a special colour or direction to what the speaker or writer has to say—all that hook-and-eye work which seems so trivial and passes so unnoticed as a matter of course, and which yet is often hard to reach, and which makes all the difference between tameness and liveliness, between clearness and obscurity—all the difference, not merely to the ease and naturalness, but often to the logical force of speech."⁴

It is by his *Essays* that Bacon is most widely known; and even though we had nothing else from his pen, they would be sufficient to indicate the clearness, the strength, the fulness of his mind. Yet to Bacon himself these were scarce more than

¹ The sub-title of the *Essays*.² See Caroline Fox's *Journals*.³ Deau Church's *Bacon* (English Men of Letters), p. 216.⁴ *Ib.* p. 22

tiny chips from the workshop wherein he toiled at his great task, "how really to know, and to teach men to know indeed, and to use their knowledge so as to command nature." But of all this we cannot now speak; suffice it to say that when Bacon declared that he had taken all knowledge to be his province, he was making no idle boast. His greatness as a thinker and man of letters is beyond all controversy. In the depth of his insight, the comprehensiveness of his grasp, the "multitudinousness" of his nature, he stands among Englishmen perhaps second only to Shakespeare. "Second only to Shakespeare," but decidedly second. As Mr. R. H. Hutton has acutely pointed out, there is evidence enough in the *Essays* themselves to dispose once for all of the theory that makes Bacon the author of Shakespeare's plays. "The genius of Shakespeare was a genius which, while comprehending a great part of Bacon's,—not, however, his grasp of the realm of knowledge,—was as prodigal of the life of impulse, passion, and affection as of the life of intellectual vision. Bacon had none of this. His imagination, powerful as it was, played continually over the world of counsel, of diplomatic strategy, of far-sighted self-interest, but hardly entered into the warmer life of the passions at all." "I do not scruple to say," adds Mr. Hutton, "that the man who could have written Bacon's essay on 'Love'—unless it were as a blind—was simply incapable of writing the least powerful of all Shakespeare's plays."¹

The writing of these brief notes would have been a pleasanter task if they could have ended here. Unfortunately it is impossible to write of Bacon's works and say nothing of Bacon's life; and it is Bacon himself who has made it impossible. "For my name and memory," he wrote in his will, "I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." Posterity's judgment on his work we know: it might have satisfied even Bacon's imperious ambition. Posterity's judgment on himself we know too; and, two or three dissentient voices notwithstanding, we dare not say it is unjust. I do not mean that Bacon has always had justice done to him. Pope's bitter line, "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," has about as little truth as epigrams usually have, and as much. Macaulay's tremendous onslaught was—well, perhaps, John Sterling had reason to call it "a brilliant falsehood." But when all is said, it is impossible to escape Dean Church's judgment: "It is difficult to imagine a grander and more magnificent career; and his career ranks among the few chosen examples of human achievement. And yet it was not only an unhappy life; it was a poor life." Perhaps in no man, either before or since, has there been so much both of the "soaring angel" and of the "creeping snake."

I have quoted Dean Church two or three times already in this short paper, and I will take this

opportunity of saying that his little volume is, so far as I know, the truest and the justest estimate of Bacon's character that has yet been given to the world. No man of his generation was better able to do full justice to Bacon's magnificent intellectual powers;² and it is no grudging tribute which is here paid to them. "To teach men to know," he says, "is only next to making them good." But it is "next," and not better than, or equal to, and Dean Church will let no intellectual attainments, even though they be as brilliant as Bacon's, excuse grievous moral failure. The comfortable doctrine that "men of genius hold a charter of exemption from the obligations of the Divine law" gets no quarter from him. It must have been, as indeed his letters show,³ a painful task for such a man as Church to have written such a book concerning one of the most richly endowed of all the sons of men; but after he had undertaken it he swerved neither to the right hand nor to the left, and the result is what even so accomplished a critic as Mr. Hutton declares to be, "the most perfect and the most final summing up of the verdict of posterity on a great man, after counsel on both sides have been fully heard," with which he is acquainted.⁴

The evidence for this severe judgment of posterity it is not possible to state even in summary. We may refuse to listen to Macaulay's heated rhetoric and stamping emphasis; but Bacon's own admissions remain, and they are fatal. That a man such as he was, knowing what he knew, with his insight into human character, should have stooped to the obsequious servility that characterized his relations throughout with Elizabeth, with James, and with Buckingham; that he should have told one of the vainest and foolishlest kings that ever sat on the English throne that he was willing to be as a chessman in the royal hand to be moved wherever he might think good; that he should have likened the name of a profligate wretch like Buckingham to the "good name" which Solomon says is "as a precious ointment";⁵ and that he should have done all this not because he believed it was right, but only because he thought it was necessary that he should stand well with those who were great and had power to make him so,—all this, I say, would be incredible were it not that in saying these things we are only condemning Bacon out of his own lips. And when to all this we add his perfidy—truth will suffer no weaker word—to his friend and benefactor Essex, and his admitted guilt in the high places—the highest place—of English justice, severely as the "next ages" have dealt with Bacon's

² "Dean Church," said Mr. John Morley once, "is the consummate flower of the Christian culture of the England that is passing away. We shall never look upon his like again."

³ *Life and Letters of Dean Church*, pp. 303, 313.

⁴ See art. quoted above.

⁵ See Dedication in *Essays*.

¹ *Contemporary Thoughts and Thinkers*, ii. p. 222.

"name and memory" we cannot feel they have been too severe.

And yet—so true it is, "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, both good and ill together"—one of Bacon's most intimate friends was the saintly Bishop Andrewes, author of the *Private Devotions*; and in his desk after his death his executors found not only a Confession of Faith ("a closely-reasoned and nobly-expressed survey of Christian theology,"

says Church), but a most touching and beautiful prayer, breathing the finest spirit of Christian devotion. What shall we say? "A mingled yarn," verily; and the final unravelling must be left to the hands of Another.

. The book for August will be Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* and *Richard III.*

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.

VII.—ROBBER OF THE FOLD.

THERE came to the Reverend John Glad, though not immediately, a second sign, as he supposed, that he had chosen the better part in cleaving staunchly to his people at the Turret. It grew out of the simple love-story of Hetty Hood, who served in the doctor's household at the Gables. Hetty had audaciously found a lover who did not and would not "attend" in Frewin's Yard. Free Hood and Richard, Hetty's father, were brothers. Neither had a complaisant eye for the stranger, who was yet not a stranger. Trouble came of it, and through the trouble joy—and John Glad's token.

The preface is the exaltation of Dr. Smallpiece, and the strange tale of Hamlet Pinchpenny, and how he gave Silover speech a new quip and byword to his own undoing.

Here again it was easy for Puritan prejudice to hold that the mischief lurked in the name. What could be expected of a man-child called after a crafty creature in a light book like Shakespeare? The gossips, town through, put it so a hundred times, in the satisfying assurance that the ambition which set discomfited folly in all men's sight on Shaw Cross lower slope was the punishment due to parental giddiness.

Upon that the taunt was coined for such as began any work or enterprise and were not able to finish.

"It's got Pinchpenny's mark set main and deep," the mockers said.

The thing was through an outleap of builder's daring, and it stirred sluggish waters. Men reared houses seldom in Silover, and when they did, four square walls and a roof, slate above, and a face of flaunting vermilion road-wards was the last boundary of ideas. Sometimes there were sly jests attempted.

"Yours is—ah!—a kind of finished place," said a Wood Street "gentleman" once, unpacking samples at George Alloway's window. "Now, London is a bit raw, you know. They haven't woven the selvedge on."

His face was as smooth as his silks, for he was a clever young man and a venturesome, and the fun of the shot was in lodging it unawares. His eyes followed the ploughing teams as they climbed

painfully through the outermost brown gash on Shaw Cross. There was always that happy glimpse of heights from George Alloway's shop door.

"There must be terrible untidiness where you are always delving and digging, and where a suburb comes up almost like Jonah's gourd," answered the draper demurely. "We're best as we are."

But Hamlet Pinchpenny, builder's foreman, stepped out of a Dalesbury law-office with a legacy that tilted his head up and stiffened his back and hung rosy clouds on the horizon. It was not so very many hundreds, but he thought it the purse of Fortunatus.

"He's safe to marry Hetty Hood in a month or so," said the women.

They did not allow for the expansion of Hamlet's sky. His dreams were truant, even as his person soon became. Matrimony meant staying at home, and furniture-buying, and sacrifice of freedom, and the neck bowed to the yoke again. Whereas the wide world was a strong magnet, and there were projects that might fire the heather smouldering in the bricklayer's brain.

He went to London, and found his ideal in somebody's grandiose creation crowning a suburban hill. And next he clinched a tremendous bargain with a fifth-rate architect, whose fees were as fluctuating as his work was faulty. Hamlet was away half a summer, and he came back with a sheaf of plans under his arm, and with one bigger than them all fermenting beneath his shock red hair. He would change the face of Silover.

It was soon rumoured that he had a lease of the doubtful land at Twist Corner, with leave to buy. No one else would have it, because none knew for a certainty that James Belshaw was dead, and if he chanced to reappear the deeds would be waste-paper. But wily Captain Roxmorrow, who claimed the title, and had a tongue that could make sovereigns dance out of unwary pockets, persuaded Hamlet Pinchpenny that he was safe. In a week or two the brick carts from Love Lane went that way, and proved that the new era had opened.

But Hamlet's money melted like a spring snow on Red Lap crest. Then the usurer came in, and the mortgage web was spun, and the poor incautious fly was doomed. Dr. Smallpiece observed as shrewdly as any.

"The walls wait," he remarked to Agatha,—"they may wait too long. The winds and rains will come. It is the hand of the Philistine, but it teaches. We have a pretty object lesson in pride with its head in the clouds and its knees knocking the dyke-side."

"Hush, papa!" said Agatha. The door had opened, and Hetty Hood was there with a tray and a letter. She was a good-looking girl, with thrifty ways, and wit likely to be better worth in the long-run than two windfalls after Hamlet's pattern.

The doctor's satire was a little difficult to check, like the stride of his big chestnut. Hetty coloured furiously, and later appealed to Agatha. There was a pitiful tumult in her voice.

"Please, ma'am, if master wouldn't," she said. "It's true, and father's full of it whenever I go across Core's Down. Poor father! it does him no good, and I daren't hold out. I've given Hamlet up. Please, if master wouldn't."

The young mistress was astonished, and said so.

"I've done it, ma'am," Hetty answered. "I wrote Hamlet a letter. I couldn't live up t' Twist Corner in his grand house. I'm noways fit for it. And there was keeping father from—frim"—she did not finish, but there were whispers, and Agatha guessed,—“and I was obligated.”

When Silover had its heart wrung words were apt to get awry. John Glad was judged “a light minister” by Free Hood because once the transient smile flitted at a grave-head. The mourners were hill people and late. Free Hood had lost a colleague, and his face was hard and still. “Not yet, sir,” he said; “the cordage hasn't arrove.”

Agatha Smallpiece smiled faintly now. But she was sorry.

Trouble swept in an avalanche upon the luckless speculator who had hoped to set a vogue in Silover. The grip of the extortioner was tighter every day. Then a wild autumn storm broke. Twist Corner caught the brunt, and gaining leverage in the gaping pit that should have been the hall, the wind first blew out the window hoarding, and then sheared the west wall almost as clean from its fellows as the bright steel cuts hay in a stackyard. Hamlet Pinchpenny went and looked and trembled. And as he turned away he met a short, thick-set man, who measured him over coolly, and then sent a black thread of tobacco juice through the fence.

"Maybe you are Pinchpenny the builder," he said. "I just tell you that's my land you're squatting on, and you'll have to figure out a price with Jim Belshaw, and squeeze what you can of your own back out of that nice old sucked orange, my eloquent cousin, Sidney Roxmorrow. Morning to you, Pinchpenny."

He sauntered on, treating the pelting rain with indifference.

For five livelong hours there was a moving, vacillating, erratic spot hovering now on this side, now on that, of the wreck at Twist Corner. The spot was a man, and sane or mad he was not sure. It rained harder, it rained less, and it made no change and brought no sense of discomfort. The misery and the ruin were facts, smiting, scorching, searing. Through five livelong hours there were no other facts for Hamlet Pinchpenny in the heavens above or in the earth beneath.

Suddenly the first Silover light leaped out, and it was at the Gables. Hetty was there. He had her letter in his pocket, and its torment was in his heart. He remembered curiously that Hetty always praised the doctor as kind and sensible, and with insight where many faced a blank wall. Drowning men catch at straws. Was there guidance through the labyrinth—guidance at the Gables?

Hamlet would have run when his strange new purpose came to the birth. But a weakness seized his limbs. He staggered and went slowly, bidden of a shadow at his side.

It was Hetty who opened the door. The girl recoiled, but he asked for Dr. Smallpiece, and used no reproach nor thought it. His wan face brought treacherous tears into Hetty's eyes afterwards; that and the distraught way of him, and the humbled fashion in which—forgetful—he called her "Hetty" yet.

"Well?"

The doctor glanced, then turned his lamp at fullest and glanced again. More gently by far he said, "What is it, Mr. Pinchpenny?"

"When I was a boy at Batlington, sir," Hamlet began doggedly, "my uncle, Simon Pinchpenny, who left me the money, kept pigs, and one day we lost a great cross-grained sandy boar. I mind it well. There was the run into the orchard slip below the sties. 'Twas the way the creatures went—all but one. But a bar or two to shut off a blind lane got the better o' that wretched old ignoramus. He must nose it up, stakes and all, and wriggle through, and shave his sides uncommon at doin' it. Then he trotted off on his own account."

"Are you crazy, Pinchpenny?"

"More like coming to my senses, doctor. But I'll be short with our old sandy boar. He floundered into a ditch, and floundered out. Next was a rotten fence, and he wasn't to be turned back at that. It went to flitters. And beyond there's the Black Bog to this day. It wanted the fence bad enough. The sandy boar went roaming on; and there slap in the middle he stood, and he stuck, and he sank; and we dug him out—dead! Doctor, I've had it all over this afternoon; and I'm that old sandy boar!"

The man was no jester, nor light of tongue. Not a ripple was round his mouth. His face was truly funereal.

Dr. Smallpiece was touched by the irresistible comely of the situation, and a great guffaw left his lips. But gravity returned as soon, for here was a battle with insidious disease, his daily foe. Quietly he took Hamlet Pinchpenny's wrist and counted.

"You are in trouble at Twist Corner?" he asked. "I think I understand. That's what you mean?"

"It's the blind lane, and the Black Bog, sir, and I'm the old sandy boar." The man reeled on the surgery floor.

"That will do about your Batlington experiences, Pinchpenny. You lodge at Mann's, in Hasty Lane? Yes. Go home and go to bed directly, and stay there till I come. You are ill—very ill. Obey me implicitly, and what I can do I will do. Yes, at Twist Corner also. We must arrange that. Do you put yourself, body and property, in my hands. Shall it be so?"

Things began to take a turn when Hamlet Pinchpenny said "Yes."

It was brain-fever, and for weeks the issue was doubtful. But before the worst Dr. Smallpiece had secured a power of attorney. Then he dealt with James Belshaw and Captain Roxmorrow, and made close terms with Timothy Shale of Dalesbury. The usurer did not dare to seriously quarrel with an imperious Silover potentate known wide and far in the valley. He winced, and yielded.

The double skill snatched a life from the skeleton clutch, and not inconsiderable salvage from the disaster at Twist Corner. There remained something more, for the doctor appreciated a woman's quick white and red. He had the scientific interest, and the human.

"My patient in Hasty Lane mends fast," he said to Agatha. "Now talk Hetty over, and she will finish the cure, and ballast the poor boy. Odd that it should want some feminine trifle to do that."

The sarcasm went wide, for Agatha's brow was dark with perplexity.

"It's Hetty's father," she replied. "He objected from the first, and later, of course, he had a handle. Richard Hood is like them all; he will not soon retreat, and I can see that Hetty is very downcast."

There was that other reason for Hetty's sadness in the background. Both the doctor and his daughter knew; but scandal was not their custom. Neither spoke of it.

"Take Hetty in hand, as I am sure you can—better, none," Dr. Smallpiece said. "And for my part, why, I'll send John Glad to Batlington."

A beam of humorous light very rich and soft shone in Agatha's eyes. An instant and it was gone, and her father was folding his *Times*. Core's Down was not really Batlington, though many used the name indifferently, as covering the whole wide curve from one hilltop to the next. It was there that Pastor Glad ventured on his friend's request, and having slender hope. It was there that his soul was grieved, and that he showed anew the zeal, the tenderness,

the beautiful pity of the man who tends and tracks wayward sheep.

"It is a thousand to one against me," he said. "Richard Hood is a son, as we say at the Turret Chapel. But there are stories. And I do not think I am praised between the brothers."

The minister knew that Hood cobbled the shoes of three hamlets; that nowadays he was seldom in Silover on Sabbaths, choosing the more hilly walk to Witchburn Common, or leaving either congregation to suppose that he formed part of the other; and that he was widowed, and tenanted a lonely tumbledown cottage, despising woman's "tidying."

A report that the minister had not heard, for it belonged to Pastor Whepperill's reign, was tolerably circumstantial, and perhaps marked the beginnings of declension. At that date Hetty's mother was alive, and they rented Sweetbriar Cottage, which was dainty like its name, howbeit the length of a paved passage only from squalid Frewin's Yard. Richard Hood was appointed keeper of the pews and the meagre plate and the outward propriety of the Turret, and it was told that he could measure to the minute the length of Pastor Whepperill's "firstly." The proof of his gift was this: he seemed to hear boys playing on the big stone steps, and silently he stole from the rearmost pew to clear the coast with his frown. The performance was so regular, and the return so timely, that certain of the ribald were truant in the service-hour to watch. They made solemn affirmation that the verger went home and opened a cupboard and fortified himself against the coming pulpit thunder out of a suspicious brown flagon. The talebearers lacked credit by reason of a name for lightness, and no steps were taken. But they had believers.

It might have been the self-same brown flagon that John Glad found on a bare miserable table in a dismal hovel midway up Core's Down. And wretchedness was on every side, and the silent appeal of want, and a man in a sleep that calls did not stir was huddled anyhow on bare corner-boards. The minister knelt and tried to waken him, but a mumble at most was the response.

No food, no covering, no comfort, and the key in a brown flagon. A light that was not scornful overspread Pastor Glad's face. He went softly out, and tramped into Batlington and bought bread and tea and sugar at the village stores, and stranger yet, milk and a jug to hold it, and a teapot, which was a very good basket. He explained nothing, but returned the way he came, much stared at and oblivious and a dreamer.

A little wood—the autumn pickings, doubtless—built a fire and boiled some water, and there was soon a steaming brew. He was a clumsy man, and did his best, and it did not occur to him that all would probably be stone cold again before Hood roused. And next he wrote a label for the brown

flagon, and fixed it, and felt his lips move with a habit which was the new and happy nature. A dreamer? One dreamed on a hilltop when Amalek fled.

Pastor Glad walked the three miles to Silover with slow feet and sorrowing heart. He knew the worst, and discipline was a duty. And he brought no help or hard-wrung consent for Hetty.

A week and a day passed, and Hamlet Pinchpenny could receive visitors. The minister discovered it, for in Hasty Lane he met Hetty Hood, and her rosy face was a fine show of happiness. She would have passed, but he stopped her.

"I see, I see," he said,—"the doctor will lose and another will gain, and I'm sure it is best—for Hamlet Pinchpenny."

He turned it so, and smiled, remembering that the Turret refused to think it best for anybody. But John Glad broke from type.

"It was Mrs. Mann asked me to call, sir," Hetty answered, and her eyes still danced,—“but—but Hamlet's nigh well, and—you're to marry us, sir, if so be you will. I've made him promise that.”

"And your father? I have heard that he objects."

The fair floodtide of colour ebbcd.

"Poor father!" Hetty sighed. "Hamlet is to tell him that he's going to steady work again, and that Mr. Alloway is to live at Twist Corner. It's let already. Mayhap father won't bid us back then."

But another and not Hamlet had won her battle, and a larger issue beside. A shamefaced, shabby man sat in the minister's study, and his horny hands twitched as they sidled in and out of a frayed and fallen bottle-green coat. But he had no preliminaries.

"'Robber of the Fold' was what you wrote for the throat of my whisky jorum," he said. "'Robber of the Fold'—yes! I was fair beat to find out who'd done it at first. Then I had a word at Batlington, and it all came out clear as daylight. It were main good and kind, and Richard Hood's not the man to forget it. 'Robber of the Fold'—yes! I'm not a dullard, and it got home here,"—he struck his poor pinched chest. "I've had a fight since then, and I'm going on with it, Passon Glad. If and so be as you've not settled to turn me out o' church, maybe you needn't. 'Robber of the Fold'—Richard Hood says 'No!'"

The "No" endured, and this was the minister's second sign.

"FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT."

CHATS AT THE CLUB.

BEVERLY was going to be married, and we were puzzled to know what we ought to do in face of that circumstance. Should we ask him to withdraw his name from the list of members,—he had not offered to do so,—or should we choose the more genial alternative of giving him a farewell supper, thus intimating that we regarded ourselves as done with him, though we continued to wish him well, or should we take no notice of the circumstance and leave our future relations to arrange themselves? Henley said it would be better to take no notice, we should thus save the supper—a matter of some importance to our funds; as regarded Beverly, Henley said he would forget all about us for a time, and before he wanted to rejoin us the Club would be as dead as Queen Anne. Henley's talent for making annoying remarks is in proportion to his general lack of intelligence.

Norbury said he did not know why married men should be excluded from the Club; they did not seem to him to be so immensely different from other people.

Stanhope said they were more dull and humdrum and practical, and that they had a bad habit of telling things to their wives.

Henley said practical people were not invariably fools, and that in his experience women could keep secrets quite as well as, or a little better than the

average men. I asked him on what extensive knowledge of women he based his conclusions. As Secretary I still felt annoyed at that remark of his with reference to closing the Club.

Henley said his knowledge of women was not very extensive, but his knowledge of men was fairly wide, and he would defy the average woman to beat them in the matter of gossip.

Norbury said the question at issue was with regard to Beverly, should his membership be continued?

I said a member should only be excluded for breach of rules, and we had not entered any rule of celibacy in the books. To cut a man off from his old associates was not very unlike making marriage penal.

Stanhope wondered if it ought to be penal.

Norbury said he was impatient of that kind of talk. In his opinion there was no more to be said against it than against any other human relationship, social or commercial. As regarded unhappy marriages he was convinced they were by no means as common as theorists, arguing from certain exceptional cases, were anxious to prove.

Stanhope said domestic unhappiness, in his opinion, was due to a circumscribed mental area. People with large interests usually lived peaceably enough in the domestic circle.

"A mutual interest is the best basis for any kind of partnership," Norbury said, a little dogmatically; "an interest in the same things is a pretty good guarantee of peaceful progress together."

Stanhope thought it depended on the source of the interest being of a permanent and not of a passing nature; he said people might be attracted towards each other because they had the same step in dancing, or because they were both champions at tennis or golf, and might marry on the strength of that mutual sympathy. "But it often happens," he added, "that marriage ends the pastime in which the pair were at one."

"What a curious idea!" Norbury said. He had the abstracted look of one who speaks at random, not thinking of what he says, because he is entirely occupied with the suggestion to which he seems to refer. "What suggests to you that an artificial sympathy may lead to a permanent union?"

"Experience! You know Miss — well, never mind her name; I shan't mention it in this connection. She is a worthy little girl, and I wish her well. We have known each other long, but we have nothing in common, absolutely nothing. I have no doubt I bore her as much as she bores me, and further than that it would be impossible to go. Well, last summer we happened to be in the same neighbourhood for our holidays, and as there was a golf club there, I joined. I knew nothing of the game, and the girl, who did know it, volunteered to teach me, and devoted her time to me like a little brick. Over the game we became quite chummy, and *pro tem.* got on admirably together. Now, let us suppose that we had not known each other previously, and therefore had not realised that apart from the game and its interests we were mentally antagonistic, I should have come home engaged to that girl, without any manner of doubt, to the ruin of her ultimate happiness and mine. I assure you there runs a cold shudder down my spine every time I contemplate the prospect."

"Very complimentary to the girl."

"The girl's escape was quite as providential as mine. But many men and women do not escape the danger attendant on such momentary and

partial sympathies, and then there is the mischief to pay! Just think of spending thirty, forty, perhaps fifty years with a woman because she happened to be able to step as high as you in the barn dance!"

Everybody laughed except Norbury.

"Now, in a country like France an accident of that kind could not happen."

"I suppose it is because you did not go to France at Easter that you know so much about it," Henley said; but Stanhope went on, without taking any notice of him—

"The momentary liking between the young people would count for little, if parents and friends found the attendant circumstances unsuitable. I believe it is only among English-speaking peoples that young fools are allowed to compromise their whole future in obedience to a momentary emotion."

"What remedy would you propose?" said Norbury, who seemed to me to have grown a little pale.

"I only draw attention to the fact. I have no remedy to suggest. William Black has treated such a condition in his new novel *Briseis*, which I am now reading with great interest. I am most curious to know how he will deal with an unsuitable engagement that followed a few mornings' fly-fishing."

"He will treat it like tackle and break it," said Henley airily.

Stanhope frowned. "Remember how you spoke of Pemberton," he said.

"How you spoke of him, you mean. For my part, I pitied the fellow." Then Stanhope and Henley began to argue. Norbury said nothing, but it struck me that he was thinking all the more. As he quitted the club-room that night I looked after him.

"Norbury's engagement is deferred *sine die*," I said.

"What do you mean?" Stanhope asked. He talks so much that, as a rule, he does not observe passing events as I do.

"Nothing," I said, "or at least nothing that you might not have found out for yourself."

NORMAN FRENCH.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtue. Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honour that; rejoice in it, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when the time comes.—*Ruskin.*

IN the home of God, of which Christ speaks, we shall all find God. We shall find Him always; find Him without painful and wearisome search; we shall never lose Him. In what ways God will make His presence perceived and felt by us we cannot tell. But to those of us whose chief trouble

is that our vision of God is continually clouded; that our sense of His presence is dull and vague at the best, and is often lost altogether; that we are so wanting in love for other men and in spiritual perception that we fasten upon what is most imperfect in them, are vexed by it, irritated by it, repelled by it, instead of seeing in them possibilities of an infinite perfection . . . to those of us, I say, whose chief trouble it is that we seem to be living in a world where everything conceals God from us, it is a hope which kindles the heart to rapture that the time is coming when we shall live in a world where everything will reveal Him.—*R. W. Dale.*

JOSEPH: THE TYPICAL YOUTH.

 BY THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

IV.—PROSPERITY.

It is not too much to assume that the desire of everyone who dreams of prosperity is for capital. If only money enough could be obtained for a start, what great things might be done! And money has its full value; it may obtain the best implements, may command the best instructors, or may give the required leisure for study and research. But there are some things it cannot do; it cannot purchase patience, energy, or whole-heartedness, without which no true success can be achieved; neither can it guarantee that what is gained without may not be dearly bought by the sacrifice of all that should be cherished within.

You remember the rich fool in the parable? He was a prosperous man according to the world's standard. His granaries were filled to bursting; his ground brought forth plentifully. He was emphatically a self-made man, but, as we hear him speaking to himself at last, we search in vain for any signs of manhood. He has a soul, but he cannot make out what it is for. He turns it into a Furniture Depository, saying, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up: take thine ease. Barn, thou art stuffed; be satisfied. Coffer, thou art filled, shut down the lid!" He was prosperous, but at what a price!—at the cost of all that can make man man.

Are you prepared to repeat his folly? If not, it may be needful to recast some of your ideas of prosperity. There is such a thing as being so eager to gain the means of happiness that when they are obtained the capacity for happiness has departed; there is such a thing as using your soul, your true manhood or womanhood, as a mere cement for building up a structure outside you, so that at the last you yourself, and all that you meant to be, and all that God intended you for, is completely gone; the mere husk or shell of humanity is the only prey the grave can seize.

Yet you are right about the need for capital; it is required, and it is forthcoming. Write out your schedule of all you think you require—money, instruction, time, influence, and the rest. What have you done? At the best you have only dug the channels and not reached the fountain; arranged the book-keeping but never opened the treasury. There is a Deed of Partnership you have not alluded to, but which must be drawn up, signed and sealed, before your truest and highest hopes can ever be realised. It is with God. The earth is His and the fulness thereof; the silver and the gold are His; it is with Him to raise up and cast down; from Him and Him alone, first and last,

can we draw the capital for making life rightly prosperous.

It was with that capital Joseph started, and with no other. It is written—the brief summary and explanation of his life—"The Lord was with Joseph, and" (heaven's logic of events—cause and effect!) "he was a prosperous man" (Gen. xxxix. 2). To write the history of Joseph with this statement, and all that it means, left out, is to describe the sun without a reference to its light.

Consider how this partnership worked: it may supply hints of guidance for yourself. Did Joseph always know that the Lord was with him? If he did, it could only be by his faith dashing at times boldly through all that outward circumstances seemed to declare. To be flung into a pit was scarcely the sign anyone might expect that the Lord was with him. To be sold for a slave was, to say the least of it, not the clearest token of Divine favour that might be desired. To be slandered, defamed, robbed of his good name, and sent to prison, was not the triumphant retort one might expect in response to the mocking question, "Where is now thy God?" Yet "the Lord was with Joseph." If he did not always know it by the signs of sense and sight, he knew it by something better—by the fact that he, in his heart and purpose, was with God. That is what we need to look to first. During the great American War someone piously remarked to Abraham Lincoln, "I hope the Lord will be on our side." "I hope so too," said Lincoln thoughtfully; "but what I am most concerned about is, *that we shall be on the side of the Lord.*" This is what we have to consider in every circumstance, and it is the only thing we have to consider—Are we seeking to be on the Lord's side, or are we only wanting the Lord to come round to ours? Joseph concerned himself with his part, and—"the Lord was with Joseph."

But capital is useless without labour; and Joseph had to contribute his portion to the great Partnership. What he brought into the business is just what you will need to bring too, if ever you would hope to have any good success in your life.

There was, first, a large stock of patience. You find nothing forcible in Joseph's life—no impulsive breaking of bounds, or sudden snatching at what he desired. He had the grace of that self-control that could bide its time. It was for the Lord to appoint his providences; it was for him to use them as they came; and so, whether in the palace or in the dungeon, you find him doing what was

given him to do, as though it was the very thing that he desired above all others. You will go far, and search widely before you come by a homelier or handier virtue than this—the virtue of adaptability—of making the best of circumstances, rather than going about bemoaning them, when they are not exactly to your mind. If your lot is hard and straitened now, then the best way to better it is to do the best you can while in it.

Along with his patience, or rather as the outcome of it, Joseph had cultivated another quality which you would do well to covet too, as we are enjoined to covet earnestly the best gifts. It was the gift of silence. From the beginning to the end of his history you never hear him complaining. Paul and Silas sang hymns in the dungeon because the Lord was with them; for the same reason Joseph smiled rather than sulked. He was a wronged man, but he had no upbraidings. He never even tried to defend himself when a false charge was made against him, far less hurl back the accusation on the accuser. Do not pray for the gift of tongues; pray rather for the gift to hold your tongue. Half the evils of life arise not from deeds that have been done, but from words that have been spoken. While they are still with you a spider's thread may chain them up; once let them escape, however, and they may come back upon you with the thrust and stroke of a resistless army.

Another characteristic element in Joseph's success was his diligence. He was always serving, always busy *doing* something. This faithful diligence came out very markedly when he was at length made ruler of the land. The attainment of a post such as this has been construed by too many as a sign to cease from their labours. Having obtained what they had struggled for, they leave others to do the work. Not so with Joseph; no sooner had he got the appointment than we read, "And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went through all the land of Egypt." What he advised, that he did; he rightly believed that the master's eye was worth two of the workman's hands, and that he who would have a good thing done must see to the doing of it himself. Renounce with all solemnity, once and for ever, all vague ideas about genius and its power to do at a flash what less gifted folk have to stumble and toil after. That is a foolish snare into which thousands have fallen. There is but one genuine genius—the capacity for taking infinite pains. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. While Joseph was faithfully and diligently serving his various masters he was gaining wages that were not in the bond, but which were worth more than silver and gold; for he was gaining the habit of doing well whatever

was worth doing at all—and until that habit is formed in us, we are at the best but building on sand a structure that may stand in the tranquil summer, but will surely topple down at the first rude blast of the winter. If the Lord be with you, this proof of it will always be forthcoming—whatever you do you will seek to do as conscientiously as though it were done in His presence and done for Him.

The last item in the stock Joseph brought to the great Partnership I would speak of now is—his steadfastness to his convictions. He never forgot that he was a Hebrew. To the last, though amongst the Egyptians, he was never of them. Since human nature is much the same in all ages, there is little doubt that Joseph must have had the temptation to pave his way more easily by conforming to the worship of the influential and the great ones around him. To that temptation, however, he never yielded; he was a nonconformist to the end. Others might bow down before their idols as they would, he would worship the Lord Jehovah only. A prosperous man, yet a nonconformist! The thing is rare, but it is rare only because the virtues of "grit," earnestness, and conviction are rare. The sun that ripens the grain brings out the maggots, and the prosperity that brings out the sterling qualities of some quickly discovers the hollowness of others. These change their creeds and opinions, not according to the greater light they receive, but according to the greater worldly advantage they hope to reap. The great day must show how many of these have thwarted the merciful purposes of God. Had Joseph not kept to his convictions, the whole history of God's people would either have abruptly ended or required to have been rewritten. He was raised up to be their saviour in their time of need; had he conformed to the idols of Egypt he would have been their destroyer. Earter away what you will, but never barter away your convictions or your conscience; early or late, your true prosperity will be found to be bound up with these.

For, what is prosperity? This, and nothing more—the right doing of the work God sent us into the world to do. This is the final test, and the final is the decisive test. There are those who have gained all that the world has to give of riches, honour, and fame, over whose life at last the word "failure" must be spoken; while there are those who are treading humblest paths, obscurest of earth it may be, to whom the welcome will be given, "Good servant, well done! faithful in little, be ruler over much!" He alone is prosperous who lives now for that welcome in the end.

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy touch, Eternal Love,

And all is well again.
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Samuel Longfellow.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

WHAT is natural religion? asks a correspondent. And is there such a thing? And if there is, what is the position of Christianity in relation to it? I think these questions may all be answered by a single quotation from the words of Christ. Did not Christ ask the Pharisees, whom He had just described as hypocrites, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" If such words mean anything, they mean that even in hypocrites, who have done much to spoil their spiritual perceptions by insincerity, there is still a power which recognises right and wrong, and discriminates between them. This power or faculty is the basis of natural religion. It exists in all men. It is the power which effectually distinguishes man from the brute. For while it is possible for man to impose his will upon the brute, and so enforce an obedience which may seem to argue an elementary sense of right and wrong, yet we have no evidence of a moral nature in animals. In the various kingdoms of the animal world there are no doubt certain principles of law and government, and even a sense of social order and obligation; but this is very different from the moral nature which discriminates right from wrong. Can we find in any animal those subtle fluctuations of the will in the presence of sin which man knows, those aspirations which transcend the finite and pierce the infinite, those enduring struggles for an ideal right, and purity, and justice, which make human history at once such a tragic and such a glorious record? Some things man may share with the brute, but the soul and conscience are not among them. And so in that magnificent description of man which Shakespeare gives in *Hamlet*, he does not merely say that man is the "paragon of animals," but says also, "how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how exquisite and admirable, in action how like an angel, *in apprehension how godlike!*" Now, it is that godlike apprehension which constitutes natural religion. It is the original divine charter of human nature. And it is the existence of this apprehension even in hypocrites which Christ admits, and to which He appeals when He asks, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?"

* * *

I know very well that theologians usually give a very wide berth to natural religion. And it seems to me that it has been one of the great errors of popular evangelical theology that it has not merely forgotten or ignored this fact on which Christ lays so much stress, but has deliberately obliterated it. In order to magnify the miracle of God's grace it

has suppressed the truth of man's natural power of goodness. It has pushed to the front such a saying as that "in man dwelleth no good thing," and has offered it without explanation or qualification as a full and adequate account of human nature. In the days when theology was more logical and less humane, it went to the extreme length of declaring the utter corruption of every little child, and was brutal and wicked enough to picture hell as full of unsaved infants. We hear no such monstrous doctrine now, but the tendency remains, and many men still treat any praise of human nature, or any assertion of its natural capacity for right, as little less than a wilful insult to the grace of God. For example, it is still widely assumed that the heathen have no virtues, and that in no other religion save Christianity is there the least glimpse of divine truth. But even Paul, who insisted on the entire depravity of human nature as Christ never did, does not venture to say this. On the contrary, he speaks of the Gentiles who "do by nature the things contained in the law," and "having no law, are a law unto themselves." Surely these words are plain enough. We do not magnify the grace of God by belittling human nature: we rather insult God by accusing Him of a blunder in making man at all.

* * *

It seems to me that this truth of man's natural apprehension of right is one that greatly concerns young men. For not merely is this apprehension the divinest of human heritages, but it is capable of development. Does any man ever commit any foul sin without a sense of outrage wrought upon himself? Suppose I assume that I really have no moral nature, that sin is merely a theological phrase, and straightway act on this assumption. Will my soul be quite silent on the nature of my act? Shall I not immediately see what I have done as something far worse than a source of social inconvenience or peril? In other words, shall I not be conscious of *wrong*, and be frightened far less by the possible consequences of my act than by the sense of its horror and loathsomeness? Now, it is precisely this sense that needs development in young men. Most of a young man's sins arise from lack of self-reverence. There is a striking verse of Omar's, the great astronomer-poet of ancient Persia, which is worth recollection—

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of the after-life to spell:
And by and by, my Soul returned to me
And answered, I myself am Heaven and Hell.

That is a truth we all need to learn. We need to

lay less stress upon the after-life, and more upon the present : to appeal less to man's sense of fear for the future, and more to his inherent intuition of righteousness. The words that Christ used to the hypocrites might have been addressed to pagans beneath the shadow of the winged gods of Nineveh, or heathen beside the sacred waters of Benares, and the appeal would not have been in vain. We do know what is right. And for most of us the great need is not further enlightenment, but more fidelity to the light we have.

* * *

Another correspondent asks me to discuss the question, "Why do young men avoid the churches?" I am disposed to reply in Scotch fashion by asking another question, "Do young men avoid the churches?" To my own question I should answer both Yes and No. It is quite certain that they avoid some churches, and they do well to do so. There are wide differences in churches, as there are in all human fellowships and organisations. Very often a young man finds a minister not sympathetic with him. He finds the general life of the church still less so. The minister rarely discusses matters which vitally concern him, or if he does so, it is in a dry or halting fashion. The young man who tries to be good is bursting with questions and ideals and enthusiasms, and the minister appears to have forgotten that he himself was once a young man. The church itself makes no room for him, and does little or nothing to meet his real wants. Then the young man turns away from the church, and says bitter things about churches and parsons. But if he would only push his quest a little further, he would very likely find a church and a minister of a totally different order. He would find sympathy with his ideals and his doubts, a living atmosphere of human friendliness, provision for his intellectual and physical as well as for his spiritual life. And he would find this church full of young men. My personal conviction and experience has been that there is no class so easily won to church as young men. A little sympathy, a little true comradeship goes so very far in the days of youth. And I could point to many churches which are full of young men, who are as manly fellows as you are likely to meet in a day's march. The conclusion seems to be, therefore, that if young men are not in the churches, it is in the main the fault of the church. I do not believe that young men avoid churches from any prejudice against religion or contempt of Christianity, but simply because they do not find what they want in them. And, as I have suggested, it is very far from correct to say or assume that young men as a class do avoid the church, since thousands of congregations owe their life and success to young men.

* * *

I would like to impress upon *W. A. P.* (Dunolly, Victoria), and the many who like him are troubled

over the great problems of religion, one or two elementary conclusions which have been of great service to me. Let me put them in a series of axioms. (1) *That upon the whole the difficulties of unbelief are greater than those of belief.* Browning treats of this in his great poem of *Easter-Eve*. It is hard to be a Christian, is his contention, but still harder not to be one. (2) *There is far more probability for the existence of a Divine Governor of the universe than against His existence.* This comes out in all modern biographies of scientists and sceptics. It was the conclusion of Darwin. It was also the conclusion of John Sterling, who said when near death that he went into the great future with "nothing of fear and very much of hope." (3) *It is more rational and pious to suppose God Himself as limited in power so far as evil is concerned, than almighty in the sense of being able to suppress evil and not doing so.* This is the *crux* of *W. A. P.*'s letter. There is in Mark Rutherford's last book a passage which is helpful. Most of our speculative difficulties, he says, arise from our erroneous conceptions of what omnipotence means. And he continues: "It may be distressing to think that God cannot do any better, but it is not so distressing as to believe that He might have done better had He so willed." This conclusion seems to me in consonance with Scripture. It only remains to be added that the Scripture writers always treat man as capable of becoming God's ally against evil, and promise that in the end of all things evil will be finally extirpated. (4) *That faith is not a property of the intellect, but of the soul, the will, the intuition.* Thus while to the mind many questions may be doubtful and reserved, it is possible to believe with the soul. Christ put this interpretation on the cry of the man who said "I believe; help Thou my unbelief." Scripture uniformly treats faith as a thing of the heart: "With the heart a man believeth unto righteousness." Get rid of the notion that you must get things made clear to the reason before you can believe and be saved. Faith transcends reason. (5) *Whatever we know or do not know, we can do our duty.* Natural religion, of which I have already spoken, provides for this. In this matter we cannot go wrong. And as we do our duty we earn at least a tolerable peace of mind, in spite of the pressure of our speculative difficulties. (6) *Don't worry about the nature of the future.* When an honest and agonised inquirer asked Christ, "Are there few that shall be saved?" He evaded the question, and replied simply, "Strive you to enter in." In other words, let the practical mood cast out the speculative. For my own part, I hold certain beliefs about the ultimate destiny of the race which are full of hope, and I think them well grounded. But I should do no good by enlarging on them. For most of us the question is best left in the background. These are very simple axioms, and it may be said they don't go very far. But they will go far enough to help us out of the

Slough of Despond if we will accept them. At all events, I have found them effectual.

* * *

I cannot enter at large on a fresh discussion of phrenology, in spite of the numerous declamatory letters which have reached me on the subject. On one point, however, I wish to set myself right with my critics. I do not say, and have not said, that all phrenologists are conscious pretenders. On the contrary, no doubt, a very large proportion are sincere. But then so are spiritualists, Mormons, people who read the fortunes of the credulous by cards, tea-leaves, stars, and crystals: and so am I when I say I believe in none of them. What I say is that the average phrenologist has such cogent reasons for giving his subject a good character, that it very rarely happens that he gives him a bad one. I am happy to find that one of my angriest critics, who has the following letters appended to his name, Ph.D. F.F.P.I. F.P.B.A.,—and must therefore be a learned gentleman,—quite agrees with me on this point. For he says would I, if I had a fool before me, "tell a man what I knew, or pity him," etc., and not tell him? But if phrenology is a science it ought to have no pity. If a phrenologist is paid five shillings to give a true verdict on some unfortunate human skull, he ought to earn his five shillings by telling the truth. But the Ph.D. admits that the phrenologist does not do this out of pity when he has a bad subject: and that is all I said. My contention is very simple. To test phrenology properly, the operator should be blindfold, since it is easy enough to read indications of character from the face, the eyes, and the peculiarities of the manner. He should know absolutely nothing of the person examined. He should tell *all* the truth about him. It is not enough that he should be right five times out of six. If phrenology is a science it must be exact. We don't forgive the surgeon who is only occasionally successful in his manipulation of the knife, and neither can we believe in the phrenologist whose chart of character is only right in a portion of its particulars. Moreover, I would humbly suggest that I am not at all the sort of person to whom a challenge to public discussion should be forwarded. I am only a simple individual whose habit is to give my opinion when it is asked for. But there are many great professors of medicine and physiology in the kingdom, and the best way would be to invite them to a public debate. A man of the late Professor Huxley's stamp would be just the man, and would shine in "An Evening with The Phrenologists."

BRIEF ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R. (Insch, Aberdeen). Your verses are distinctly good. They are correct and melodious.—*Churchman* (Sutton). Mr. Kidd's conclusions have been generally accepted. At all events, no writer of note has destroyed or seriously impugned them.—J. M. (Southport). The

subject you name is one of the very open questions of theology. Definite reply is impossible.—*Chapman* (Someset). You can get the information you require by writing to the Secretary of the London University.—G. F. E. (Wigan). In the time you name you could easily visit Grasmere, cross the Kirkstone, ascend Helvellyn, reach Keswick and the Ullswater district. Get a good road map and a guide-book. If it is possible, visit Watwater. Some of the finest scenery lies there. But it lies out of the way somewhat, and your time is very limited.—W. J. (Trevecca). Melancholia is curable. It has more to do with the digestion than anything else. Hard exercise, fresh air, and careful attention to diet would soon work wonders. Your best way would be to consult a doctor.—X. F. Z. (Glasgow). Certainly you will become quite strong again. Fear is the worst of all diseases. Encourage hopeful thoughts. And in spite of your disinclination take up some sport. Nothing clears brain and body better than a spell of hard physical exercise.—*Lorna Doone* (London). The remedy for self-consciousness is to try to look *outward* instead of inward. I know that that is very like saying the remedy for sickness is health. But we can all cultivate certain mental attitudes. Try to take an interest in matters lying outside your own feelings and emotions. In proportion as you succeed you will find your thoughts becoming less morbid, and will achieve a relative happiness.—*Viator* (Bolton). Follow your own suggestion: namely, study mathematics. I am of opinion that every man ought to have some intellectual interest outside his daily employment. It gives suppleness to the mind, and prevents that process of narrowing which all routine work produces. Moreover, no one can tell in what unexpected and strange ways his knowledge may suddenly become of use to him. Some day an emergency rises, and the man who has been quietly arming himself with the weapons of some apparently useless knowledge finds his opportunity. It is surprising how these opportunities do arise. It is very rarely that knowledge is ever wasted: wisdom is justified of her children.—*Roland* (Liverpool). I dare advise no one to give up a fairly remunerative employment. Remember how crowded every trade and profession is. If the opportunity should come, by all means take it. But wait.—*Carl* (Tralee). You are merely frightening yourself. Pluck up courage, and go on doing right.—*Hyppatia* (Cardiff). The verses are creditable. Clark's Civil Service College, Chancery Lane, London, would give you the information required.—*London Clay* (Poplar). I think your essay excellent. It is a fine, strong, sympathetic piece of writing, and has a style of its own (with some evident obligations to Emerson, however). But I dare not advise you to turn definitely from your present employment until you have some distinct journalistic prospect. Look around you for this opportunity, and don't be in a hurry.—J. W. C. (Devon). There can be no doubt about the conduct of an editor who "calmly appropriates" the article of a correspondent, printing it as his own leading article, and refusing to pay for the same. You had better ask for payment.—*City Clerk*. There can be no possible harm in the course you pursue. Surely the most fanatical Sabbatarian would not deny a Sunday swim to a youth who has no means of a bath at home. If this is a sin, I have often committed it when away from home.—G. M. (Loughborough). A very excellent book, giving some results of the Higher Criticism, is Dr. Washington Gladden's *Who Wrote the Bible?* (Clarke & Co., 3s. 6d.).—*Clapham*. You are in a very perilous position, and only a strong sense of right can extricate you from it. If I were in your place I would not wait for six months—no, not for a day. I would put an end at once to what is only too likely to develop into a guilty intrigue.—M. H. (Gillingham). I am sorry that I cannot solve your historical difficulty. But Carlyle was so precise an historical student that there is a strong presumption he was right.

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THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL MANNING.

By W. T. STEAD.

My reminiscences of Cardinal Manning cover only a short period of his life. I did not make his acquaintance until 1884, he died in 1891, it is, therefore, only of the last seven years of his life that I can speak with personal knowledge of one of the dearest and truest friends I ever had. Of late, what with Mr. Purcell on one side, and Cardinal Vaughan on the other, there seems to be a kind of conspiracy against the reputation of the one Roman prelate since the Reformation who succeeded in making himself Archbishop of all England, in fact although not in name.

His biographer and his successor either say or imply in so many words that the Cardinal in his later years was more or less in his dotage, the proof of which seems to be that he made companionship with such persons as John Burns and myself. Both of them are more inclined to speak in pitying terms or in condemnation of all that the Cardinal did after he was seventy. But as a matter of fact the Cardinal was never discovered by the English people, was never recognised as the true Archbishop of all England, until those later years, which people who do not understand him regard as affording deplorable signs of decadence and degeneration. Indeed, we should not be far wrong if we were to regard these last seven years as representing the harvest of his life. In his early Anglican days the seed was sown, the tree had grown to goodly size when he joined the Roman Church, the Catholicism of his new communion was grafted upon the old stock, and for the next twenty or thirty years of his life it grew and prospered, bearing ample foliage and blossoms, but it was not until the last ten years, say, of his life that the fruit

was gathered in. This, at least, was the Cardinal's own view of the matter, and as it is also shared by the English people as a whole, it does not matter very much what Mr. Purcell and Cardinal Vaughan may think to the contrary.

I only refer to the depreciatory criticisms of those who ought to have been the most jealous custodians of the Cardinal's reputation in order to remark that there is no justification whatever as to the alleged failure of the mind or intellect of the Cardinal in these latter days. Upon this subject I think I can speak fairly and with some degree of authority. I saw the Cardinal constantly, sometimes for hours together at a time; we discussed everything, personal, political, social. I saw him in times of grave public crises, and had to do with him upon matters of business, personal, journalistic, and otherwise. I cannot, as I said, compare him with what he was before I knew him, but I can compare him with the ablest of his contemporaries and also with some of those who have come after him, and speaking as a journalist of some experience, who has met on more or less confidential terms most of the leading people at home and abroad, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that to talk of Cardinal Manning's faculties failing him is the veriest nonsense.

His hearing in the last years of his life became dull. That is true; and after 1889 his memory, although as keen as ever for events which had happened earlier in his life, was not quite so good for events which had only occurred comparatively recently. That is to say, it was possible to tell Cardinal Manning as news that which you had previously told him some three

or four years before. That I noticed more particularly the year before he died, but in every other respect I know no one who was more quick and keen of insight, whose reasoning powers were more acute, or who had a greater fund of good sense available than the Cardinal. In making this comparison I have in mind men like, let us say, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain. I don't for a moment mean to say I always agreed with him, I very often did not, but you learn to appreciate the strength of a man more when you are fighting against him than when he is fighting on your side.

When I read Cardinal Vaughan's depreciatory remarks concerning the man whose very memory gilds with an aureole of splendour the throne on which his successor sits, I could hardly repress a melancholy smile as I imagined what Cardinal Manning would have thought of Cardinal Vaughan.

As for Mr. Purcell, I have never had the pleasure of his acquaintance, but as he is so superfine a gentleman that to think the mere printing of my name in his book would defile the pages, it is not very likely that he could appreciate the spirit of sympathy or of chivalry which led the Cardinal to support me so energetically all through the eventful time of the Maiden Tribute.

The Cardinal, although he held strongly to his Roman creed and never lost an opportunity of putting in a word for his Church, was never to me an ecclesiastic; he was a statesman, philanthropist, revolutionist if you will, much more than a mere priest. He may have appeared only as a priest to those who went to him as penitents. To those who were full of the petty wirepulling of the church vestry he may have appeared only an ecclesiastic, but when he saw me he dealt with me as an editor and as a man. He was wonderfully good to me; he scolded me many a time and oft, but it was always in such good part and in such playful good humour that I never remember leaving his presence with even a shadow on my heart. He was not merely interested in your work, but interested in yourself, your wife, your children, and all your belongings, although he had never seen them. He would talk about them with a particularity of detail and interest that often astonished me.

Looking back over the seven years during which I was in close and constant intercourse with the Cardinal, I should say that I was most impressed, first of all, with his Imperialism. He was an imperial Englishman, intensely impressed with the providential mission of his race: the world-wide sweep of the conception which prevails in the Vatican, —one of the few places in the world where they think of the world as a whole,—combined with the habit of thought natural to the race that has built up the greatest Empire

the world ever saw, made him cling passionately to all that tended to exalt the imperial idea. He was not a Jingo by any means, but in his eyes England had a mission as sacred as any that ever was laid upon the Jews or the Romans in olden times, and everything that tended to facilitate that mission, and to promote its success, commanded his hearty and enthusiastic sympathy. Hence he was a strong advocate of everything that was done to strengthen the navy, — certainly in 1884 he seemed to me much more zealous for the building of ironclads than for the building of churches. But this imperialism was based upon the fundamental principle of decentralisation and Home Rule. Our sympathy with Ireland was another great bond between us. He was delighted with my reports from Ireland, and it was because (to use his own phrase) he thought it would do the authorities at Rome good to hear such an Englishman's view of the Irish question as I brought home that he repeatedly urged me to make that visit to the Vatican which I ultimately made in 1889. For the Irish he maintained the most generous and sympathetic regard. It was his belief that their virtues were all their own, and their faults were due to their oppression by the English. For Archbishop Croke he entertained the tenderest feelings of comradeship, and with chivalrous audacity he one time declared in advance that he was willing to support anything whatever that Archbishop Croke and Archbishop Walsh agreed to.

That he suffered many things from his own co-religionists goes without saying, for the "Romans" in this country, as Canon Liddon would call them, are by no means the most enlightened politicians or most enlightened citizens. They worried him very considerably at the time of the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, and his sympathy with the "Irish rebels," as they called them, filled them with a holy horror.

On all questions relating to the welfare of the people the Cardinal took a more all-round interest than any other man I know. The first time I ever saw him I heard him address a meeting in support of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, from the staircase of the Duke of Sutherland's mansion, and I never knew a human being whom he thought he could help whom he was not willing to help. The number of hours which he spent over individual cases was something incredible to those who knew how many calls he had upon his time.

There was an almost boyish humour about him which made him one of the most delightful of companions. As a gossip he was unrivalled; he could almost always cap your stories with some others drawn from the inexhaustible store of his own experience. He was always alert

and full of a sympathetic interest in whatever you told him. He would shut you up if he wanted to change the subject quite abruptly, but with a kindly peremptoriness which never left a wound. He was extremely proud of his League of the Cross. To his people, his children—and all his flock were his children—he was a kind of general “All Father,” but he had to suffer many things from the perverse ones who often held high place in the hierarchy.

He was a Nationalist in Ireland, an Imperialist in England, and a cosmopolitan in the widest sense. The Catholic Church gives immense opportunities for the cosmopolitanising of the mind, if a man is sufficiently great to tower above the monastic walls in which it entombs the minds of many, perhaps the most, of its followers.

When I came from Russia he was extremely interested in knowing what I thought of the Russian Church. I was not much impressed with the spiritual vitality of the Russian Church, and said so both publicly and privately, much to his delight, for the Eastern Church was one of those communions for which he had scant sympathy. After the Eastern Church, I think he cared least for the Anglican, his old denomination. He often used to say that English Churchmen had lost the faculty of understanding the nature of a Church. The Erastianism of the Establishment had eaten the very idea of a truly spiritual organisation out of the Anglicans. With the Nonconformists he had much more in common, and especially with the Quakers; he always said that the Quakers were nearer the Catholic Church than any body not within her fold. Their doctrine of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit was one to which he attached the greatest importance, but at the same time no man took so little stock in what may be called the thaumaturgic side of his creed. He said that he believed in the miracles, such as the healings at Lourdes and the rest, but did not care about them, and for his part would not cross the road to see a miracle on the other side of the street. Such things had happened and would happen, but they did not concern him.

He was very anxious that I should go to France

and spend a couple of months investigating the work of anti-clericalism. His object in this was twofold. One was his wish to convince the English public of the essentially persecuting nature of the French freethinkers, and another even more important was to obtain fresh evidence to convince the Pope that his policy of antagonism to the Republic was based on an anachronism. It was with great joy he saw before his death the success of the counsels he had repeatedly pressed upon the Pope by the adoption of a policy on the part of Rome towards the Republic which freed the Papacy from the reproach of being the handmaid of Royalist conspiracy.

When I went to Rome he told me he did not think I should be impressed with what I saw there. “The true genius of the Catholic Church,” he said, “is not to be sought among the wirepullers of the Vatican, but among the humble peasants and priests in such places as Ireland and the Bavarian Tyrol.”

The only trace I ever saw in him of a weakening of his faculties, or rather of his nerve, was the exaggerated impression he had of the possibilities of a social revolution. Events may prove hereafter that he was only premature in his prognostications. His imagination was oppressed by the sense of the misery of the masses of the people, and nothing would have surprised him less than a revolutionary rising in East London which would have cost much bloodshed to repress. Therein his judgment was unduly swayed by his sympathetic imagination. But though that dread haunted him as a nightmare at the back of his mind, it never interfered with the cool, calm, steady handling of each crisis as it arose.

Cardinal Vaughan, his successor, has an imposing presence, but the tact, courage, and resource of Cardinal Manning are wanting, and above all, the intuitive sympathy which his predecessor possessed with all sorts and conditions of men, especially those who were without the pale of the Church, is sadly lacking. Cardinal Vaughan may administer his diocese in the most exemplary fashion, but he will never be, as Cardinal Manning was, the real Primate of all England.

THE August number of *The Young Woman* is a special summer number, full of bright reading for the holidays. Amongst the contents we may mention “Kingsley’s Village,” a beautifully illustrated article on an afternoon at Eversley; complete stories by Mary Bradford-Whiting and Deas Cromarty (illustrated); an illustrated character sketch of the ex-Empress Eugenie; “Everything saith, Glory!” a holiday sermon specially contributed by Dr. R. F. Horton; “On the Shores of the Zuyder Zee,” an illustrated article by Katharine

S. Macquoid; “How to Make a Salad,” by Lucy H. Yates; “In a Jaunting Car,” a delightful sketch of an Irish Holiday by Mrs. S. A. Tooley (with several illustrations); “Books for the Holidays,” by W. J. Dawson; and “Holiday-Making,” by Mrs. Esler. Will you help us by introducing this remarkable threepenny-worth to your sisters and lady friends?

PROGRESS does not ride on a powder cart. Progress rides in the chariot of the Prince of Peace.—*Rev. W. L. Watkinson.*

THE STORY OF "PUNCH" AND HIS MERRY MEN.

BY THE REV. R. E. WELSH, M.A.

God made laughter, and *Punch* is one of its prophets. Its merry men, "quoting, quipping, quaffing," have sent rippling sunlight in smiles across dull, care-worn countenances. It is said to be "easy to be witty and wicked"; but *Punch* has been witty and clean, and, on the high authority of Thackeray, "there never were before published in this world so many volumes that contained so much cause for laughing and so little for blushing, so many jokes and so little harm."

Punch is not a mere literary creation, but a distinct, incarnate personality — not a journal so much as a "character." He is a notable gentleman, a lively little hunch-back; no mere clown, droll, or roisterer, but the impersonation of good - humour, of sprightly sagacity, of well-bred wit, of fine honour innocent of priggishness, and of kindly, fatherly wisdom.

That old-young, wise and merry master — look at him! Look at that portly little figure with those slender shrunken legs; at the elongated hump that endows him with weighty dignity; at the inquisitive nose which courts the aspiring chin across the tight, retreating lips. And those rare stubbly hairs on his head! And those eyes, that ogle or rebuke, speak approval or keep close watch! And what sublime complacency pervades his bland countenance when he is pleased to be pleased! He adapts himself naturally to all the varied characters which he has to assume: the mentor of Royalty, the Speaker of the House, the umpire among the nations, the counsellor of statesmen, the wise father, the faithful critic, the magistrate, the policeman, the schoolmaster. In such capacities he presides over the life of the country and even of the world.

Many have wished to know where and when he

was born, how he entered upon the career of a witty sage and censor. The present writer has long been a student of all available *Punch* literature, and is indebted to Mr. Spielmann's ample and admirable *History of Punch*—recently issued—for only a few of the facts given in the present sketch.

More than one has laid claim to the credit of having originated *Punch*. Certainly more than one had dreamt of an English comic journal in imitation

of the Paris *Charivari*. Mr. Spielmann has now settled the dispute by proving that it was Ebenezer Landells, the wood - engraver, who conceived the paper; that it was Henry Mayhew, the resourceful humorist, who took the proposal and gave it shape and character; and that it was in Mark Lemon's house, and afterwards in the "Edinburgh Castle" tavern, Strand, that the first group of bright wits gathered who were to form the staff. Three joint editors—Henry Mayhew, Mark Lemon, Stirling Coyne—were appointed. Their henchmen were to include Douglas Jerrold, Gilbert à Beckett, Percival Leigh, and others whose names are now unfamiliar.

I am happy enough to possess a facsimile of

the original prospectus which was drawn up at these preparatory meetings, in the handwriting of Mark Lemon, who ere long became sole editor. In this draft we observe that half of the title has been written and then erased, and the words appear to have been "The Fun." It seems that the first intention was to call it "The Funny Dog," and at the end of the prospectus as issued are some "Funny Dogs with Comic Tales." This title had been partly written by Mark Lemon, when, according to the story current, a playful allusion was made to Lemon's name, someone averring that the journal,

Handwritten prospectus of Punch:

Handwritten: *Handwritten:* *Handwritten:*

I will for out shortly
a new work of art
the called

the London Charivari

This prospectus is intended to form a refuge for disaffected art - an asylum for the thousands of orphan jokes - the superannuated be stellers - the millions of penurious puns which are now wandering about without so much as a shilling to set upon 'em. It will also be devoted to the 'emancipation of the low despotic all over the world and the naturalization of those alien doughnuts whose adherence to the truth has forced them to emigrate from their native land.

The proprietors feel that the eyes of Europe will be upon them that every noble mind, like our political patriots -

No 1.
Mark

FACSIMILE OF ORIGINAL PROSPECTUS.

CANDIDATES UNDER DIFFERENT PHASES.



FIRST CARTOON.

like a good mixture of punch, would be nothing without lemon in it! "Capital!" exclaimed Mayhew. "A capital idea! let us call it *Punch*!" So the proposed name was changed on the spot. At the top of the prospectus are the heads of Lords Morpeth, Melbourne, and Russell, — likely to be "out" of power soon.

"To be out shortly (price twopence) a new work of wit and whim, embellished with cuts and caricatures, *PUNCH, or the London Charivari*. This guffaw-graph is intended to form a refuge for destitute wit, an asylum for the thousands of orphan jokes, the superannuated Joe Millers, the millions of perishing puns which are now wandering about without so much as a shelf to rest upon! It will also be devoted to the emancipation of *JEW d'esprit* all over the world, and the naturalization of those alien *JONATHANS* whose adherence to the truth has forced them to emigrate from their native land." On the second page of the MS. it goes on to say: "Punch has no party prejudices. He is conservative in his opposition to Fantoccini and political puppets, but a progressive Whig in his love of *small change*."

Clearly the lucky title was the more readily accepted since it suggested "Punch and Judy." Hence came Toby, on the present title-page; and hence, too, the witty Mr. Lucy's "Essence of Parliament" by "Toby, M.P."

On the 17th of July 1841, *Punch* came out and made his bow before "the eyes of Europe." The first cartoon, "Candidates under Different Phases," appears to us to be only second-rate: to the public of the day it appeared superb. Yet for a time the venture threatened to collapse for want of capital— it was said to have been started upon £25! It was the first issue of the *Punch Almanack* that compelled popular interest, multiplying the circulation by twenty. Fortunately the concern was taken

over by Bradbury and Evans, who had created the *Daily News*, and now it is one of the best journalistic properties in the land.

One of the most picturesque institutions in connection with *Punch*, as most people now know, is the dinner at which the staff assemble. For over fifty years, with rarely a break, this little "Parliament of Wits" has sat at *Punch*'s "Round Table," occasionally in summer at Richmond or Greenwich, but otherwise regularly in Bouverie Street, Strand. Thackeray sang of this "Round Table" (it is oblong!) as "The Mahogany Tree" (although, to be once more prosaically accurate, it is of common deal)—

Here let us sport,	Boys, as we sit,
Laughter and wit	Flashing so free.
Life is but short—	When we are gone
Let them sing on,	Round the old tree.

On this famous table each contributor who joins the staff carves his initials close to the initials of the predecessor whose vacant seat he takes, thus carving his name on a roll of fame.

Dinner cleared away—with its feast of reason and flow of *bowls*—and pipes lit, the evening papers are scanned for the latest intelligence, and the first question is, "What shall the 'big cut' or cartoon be?" They suggest and discuss, each emitting the particular flash of light natural to his wit, till at last the subject and its form are chosen, and then entrusted to Sir John Tenniel for execution. Other cuts and topics are selected; and on the Wednesday evening, when we are smiling over the new number, the contents of next week's issue are being settled.

Very few outsiders have ever been admitted to these weekly dinners of the staff, among the few



JOHN LEECH.

having been Dickens, Sir John Millais, Dean Hole, and Sothorn the actor. A good story is told of Sothorn's visit. It was the Prince of Wales's wedding-day, and the streets were packed. Arriving on the farther side of the road, the actor was

baffled in every attempt to force a way across. A happy idea! "Get me through," he whispered to a policeman, "and I'll give you a sovereign." "Afraid I can't, but I'll try." In vain: the crowd protested and resisted. A happier idea! "Look here," exclaimed Sothern, "put your handcuffs on me, drag me through and land me at that door, and I'll give you two pounds." The handcuffs were fastened: the crowd made way for the culprit, and the ruse succeeded. "You'll find the money in my waistcoat pocket," said the grateful comedian. A *Punch* man had watched the fun from an upper window, and hurried down in time to give the constable a stealthy hint and bribe to take his departure, leaving Sothern to eat his *Punch* dinner with his hands in handcuffs!

"Mr. Punch's Fancy Ball," a double-page cartoon by Leech (Jan. 1847), gives characteristic portraits of the early staff, representing them as the orchestra making music for the dance of Wellington, Russell, Cobbett (with the *Standard* as Mrs. Gamp), and others, Mr. *Punch* leading off with Miss Britannia. Mark Lemon wields the conductor's baton, endeavouring to moderate the vehemence of Douglas Jerrold, who beats the big drum violently. Thackeray with shaggy head plays the piccolo, Tom Taylor the piano, Gilbert à Beckett the violin, Percival Leigh the double bass, Horace Mayhew the cornet, Leech and Richard Doyle each the clarinet.

Look at any copy of *Punch*—at its title-page with its revelling, sportive, fairy figures, bearing the signature "R.D." with a "dicky" bird perched upon the initials. It is the fanciful handiwork of "Dicky" Doyle, the weekly reminder of that shy, boyish artist who at the age of nineteen began the career of a *Punch* caricaturist which promised so much and ended so unfortunately. He was a sincere Roman Catholic, and when, during the Anti-Popery scare of 1849, *Punch* joined in the national outcry against the establishment of a Roman hierarchy in England, when Douglas Jerrold sarcastically recommended the Pope to "feed his flock on the wafers of the Vatican," Doyle, after remonstrating in vain, resigned and withdrew—to the sorrow and impoverishment of the staff, and to the loss of a career for himself. Gentle, lovable, high-principled he was: did he not at a later date, again for conscience' sake, refuse to illustrate Swift's works? It is the irony of time that now a Roman Catholic,

Mr. F. C. Burnand, presides over the *Punch* table!

No one has ever sat at that Round Table in Whitefriars in whom we take such a fond, personal interest as John Leech. A charming memory of him has floated down to us from his contemporaries. May I not rightly call him the Charles Lamb of the pencil? Over six feet in height, with open, handsome, sensitive face, and eyes deep and rich, at times dancing with Irish humour, at other times grave with tender pity and the pale cast of thought, he was by all beloved for his gentle, honest heart as much as for his mirth and wit. Here is a story which illustrates the universal affection entertained for him.

The old Duke of Atholl had aroused public enmity by closing his grounds against sightseers. Leech put him in *Punch* in the churlish, cur-ish, character of "A Scotch Dog in the Manger." The

caricaturist happened soon after to be on a pedestrian tour which took him through Glen Tilt and the Atholl estate, when he encountered a gentleman on horseback, followed by a groom. "Is it possible," said the rider, "that I now behold John Leech?" The gentle culprit replied, hesitatingly, timidly, that he was on the way to the Blair Atholl inn for the night. The Duke changed his tone, bade the groom

dismount and help the visitor into the saddle, insisting on taking him as a guest to the Castle. Arriving at a precipitous and dangerous pass, his Grace saw Leech hold back, and turned upon him gruffly, demanding whether he was the man who had caricatured him in *Punch*. Confused by the giddy depths and the discomfiting charge, Leech stammered out some apologetic reply. It was the Duke's revenge—and his fun! The two dined together that night on the best of terms.

Young Leech and young Thackeray, who sat together round *Punch*'s "Mahogany Tree," had sat side by side as schoolmates at Charterhouse. In the interval Leech had gone to "Bart's" as a medico. The Hospital proved a capital art-school, giving him such a knowledge of anatomy and the human frame as served him well in his future artistic career. Everyone came to know the apt sign-manual beneath his *Punch* drawings—a leech wriggling in a bottle.

It is curious that the first contribution of the man who became the leading spirit and paramount



glory of *Punch* had the effect of immediately sending down the circulation. It was "Foreign Affairs"—dishevelled "Mossoos," refugees from French revolutions, who were then crowding around Leicester Square. The big-hearted man had prejudices, some of them directed against "foreigners," Irishmen, and Jews.

His favourite method of treating public men in his political cartoons was to picture them as naughty street-boys, or, on happier occasions, as good boys receiving public prizes. Young Tenniel soon came along and took over the political cartoons, leaving Leech free to follow his bent for "Pictures of Life and Character." It is in social subjects he most delights us—the humours of the street, the moors, the seaside, the kitchen, the parlour, the smoke-room. What inimitable urchins and crossing-sweepers he gives us! See them in the picture, "Mr. Briggs has gone to the Exhibition: a boy holds his horse in the meantime." Look at those merry, ragged rascals, each claiming a ride in turn! He laughs at them, but there is love, and no cynic sneer, in his laughter, warm humanity in his humour.

Here they are—the boys he loved and revelled in portraying. Here, the schoolboy out for a holiday, who has been "tucking in" at the pastrycook's. "How many have you had?" "Two jellies, seven of them, and eleven of them, and six of those, and four Bath buns, ten almond cakes, and a bottle of ginger-beer." No wonder the young hero looks solemn! How exquisitely, too, he ridicules the ancient little prigs and dandies who ape the style of their seniors, and think themselves too blasé and mature to dance with girls. And those adventurous lads, the worry of their mothers' lives—as, for instance, "Master Jackey, who has seen a professor of posturing, and has a private rehearsal of his own in the nursery,"—the precious infant held in mid-air during mother's absence.

His genius frolics among scenes of deer-stalking and fishing, among gillies and poachers. What

laughter followed the expeditions of his "Mr. Briggs," the undaunted "podgy" Englishman in kilts, who went as a sportsman to the Highlands, and fished and followed the deer, and kept up his brave little heart amid countless failures! What

pictures of the humours of the hunting-field! In following the hounds in Herts in company with Sir John Millais, he used to keep close behind any rider who promised lively attitudes. What "cabbies" and costers at the Derby! What high-and-mighty flunkeys! What comicalities in the world of "Servant-galism"! And

what glimpses of "domestic bliss," of nagging wives and grumbling husbands! See the head of the family: "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful." He lifts his eyes and sees what he is about to receive: "H'm! *Cold mutton again!*" What a fall from his grace!

Leech, however, was not after the style of Du Maurier's "Snagsby," the "funny man." He had a deep vein of earnestness, a strong sense of the pathos and tragedy of human life. In the man of mirth was moral feeling, and even a tinge of melancholy. Stay to observe "The Great Social Evil. A Sketch not a Hundred Miles from the Haymarket. Time, Midnight." Two girls meet in the drenching rain, "with muddled paint on their cheeks, and weak, hopeless mouth, and frayed shoes." What unutterable pathos, and pity, and moral significance in the words of "Bella: 'Ah, Fanny! How long have you been gay?'" What compassionate irony in that misnomer "gay"!

He was a man of pure domestic instincts, no *habitué* of Clubland, a lover of wife and home. From very goodness of

heart his resources were sometimes drained for the relief of friends in distress, and although for his more than three thousand drawings in *Punch* he received, during twenty years, some £40,000, he died poor.

The noises of the street, in spite of the device of double windows, helped to wear out his nervous

IMITATION.



MASTER JACKY HAVING SEEN A "PROFESSOR" OF POSTURING, HAS A PRIVATE REHEARSAL OF HIS OWN IN THE NURSERY.

DOMESTIC BLISS.



Head of the Family. "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful.—[Exit Cold Mutton again.]
Wife of the Family. "Ah! a fine cold dinner for the children. I wonder what the old fellow has been doing with his money."
Punch is not a hundred miles from the Haymarket.

strength. He often expressed, in his "cuts," his detestation of the barrel-organ nuisance. His friends tried to laugh him out of it. "You may laugh," he would say, "but I assure you it will kill me." And undoubtedly it helped to do so.

When striving to finish a drawing, he said to his wife, "Please God, Annie, I'll make a fortune for you yet"; and within a few hours the same voice whispered into the same

ear, "Annie, I'm going." His worn body was laid in Kensal Green one October day in 1864, separated by only one grave

from Thackeray; and thus the two who had been close friends in school and in life's work, in death were not divided. The greatest authors and artists of the land were there that day, and none attempted to conceal his grief.

(To be concluded.)



FOREIGN MISSIONS.

By DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

THE history of foreign missions affords a brilliant exemplification of the words, "My kingdom is not of this world." However much some evil-disposed persons may question the motives of the missionary, there is a nobility about his work which distinguishes its celestial nativity. You have seen a young man whose spirit yearns for the salvation of his race: he is educated and mentally strong; his home is a scene of happiness, parents and relatives hold him in highest regard; were he to employ his talents in his fatherland they might ensure him competence and perhaps renown; but he is determined to realise his convictions of duty; he is ready to sever the strong attachments which bind him to the land of his birth, and brave the innumerable perils which

may beset his enterprise—forasmuch as his kingdom is not of this world.

You find in such a youth an illustration of a principle already enunciated; he is not destitute of interest in the political progress of his nation, far less is he wanting in affection to those who gave him life—but he cannot make a kingdom of such considerations; he renders to them the attention due to their respective merits, but in his estimation there are claims whose importance is infinitely greater. His life-cry is, "For me to live is Christ, everything must subordinate itself to Christ. Christ is the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely; He redeemed me with His blood, and shall be served with undivided energy."

WE are assured by French readers that Zola is read much more in England than in France. One thing is quite certain, in spite of prejudices to the contrary, our neighbours give a good deal of time to their classics. The success of Messrs. Colin's series, "Pages choisies des grands Écrivains," bespeaks a ready public. These handy, well-printed volumes commend themselves equally to English students. We have here selections from the great writers of France, with biographical introduction, critical analysis, bibliography, and brief notes. In each case the editor's name affords guarantee of scholarship. Former volumes have been devoted to Flaubert, Michelet, Renan, Georges Sand, and others, to be followed by selections from Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, and Guizot. The latest addition deals with Chateaubriand, a writer pre-eminently lending himself to the process. Who could read Chateaubriand through? Yet the fourfold author, as he has been styled, is not to be neglected by the lover of French literature. Whether we turn to

his *opus magnum*, "Le Génie du Christianisme," in which he appears under the first of his fourfold aspects, to the works in which he appears as the precursor of romanticism, prose poet, or traveller, we find the same brilliant qualities. "His style," writes his present editor, "is too redundant for modern taste; his ideas, properly speaking, are few in number. But both ideas and style burst upon the world of letters as a magnificent novelty. The impulse they gave to literature makes itself felt in our own day." The short sketch of Chateaubriand's life is very entertaining.

BETTER to stem with heart and hand

The roaring tide of life, than lie

Unmindful on its flowing strand

Of God's occasions drifting by.

Better with naked nerve to bear

The needles of this goading air,

Than in the lap of sensual ease forego

The godlike power to do, the godlike aim

to know.—Whittier.

IN HOLY ORDERS.

MRS. LEE, bedmaker of Pembroke College, Cambridge, was engaged in clearing away the breakfast things of Mr. John Travers. It was obvious that Mrs. Lee was preoccupied, and had something on her mind. She was unusually silent, however, until she was just leaving the room, when she turned round with the question, "Did you see Mr. 'Alliday last night, Mr. Travers?"

"No," replied Travers.

"Oh, then I suppose you don't know 'e got engaged last night?"

"What!" yelled Travers, dropping the pipe he was filling in his astonishment. "Halliday engaged?"

"So 'e told me 'is own self only last night," continued Mrs. Lee in an important manner. "I 'ad to go hup to 'is room, and there I found 'im, beamin' and grinnin' about 'is room, 'uggin' a photograph. As I stood gazin' at 'im, me bein' all of a 'eap as you might say, he sez sudding like, 'Mrs. Lee, I'm in love.' 'Mr. 'Alliday,' I sez, 'this is too sudding, and me with my poor 'usband, which 'is name was Alfred, only dead and gone these six months, and the bill not yet paid for 'is toombstone, which was 'eavy, 'im bein' a large man. No, sir,' I sez, 'no, sir.' When 'e could speak for lartin' at me, 'e told me as 'ow it was a Miss Turnbull. Then 'e seemed to think 'e 'ad been talkin' too much, and 'e sez, 'Good-night,' quite curt like, which is strange, considerin' I 'ave been"— But here Travers, who had been vainly endeavouring to check the flow of Mrs. Lee's conversation, burst out, "For goodness' sake, Mrs. Lee, dry up and go away."

Mrs. Lee sniffed violently, and when outside the door said, in a very audible voice, "Well, I'm blessed," and also added "that she never did," and then kept on sniffing all the way down the stairs.

When the faintest echo of the last sniff had died away, Travers threw himself into his chair and ruminated on the news. He and Edgar Halliday, familiarly known as Mickey, had been at Harrow together, and had come to Pembroke as freshmen the same day. They were inseparable friends, and Travers was greatly excited by this last turn of events. "Fancy Mickey engaged," he said to himself, "and to that Turnbull girl. I saw in May week he was hit, but so were half a dozen other fellows. I never dreamed she would have him. It's a mad mistake. They're not suited a little bit. Let me sum them up as well as I can. Halliday is one of those steady-going, good sort of chaps, takes most things seriously, and would go in for a thing like this with his whole heart if he once started. Some fellows think him a prig; he isn't that, I know him too well. There are two things which are rather against him: in the first place, he has hardly any sense of humour, and secondly, he is most fearfully sensitive. Beyond his private means,

which are only about enough to keep himself, his only prospect, I believe, is the promise of a curacy.

"Now let me consider Muriel Turnbull. I suppose it is she. As far as I know the lady, she is one of those to whom the worship of mankind has become a necessity. Undoubtedly she is attractive, can talk well, and, most important and dangerous of all, she is a splendid listener. She has been used to plenty of money, and will probably continue to require it, and I should think she is as thick-skinned as Mickey is sensitive. Therefore I state it as my deliberate conviction that they are both asses, that the world is upside down, and that my only immediate consolation is tobacco." At this moment Halliday dashed into the room.

"Jack, old man, I've done it."

"Have you?" replied Travers. "You might shut the door."

"Didn't the e-steemed Lee tell you?"

"She mentioned something about an engagement, I think."

"Hang it all, Jack, you're like an iceberg," said Halliday. "Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"Yes, Mickey, I do. As a matter of fact my bacon was cold this morning; that always makes me cynical."

"Yes," went on Halliday, "it is all settled. Muriel is quite willing to wait until I get a living. I don't think that will be long in coming, and then we are going to do a grand work together. I do want to do something to lighten the awful load of some of the poor and outcast in this land, and my longing is for a London parish, where I can organise a grand Social movement."

"What did Muriel say?" asked Travers.

"Oh," replied Halliday, "she said it would be very nice, only she would like it in the country, because we shouldn't get any tennis at a London rectory, and she thought the country poor were usually more polite. I don't think she quite understands all I want to do, but it will be my delightful task to educate her. God helping us, Jack, we will do some good with our lives yet."

"Shake hands, Mickey," said Travers. "You're a brick, and I know you have done what you think is right. I suppose I shall drift along and get into Parliament some day—that is my governor's expectation, and be a useless kind of beggar all my life—that is my expectation. But never mind me, are you coming down to the nets this afternoon?"

"No," said Halliday, "cricket gives way to-day. I am going to see Muriel."

"Oh, of course," replied Travers; "I forgot."

Langton Hall is a pleasant, roomy house, some two miles out of Cambridge, and it was here that

Mrs. Turnbull lived with her two daughters, Kate and Muriel, Muriel being the younger. The only son was at this time with his regiment in India.

The two girls were breakfasting alone, and Kate lost no time in introducing the one absorbing topic.

"Muriel," she said, "mother tells me that Mr. Halliday proposed to you last night and that you accepted him."

"My dear Kate," replied Muriel, "your information, as is customary with you, is entirely accurate."

"Muriel," cried Kate energetically, "I want you to answer one question candidly—do you love him?"

"Your solemnity and energy are alike terrifying," lazily replied Muriel. "You surely must know that nowadays love, in such affairs, is mainly confined to the middle classes. I like Edgar very much; he fascinates me, and appeals to my imagination. You know I have been reading a book lately about a girl who married a clergyman and did a lot of good, then she caught something horrid and died, and there was a tremendous crowd at the funeral, and everybody said nice things. Well, I feel I should like that, only I should like to get better, and then the people could say the nice things while I was convalescent, and I should hear them. Still, I believe I almost love Edgar, I respect him; he is a good man, and besides, he rows awfully well. Don't you think the Pembroke colours are sweetly pretty? They suit him because he is dark. He will be here this afternoon; we are going on the river. Won't it be jolly? I shan't have to take you everywhere as chaperone now, Kate."

"Yes," said Kate, "it will be very jolly."

"Oh, I say," went on Muriel, "I have just thought of it; I promised to go driving with Charlie Lowe of Trinity to-morrow; he has got his sister up. I suppose I ought not to go now; it's rather a pity."

"Why don't you take Mr. Halliday, dear?" said Kate; "then Mr. Lowe would have more time with his sister."

"Don't be horrid," said Muriel. Then she added pensively, "I hope Charlie won't be silly when he hears about me; I'm sure I was nothing more than friendly." Then a thought struck her. "I answered your question, didn't I, Kate?"

"Yes," replied Kate, "you have answered my question. I congratulate you, Muriel, on being engaged to a man like Mr. Halliday."

"I believe you mean something nasty by that, Kate; but it's too hot to be cross. I am going to see about the canoe. Don't look grieved; I'm not a bit offended."

"Ah, Muriel," said Kate, when she was alone, "when you said, with your cheap, second-hand cynicism, that love was confined to the middle classes, you little thought how I cared for and loved the man you have won. Well, my romance is over. I was mad to think that he would stoop to pluck the daisy when he could reach the rose. No one, mercifully, knows my secret, and my pride will

keep it now. They have often told me I was a born actress; I shall have a chance now of proving the truth of the assertion.

"That sounds like mother coming; I am called upon to play my part sooner than I expected. Good-morning, mother," she said, as Mrs. Turnbull came in. "Muriel has just gone out. She seems very happy; we have been talking things over together, and I am sure we ought all to be very pleased."

"I am so glad," said Mrs. Turnbull; "a constant affection for a good man will be a splendid thing for Muriel. Do you know, my dear, I have been thinking for some time that I half suspected you had rather more than a friendly interest in Mr. Halliday?"

"What an inveterate matchmaker you are!" laughingly replied Kate. "I am more than content to stop with you, so dismiss that idea at once, please." Inwardly Kate said, "I am learning my part."

Halliday passed the morning in a fever of impatience. Force of habit took him to his lectures, but they were wasted upon him in his excitement, and after a scanty lunch he rushed off.

Muriel and he passed an idyllic afternoon on the Granta. As he gently paddled the Canadian canoe along under the shade of the overhanging trees he was at his best, talking as he well could; and Muriel, with her faculty for sympathetic listening, let him talk on, and where she didn't follow or understand him, was too wise to say so. And when the evening shades were falling and the setting sun was turning the water into liquid gold, Halliday spoke of his early life, how as a child he had lost father and mother, and of his loneliness and friendlessness.

It was all new to Muriel. The men she had known had never talked like this; it had been amiable chatter and chaff and little more, and she was, in spite of herself, impressed and sobered, and conscious of a desire to be worthy of this man who loved her.

So passed the time, and Halliday was happier than he had been for many long years. When he got back to college, and was going up his staircase, he saw a light in Travers' room, so looked in.

"Hullo, Mickey!" called out Travers. "Is that you so early? Unburden your soul, old man, and describe the blissful time; otherwise you will choke, and Mrs. Lee will refer to you as 'as the dead and gone' which 'is name was 'Alliday.'"

"Look here, Jack," answered Halliday, "if you think I am going to pour out my experiences for you to grin at, you are wrong. Still, I have had a splendid time," he went on, settling into a chair; "her people are so nice. Do you know her elder sister, Kate? She was particularly friendly. I feel I have got a home again—a new experience for me."

And then Halliday talked for nearly an hour of Muriel; and Jack, like the patient, much-enduring fellow he was, didn't grin, but only felt, particularly

when he had said good-night to his friend, that he was sorry and anxious about something or other, and that something was so ill-defined and visionary that he got angry, and called himself a pessimist, and went to bed.

At the end of the summer term both Halliday and Travers went down. They passed some time of the Long Vacation together, and then Travers started off on a tour round the Colonies. Halliday came out of his theological Tripos with great credit, was duly ordained at St. Mary's, and obtained his promised curacy at St. Stephen's, Walworth. He had to live near the church, and so he found lodgings in a squalid street, opposite a disused burial-ground, now turned into a playground.

His rector, the Rev. E. S. Howard, M.A., was a kindly, gentlemanly man, but not one to whom Halliday could look as a leader, and not the man to inspire him with enthusiasm.

The living of St. Stephen's had been in the Howard family for generations, and the rectorship was regarded as a matter of course for one of the younger sons. The present rector was exceedingly particular that everything should be seemly and in order; he had an intense dislike for scenes of any sort, and was a strong opponent of anything unusual or sensational. One or two sermons on Sunday, a little visiting, the superintendence of the distribution of charities, these he considered were the begin-

ning and end of his duty to his parish. He liked Halliday from the first, and although he repressed and often poured cold water on his curate's projects, yet he secretly admired him for the suggestions.

Halliday, however, was slowly realising that he was disappointed. It had been his ambition, his earnest longing, to work in such a parish as this, poor, crowded, and largely indifferent; and he had imagined himself working shoulder to shoulder with the rector, and winning to the Church he loved the mass of the people—winning them to a nobler, better, and

purser life. But he found himself chilled by his rector's apathy; the scenes which moved him beyond endurance, the tales of oppression and woe which made his blood boil, were things which moved not the rector; he had known them too long, and his heart had hardened. In spite of all this, Halliday gained influence, and his tall, athletic figure became known and watched for by many; and there were men who could tell from what transgressions a manly, straightforward word from the curate had saved them. And so by degrees there grew together a little band, who came to realise something of the Christian life and what it meant. Night after night they met in Halliday's rooms, and many were the earnest talks of all

things in heaven and on earth. When the rector heard of these things, he told Halliday that their ideas were crude and Utopian,—Utopian being a favourite word of the rector's,—and that it was a mistake to take ordinary working men into one's confidence. It gave them an exaggerated idea of their importance, he said, and made them liable to



"HIS CLEAR VOICE RANG THROUGH THE CHURCH."

be discontented with that station in life in which a wise Providence had placed them.

Halliday had now but few opportunities for going to Cambridge, and was compelled to resort to writing. So hungering for sympathy and understanding, he wrote to Muriel, telling her of his work and hopes. Her replies did not seem to satisfy his craving. They so often lacked a grasp of his position and of his mind, but he persuaded himself it was his own fault. After he had been at Walworth some three months, he heard from Muriel that her brother had come home from India on furlough and had brought a brother officer to stay with him. She described with minute detail the various festivities, and Halliday was glad she was so happy. The surroundings of his life were beginning almost unconsciously to exercise a subtle influence on Halliday's mind. The daily contact with disease, squalor, and vice, the awful tragedy of lives ruined by their degrading environment, the hand-to-hand fight for bare life—all these burnt into his very soul. He had gone through his Divinity course in a somewhat mechanical way, but now doubts arose, questions which he thought were settled came up again and again and refused to be thrust from his mind, until he hardly knew what he believed. He determined to take a rest and seek fresh strength in the country, and so wrote to Cambridge and made arrangements to stay at Langton Hall.

"There is no doubt," he said to himself the morning he left London, "the medicine I want is a dose of Muriel; she will soon put me right, mentally and physically. The strain of all this has been too great."

On his arrival at Langton Hall they were shocked to see how ill he looked, and Muriel was all solicitude. After a day or so, however, he found there were very few opportunities of quiet talk with her,—there was always Captain Holcombe, her brother's friend, to be looked after, and visitors were continually coming and going. One day he managed to secure a quiet hour with her, and then he poured out all his troubles, perplexities, and fears. Muriel listened, and then said, "Don't you think, Edgar, it is wrong to have all these doubts? I mean, you know, people would talk so if they knew. It would be simply horrid for me if you did anything rash and made a fuss. Still, I can't stop now. I promised to go down the river to Clayhithe with Captain Holcombe. You stop here and rest."

"All right," said Edgar; and when she had gone he said wearily, "I suppose I expressed myself clumsily; she didn't understand—she very rarely does understand now. Somehow the dose of Muriel has not done all I thought it would; it seems to have a flavour of Holcombe, which doesn't agree with me. I hope I'm not jealous, I don't think so."

Halliday did not stop at Cambridge long, and was very soon back in London. It was the

middle of summer, and as he walked once more down the crowded, noisy streets, his heart sank, and when he reached his rooms, finding them stuffy and untidy, trifling as the circumstance was in itself, yet it seemed to complete his depression, and as he threw himself into a chair, he muttered, "I am a failure, a gigantic mistake."

Slowly the days now dragged. Though racked with intellectual doubts, he did his work, and few noticed any difference. The crisis came almost unexpectedly. One Saturday night he was asked to go and see a woman who was dying. He went, and in a tiny room he found the woman moaning on the floor. She was a shirtmaker, and her eyesight had been failing for some time, and the miserable pittance she had been able to earn had been getting less every day. That night she had fallen heavily in the street, faint and dizzy from lack of food. She had been badly hurt, and there in the fetid room she lay dying. Her three children sat crouched together, quietly sobbing, while the eldest, a mite of ten, promised them bread, knowing only too well she was holding out false hopes. Halliday, as he surveyed the scene, was stirred to his very depths, and the contrast of rich and poor struck home to him as it had never done before.

On the following Sunday evening, the preacher at St. Stephen's was a popular canon, and the church was crowded.

Halliday got through the opening prayers,—he hardly knew how,—and during the sermon he sat in his place with his mind in a tumult. Towards the close of the sermon, the preacher was speaking of the need of faith in God, and said, "The Socialists tell us that the world is wrongly constituted, that our systems are rotten, our social order a farce; let me remind you, brethren, of Robert Browning's lines—

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

As the last word of the quotation was reached, Halliday sprang to his feet, and his clear voice rang through the church—

"It is a lie!"

When he had uttered the words, he buried his face in his hands for a moment, and then with head erect went to the vestry, took off his surplice and left the church. When he reached home, he at once wrote to the rector, resigning his curacy.

The scene was reported in all the Monday papers; and, much to Halliday's annoyance and disgust, requests for interviews and applications for articles from secular journals poured in. On the Tuesday morning he received two letters. The first was from the rector, and was as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter resigning your curacy. I cannot express my disgust at your lamentable lack of taste in causing the unseemly disturbance you did. As for the state of mind which prompted your exhibition, I fail to

understand it. I should never think of permitting myself to doubt, and I call it presumption on your part to doubt and question things which older and cleverer men than you believe in.

"I must ask you to consider all intimacy between us at end.—Yours faithfully,

"EDWARD S. HOWARD."

The second letter was from Muriel. She wrote—

"DEAR MR. HALLIDAY,—I suppose you will not be surprised to hear that after the wicked thing you have done, and the dreadful scandal you have caused, I cannot possibly permit my engagement to you to continue any longer. My family, with the exception of Kate, quite agree with me that this is my only course. Apart from this last vagary of yours, I do not think you are suited to me, and I am sure I should not be happy as your wife. It seems a pity that the last fifteen months of my life should have been wasted thus.

"Hoping that you will repent of your sinful act, I remain, yours faithfully,

"MURIEL E. TURNBULL."

Halliday read these letters, then tore them both up. "That was kind of Kate," he mused. "As for Muriel, well, I am too stunned and wretched to feel this fresh blow very acutely. I think Jack foresaw something of this kind at Cambridge. I wish I knew where he was; he is my only friend now."

He was not quite so friendless as he imagined. Among the men he had known and helped, two stuck to him devotedly, and spent all their spare time with him, trying, in their rough way, to lift him from the state of utter hopelessness and lifelessness into which he had fallen.

Not many weeks after this, he heard incidentally that Muriel was engaged to Captain Holcombe. "I hope Holcombe will make her happy," he said; "I was too slow and dull a fellow for her altogether."

As the weeks dragged their weary length along, his health began to give way under the strain, and at last he became thoroughly ill. He felt completely prostrated, and his brain was in a continual torturing whirl. At length his two adherents fetched a doctor, who said it was a case of complete mental and nervous exhaustion, with a touch of brain fever. He lay for long weeks desperately

ill, the fever greatly increasing, and the two men nursed him with womanly tenderness. At length the fever was subdued, but the doctor shook his head when they asked him if his patient would pull through. "He is too weak," he said; "the man's very nature seems worn out."

Halliday himself felt his end was near, and his only desire was to see Jack again. One evening the two men were sitting by his bedside as usual. Travers had returned home, they had found him out, and he was coming that evening.

"Do you know," said Halliday, "I feel so much clearer in my mind to-night; something seems to have gone—that used to worry me. I think the clouds are passing, and I shall see the sun again—I don't quite understand yet—I prayed to-day—I haven't prayed for months. I believe I shall find out soon some of these things which have troubled me."

There was a step at the door, and a tall bronzed man came in.

"Jack, is it you?"

"Mickey, my dear old fellow, are you better?"

"Yes, Jack—much better, only not quite in the way you mean." He paused, and then added feebly, "I think it's good-bye, Jack. I don't mind now, but I did want to see you again."

The room grew darker, and the three men sat in silence, watching with moistened eyes the sick man. When the doctor arrived, Halliday was barely conscious, and was reciting the prayers, as though he had been in church. Then presently he commenced in a slow voice the 23rd Psalm, and when he reached the third verse his voice was very weak, and the listeners could hardly catch the words: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil"—As he said the words his face had a look of peace not seen on it for many months, and, with a last wan smile, the soul of Edgar Halliday passed into the Shadow of Death. Inside the darkened room was silence. From outside came the roar of the street, the shouts of the children at their play; and just below the window a man swore.

JAMES HALFORD, JUN.

OUR HOLIDAY CONFERENCE IN SWITZERLAND.

THIS is the last time we shall refer to our tours to Switzerland. There are still a few vacancies in our parties, but we are rapidly filling up, and we advise those who intend to join us to book as soon as possible. We offer a thirteen-days' Swiss holiday for ten guineas—with perfect comfort and perfect freedom. During August we shall have concerts twice a week at Davos Platz, for which we have engaged several eminent artists; and there will also be lectures and sermons by Sir B. W. Richardson,

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Rev. Geo. Jackson, B.A. (of Edinburgh), Dr. Andrew Wilson, Rev. A. Boyd Carpenter, Mr. Edward Whymper, Dr. A. Russell Wallace, Rev. H. Price Hughes, Rev. Bernard J. Snell, Sir Walter Foster, etc. We shall hope to meet many of our readers at Davos Platz during the next few weeks. Our illustrated programme, with full particulars of the tours, will be sent to any address on receipt of a post-card addressed to the Editor of THE YOUNG MAN.

WILLIAM BLACK AT HOME.

MR. BLACK'S home is—and has been for many years—Paston House, Paston Place, Brighton. But it is a home in which he never spends more than half the year—from September or October to March or April. At any other time you would have to find him in the Highlands, where he and his family take up their residence at a different spot every year. But it is at Paston House that the novelist does the greater part of his work, and it is at Paston House accordingly that one is most interested in making his acquaintance. The sunny months in Scotland are for the greater part holiday-time—holiday-time, however, which has its fruition in the thoughts and ideas that Mr. Black is engaged in making into a book during the winter.

Paston House stands at the eastern end of Brighton, a few yards from the sea-front. It is a large, solidly-built residence, with its rounded windows directly overlooking the street, and a

porched entrance only a step from the pavement. If it is added that the front is of white painted stone it will be seen that the house is, externally, one of a not unfamiliar type in London-by-the-Sea. In and about the interior of the novelist's residence, on the other hand, there is much that is distinctive and memorable, little tokens of his artistic fancy and souvenirs of his extensive travels. In the entrance-hall, for instance, there is an old oak chest which was once the property of Anne of Cleves, whilst the swinging stained-glass lamp originally lighted the smoking-room of a big ship on board which Mr. Black spent many happy days in the

Mediterranean. The dining-room, to the left of the hall, is adorned with fine landscapes and seascapes by distinguished artist friends; and the drawing-room, to which the visitor is conducted up a broad, angular staircase, is full of things which tell both of the novelist's cultivated taste and of his successful literary career.



MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

[From a new Photo by ELLIOTT & FRY.]

Mr. Black is attired in a rough woollen suit of a reddish-brown shade, and high walking boots, just as if he had returned from one of those morning rambles over the Downs at the back of Brighton, to which he is much more addicted than the fashionable stroll along King's Road. Mr. Black is below the medium height; his hair is iron-grey, and he is never seen without spectacles. But, for all that, there is a brightness about his ruddy, clean-shaven face, and a briskness about his voice and manner which would not lead one to suppose that

he was midway between fifty and sixty.

"My colour," he says smilingly, when I congratulate him upon his apparent good health, "is obtained on Scottish moors and mountains. I put on enough during the summer to last me all the rest of the year. But then I have always been very susceptible to the wind and sunshine. It was because I was so bronzed on my return from America, in 1877, that my friend Pettie got me to sit for his picture of a Crusader. Pettie wanted to present the picture to me, I remember; but it was so praised at the Academy that I considered it too valuable a gift, and Pettie painted the portrait of me, in

orthodox modern costume, which now hangs in my dining-room."

"You have a large acquaintance among artists, Mr. Black,—but then you are an artist yourself," I hasten to add, as my glance travels round the room and alights on one or two pretty water-colours which are the novelist's own handiwork.

"Oh, I have used the brush a little," he replies

deprecatingly ;
"and at the out-

set it was intended that I should make a profession of art. But I drifted into journalism by writing some articles on Ruskin for a Glasgow newspaper, which led to an appointment on the *Weekly Citizen*."

"And journalism led to novel-writing?"

"Yes; but for some years I combined the two occupations. My first novel, *Love or Marriage*,—which I am glad to say is out of print,—was published nearly thirty years ago. I did not resign my position of assistant editor of the *Daily News* till 1875, and for some time after that I contributed articles to the paper. With my method of writing a novel I was only too glad to escape from journalism. I

felt that I could not do myself justice in novel-writing until it was my only occupation."

"And what is that method?"

"A very slow and painful one, I am afraid. I am building up a book months before I write the first chapter; before I can put pen to paper I have to realise all the chief incidents and characters. I have to live with my characters, so to speak; otherwise, I am afraid they would never appear

living people to my readers. This is my work during the summer; the only time that I am really free from the burden of the novel that-is-to-be is when I am grouse-shooting or salmon-fishing. At other times I am haunted by the characters and the scenes in which they take part, so that for the sake of his peace of mind my method is not to be recommended to any young novelist. When I come

Chapter 20. Der Ewige Gesang.

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It was a disconcerting and even a perilous moment for all three; a single false note of hesitation might have been disastrous; but the sagacity, the womanly instinct, and the native kindness of Miss Gordon triumphed: in a second she was mistress of the situation. "Dear me," she said to the girl, "to think that you are just the one person in the town of London I was most wishing to see—and you were going away! Ha, ha; you'll just come up to my own little parlour, and we'll have a chat together; why did not my nephew here tell you I was to be in directly? Come along now—dear me, to think I might have missed you!" And thereon, in some mysterious manner, Brice's found herself conducted to a moderately small apartment on the next floor, which turned out to be Miss Gordon's sitting-room. But although she might be temporarily unmarried, Brice's Valeri was too proud to have anything to do with false pretences. She remained standing. "I must tell you, Miss Gordon," she said, almost as a kind of challenge, "that I did not know you were in London." "You did not? Well, well!" was the placid answer—though the shrewd grey eyes were attentive. "I did not," Brice's went on, striving to remain as calm as a stone; "I came to see Sir Francis; and I expected to find him alone. I came to learn from himself if he had been told anything about me by—by a countryman of mine. It was a wrong thing for me to do. I know that. I know that perfectly well. But—but I was desperate; and perhaps—perhaps, Miss Gordon—if you heard the whole story, you would not

A PAGE OF MR. BLACK'S MSS.

to the writing I have to immure myself in perfect quietude; my study is at the top of the house, and on the two or three days a week that I am writing Mrs. Black guards me from interruption.

"Of course, now and again I have had to read a great deal, preparatory to writing. Before beginning *Sunrise*, for instance, I went through the history of secret societies in Europe. I suppose it was a result of the knowledge of the subject which the novel indicated that a broken-hearted wife should write to me, asking for assistance in finding her husband, who had disappeared, for the purpose, she supposed, of joining a secret society."

"Have you had any other

eccentric correspondent, Mr. Black?"

"Well, I daresay you have heard of the old lady who, ever since reading *A Daughter of Heth*, was persuaded that I was her long-lost nephew. She used to address me at the Reform Club, 'William Black, alias Macrean, Esq.,' explaining that in the novel mentioned I had related circumstances which were known to only one person—that is, this relative who had mysteriously disappeared—besides herself,

and consequently I must be her nephew. I called upon her in Scotland once, in the hope of destroying her extraordinary delusion, only to leave her cherishing it as much as ever."

In further conversation Mr. Black told me that not a few of his readers have remonstrated with him upon the "sad endings" which he has given to several of his novels. Even the late President Garfield, it seems, was not superior to this amiable weakness for "poetical justice" in our fiction. One summer, hearing from Mr. Carnegie that he was going to Scotland and would call upon William Black, the President asked him to take a message to the novelist. Garfield reproached him for the conclusion of *Macleod of Dare*, pathetically adding, "Was there not enough sorrow in the world?"

It was an American girl, too, who, when the novelist was visiting the United States, asked him, almost with tears in her eyes, "Oh, Mr. Black, why did Coquette die?" "Why, you see," replied the author of *A Daughter of Heth*, "I didn't want to make her die; but I had to do it. If she had lived, the reader would not have remembered her six hours after he had closed the book."

Whether this would have been so or not, Mr. Black's readers could hardly forget his characters more quickly than he does himself. Mrs. Black mentioned more than one circumstance as showing how completely a novel, once it is finished and corrected for the press, passes out of her husband's mind. Possibly Mr. Black wishes to have a clear field for the characters and incidents of his next novel, which, to use his own words, is "always to be his best book." Otherwise he might find the burden too great of maintaining an intimate friendship with so many imaginary people.

At luncheon—surrounded as we were at table by works of Millais, MacWhirter, Peter Graham, Pettie, G. H. Boughton, and other illustrators of Mr. Black's books—the conversation turned chiefly on the subject of scenery in novels. For many readers the amount of attention that Mr. Black

gives to his scenes forms one of his greatest charms; but there can be no doubt that others, even more numerous, perhaps, are wearied by his long and frequent descriptions—beautiful and faithful as they are—of the natural surroundings and atmospheric conditions amid which the action of the story takes place. With Mr. Black it is a matter of literary faith.

"In real life," he says, "man has always a background, whatever he is doing or saying; and so it should be in a novel. For my own part, a story has but little enjoyment for me if it is without background." There is a passage in Ruskin, in

reference to this subject, which made a great impression on Mr. Black's mind. It occurs in Ruskin's introduction to his notes on Turner's drawings:—

"Morning breaks, as I write, along these Coniston fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake shore. Oh that someone had told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while and vanish away, how little my love of them would remain with me, when silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed, and all my

thoughts should be of those whom by neither I was to meet more."

Ruskin was William Black's greatest hero as a young man. Then came Carlyle and Kingsley. Carlyle he afterwards knew in the flesh, and he has his stories to tell of the Sage of Chelsea. The novelist once called upon him, just after he had been good enough to read *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*. Carlyle admitted that the book was well enough, but wanted to know when Black was going to write "something more serious."

Apropos of Pettie's portrait of himself, which was facing me over the dining-room fireplace, Mr. Black happened to speak of Whistler's well-known picture of Carlyle. It will be remembered that the



AN EARLIER PORTRAIT OF MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

artist has painted Carlyle in his Scotch plaid. This was in spite of the strong remonstrance of the philosopher every time he gave a sitting.

"Why, mon," he declared, "I always leave my cloak in the hall." But Whistler, with a determined eye for the picturesque, had his way.

The novelist also knew Mr. Bright very well, and at the Reform Club played many a game of billiards with the statesman. Their great love for salmon-fishing was another bond of friendship between them.

"During his last illness," Mr. Black tells me, "Mr. Bright would often take a rod and pretend to throw a line in the effort to realise the pleasure of his favourite sport."

Mr. Black was for many years a familiar figure in the billiard-room of the Reform Club. Besides his club, the novelist now has a *piet-à-terre* in London in the shape of some old-fashioned chambers at the Embankment end of Buckingham Street. Peter the Great once lived in these rooms, and they are supposed to have been the dwelling-place for a time of David Copperfield. In them, moreover, Mr. Black himself has laid some of the scenes of *Sunrise*. When Mr. Black comes up to town to go to the play—of

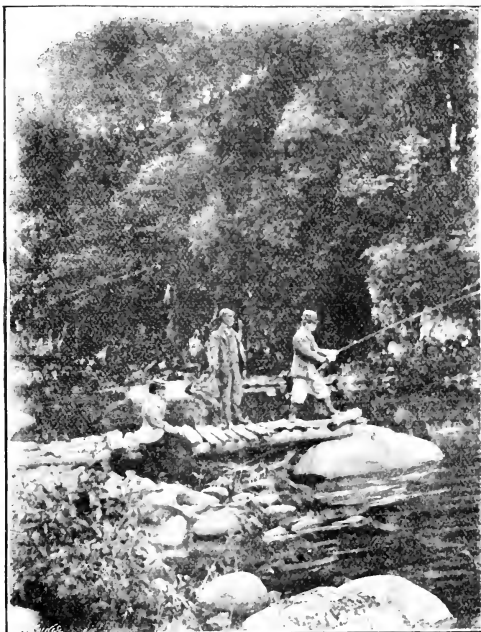
which he is still very fond—he generally spends the night there.

Mr. Black was war correspondent for the *Morning Star*—John Bright's organ—in the conflict of 1866 between Austria and Prussia. Of his fighting experiences he gave some account in his first novel—*Love or Marriage*—published in the following year. Of this book Mr. Black does not care to speak, and I believe that it is a matter of some regret to

him that it can still be read in the British Museum. It certainly gives no indication of the "line" which Mr. Black was so brilliantly to make his own; but, on the other hand, it does not deserve the oblivion to which the author is apparently anxious to consign it. In its frank treatment of the marriage question, and its realistic picture of some of the horrors of war, the novel anticipates in some degree several of the most successful works of fiction during the last few years. Mr. Black surveyed the field of Königgrätz just after the battle, and the picture he gives of the scene in the novel has some of

the realism of Zola's *The Downfall* and Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*.

F.



WILLIAM BLACK FISHING.
(From a Photo by Miss BLACK.)

A BEAUTIFUL reproduction of a Sea Picture by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales appears in *The Home Messenger* for August. This penny monthly is conducted by the Editor of *THE YOUNG MAN*, and is fully illustrated by the best artists. The August number contains stories and articles by Grace Stebbing, Dr. Joseph Parker, Rev. Dinsdale T. Young, Dr. Gordon Stables, Rev. J. Reid Howatt, etc., etc.

TAKING UP one's cross means simply that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry,

as well and stoutly as you can; without making faces, or calling people to come and look at you. Above all, you are neither to load or unload yourself, nor cut your cross to your own liking. Some people think it would be better for them to have it large; and many, that they could carry it much faster if it were small; and even those who like it largest are usually very particular about it being ornamental, and made of the best ebony. But all that you have really to do is keep your back as straight as you can; and not think about what is upon it—above all, not to boast of what is upon it.—*Ruskin*.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

BY THE REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

ONE of the most extraordinary fallacies that ever afflicted human reason is the notion that unbelief is free-thinking. Not only are there many who arrogate to themselves on account of their unbelief the title of free-thinkers, but there are those not at all in sympathy with them who are often foolish enough to grant them their coveted designation, and who speak reproachfully of them as free-thinkers, as if to think freely were something dreadful! A moment's consideration will show what an utter confusion of ideas this is. Take astronomical unbelief as an illustration. There are some people still who deny that the earth is a sphere, and repudiate all the astronomical truths connected with that belief. Are these then free-thinkers, and are we all poor slaves who feel constrained to give our assent to the proposition that the earth is a sphere, that the sun is the centre of the planetary system, and so forth? And if this be considered a quite exceptional case of intellectual liberty, we might instance the slavery of the poor clerks who in their book-keeping are forced to make four times five equal twenty, however much they may long sometimes to make it twenty-five, and sometimes to make it fifteen! But, alas! they cannot. They are not free to think as they please about it. They must believe as other people believe, or they will be dismissed.

The fact is that freedom of thought has nothing whatever to do with belief or unbelief. An unbeliever may be a free-thinker or he may not. It depends upon whether he is free from prejudice and passion and blind submission to those whose footsteps he follows. And a believer may be a free-thinker or he may not. It depends in his case, too, on whether or not he is free from prejudice and passion and blind submission to those whose lead he has followed.

Is it the case that unbelievers are always free from these fetters of thought? We shall say nothing about passion, nothing about the enslaving influence upon the intellect of sin in its myriad forms, for it is not a nice thing to speak about the sins of other people so long as we have so many to lament ourselves. But look at the other two fetters. Look first at prejudice. The entire structure of modern unbelief is built on a vast prejudice, the prejudice against the supernatural. The result is that when anything is advanced which suggests direct action on the part of God, it gets no hearing from the average sceptic of our day. The case is prejudged. No matter how many facts and testimonies are brought forward, no matter how high and noble the character of the witnesses. So much the

worse for the facts, and so much the worse for the witnesses. The thing is impossible, and therefore it cannot be true. How can a person be able to think freely, when he allows himself to be governed by such an enormous prejudice? We by no means indeed deny that a person may approach this question with a prejudice in favour of the supernatural. But is it not just as fatal to freedom of thought to approach it with a prejudice against the supernatural?

Then, as for the blind following of leaders of opinion, it is notorious that every generation has its peculiar phase of infidelity. At one time it is pantheism, and nine-tenths of the so-called free-thinkers will be pantheists. Again it is materialism that is the fashion, and nine-tenths of the so-called free-thinkers will be materialists; and if the same people had lived in the old days of Hume and Bolingbroke, they would have been deists, as nine-tenths of the "free-thinkers" were then. So it has always been, from age to age, and this, whatever it may indicate, does not indicate freedom from authority on the part of those who claim to be free-thinkers.

Now here again we freely admit (let the admission be made at every step, so as to be strictly impartial) that with us too there has been far too much prejudice, far too much passion sometimes, far too much blind following of leaders, to justify us in claiming for Christians a monopoly of free-thought. We cannot say, "Where Christianity is, there is liberty"; but it is written, and we maintain the truth of it, that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." As for passion, it cannot be where the Spirit of the Lord is. There has, alas! been enough of it among theologians to justify the phrase *odium theologicum*. But wherever the *odium theologicum* has been present, the Spirit of the Lord has been absent. Odium of any kind is as far removed from the loving Spirit of the Lord Jesus as darkness is from light.

And so is blind submission to authority. The Christianity of Christ and His apostles not only does not repress inquiry, but urges it: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." It says, "Seek and ye shall find." It says, "Search the Scriptures," indeed, but where does it confine our search to the Scriptures? "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all those that take pleasure therein." "Consider the lilies of the field." "Behold the fowls of the air." Not only is the Bible favourable to freedom of inquiry, but to it, and its translation and publication in the modern tongues, more than to anything else, was due the greatest impulse to

freedom of thought the world has ever seen—we refer, of course, to the extraordinary movement of the minds of men at the time of the Reformation.

It cannot, of course, be denied that the Bible has been by injudicious people too often set forth in such a way as to oppose the spirit of free inquiry, especially by those—a constantly diminishing, and we believe vanishing number—who insist on going to the Bible for their scientific as well as for their religious information. But this is a claim the Bible never makes for itself. We are expressly told that all Scripture has been given for "instruction in righteousness"; but the passage has yet to be found where there is the slightest hint that anybody is expected to go to it for instruction in science. And then even within the limits of religion itself we do not bow to human authority. It is true that we believe in inspired men; but they in their teaching commend themselves to our consciences in the sight of God,—as the Apostle Paul put it in reference to himself in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians (iv. 2). And again, in the First Epistle: "My speech and my preaching," he says, "was not in words of men's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit." There are indeed many things which we must take on trust in the

first instance, just as we must always do in reading any author who knows more of a given subject than we do. But it is not all trust. We may pass, and ought to pass, from the initial trust to positive verification. It is expressly promised to Christians that they will receive the Holy Spirit, who will take of the things of Christ and show them unto them. Thus even in the matter of religious truth we are not left blindly to follow our guides; we have an independent source of verification covering the whole range of practical experience. And just in proportion as we allow ourselves to be guided by the Spirit of the Lord, we realise our freedom,—it is no use for anyone to try to deny it, for we are fully conscious of it; by surrendering ourselves to His guidance we are set free from passion, for the Spirit of the Lord is the Spirit of love and purity—free from prejudice, for He is the Spirit of light—free even from authority, for though we know from the effects of His working that it is indeed the Spirit of the Lord, yet He works in such a way as not to interfere at all with the operation of our own minds—though it is He who shows us the truth, it is we who see it. In a word, we realise the fact that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

CONCERNING ORIGINALITY.

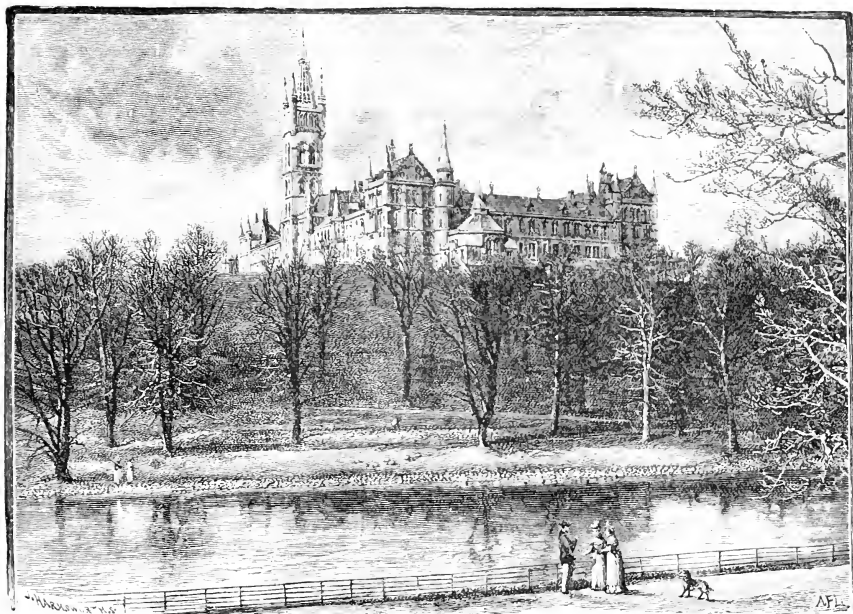
By HAMILTON W. MABIE.

ORIGINAL writers are peculiarly free from those taking mannerisms which are so constantly mistaken for evidences of originality and so often imitated. These masters of original thought and style are singularly simple, open, and natural. Their power obviously lies in frank and unaffected expression of their own natures. For originality, like happiness, comes to those who do not seek it; to set it before one as an aim is to miss it altogether. The man who strives to be original is in grave peril of becoming sensational, and therefore, from the standpoint of art, vulgar; or, if he escapes these dangers, he is likely to become self-conscious and artificial. Nothing is more repulsive to genuine spiritual insight than the cheap and tawdry declamation which sometimes passes in the pulpit for originality, and nothing more repugnant to true artistic feeling than the posing and straining which are sometimes accepted for the moment as evidences of creative power. Power of the highest kind is largely unconscious, and partakes too much of the nature of the divine power to be made the servant of ignoble and petty ends; and the artist whose aim is simply to catch the eye of the world will not long retain the power that is in him.

Originality of the highest and most enduring type has no tricks, mannerisms, or devices; it is elemental; it is largely unconscious; it rests, not upon individual cleverness, but upon broad and deep relationships between the artist and the world which he interprets. Homer, Dante, Goethe, and Shakespeare are the most original men who have appeared in the history of literature; but they are singularly devoid of novelty in the customary sense of the word. They are, on the contrary, singularly

familiar; every reader feels that they have somehow gotten the advantage of him by expressing at an earlier age the thoughts and feelings which he had supposed to be peculiarly his own. Nothing really great is ever unexpected; for the really great work is always based on something universal, in which every man has a share. A conceit, a bit of quaintness, a cunning device, a sudden turn of thought or speech, takes us unawares and puzzles us; it is individual, and we have no share in it. But a great idea or a piece of great art finds instant recognition of its veracity and reality in the swift response of our souls. It not only speaks to us; it speaks in us and for us. It is great because so vast a sweep of life is included in it; it is deep because it strikes below all differences of experience into the region of universal experience.

Homer and Shakespeare are, in a way, as elemental as the sky which overarches all men, and which every man sees, or may see, every day of his life. But the sky is not the less wonderful because it belongs to the whole earth and is as much the possession of the clown as of the poet. The power which hangs it before every eye has furnished no more compelling evidence of its mysterious and incalculable resources. In like manner, the highest power illustrated in art demonstrates its depth and creative force by the elemental simplicity and range of its creations; by its insight into those things which all men possess in common. The distinctive characteristic of the man of profound originality is not that he speaks his own thought, but that he speaks *my* thought; not that he surprises me with novel ideas and phrases, but that he makes me acquainted with myself.



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.
[From a Photo by J. VALENTINE & SONS, Dundee.]

1895.
Dec. 6. Symposium. . . {Meredith . W. L. Parkin.
Crockett . A. Wylie Blue.
Kipling . J. Seonlar Thomson.
" 13. Debate—"That the Ideals of the New Woman are Irrational and Absurd" } Aff. Campbell Taylor.
Neg. A. Roy Johnston.
1896.
Jan. 17. Union Debate, Non-Political.
" 24. Debate—"That the Land be Nationalised" } Aff. W. M. R. Pringle.
Neg. A. J. Fleming, M.A.
" 31. Symposium—"Modern Fiction Literature" } Dan. Scott.
Poetry . A. H. Charteris, M.A.
- Feb. 7. Debate—"That the Growth of Democracy means the Decay of Romance" } Aff. D. P. Fleming, M.A.
Neg. A. M. Scott.
- " 14. Open Night.
" 21. Symposium—"Liquor Traffic" } Gothenburg System . J. Middleton.
Local Option . A. Boyd Scott.
Status Quo . J. G. Spens, LL.B.
" 23. Debate—"That Fair Trade is Preferable to Free Trade" } Aff. John Wallace.
Neg. J. V. Nimmo.
- Mar. 6. Union Debate, Political.
" 13. Business Meeting.

The medical and theological students have their own societies, while the large number who make a special study of metaphysics have given an exceptional vigour to the Philosophical Society. The Union likewise shelters the Alexandrian Society (for "the discussion of questions connected with the Literatures of Ancient Greece and Rome"); the Ossianic Club, which has its heart, of course, in the Highlands, and on occasions conducts its business

in Gaelic; and the Dramatic and Modern Languages Clubs—whose purposes are sufficiently explained by their titles. The Debating Hall, which seats several hundreds, is put to various uses, including Sunday evening services by the Christian Association and smoking concerts on Saturday nights.

Glasgow University cannot claim anything like the architectural beauty of Oxford's colleges, but its fine building, amid the picturesque surroundings of the Kelvin and Kelvingrove Park, may exercise something like the same influence over the young men who pass there a large part of the most impressionable period of life. No doubt there were pious regrets when, about twenty years ago, the University gave up its time-honoured but inconvenient halls in the old, squalid High Street, in favour of the noble pile which now makes so impressive a picture on the western outskirts of Glasgow. But in twenty years such regrets have almost passed away, and for the fabric which is beginning to lose its newness, with its handsome Bute Hall and Randolph Hall, large and comfortable lecture-rooms and spacious quadrangles, many a student to-day has a warm affection. And in the principal gateway of the University there is at least one link in iron and stone between the new and the old. When the old buildings were being pulled down by the

North British Railway Company, the late Sir William Pearce, M.P., bethought himself of purchasing part of the south front, with its ancient archway, and offering it to the University authorities, in order that it might form the entrance to University Avenue, where it now stands—a constant reminder to the thoughtful student that his name is entered on the rolls of an institution which has a history of over four centuries. The edifice of which this archway formed part was built in the time of the Commonwealth, and in the reign of Charles II. was for a time the meeting-place of the Scottish Privy Council.

Of the University students the majority matriculate in Arts. That Medicine has not obtained the preponderance it possesses at Edinburgh is probably due to the rivalry of St. Mungo's College. This was the outcome of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, when that institution ceased to be the medical school for the University in consequence of the removal of the University to the West End. There is a faculty of Law as well as of Medicine, and both, it is said, are of wider range than any others in Scotland, but at present it is chiefly medical students that St. Mungo's College attracts. Although its students are comparatively small in numbers, they have already developed a considerable amount of *esprit de corps*, which so far finds vent principally in the Medical Society and the Christian Association. I am assured, indeed, that in manner and *morale* the St. Mungo students afford a favourable contrast to most of those attending the London schools.

Prominent among the avowed objects of the celebrated Glasgow Athenæum is "to incite, especially among young men, a taste for intellectual and elevating pursuits, and to secure the means of its gratification by affording the utmost facilities for systematic study in various branches of useful knowledge." This object has been achieved with probably greater success than by any except two or three similar institutions throughout the country. Last year it had 3500 members, of whom the great majority were young men in trade and commerce. In the size and comfort of the building,

in the provision made for social pleasure as well as intellectual exercise, the young men of Glasgow have in their Athenæum the finest place of evening resort that I have ever seen in the course of visits to provincial cities; even the Manchester Athenæum and the Birmingham and Midland Institute must give it the palm. In the building is a commercial college, attended by 1700 students, a school of music, attended by 1500 students, and a school of art, with about 160. These statistics suggest the exceptional popularity of musical study among the young men of Glasgow, and the suggestion is confirmed by experience in other directions.

The municipally assisted school in the Corporation Buildings, Sauchiehall Street, is the principal

centre of art study. Frankly speaking, it is not worthy of the prestige Glasgow has gained in municipal government, and with less than 600 students the study of the fine arts would appear to be at a low ebb in Glasgow. With the building of the new municipal art gallery at Kelvingrove, however, it is hoped that the school may obtain larger and better accommodation; and meanwhile, if comparatively few in number, the students are exceptionally good in calibre. In the newly-recognised (newly recognised, that is, in Britain) art of the "poster" they have, at any rate, already achieved a distinct success, and the hoardings of Glasgow are already beginning to be noteworthy by the skill and discretion with



LORD OVERTON,
PRESIDENT OF THE GLASGOW UNITED Y.M.C.A.

which some of its young citizens have caught the spirit of the best Parisian workers in this sphere of artistic effort. Inasmuch as the picture shows of the street are the only kind that too many people see, this success of the young Glaswegian is not to be lightly esteemed, although some of the older men who consort at the Art Club in Bath Street, and form, as they consider, "the Glasgow school," may regard it with unfriendly eyes.

The Technical College, with its several branches, has about 3000 young men attending its evening classes. Like the Art School, this is a quasi-municipal institution, and in the near future the Town Council may be expected to largely supplement its expenditure—which now takes the shape

of grants to the College authorities and one or two kindred bodies—on technical education. Considering the nature and extent of commerce and industry on the Clyde, a much larger proportion of Glasgow young men may be expected to spend some of their evenings in the study of subjects having relation to their daily occupations. In this respect, however, some account must be taken of those attending the evening science and art classes carried on by the School Board. In 1894

nearly 13,000 were enrolled at these classes, of whom 1088 were described as "men," and 8941 as "lads."

The Y.M.C.A. also forms an important factor at Glasgow as regards the educational pursuits of young men. The classes at the central establishment in Bothwell Street, and at the Eastern, Southern, and Govan branches, had a membership last year of over 2800, this figure comparing with a total membership of the Association in Glasgow and suburbs of more than 9000. It should be added that the Y.M.C.A. has secured such an attendance at its classes without making any important addition to the curriculum of an ordinary day school.

Affiliated with the Glasgow United Y.M.C.A. are

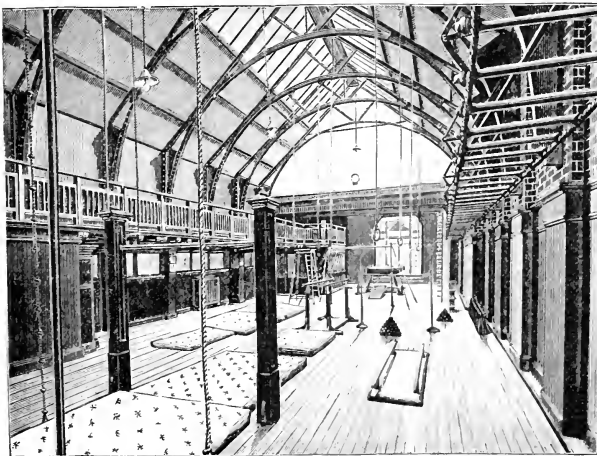


THE Y.M.C.A. GOLF LINKS AT GIFFNOCK.

most of the young men's societies carried on in connection with churches, and, in some cases, factories and business firms—and this, of course, accounts for the extraordinarily large membership of the Association. The members of these societies are entitled to the full use of the Association's rooms, either in Bothwell Street or at one of the district branches. In this way the organisation of the Y.M.C.A. has obtained in Glasgow a force and a power which it possesses in none of the other great provincial cities. At the same time, several of these young men's societies have obtained and preserved well-defined individualities of their own, such as that in Dr. James Stalker's church, Free St. Matthew's, in Bath Street. Dr. Stalker himself

has a large following among young men, and it is his custom to deliver a special lecture to them on the last Sunday in each month. Young men likewise flock in large numbers to hear such well-known men as the Revs. Marshall Lang, Donald Macleod, and John Hunter.

If one may judge from the week-evening meetings of these young men's societies, there is keen and growing interest on the part of young Glasgow in public questions. On the other hand, there is an ominous significance in the fact that the Dialectic Society, at the Athenæum, which conducts "discussions on current public



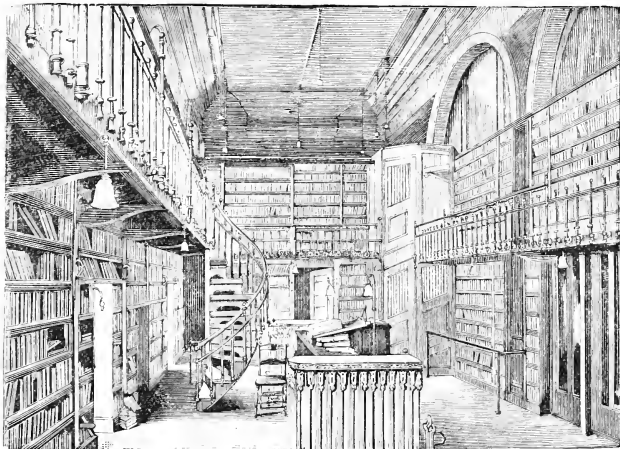
THE GYMNASIUM AT THE GLASGOW ATHENÆUM.

questions," has only about a score on its roll out of the very large membership of the institution. There is no Liberal Club in Glasgow specially for young men, and the Junior Liberal Association which flourished a few years ago has, I believe, ceased to exist. Nevertheless, among active workers on both sides in politics there is an exceptionally large proportion of young men; whilst the Junior Conservative Club, which lately obtained new premises in Renfield Street, is highly prosperous, with a membership of about 850.

There is not in Glasgow that excessive devotion to athleticism which is characteristic of some of the big English cities, although the popularity of football is considerable. But interest in sport generally is more confined to those young men who take a practical part in it. For one thing, golf, which has a large part in the attention of young men who in England would give all their time to cricket or football, is not a game for spectators, and the evil associated with "gate-money" is impossible. It is significant of the strong hold which the national sport has upon Glasgow young men that the Y.M.C.A. should have a clubhouse and links at Giffnock. The Y.M.C.A. has also a gymnasium, and there are likewise fine

gymnasias at the University and the Athenæum. The University is exceptionally well endowed with facilities for physical recreation, having large playing-fields quite close to its buildings. But this circumstance has not developed any undue fondness for athletic sports on the parts of its students, and the time given to them would doubtless seem but little to an Oxford or Cambridge man. On the part of young Glasgow, generally, I fear that its physical recreation is greatly hampered by the want of such playing-grounds. This is in spite of

the fact that the acreage of its parks is greater in proportion to the size of Glasgow than that of any other provincial city, the Corporation at present setting apart but little space — in addition to Glasgow Green, the great recreation ground of the East End — for the playing of games.



THE LIBRARY AT THE GLASGOW ATHENÆUM.

It would probably be difficult to provide golf links in these parks, and it may be that there has been no very pressing demand for other games. At any rate, you do not see the young men of a Saturday afternoon trooping into the parks to play cricket and football, as in London; although in summer-time the railway stations and the river piers will be crowded with excursionists to the country and the coast.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE Apostle Peter was a bundle of moral and logical inconsistencies. He confessed Jesus to be the Son of God, and yet he would give Him advice. He would strike a hasty blow for Jesus, and yet could not watch with Him one hour. He would go to meet Him on the water, and yet was afraid he should be drowned. He saw Christ's holiness so clearly one day that he was confounded, but at another time he tempted the Lord like Satan himself. He was the bravest man of the Twelve in the Upper Room; in the High Priest's palace he swore Jesus was a stranger. If one were to go by the

bare evidence of facts it would be impossible to prove Peter an honest man; if one estimates the trend of character Peter cannot be cast out. Send him after Judas if you please, you have not got rid of Peter; he only remains outside the door, weeping bitterly. He stands for that enormous class who are a patent perplexity in the eyes of the Church, the world, and themselves. The smoke is driven to and fro by sudden gusts of wind, and yet, in spite of all, it is still ascending. The life is blazing with contradictions, but the heart follows Christ.—*Ian Maclaren.*

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.

VIII.—JOHNNY PIM CHOOSES AN ELDER.

NELL PERRYMAN's hazard and desert were much canvassed in Silover, and indeed where the story filtered through the great vale. In lone farmhouses they cheerfully consigned her to ruin, which is wholesome upon wilfulness for the sake of example. And in clustered cottages the word went that it was a sore visitation on an obliging man, who, if he said colours were fast in his lilac prints, fast they were. There was sympathy for George Alloway, though mayhap he drew the check-string a thought too tight; a loose rein holds restive young things better. This was the men's verdict.

And afterwards the talk was all of Nell's good fortune and of a wavering pillar at the Turret. Enoch Martins and Free Hood and Jason Dewley, the plumber, were a solemn junta in the mouth of Frewin's Yard when the half-score or dozen veterans scattered one Friday evening. Nell was home, and George Alloway had sat down suddenly in the midst of a strange, rambling, grateful prayer. The lump was in his throat, and choice he had none.

"It didn't make for edification," said Free Hood, in the lugubrious notes that were not loved at Witchburn Common,—“no man can say as it did. One or two of our young people were there. Would it attune their minds in the opening bud to reverent things? Would it, now? Our brother broke off with a snap, like as I've knowed a spade go with a novice were at t' back. Ne'er a bit of doxology to it.”

The listeners were as serious as himself. They took Free Hood's meaning perfectly, and the mistake of a word fitted to the wrong occasion was neither material nor new. The gardener gave his intimates practice in readjusting ideas and their counters, and, as could be excused in a deep thinker with “the gift,” he was dogmatic. It was told of him in Brasiers Row that he once met David Hough, and fell to overhauling impressive warnings in the Book. There was debate, and a difference to cap the chronic rivalry of sect.

“What do you judge, then, that it means, ‘more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah’?” the thatcher asked. “It must be easier, like.”

“That isn't our reading,” said Free Hood sententiously,—“not down to Turret—no! ‘More tolerable’—it stands in reason that it must be something very, very awful; ‘more tolerable’—hark to the sound of it! Anyways, that's how we read it.”

But David Hough laughed so long and so heartily that Hood refrained from asking corroboration in

Love Lane. Pastor Glad was informed of the contest of champions by a chance loiterer.

“What I question is taking the young woman back,” said Enoch Martins. And his brow was dark and lowering. “What token is there of her repentance? I hear of none. Did she seek him, and say, ‘I have sinned and am not worthy’; or did he seek her? I don't hold with opening a door when repentance doesn't push it.”

“But Passon Glad's mixed up in 't; you and Mr. Boulderley know that,” remarked Jason Dewley. He had a practical turn; and there were daughters in his own house, and he was secretly assured that George Alloway's conduct would have been his own, free forgiveness and all.

It was the gardener who caught him up, and bitterly.

“Yes, it's the minister again,” he said. “We'm coming to a pass and a pinch as'll try us like Gideon's soldiers, an' those as lap the pure water of the Word without giving place to man's pride for so much as a moment, they'll have to be our fighters. Mark it, brethren, when 'tis upon us. I've seen it coming ever since speech o' honey tickled our ears an' we put t' young man in Passon Whepperill's pulpit. Now Whepperill were a main powerful exhorter; six heads often he'd run to, and meat on his bones.”

“He were stout built, cert'nly,” said the plumber, who was sometimes a wag, and hence stood off the list of possible competitors for the vacant eldership.

The farmer remembered his own office and ignored the levity. He addressed Free Hood instead, and severely.

“Hist! you're over loud, brother,” he said. “The loafers at the *Wheat-sheaf* opposite 'll hear you, and it's not wholesome for the cause. You've got a grievance, Hood. We know that. You were on your back with a knee twist the night 'twas carried. I mind the meeting, and who was there. But there's stuff in Glad's sermons, I'll say that.”

It dropped there for the time. But menace was gathering against the minister's peace. Moreover, there was a strange and novel coldness towards George Alloway, and, as by consent, avoidance of Nell Perryman.

Nell could have laughed outright at first in the feverish glee of her soul. What did it matter who looked the other way on the street? Why should she complain if Silover forgot that she was once more sheltered in her father's house? Wherein was her just quarrel with circumstance when none

approached her or cared to speak as she went in and out of the dear old dingy Turret Chapel? She had earned it all. They did well—those ancient friends and cherished girl confidants—to show disapproval of her vain behaviour and self-confidence and neglect of counsel. She ought to expect the cold shoulder, nothing less. And in spite of it mercy was shed upon her path. Nightly the woman who had not dared to hope folded her hands at her bedside, and her prayer was a cry, and its burden the thanks of the poor in spirit.

For many days a curious haunting fear shadowed her joy. The wonder was so great, the deliverance so unforeseen. A last look she had thirsted for with a thirst that drove her like a scourge; but restoration had seemed impossible. Long ago she had taken her fate in her own rash keeping and had gone forth, and it was a hideous mistake, and only shame and grief and disillusion had come of it. Her father had prophesied a light chastisement compared with the reality. Nell knew his creed and the Turret narrowness and the austere life of Church Place. In her dreams she had heard the fatal sentence perpetually—

“As you have cut your cake so you must eat it.”

And it was never spoken, and the hardness and the banishment were only dreams, and she was here, and warm love wrapped her round. Slowly Nell plucked up heart and lifted the weary head that had lost its old poise and carriage. For George and Rachel Alloway the past was dead, and they gave it no resurrection.

One day, and nearly at the first, there was light and healing in a piece of news that Nell's tears gained, and this was the manner of it.

“Can it be true that you will try to forget my disobedience, father—mother?” Nell said, and she was kneeling at George Alloway's arm-chair, a horse-hair abomination to which his soul clung. “It seems so strange to believe,—that I am back again. You all warned me that Dan Perryman was wild, and that I should rue the day when I trusted him. But I didn't want to be a bad girl. Please don't think that of me. When Mr. Belshaw, at the Hall, went away and didn't want a clerk any more, and Dan had to leave, for Captain Roxmorrow wouldn't pay his salary, why, then Dan got me to go to London with him. It was very, very wrong. But I went to lodge with his sister first, and he got the papers, and then we were married at a registry office.”

Nell was labouring now through tempestuous seas, and her nostril shook and the faint colour crept out on her forehead. But all should be told, without a gloss. Her face sank into her hands.

“At least I supposed so,” she said; “and—and I hope it was all right. But Dan got wild—wild; and he was not good to me, and he said things that made me afraid. I daren't trust him much any more, and—I don't know—I don't know!”

She ended helplessly, and the parents understood and were glad.

“But I know,” said George Alloway, almost shyly; “for I came to London on a clue from Captain Roxmorrow, who had Dan's address, and I paid a pound or two—a bagatelle for an easier mind—where money buys queer knowledge, cruel knowledge often. That wasn't for me. I found it was fast bind—man and true wife. If Dan Perryman said anything else he lied in his throat.”

There was a deep rare note of righteous wrath, the anger Nell had feared to face, not measuring a father's pity.

“It was to send you home,” he added,—“he tired of his toy. You did not bring him the snick out of a packman's savings, as he expected. But I thank God he could not make my girl less than an honest woman. Eh! Johnny Pim, I did not hear you come in.”

No one had heard; and Johnny, the cripple and the consumptive, had waited with wide eyes in the doorway while Nell's best easement came. But he was a wee lad of ten, and dwarfish for his years. What could he comprehend of trial so nearly tragedy, or of the relief that contrary Nell began sedulously to cry over?

Rachel Alloway put out a hand very moist and soft and drew the boy in. There was the clear shining after rain on her homely face, and somehow cambric vanished, and crumpled bows were set straight. Perhaps she had missed Johnny's coming because—it was an odd thing—the tinkle, tinkle of sheep-bells was in her ears as she had heard it outside the thatcher's house at Brasiers Row when the wanderer was found.

“You have a sister, Johnny,” she said,—“a dear elder sister now. And Nell has a brother, who came to us when all was dark, and has been such a happy, happy comfort to father and to me. I have said it before, and I am quite sure—quite—that Nell will love and help Johnny Pim, and that there will be no one for Johnny like his dear elder sister.”

Nor was there. They were inseparable; and Nell was nurse and teacher, and found contentment, and Silover slights had no edge. What was surprising to Dr. Smallpiece, the boy began to take tone and strength, and every month there was a better hope that he might yet see manhood. If body fetters spirit, spirit sometimes saves body, and Johnny's new interests promised to bravely disappoint a chorus of croakers.

“It was liberal dealing and kind o' draper Alloway to snap up t' little chap from friends as didn't want him,” the appraisers of virtue said,—“he'll do a good part; and there's a long stocking as warehouse didn't send down to Church Place. But it's once or twice round the calendar clock, and all's done.”

It looked nothing like it when George Alloway

moved to Twist Corner, in part for the purer air and the freer exercise, and because a shrewd old doctor fancied the feat of finishing two birds with one stone. Johnny Pim roamed the downs even as did the bairns of the hill cottages, and bronze came to his cheeks and health to his lungs, and he was a little gentleman born, and soon admitted of the society of all innocent and gay wild things.

But Johnny had his secret vision, air-built castle, what you will. He had a fertile mind, and a memory with curious treasures, and came to meddle with things too high for him. Yet as he did it out of an ingenuous and grateful heart, and as wheels worked within wheels, and the purposes of grave and sombre-visaged men were changed, it may even be that a seed of wisdom was in the wild play. Human design there was clearly none. Therefore, said Free Hood, and Amos Bounderley, and at last even Enoch Martins, there was the more likelihood of a leading by the Awful and Glorious Hand that, however feebly, the men of the Turret tried to follow.

It was where Shaw Cross folds upon Red Lap, and a little plateau springing from under a rude and bush-grown chalk ruin is a natural resting-place for the traveller to either Knives Down or Witchburn Common. The distance was not great from Twist Corner, but it marked a vast advance in power of limb that the poor dead schoolmaster's orphan son should reach so far. He was not tired, either. Nell was at home, for Rachel Alloway was ailing. Johnny Pim did not know the true enormity of play-acting, and he had a dramatic soul in him, and here was silence and the open world and his chance. He found white lumps in abundance and shifted them into rows, and the largest was a pulpit, and four green twigs described before it a table pew. So much at least two men gradually realised as they debouched into the sunken track, and, unseen by Johnny, stayed their steps. The boy was facing his imaginary church meeting, and the two wide-awakes, with two pairs of bewildered eyes below, were in his rear, and moreover had cover of the bramble-barrier.

Johnny Pim was plainly holding the house spell-bound, and it might even have been so away at the Turret if any had ever talked with this perfect art, which was not art at all, but only love and simple-minded enthusiasm.

"You can't have a better deacon than Brother Alloway, there isn't one to be had, not even if you went to Dalesbury or Lanstable. I'm sure it is so, for I've listened," said this precocious orator. "Nell went away—Nell's his daughter, you know. It was before papa died, and—mamma. And where I used to sleep in Church Place is over a closet which had lots of things of Nell's in it—dollies, and nice dresses, and beautiful picture-books that I didn't have to touch, and Nell's patchwork quilt that you know she's finishing now. And I used

to hear our Brother Alloway when he came home from business go up there, and the door shut, and I was in bed, and I lay very, very still, for I liked to cry when he cried, don't you see, and that was how I found it out, and none of you could have helped it. I'll tell you what he said. It was like this always"—

Amos Bounderley put out a hand as the blind do, and it dropped heavily on Free Hood's shoulder. It made no sound, nor did his lips. The gardener was like a block carved in stone, except for a spasm once, twice—faster, at the corner of his mouth.

And Johnny Pim copied and represented a prayer—enacted it, and it never struck the critics who hearkened and were ashamed that, going not to the stage, the stage had come to them.

"Our Father," Johnny said, and ah! with what childish reverence,—“Our Father, wilt Thou remember Thine ancient word of gracious promise, and open Thy door of mercy when sorrow knocks—a father's sorrow. Oh, save my child from the callous heart! Bring her to Thy home if nevermore to mine. Chasten us both, for it is our desert, but under the rod let us find peace. Save Nell, oh, save Nell! And grant that Thy cause in this town may not suffer from the shame of my house. Our Father, bless Thy Zion, and deal with me and mine how Thou wilt so that still Thy Zion may be blessed.”

"For you and I—and Nell Perryman!" said Amos Bounderley grimly. And the spasm on Free Hood's face went faster, faster.

"It was there that I cried with him, you know," said Johnny Pim in a quick, altered voice, for it was peroration and triumph now. "I couldn't help it—could you, brethren? No, you couldn't. Not if it was you that Brother Alloway loved when you didn't belong to him, and took care of and gave good clothes to and nice food, and sent to the seaside and tried to make well and strong. Not if you were 'dopted and Nell's brother. And there can't be a better deacon nowhere for the Turret Chapel than Brother Alloway, and I propose that we choose him. Thank you, Mr. Martins. It's seconded. Now, I'm the minister, and I put it, and you'll all please vote. Thank you very much indeed. Brother Alloway is chosen."

Two men who were deputed to visit Witchburn Common and decide on renovations at the Meeting-Room stole like two thieves, with hanging heads and silence, up the track under the lee of the escarpment. Johnny Pim saw them not. If he had divined the eavesdropping his swift sensitive shame would have been an agony.

Oddly, perhaps, there was a trio in a minute or two; and Enoch Martins, who completed the committee, had also caught strange words as he loitered for his colleagues. But none of the three thought it remarkable that the stillness of tongues lasted even when feet tramped free on the springy

green turf. The keynote at last was the gardener's. He had climbed other heights than these.

"That boy knows that Turret's to pick a new deacon, come Friday week," he said; "and—and I reckon it's done a'ready. It's been pushed on me by a many that I should stand. I've settled not to. I haven't clothed the naked and fed the hungry and brought home the sinner like—like George Alloway. It's a Voice, brethren, it's a Voice."

"I think if so be George Alloway 'll tak' office this time 'twill prove it," said Amos Bounderley. "I'm with you, Hood."

"And Nell? 'Tis given out as she's Nell Perryman after all. The women must make a change. 'Tis woman's work first."

Enoch Martins sighed as he spoke, remembering a still face and a rosewood writing-slope and lilies left in fear.

"They shall make a change," said Free Hood, who had a wife and ruled at home, which in a possible elder is exemplary.

The church meeting came, and though Johnny Pim was not there to manage it the heaven had worked. Nell began to get visitors, and there was softness in the air. And votes at the meeting were a surprise to only one man. He stood up, sat down, rose again.

"Brethren, it is too much," he said. "It is the third time, and I cannot refuse a third time. Pray for me. I will try to do your bidding."

CHATS AT THE CLUB.

HENLEY'S CREED.

STANHOPE said he had been looking through some papers in his desk, and had come on a little article he had written on the occasion of Khama's visit to England, and it suggested a topic or two that seemed worth discussion.

"I opine the article was not published?" said Henley.

Stanhope rubbed the back of his head in a reflective way he has when he is thinking of two or three unrelated things at once.

"The curious thing is that I am not particularly anxious for publication," he said. "I understand the feeling of a friend of mine who says that sending a book to a publisher is a hundred times worse than visiting the dentist; he is perfectly miserable for days before the MS. goes away."

"Because he knows it will, like the prodigal, return dishevelled to its father's house."

"No, it does not come back; he has passed that period," said Stanhope placidly. "The man is a fool, and writes himself into each book he produces, so that printing it seems to him a kind of indecency. I daresay you commercially-minded fellows do not understand that, but I do. I like to write things that I should never dream of printing."

"Do you not think that rather cruel to the competing publishers?" said Henley.

"The suggestion of Khama as a new Christian coming to what he believed to be a nation of old Christians struck me as dramatic," Stanhope went on.

"I suppose you imagine that he found things a little different from his fancy picture?" said Norbury.

"I don't suppose he fully understood how things are with us, and somehow that made him more interesting. It was as if Abraham had wandered by misadventure into the Stock Exchange. He would probably regard that great gamble as honest and active commerce."

"Do you mean that Christianity is only one of the counters in our national game of self-advancement?" Verney asked.

"I do," said Stanhope very seriously.

"There is more faith in honest doubt, Believe me, than in half the creeds,"

said Henley.

"I have written an essay on the sincere doubter, too," said Stanhope, with a smile. "If there was no room for doubt in our creed there would be no necessity for faith. Indeed, I fear I am growing partial to frankly irreligious persons."

Someone asked why.

"I have found some vehement 'professors' such blackguards," Stanhope answered.

"Name, name," said Norbury.

"All in good time, but the time is not just now."

"It is a very difficult thing to be a Christian," said Henley.

There are some subjects no one likes to hear jocularly treated, but Henley's face, for once, was earnest.

"I have no doubt it is as difficult to be a Christian as it is easy to be a hypocrite," said Stanhope.

"Just take that precept about letting a man take your coat when he has first taken your cloak," Henley went on. "I tell you I have lain awake o' nights thinking that over, and I find you can't work it. I tell you that every man I have ever known would take your coat and your cloak, and your breeches too, if he thought he could do it with absolute impunity. Observe that I say with absolute impunity! There are people who would not care to be dishonest under the finger of scorn, who value what they call their good name as much as, or more than any filchings they could make off their neighbours, but where they are given absolute

power with immunity, you then see what is in the heart of man. Take the notorious case so recently before the public, of that poor fellow who was robbed and driven to suicide by the pious person whom he trusted as a brother; take the experiences of the fishing apprentices at Grimsby, when they are orphans and defenceless; take the stories of the little lads on board a certain vessel supposed to be under Government supervision; take a dozen examples known to each of us, and I tell you the mass of mankind seems hardly good enough for that destiny which the Calvinist promises to the unregenerate."

"I fear you are wandering somewhat from the point," Stanhope said, with a smile.

"Look how the natives of India are treated by those who call themselves the dominant race," Henley went on. "Why, I have seen an Indian gentleman insulted in this country by a low-class Anglo-Indian official home on leave, till it required, not the Christianity in me, but fear of the police, to enable me to keep my hands off him. I have heard a fopling officer brag that he used to set the old soldiers in his regiment to every distasteful task he could think of just that he might see them tremble with impotent rage. Now remember that in all these cases we are enjoined to be submissive, to turn the unsmitten cheek to him that smote the other without a cause. My dear fellows, it is too hard for human nature, and I am not going to even feign to take the order. Every man that strikes me I will strike back; if a man robs me of my just possessions I will break every bone in his body if I can, and I will tell every man who knows him the quality of person I have found him to be—and take the consequences."

"Khama might meet you and leave me unashamed," said Stanhope, "because you certainly do not cant."

"I have sometimes wondered if it was correctly reported—the order, I mean," said Henley in a low voice. "There are times when I would give half a world to feel that there is an error somewhere."

None of us spoke for a time, then Stanhope said slowly, "Can you not feel that He said it, that nobody could have ascribed it to Him, it is such a superhuman sort of utterance? Why, our human morality makes submission to wrong seem cowardice."

"Was it given as a test?" Norbury asked.

Stanhope said certainly not, said it with conviction; it was the natural outcome of Christ's point of view. "To be a poor, dishonest, tyrannous, cruel human creature must have seemed so pitiable to Him that it could scarcely make Him indignant."

"If we obeyed literally, think of the consequences!" Henley went on, with a groan. "We are cheated sufficiently, however we stand on the defensive. Oh, men and brothers, Christ is so far above any level we can ever attain to that the best thing we can do, if we are honest men, is to say, 'This is too high for me.'"

"I suppose the best we can do is to say we will try to obey," said Norbury.

Stanhope gave a kind of shiver. "Don't say anything that savours of cant. To cant is to place oneself for ever on the low level which ultimately leads to the darkening of the eyes and the death of the soul. There are actually people that use the Divine, not as a beacon of hope, not as an exemplar, but as a mere shibboleth, a password to a higher social circle, to more pecuniary emolument, to the attainment of such poor ambitions as their mean little souls can formulate. For them there is no"—

"Don't say it, don't say it," said Norbury. "The air is electrical, and a word may bring a thunder-bolt."

NORMAN FRENCH.

LIFE may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,

So generous is fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her
To front a lie in arms, and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan,
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,

Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid
earth,

Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

J. R. Lowell.

O God of truth, make me one with Thee in
eternal love. Oft am I weary, reading, listening,
but all I wish and long for is in Thee. Then
silent be all teachers, speak Thou to me alone.—
Thomas à Kempis.

THOU must be true thyself,

If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.—*Bonar.*

Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half, trust
God, see all, nor be afraid."—*Browning.*

JOSEPH: THE TYPICAL YOUTH.

BY THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

V.—MAGNANIMITY.

THERE is an unworked field in biography which I would strongly recommend to your study; it is the testimony which silence, or even concealment, may bear to the true character. Most biographies deal with the outside of a man only—with the things he has done or that have been done to him, the thoughts or opinions he has expressed in speech or writing, and so forth. These have their value, but just as the most telling evidence in the witness-box is that which is given unintentionally or inadvertently, so they are the times when a man is off his guard, and not thinking about being photographed or interviewed, that furnish the surest indications of his true character. Everybody, for instance, has noticed the spontaneous, social, friendly spirit of the shepherd who had found the sheep that was lost, the woman who had found the missing coin, and the father who had his lost son restored to him again, when they called their friends and neighbours together to rejoice with them. That was good-heartedness—the exultant glee of simple, loving natures. Every biographer has called your attention to that again and again,—as if you needed your attention called to a thing so plain, and so much on the surface,—but what biographer has called your attention to the silence of these three in the time of their sorrow? The shepherd does not call his friends and neighbours together to tell them about his loss; he flings his cloak about him, takes his crook in his hand, and goes out silently into the starlight with firm, set lips, resolved to seek till he finds. The woman does not go chattering about among her neighbours bewailing her trouble, and soliciting their sympathy; she kindles a light, sweeps the room, gets down on her knees and gropes in the dust with an anxious heart—but without a word to anyone. The father stands silent when his son becomes a speck in the distance, and the speck vanishes away. Day after day he looks in that direction, and is disappointed, but he says nothing; he waits and waits—days, weeks, months, it may be years, but he keeps his grief to himself—not a word about it is recorded. Yet these are the people who have won the praise and admiration of the world for their strong social and fraternal spirit when they had some good news to announce! Can you explain the outburst of their hearts at last without remembering the significance of their silence in the time of sorrow? You cannot. But for that silence there would never have been the subsequent exuberance. Their reserve in the time of their grief is a simple testimony to the genuine lovingness of their

dispositions. Your selfish being never tries to keep his grief to himself; he goes round and round among his neighbours, and challenges them to show that any of them had ever a sorrow like to his sorrow. This, as I said, is an unworked field of biography well worth your studying for the fresh light it can cast on the true character of anyone.

It is the fashion in which we can best get at the real nature of Joseph. Fix your eye only on what he did or said, and you may see much that is good and admirable, but, if you are so minded, you might be able to find very sufficient reasons for all, on the grounds of diplomacy or expediency, or a quick instinct to see the advantages of the opportunity. But study him on the silent side of his life, scrutinise him keenly when he is off his guard; it is then you will get at the real springs of his actions.

Consider, for example, how marvellously he retained the sweetness of his disposition. If ever a man had grounds for growing embittered, cynical, or soured, Joseph had. He had been wronged again and again, yet he had never intentionally wronged anyone. He had deceived nobody, yet he had been deceived; he had told the truth, and the truth only, yet he had been lied about; he had been upright, honest and earnest, yet he was thrown into prison for a reward. Less than that has made the faces of thousands become as green as a crab-apple, and made their hearts as sour. Less than that has manufactured cheap atheists wholesale, and has turned out cynical young men and "superior" young women, who have no faith in anything but the main chance, or motives of self-interest.

Beyond question it is the magnanimous nature of Joseph that fascinates us most as we read his story. We are hardly aware of it; it doesn't obtrude itself upon us; there are no dramatic scenes in which, with well-toned light and softest music, he lays bare his heart before the world and says, "Behold how good I am!" There is nothing of that; we have to think and watch and get behind the outward actions before we arrive at the deep, central fountains of his nature, and yet it is the half-heard music of their presence that gives the undefinable charm to his whole history. The value of what he *does* lies in what he *is*—and that is the unfailing mark of a genuine life.

It is hardly needful that we should define the magnanimous spirit. All understand it—big-heartedness, grandest charity, patient forbearance, and ready helpfulness—an amalgam of them all. Yet it is interesting to note the change that has

come over the meaning of the word, for the testimony which it renders to the triumph of Christian principles on the earth. Originally, as the word was used by the Greeks and Romans, magnanimity meant a "terrific" spirit. The warrior who was most implacable, fiercest in his temper, and most obdurate in his pride, he was the magnanimous man, the man of the mighty spirit. And so the word came down through the centuries, meaning generally the man who had the hottest temper, the spirit that was quickest to catch fire, standing for its rights, and sweeping others out of its way. Few fossils (and words are the fossils of history) can show so much change in development as is shown by the altered meaning of this word. Through the power of Christ's life and teaching the world has come at length to have a new idea of what the really great spirit is. By the new stamp it has put on this word it declares that the spirit which comes nearest to Christ's spirit is the most magnanimous one. This fact, then, may serve for all further needed definition—the magnanimous disposition is the one that is most infused with the spirit of Christ.

Think of it so, as the light divides between Jesus and Joseph, and see how, in their different measures, the same spirit was in both. It is written of Jesus that before His accusers He was dumb, and that He railed not again when He was railed upon. We know something of His self-restraint when He was rudely handled, mocked, and buffeted, yet had He desired it He could have commanded twelve legions of angels to His aid. When struck, He struck not again; when defamed, He blessed.

Was it not so also with His prototype? It might have been a serious thing for Potiphar's wife if Joseph had opened his lips; it might have been awkward for the chief butler, with his fair false promises, when Joseph was at length raised to power. But you read no word of Joseph wreaking his revenge, or trying to "be even," as you put it, with those who had wronged him. No ungenerous action blots his fair record.

Now, there are two ways in which magnanimity of this kind may be accounted for, and which view you take depends again, not on the facts, but on the character of the heart you bring to the study of the facts. You may account for them on the mere grounds of caution or precaution. It might not be wise, you say, for the weak to enter into conflict with the strong. There are times when it is prudent to "jouk an' let the jaw gae by," to bend rather than be broken, to "bide your time." This is the expedient view, thoroughly crafty, thoroughly Eastern, never noble. At the best it is like the man who had been wronged by a Cadi or judge. Leaving the court, he picked up a stone and vowed to hurl it one day at the head of the one who had wronged him. Day after day, month after month, he carried the stone with him, but his opportunity

had not come. At length, in the quick changes so characteristic of the East, the Cadi was degraded from his office. "I will not throw it now," said the man, "he is being tormented at present by all the people; let him have plenty of that." Years passed, and his enemy sank to the poorest condition, and was forgotten of everybody. "I shall not throw it yet," said the man; "one never knows the turns of the wheel of fortune; he might be in great power to-morrow." And it was so; a day came when the Cadi was raised to favour, and as he was led in honour through the streets, the injured man seized the stone he had so long carried with him, looked at it reflectively for a while, then dropped it to the ground. "The man is too powerful now," he said; and then he proceeded to moralise—that it is never good to take revenge, for one can never tell when it can be done with safety to himself! Would you call that magnanimity? Would you not call it arrant selfishness? Was the man any the better man when he abandoned his purpose than when he vowed it? He was not; he was as bad as ever; he had only learnt a little more cunning or shrewdness; in his heart he was as vicious as at the first.

It is Joseph's bearing towards his brethren at the last that stands out most conspicuously on the canvas of his story for the magnanimity he displayed; but just because it is so conspicuous there is less need that we should dwell much on it. They had wronged him, sorely wronged him; but at length they were at his mercy. There is never a more dangerous moment in anyone's life than when he has his enemy in his power. It is the moment when we decide to be God-like or devil-like—it is the opportunity of opening or closing the gates of our own blessing.

One aspect of Joseph's great reconciliation is worth noting for the practical lessons it gives. He did not disclose himself all at once. His behaviour was strange at first: he seemed to be temporising. He *was* temporising—temporising in love—and you will sometimes need to do the same if you would accomplish your best, most lovable purposes. Joseph had to find out the moral whereabouts of his brethren before he could know how best to do them good. There is what the wise men call "the psychological moment"; it is the moment in which alone souls can be rightly fused together. Fail to wait patiently and watch lovingly for that moment, and you need not wonder if your best intentions miscarry. You are trying to weld your hot iron to a piece of iron that has not yet been heated, or which, having been heated to the same pitch as your own, you have suffered to grow cold again before striking the decisive blow. However good your intentions may be it is not always wise to disclose them when the wound in the other's heart is still raw and rankling; give Nature a little time in which to do her beneficent work. However forgiving you may be in your heart, do not expect

that the one who has wronged you will understand your spirit while he is under the full power of the evil influence that led him to do the wrong. There is need to watch for the psychological moment. That generally comes to us as it came to Joseph, when we have the opportunity of doing some good turn to the one who wronged us.

How Joseph came to do as he did, and be what he was, becomes easier to understand as we hear him utter his theology of the matter: "Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither: for God did send me before you, to preserve life. . . . Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good."

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆSAR" AND "RICHARD III."

ONCE more, with Shakespeare as my text, let me put in a plea for the great writers and the great books. I plead for the literature of the ages: the literature of the hour is able to take care of itself; Mudie and the magazines will see that we do not neglect it. But while we are buying the six-shilling volumes of Ian Maclaren and Marie Corelli, at the rate of tens of thousands per annum, what are we doing with our Shakespeare, our Milton, and our Wordsworth? *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* is a rare book—a book to laugh and to cry over. Marie Corelli is—well, I will not say, but she is said to be the Queen's favourite novelist. I do not grudge these authors one jot or tittle of the enormous prosperity which has befallen them. Moreover, the average Briton is such an inveterate non-bookbuyer—he will spend half a sovereign on some delicacy for the table without a moment's hesitation, but he will think ten times before he spends the same amount on a book, and then probably he will not spend it—that I am inclined to rejoice when he can be persuaded to buy anything, even though it be nothing better than the *Sorrows of Satan*. And yet I am jealous for the great names in our literature; and most of all, I am concerned about ourselves. After all, it matters nothing to Shakespeare if four-fifths of his countrymen do not feel his greatness; he is not therefore less great; but it matters very much to the four-fifths themselves. There is small chance of a vigorous mental manhood when the highly-spiced confections of our modern fiction form the staple fare of youth. "Eschew impertinent books," said William Law; and there is no maxim that better deserves to be called the busy reader's Golden Rule. If he resolves faithfully to observe it, he may suffer certain small inconveniences; he may not be able to appear omniscient in the drawing-room when —'s latest novel or poem is being discussed; nevertheless, he shall have his own exceeding great reward.

Do young men to-day read Shakespeare? It is not an easy question to answer, and I am not in the mood to dogmatize, but for the most part I fear they do not; and I sometimes think that our public

schools are partly to blame. I speak for myself. As a lad of twelve or fourteen I was compelled to cram *As You Like It* and certain other plays of Shakespeare for the Cambridge Local Examinations. The whole thing was Greek to me; I had scarce any idea, even the faintest, what it was all about. "As you like it," indeed! There was a touch of irony in the very name; but it was a lesson, and I had to learn it, with the result that I hated the sight of Shakespeare, and for years never opened one again. I do not know that all my schoolfellows felt as I did; perhaps they did not, and I readily grant that I was uncommonly dull even for a schoolboy of fourteen. But that to many in the class with me the one abiding effect of our premature study of Shakespeare's plays was a deeply-rooted dislike to him and all his works, which it took years finally to eradicate, I have no doubt. The moral for the educationalist—if there be one—I leave him to draw. My chief concern is with the young man whose experience in this respect is akin to my own; and to him my advice is simply this: forget the past, and try again. And for the reader, thus unhappily prejudiced, no better beginning can be made than with the historical plays—one dealing with Roman, the other with English history—which I have selected for our reading this month.

It is interesting to note the sources whence Shakespeare drew the material for his historical plays, and the use he made of them. It is wholly a mistake to suppose, as probably many a schoolboy does, that the tremendous incidents of these plays were all invented by Shakespeare "out of his own head." Behind the dramatist stands the historian; and Shakespeare, with no fear of the pedant in search of the "plagiarist" before his eyes, does not scruple to make the fullest and freest use of the results of the historian's toil. "The two books," says Professor Dowden, "which contributed the largest material towards the building up of Shakespeare's art-structure were the *Chronicles of Hollingshed*, a quarry worked by the poet previous to 1600; and *North's translation of Plutarch's Lives*, a quarry worked after 1600." It

is to the former of these sources that we owe the English plays; to the latter, the Roman. Further, it is to be observed, as the same writer says, that "Shakespeare treated the material which lay before him in Hollingshed and in Plutarch with reverent care. It was not a happy falsifying of the facts of history to which he, as dramatist, aspired, but an imaginative rendering of the very facts themselves;"¹ or, as another writer says, speaking of *Richard III.*, "The play is the historical narrative dramatised, and the only scene of importance for which some hint has not been supplied in the history is the second scene of the first Act, in which Richard woos the widow of Prince Edward."² At the same time, it is not to be supposed that Shakespeare, any more than Scott or other great masters of the dramatic art, allowed his imagination to be fettered by the bare facts with which as its material it worked. Scott, we know, did not stick at a trifling chronological or historical inaccuracy, when by some slight re-grouping of his materials he could the better reach the higher truth which was the object of his quest. The same may be said of Shakespeare. "It was," says Mr. Wright in the Introduction from which I have just quoted, "no part of the business of the dramatist to follow the historian too closely, or to observe the unities of place and time. The play opens in 1471, and before the end of the first Act we are hurried forward six years to the death of Clarence, which is made to be nearly contemporary with the death of Edward, six years later still. In this way, however, the interval of Edward's reign, uneventful for dramatic purposes, is bridged over, and the catastrophe of the story of the struggle of the rival houses is reached."³ Similar discrepancies will be often noted by the careful reader of these plays.

What are the tools indispensable to the Shakespearean student? A good text,—such, for example, as is provided by the Globe Edition,⁴—a glossary, or a really good dictionary to explain the more unfamiliar words, and diligent application on his own part: these are essential; I do not know that anything else is. At the same time, an edition with each play in

a separate volume will be found very useful. I have found the little volumes in Cassell's National Library, edited by Professor Henry Morley,⁵ very handy; and though they contain no glossary, their value is greatly increased by the addition of the sources from which the main incidents of each plot are derived. Better still, but double the price, are the beautiful volumes of the *Temple Shakespeare*. But best of all, perhaps, are the various editions of the single plays published by the Clarendon Press: the student who masters these may feel that he knows all he need care to know about the plays of which they treat. And lastly, he who cannot afford to purchase Dowden's great work already mentioned, will at least procure his shilling *Primer*, the cheapest and most compact guide to Shakespeare in the language. Perhaps, also, I may add that in reading the historical plays it is well, in the absence of a fully annotated edition, to have a good history at one's elbow for reference. This remark specially applies to *Richard III.*, for which the genealogical trees of John Richard Green's *Short History* will be found very useful.

With so many excellent text-books in the market I have not thought it necessary to make any detailed comment upon the two plays selected for this month's reading. On one point only need I add a word. How is it that Julius Cæsar fills so comparatively insignificant a part in a play that bears his name? He "appears"—I quote Professor Dowden—"in only three scenes of the play. In the first scene of the third Act he dies. Where he does appear, the poet seems anxious to insist upon the weakness rather than the strength of Cæsar. He is failing in body and mind, influenced by superstition, yields to flattery, thinks of himself as almost superhuman, has lost some of his insight into character, and his sureness and swiftness of action." Nevertheless, adds the same writer, "the play is rightly named *Julius Cæsar*. His bodily presence is weak, but his spirit rules throughout the play, and rises after his death in all its might, towering over the little band of conspirators, who at length fall before the spirit of Cæsar as it ranges for revenge."

. The book for September will be Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feveril* (Chapman & Hall, 3s. 6d.).

⁵ Cloth, 6d.

⁴ Macmillan's, 3s. 6d.

¹ *Shakespeare: his Mind and Art* (Kegan Paul, 12s.), p. 276.

² Mr. W. Aldis Wright, Clarendon Press Series: Introduction, p. 6.

³ *Ibid.* p. 7.

It is the people that now rule, and unless God live in them and rule the people, the end of all our struggles, the goal of all our boasted progress, will be chaos.—*Principal Fairbairn.*

PRECEPT freezes, while example warms. Precept addresses us, example lays hold on us. Precept is a marble statue, example glows with life—a thing of flesh and blood.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

It fortifies my soul to know
That though I perish, truth is so;
That howsoever I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,
 Author of "*The Threshold of Manhood*," etc.

THE subject on which *Waldo* (Fareham) writes me is one of such great interest that I may be excused for touching it again. *Waldo* does not know how to shape the assumption of steady moral progress in the world with such a declaration as that of the Apostle John, that "the whole world lieth in wickedness," or the saying of St. Paul in his letter to Timothy, that "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse." But suppose we ask what such passages really mean, and what is the limit in which they may be regarded as authoritative? For instance, if I met St. John's view of society in the pages of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, I should at once know how to interpret it. I should not assume that it was a description of society applying equally to the first and the nineteenth century: still less should I regard it as applying to all time. I should know very well that it was a description of society in the Roman Empire of the first century, and I should have no difficulty in verifying it as a correct description. Now, I do not mean to say, of course, that the Epistle of St. John has no more value in my eyes than Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*; but I do mean to say that in so far as they are both historical documents they must be read in the same spirit, and tested by the same method. I do not take some passage of Gibbon which describes the corruption of the Roman Empire as a correct account of every century which has succeeded it, nor have I any right to take a similar passage of St. John's Epistle and assume that it holds good as a true account of the world to the end of time. In other words, such passages as *Waldo* quotes are of purely historical value. They do not contain any inspired ethic or spiritual revelation. They merely describe a state of things which existed at the time they were written. Nor do they claim to be conclusive accounts of society to the end of time. It is we who have put this interpretation upon them, and in doing so have destroyed their real significance, and landed ourselves in a muddle and a maze of quite gratuitous difficulties.

* * *

But besides this, we have to take the Scriptures as a whole, if we would understand what they have to say on the ultimate prospects of humanity. It has always been one of the most mischievous foibles of the sectary to ransack the Bible in order to discover some isolated passage or passages which may be used to support his views. It is really possible to prove almost anything from the Bible on such a method. For instance, the advocates of slavery have never had the least difficulty in

proving that slavery was a divine institution—there are plenty of passages which may be arbitrarily collated in support of such a monstrous thesis. But this is not the way to read the Bible. We read no other book on such principles, and should be ashamed to do so. And just as we read other books with an eye to their general sense, so we should read the Bible. The moment we do this, that which was obscure becomes clear, and the crooked is made straight. For we find, without doubt, that the whole Bible points to the gradual perfection of man, and revelation culminates in a splendid vision of a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. A new earth, observe: not a new heaven only. Society, under the growing influence of the spirit of Jesus, is to be reconstituted; man is to be emancipated from the effects of his moral ruin; there is to be built up a true republic of God in which man is to be again crowned with honour and glory, and be visibly but a little lower than the angels: and what does all this mean but the prophecy of a continuous and stable moral progress?

* * *

But still further, if the Bible did not tell us this, history does, and, as Emerson has put it, "facts are in the saddle, and ride mankind." Take, for example, slavery. In the days when John and Paul wrote, the right of human liberty was nowhere recognised as a right: liberty was a possession won with mailed hands and kept by force. Under the Roman Empire slaves were drawn from countries so remote as Palestine and Nubia, and so proximate as Germany, Spain, and Britain. Josephus tells us that after the great Jewish war 97,000 Jews were sold as cheap as horses; and Gibbon estimates that in the Roman Empire there were not fewer than 60,000,000 slaves. In Attica there were 400,000 slaves to 21,000 free citizens, and wealthy Romans often possessed as many as 10,000 slaves. The condition of these poor wretches was abject in the extreme. They had no civil rights; they were not held capable of being injured; they could have no heirs and could make no wills; they could be tortured to procure evidence in a court of law, could be sold or pawned, and could be put to death at the sole will of their masters. The lot of cattle was infinitely preferable to theirs, and the rich man's horse was literally better treated than his slave. And, what is more, the possibility of society being sustained without slavery was something that had never occurred to the political thinkers of the day: not even to that great philosophical nation which had produced an Aristotle and a

Socrates. It is perhaps hardly possible for us to comprehend what a tremendous sum of human misery is represented in such facts as these. But we do know that all these facts have been altered. We do know that that great sentence of the American Declaration of Independence, that "mankind has certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," has been accepted as axiomatic among all civilised peoples. And if this is not moral progress, what is?

* * *

And, as I pointed out in the paragraph of the June number of this magazine to which *Wallo* alludes, we have also seen an extraordinary spectacle of moral progress in our own time. Crime has certainly decreased; education has become general; great humanitarian ideals have possessed the general mind; religion was never treated with such respect as now, and never had wider influence; and human life, upon the whole, has reached a stage of comfort, decency, cleanliness, and well-being never known before. The life of the eighteenth century would seem almost barbarous to us to-day. *Wallo* says that "the moral life of the nations seems not one half so healthy and strong as of yore." Well, let him study the condition of Europe during the Napoleonic wars, or immediately preceding the French Revolution, and he will speedily discover his error. Let him read John Wesley's *Journals*, and he will get an intensely vivid and dreadful picture of what the life of the people in England was at the close of the eighteenth century. No, the shining of the sun is not more indubitable than this fact of an enormous moral progress. And I think it of the utmost importance that young men should understand these facts. Pessimism is largely the child of ignorance. There is nothing easier than for a sensitive mind, destitute of any true historical perspective, to fall into pessimism; and to reason from certain disagreeable features of modern life the existence of moral decadence among the nations. The one medicine needed is a good dose of plain fact. Wickedness enough there is in the world, but the armies of darkness are on the retreat. I have not a doubt that this is so. To believe otherwise would be to confess Christianity an exploded fallacy, and the redemption of the world impossible. Nay, more: it would be to impugn the entire moral government of God, and to declare God ineffectual, impotent, or non-existent. For the final goal of pessimism is atheism, and the one sovereign remedy for pessimism is faith in the real and enduring moral progress of the world.

* * *

Clerestus (Bath), whose letter has stood over for a long time, touches on a kindred theme when he asks whether religion has any real power in our national life. He refers to public men, and what appears to be their practical repudiation of religious ideals. Well, one is painfully aware that among

politicians there is very often a great deal of time-serving and moral shiftiness, but I will venture to say that religious ideals never had such a close relation to public life as to-day. The saying of Comte, that "in the long run all political questions tend to become ethical questions," has received very startling illustration in our own time. And if one glances over the political history of the last half-century, it will appear, I think, that the permanent power and influence of any public man is in the exact ratio of the strength of his religious ideals. Can *Clerestus* furnish me with a single instance of a public man who has found impiety and irreligion a help to him in his career? I do not know of one. But I can furnish him with many instances of men who have never achieved a tithe of the public influence to which their great intellectual gifts entitled them, simply because they had no sense of religion. Can *Clerestus* quote me the name of a single man of genius who has found in religion an element of hindrance to his intellectual development? I do not know of one, but I can quote the names of many who have never reached the fulness of their development, never sounded the highest note of thought, or touched the brightest goal of victorious achievement, simply because they were ignorant of religion. The fact is that the deepest chord in the human heart is the religious chord, and men are always eager to welcome the hand that can strike it. The world of literature at this hour is waiting for a great poet, and by that term it really means a religious poet. Give us a poet capable of writing another *In Memoriam*, and there can be no doubt as to his reception; the world will read poetry again then—and not before. And similarly the political world is waiting for a great religious statesman, who will waste no time over the rotten insincerities of opportunist policies, but will treat the great issues of national life in a great spirit, with a simple and sovereign regard for truth and justice—and when he comes, England will rally to him. My faith in the English people is bound up with my belief in the strength and vitality of their religious instincts. Surely it is a very significant thing that most of the great struggles of English history have been in their essence religious struggles; it is a singularly impressive revelation of the hold which religion has over the national life.

* * *

I am glad to have the opportunity of touching this subject because I know that among multitudes of young men the notion still survives that there is something incompatible in piety and manliness. It is an exceedingly stupid notion. And it is condemned by some of the most heroic lives lived in our century. I suppose it would be difficult to discover any two lives of modern times that more truly merit the description of heroic than the lives of Havelock and Gordon. Each was a soldier, and

each was tested by hours of tremendous crisis. But in all that terrible march to Lucknow, Havlock contrived to spend one hour in prayer and Bible-reading every morning; and we all know how close to his heart Gordon carried his New Testament through all the tragic scenes of his last days in the Soudan. Was either of these men a less manly man for his religion? And if a soldier thus finds the practical gain of religion, will not religion be an equal gain to the young man fighting his way in business? The fact is that the first and last word about a man is his character: and religion is the science of character. All that a man does is simply his character at work. Genius itself is merely a man's character incarnating itself. To say of a man "he is religious," if his religion is real, is equivalent to saying of him, "he has a fine character." And to say that of a man is to predestinate him to trust and honour; and if you cannot say that of him, nothing else that you can say is of much avail.

BRIEF ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. A. (Bedminster). Your story is very poor, but then you are very young. It is quite possible that some eminent novelists did no better at seventeen. By all means go on writing steadily, endeavouring to deal with that aspect of life which you know best. Some day you may find yourself master of your craft, and do good work. But remember that the chief quality of genius is an infinite patience.—*W. Gay* (Bendigo, Australia). Your sonnets have both beauty and power. I judge from your letter that your life is near its close. Be content with the thought that you have done one small piece of work well. To have done that is not to have lived in vain. God speed you as you pass into the shadow.—*Anglo Park* (Edinburgh). I like your verses. They have true melody, and much delicate feeling.—*After Hours* (Dublin). Your verses, like so many, are correctly fashioned, and run smoothly, yet they have no real merit. They miss that something—"lyrical cry," emotion, magic—call it what you will, that makes poetry.—*J. F.* (Glasgow). Write Mr. Hobbs, 129 Highbury New Park, London, N., who, I think, will be able to give you the information you require.—*F. G. N.* (Bakewell). There should be no difficulty in obtaining the works of Carlyle. They are published in a cheap edition, running to many volumes, by Chapman & Hall, at 1s. 6d. per vol. net. There are also other and still cheaper editions of such of his works as are out of copyright. With Ruskin it is different. None of his books can be regarded as cheap. A list can be obtained from George Allen, Orpington, Kent.—*Bonnet* (Peterhead). Your short poem on Burns is excellent; but the first verse is much the best. The other two verses do not keep the level. The first verse is so good that I will let my readers judge its merits—

I sing of him who sang the songs
Of Scotland's joys, of Scotland's wrongs,
Obscure, who on the banks of Doon
Enthralled the world to hear his tune:
A peasant and a poet, none
Could drive so well the plough along,
Or sing so sweet a song.

But not so the verses of *G. L. K.* (Edinburgh). Will you kindly try to scan them? It is a task beyond the human tongue and the wit of man. Beyond one fine thought—"The years are God's leaves of history,"

there is nothing of merit in the lines, and certainly no touch of poetry.—*Neaueas* (Glasgow). Would not your best course be to study for the B.A. degree of Glasgow University? No home study is likely to prove so efficient as the class-work of the University. I suggest this because you live in Glasgow, and do not say *what* University you desire to graduate in. If you are thinking of London, I must refer you to the University Correspondence School, advertised in these columns.—*Kempis* (Omagh). The only book on Thomas à Kempis which I know is Kettleworth's *Thomas à Kempis and The Brothers of the Common Life*, published in 1882. There is an edition of *Kempis* published in 1889, with a preface by Canon Liddon: also an excellent edition by Methuen, with a preface by Dean Farrar. I mention Kettleworth's book, but I do not possess it, and can offer no opinion upon its merits.—*Toulia*. Write no more blank verse till you have read Milton and Tennyson, and thus trained your ear to verbal melody. When you have done this, you will see how your lines jump and sprawl and stagger.—A correspondent asks for reliable advice as to the best means of entering the profession of the law: perhaps one of my readers can supply this information.—*H. G.* (Grantham). Books "requiring thought" are too numerous for specification. Why not take a course of history—say, Gibbon, Green, and Lecky? Or wrestle with the intricacies of Mr. A. J. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief*, which is a book worth the most careful study; or, if your bent is toward theology, try *Luce Mundi*.—*J. T. R.* (Freetown, Sierra Leone). Your verses are carefully written and show ability, though it is rather a lofty ambition to aim at being the songwriter of your country. Nevertheless, it is well to aim high, and if we were not ambitious to reach a height beyond us, we should make very little headway at all in life. By all means read Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*. It is a most admirable little book, and the model of what a primer should be. For a fuller treatment of the same theme you might read with advantage Mr. George Saintsbury's *Nineteenth Century Literature* (Macmillan & Co., 7s. 6d.), which is just published.—*H. H. A.* had better read Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War* for himself. He will, no doubt, find what he wants there.—*D. R.* (Rajpootana, India). The books you name are, no doubt, the copyright of either the author or publisher, and in that case no one is permitted to reprint them in British dominions. The law of copyright gives the author forty-two years' property in his work, or his lifetime and seven years after, whichever period is the longer. During this period it is an infringement of copyright to publish a book without the author's or publisher's consent. As regards the particular books you name, the best way would be to write a polite letter to the publisher.—*Johannes* (Brownwood Park, London). There is a sweet and true note of music in your lines—a sincere lyrical gift, if a small one. You will do well to cultivate it. The lines, "The Land of Cities," are excellent.—*H. D.* (Hanley). *Lloyd's Encyclopedic Dictionary* is as good as can be wished. There are many books of anecdotes, quotations, and illustrations for public speakers. One of the best arranged and freshest I know is Mr. Moodie's *Tools for Teachers* (Elliot Stock).—Many communications are unanswered this month, either because they propose trivial questions which are of no general interest, or because they put questions that have been dealt with scores of times in these columns. I must again repeat that I do not undertake to deal with every communication that reaches me; that I cannot answer anyone through the post; and that *in no case* guarantee to return copies of verses or stories that reach me, not even when stamps are enclosed. The sender should in all cases retain a copy of his MS., if he puts any value upon it.

All Editorial Communications should be addressed to MR. FREDERICK A. ATKINS, TEMPLE HOUSE, TEMPLE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. Telegraphic address, "OPENEYED, LONDON."

The Editor cannot hold himself responsible under any circumstances for the return of Manuscripts.

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

THE STORY OF "PUNCH" AND HIS MERRY MEN.

By THE REV. R. E. WELSH, M.A.

II.

Two curious literary contributions appeared in the early numbers of *Punch*, one of them from the coming Poet Laureate. It is a surprise to find Tennyson among the Merry Men of Master Hunchback. He was anything but merry, he was savage and furious, when he figured "for one night only" in Mark Lemon's show. Bulwer Lytton, in his *New Timon*, had mocked at the young poet as "School-mis Alfred." Over the signature of "Alcibiades" Tennyson wrote in the columns of *Punch* a fierce lampoon against his dandy critic, using such fine amenities of language as "You bandbox," "The dapper man who wears the stays." Needless to say, this production was not afterwards included in the poet's works. Think of Tennyson writing this virile stanza—

What profits it to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?

More memorable was the chief poem which Tom Hood contributed. He had been sending various light items, rollicking rhymes, and conundrums, of which the following is a specimen: "Why is killing bees like a confession?" "Because you unbuzz 'em." But this master of quips and puns, this purveyor of mirth, who immortalised Tim Tiddle and Miss Kilmansegg, had his times of



MR. DU MAURIER AT WORK.

[From a Photo by FRADELLE & YOUNG, 246 Regent Street, W.]

melancholy. In fact he said, "it was only for a livelihood that he was a lively Hood." In his "One more unfortunate" he revealed the depth of his human sympathy. His pent-up pity for the poor seamstresses who were paid 1½d. per shirt, finding their own needles, broke into improvised utterance, and the casual song which he wrote merely as a relief to his feelings he sent apologetically to Mark Lemon. In a note he added that he was afraid it might not suit the pages of *Punch*, that it had already been rejected by three other papers, that he was sick at the sight of it, and if unsuitable, it had better be consigned to the wastepaper basket.

When read at the "Round Table," most of the staff thought it too serious for their journal of humour; but Mark Lemon, impressed with its power and beauty, and on the strength of his authority as editor, inserted it,—"The Song of the Shirt." It appeared appropriately in the issue for the compassionate Christmas season (No. 127, Dec. 1843), but inappropriately surrounded by a border of grotesque figures, "Dicky" Doyle's first drawing in *Punch*.

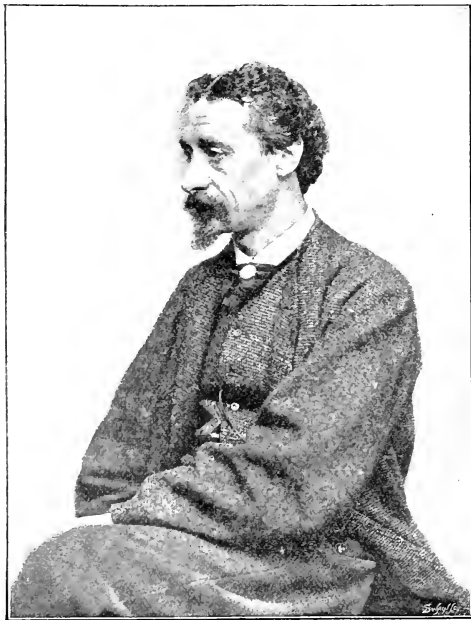
It excited a universal sensation, and trebled the circulation of *Punch*. It was quoted, translated, parodied, printed on cheap cotton handkerchiefs; but among all the tokens of response that came to Hood's notice nothing so touched his heart as the sound of the voices of the poor seamstress girls as they sang it in the streets to a rude air of their own. (Do gentle readers painfully recall the part this poem played in their school-life? When "kept in" to write "fifty lines," and always taking short lines by preference, how we used to think ourselves victims of another slavery as we wrote "Work, Work, Work"!)

Of course the two strongest writers in the *Punch* of those days were Thackeray and Douglas Jerrold. Enough to say here of Thackeray that through this channel he issued his *Book of Snobs* and *Jeames's Diary*, and that he could ill endure the rampant radicalism

of his antagonist Jerrold. Douglas Jerrold, first sailor, then actor, found his fitting sphere in *Punch* as its volcanic, frolicsome humorist. Little of all he wrote has survived save *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, and a select number of his jokes, such as "Dogmatism is puppyism come to its full growth." Up and down thirty-four volumes of *Punch* he romps and revels. In him, also, sparkling wit was joined with fierce hatred of all human wrong, especially wrong done to children and the poor; and often he let loose his bolts against callous wealth. It was he who said, "I never by chance hear the rattling of the dice that it does not sound to

me like the funeral knell of a whole family."

This sketch is not a History of *Punch*—which Mr. Spielmann has written, to the gain of all who follow—else something would require to be said of Percival Leigh; of Dr. Maginn—the original of Captain Shandon in *Pendennis*—nearly all of whose copy came from the Fleet Street prison; of Horace Mayhew, nicknamed "Ponny"; of Dr. Kenely, afterwards of Tichborne fame; of Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor, editors in succession; of Henry Silver, and of Gilbert & Beckett ("Mr. Briefless") and his two sons. Some whose names are known to fame but seldom associated



CHARLES KEENE.

[From a Photo by ELLIOTT & FRYS.]

with *Punch* were guilty of casual contributions—Coventry Patmore, "Artemus Ward," Rob Roy Macgregor, Locker-Lampson, Calverley, and Miss Betham Edwards.

Returning to the *Punch* artists, young Tenniel—now Sir John—was summoned by Mark Lemon to fill the breach suddenly created by "Dicky" Doyle's resignation. As this was in 1850, the knightly veteran has only four more years to serve in order to celebrate the jubilee of his connection with the journal he has enriched and loved. He was speedily entrusted with a share of the political cartoons, and soon undertook them all, leaving Leech



THE RISING GENERATION—IN PARLIAMENT.

Punch. "What, at last, will you do for me?" he said to the younger man. "I shall, if I can, be as good as you are." "I shall, if I can, be as good as you are." "I shall, if I can, be as good as you are."

subsidiary items,—surely a record of extraordinary resource and vitality, richly entitling him to be called the "Grand Old Man" of high-class caricature.

This feat is the more wonderful since he has had the use of only one eye. In fencing with his father, the button of the latter's foil fell off, the point entering the junior's eye. "It's a curious thing," he said to Mr. Spielmann, "that two of the principal men on *Punch*, Du Maurier and I, have only two eyes between them!" He has no eye for the grotesque in caricature, but a very true eye for classic dignity in humour and for tragic pathos. Few can forget the impressive power and restrained feeling of his "Dropping the Pilot," the aged, weather-beaten pilot Bismarck descending the ladder of the Ship of State, leaving it in charge of the cool young Emperor who leans over the bulwarks. In his pictures of the Crimea, of the Franco-Prussian War, of murder and famine in Ireland, the same tragic power is displayed. What majestic lions he has drawn, making Britons proud of the nation so nobly personified. He has been a frequent visitor to the "Zoo," and a close student of its lions and bears—although he does not draw direct from the life.

Charles Keene followed close upon the heels of Tenniel in entering the pages of *Punch*. He was Leech's true successor, exhibiting the humours of homely scenes among *bourgeois* people. His lines may seem rough, but they are accurate and strong as etching. No one can surpass him in power to bring out *character*. His work is the wonder of all experts. He was reserved, often absent from the Wednesday

free to indulge his preference for social "cuts" and the humours of daily life. Since 1862 Tenniel has been chief cartoonist, providing the main dish each week with scarcely a break for these thirty-four years. He has produced some two thousand cartoons, not to mention

Dinner of the staff, and lived a quiet bachelor life, devoted to his intimates and his pipes, his bagpipes and his clay-pipes (accumulating "dottles" for a special smoke!).

He so often represents Scotsmen and the humours of Scottish life that one might feel safe in supposing him to have been a Scot. He ought to have been, but was not, having been born in London and brought up in Ipswich.

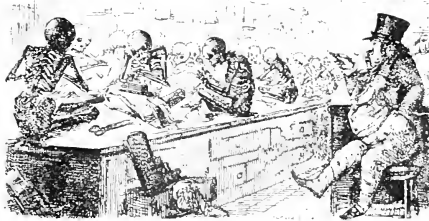
As an instance of his faculty for etching the humours of English middle-class life, we may take the scene in which the business gentleman, hurrying to catch his morning train, thinks he has grazed the ankle of an old gentleman—rather deaf, it appears—who has, however, felt nothing at all. "I beg your pardon, sir," "What for?" with his hand behind his ear. "I'm afraid I kicked you." "Eh?" "I kicked you." "What for?" "Quite an accident." "Eh?" "An accident." "Bless my soul, where? I hope nobody was killed." The encounter is drawn to perfection. It rather dashes one's delight in Keene's work to learn, as his biographer tells us, that most of his stories and jokes were found for him by

friends. But if he did not discover the incidents, how characteristically he portrayed them!

Mr. Punch's personality has completely absorbed the personality of most of his staff. Mr. Du Maurier indeed has found fame in a separate capacity and *in propria persona*. But, with rare exceptions, such as

"The Thackeray of the Pencil," and Thackeray himself, members of the staff have been content to sink their identity in the life of their master.

Mr. Du Maurier is a Parisian by birth. He first tried to be a chemist, and it was owing to an accident in the laboratory that he lost the sight of one eye, nearly of both, and had latterly to give up work for *Punch* for a time. When he first tried



THE LAW AND LITERATURE TABLE.



THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

"All the world is sick of him," said the man who was the first to see him.

his fortunes in London, he was doubtful of an adequate daily dinner. Now he has a place at the dinner-tables of Mayfair, and is able from observation to portray the beautiful as well as the ugly figures of West End Society. What unmistakable "Society" types he has given us—Sir Gorgius Midas, vulgarly wealthy—Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns, common but ambitious of social distinction—Grigsby, the "comic" fool—the "æsthetic" crew, lank and long-haired, with their intense, die-away airs. Some of his best figures he finds in his own home,—his wife and daughter for his graceful ladies, his little grandson for his lovely boys, his own dogs, "Chang" the St. Bernard, "Don" the little terrier, and "Punch" the dachshund. As satirist of polite society he has helped to kill some modern fads and fashions. Yet does not one get somewhat weary of his vapid subjects?

Mr. Linley Sambourne's work in line and shade may be ignored by those who revel in Mr. Phil May, but in the eyes of the close observer it is rich in interest and power, teeming with subtle suggestions and ingenious symbolic allusions. It now appears that he was trained as an engineering draughtsman, and, through German Reed's introduction, became a regular contributor to *Punch* at the early age of twenty-two. He keeps an immense "property" stock of models to draw from, and possesses 10,000 photographs, mostly taken by himself, of the people and articles likely to be required.

Of others I have space to say little here. Mr. Harry Furniss—the son of Scottish parents, but born in Ireland—gave much delight, and some pain, in his exhilarating, fanciful caricatures of Parliamentary men and manners. He did not conceal his political prejudices, and it may be surmised that his strong antipathies, despite his fine and fertile pencil, had something to do with his departure from *Punch* and with the attempt he made, one fears to his loss, to establish a rival in *Lika Joko*. He took with him Mr. Corbould, Keene's nephew. The fine art-work of both is missed.

Among the new hands in recent years have been Mr. E. T. Reed (son of the Naval Constructor, Sir E. J. Reed), whose hilarious antiquities, "Prehistoric Peeps," have provoked many a broad grin; Mr. Bernard Partridge, actor as well as artist, designated by Mr. Du Maurier as his natural successor; Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Maud, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Cleaver, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. A. S. Boyd, and Mr. Raven Hill. "Low life" cuts, without the genial warmth of love that gave Leech his charm, come naturally from Mr. Phil May's pencil. For four years he acted with a strolling company of players, and came to know low life and want.

Chief among the writers of the letterpress, in addition to the editor, Mr. F. C. Burnand, the man of many "Happy Thoughts," must be named Mr. E. J. Milliken, most fertile in suggestions, most

felicitous in his poetical tributes to the distinguished dead, the author of "The 'Arriet Papers," and the writer of the words at the foot of the weekly cartoon—in fact, the guiding spirit of the journal. Mr. H. W. Lucy as "Toby M.P." (see THE YOUNG MAN for May), Mr. F. Anstie Guthrie ("Vice Versa"), Mr. Deputy Bedford, the undertaker who turns from *grave* to gay as "Robert the Waiter," Mr. W. St. Leger ("Ballads from *Punch*"), Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Barry Pain, and Mr. Lehmann, are among the Merry Men of the present-day *Punch*.

A separate paper would be required to show how complete a companion to the history of Queen Victoria's reign is *Punch*. Scan the early numbers, and you see Her Majesty quite youthful, and the Prince Consort still heartily disliked by the people. You find Disraeli claiming public attention, cool, pert, and not yet taken seriously. In "The Rising Generation" Leech makes Peel say: "Well, my little man, what are you going to do this session?" The curly-headed, audacious juvenile replies: "I've made arrangements—ah—to—ah—smash everybody."

Young Ben he was a nice young man, an author by his trade,
He fell in love with Poly Ties, and soon an M.P. made.
He was a Radical one day, but met a Tory Crew,
His Poly Ties he cast away, and then turned Tory too.

Punch has, as a rule, taken sides with no political party, having striven to act as an impartial umpire and censor. There has, perhaps at times, been visible a slight leaning to moderate Liberalism of high imperial type. In picturing public men he has given gratis to several of them peculiar marks or features not to be found in the originals. Mr. Gladstone's big collar, the twig in Palmerston's mouth, John Bright's eyeglass, have existed only in *Punch*'s lively imagination.

In this pictorial reflector of our generation you can follow through its one hundred and eleven volumes the successive movements and events of the time: the rise of the Railway mania, the Anti-Corn Laws of Free Trade, Napoleon III. and the formation of Volunteer Corps, the struggles of Kossuth, Garibaldi, and Victor Immanuel and the imprisoned Pope, O'Connell and the Irish Famine, the oppressions of the Czar and of the "unspeakable Turk." *Punch* is equally a reflector of social customs and fashions. Here are signs of the beard movement, of the triple-expansion crinoline, of the "masher" and "bloomerism." Here, too, are Lord Dundreary, Mr. Briefless, and the prophetic Dr. Cumming.

No doubt *Punch* has on rare occasions championed the wrong side. He opposed the admission to Parliament of Rothschild and the Jews—showing a Hebrew's nose projecting within the door of the House as "the thin end of the wedge." He took the part of the Southern States—but so did most Britons at the time. Usually, however, he has been level-headed and far-sighted.

He has done his best to dethrone abuses and wrongs—as in Leech's exposure of the evils of sweating, "The Jew and the Skeleton Tailors." See him—always a Jew (Leech hated the Jew)—fed fat upon the blood of his slaves. It is a male version in pictorial form of the "Song of the Shirt."

It is often said that "*Punch* is not what it used to be." Certainly it is not the same. It is more classic in style, is produced with more artistic finish, and makes its appeal to a higher social grade. Its men are perhaps not such exuberantly Merry Men, and it contains less real fun. Yet it holds its supreme place unchallenged.

Wet or dry, well or ill, at every turn in social and national life Mr. Punch appears with his joke and his smile. Here he is, ill with the influenza: capp'd, cushioned, gruesomely supping his gruel, his tiny "spindleshanks" descending into the hot water that bathes his fairy feet. "Ah! you may laugh, my boy, but it's no joke being funny with the influenza!"

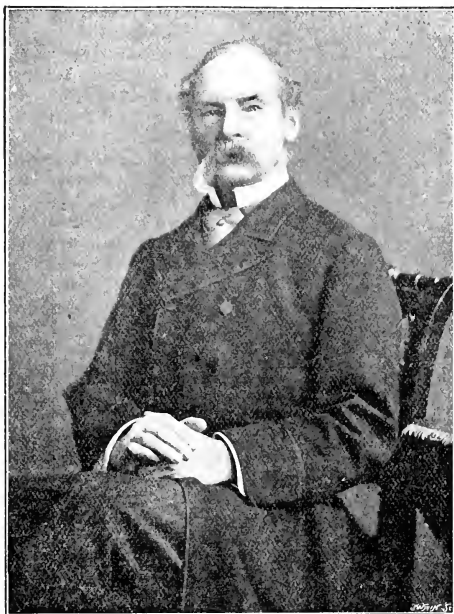
Punch has done a great service to his country. He has raised comic art above coarseness. Even to-day French comic journals cannot safely be put into the hands of the young. But *Punch* will bring nothing save wholesome merriment to the most innocent. He has proved that humorous art need not suggest the unsavoury, nor smirk at vice, nor

mock at the eternal realities. He has laughed, laughed wholesomely, at the foibles of men and nations. The favourite butts of his satire have been all fads and crazes, the monstrosities and absurdities of fashion, the silly shams of vulgar wealth and pretentious gentility. He has pled the cause of the seamstress and the weary shop-girl and the struggling clerk, of the neglected wife and the henpecked husband, of the Bechuana chief Khama

and the massacred Armenians, and of almost every great moral reform. With rare exceptions, he has respected the sacred things of honest men, the sanctities of home and of religion. He has chaffed the Pope, Dr. Pusey, the curate, the Highland minister, and the Kirk elder, but has never scoffed at religion itself. He is a social censor, but no cynic. There is no curve of Satanic contempt on his lip: he does not despise humanity. There is the radiant gleam of playful humour in his keen, bright eye.

Life has plenty of strain and sadness, and it is one form of true philanthropy to lighten men's lives with laughter, to tickle their fancy,

stir their diaphragm, and reveal the humour which lies around for those who have eyes to see it. A course of *Punch* is a liberal education, and, believe one who has tried it, a medicine to heart and mind. Long life to MR. PUNCH AND HIS MERRY MEN!



SIR JOHN TENNIEL

[From a Photo by BASSANO.]

To fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that can befall us. No one can become the friend even of one good book without being made wiser and better.—*Prof. Drummond.*

THE great secret of right reading, as of all other right work, is that it be conscientious and thorough, that of one who does not forget that life is brief and work sacred. Some men read too much and think too little; that is, they read too much for their

thinking. By rail you can remember no details of the journey, the speed confuses recollections and leaves only general impressions. To gallop through book after book is to turn intellectual Gipsies; you might as well be carried blindfold from one point to another—you would know as much of the road you came. Let the whole bench of your faculties sit in full court on whatever you read, and rather read five good books well than a hundred with light attention.—*Dr. Cunningham Geikie.*

"BILLY THE FOOL."

By C. EDWARDES.

I.

THEY called William Gummer of Grinby "Billy the fool." It seemed hard lines, but as Billy himself showed profound indifference in the matter no harm was done.

He was a shock-headed, big-boned youth of nineteen, sufficiently capable at the plough-tail, and generally a useful farm hand. With red hair, freckles, and marked awkwardness in gait and appearance, he was not calculated to impress the village maidens. To tell the truth, these did not try to ensnare him. They joined in the common laugh against him, and there was not a marriageable one of them but would have drawn herself up indignantly and exclaimed, "The idea of such a thing!" if "Billy the fool" had dared to whisper words of love in her ear.

A downright village pariah, if ever there was one!

But until this particular day Billy had not been without compensation for so disheartening a state of affairs.

For one thing, he was a hero-worshipper. Ralph Gibbons of the Knoll was his great idol among mankind. Ralph was a farmer's son, and had more than once done Billy a good turn. This to the simple ploughboy sufficed, with Ralph's manly presence and cheerful voice.

Besides Ralph there was Miss Margery, the little daughter of the housekeeper of the squire on whose farm Billy manipulated the plough.

Miss Margery was only fourteen. She had laughing blue eyes, and loved all the world. She called William Gummer "poor old Billy," and was not above giving him an orange or a couple of chocolate creams when circumstances prompted her. His "horrid stare," as the village maidens called his ordinary expression, did not frighten Miss Margery at all. Instinct taught her something about the faithful soul that lay beneath it.

Lastly, there was Dame Gummer, the mother of "Billy the fool." She, at any rate, knew that her son was not altogether a fool. The love of these two was a great and holy love; without it, Billy could not conceive existence as possible.

That was why he looked more of a fool than ever when Dr Harding came out of the house and said to him among the sweet williams in the little garden patch in front of the cottage—

"You must prepare for the worst, my man. She'll die in the night, I expect."

"There's no hope, Gummer, do you understand?" the doctor said further, when Billy answered never a word. After which Dr Harding rode away.

Billy then sat on the garden wall and grovelled among these fearful words. The woman who was looking after his mother denied him access to her room. "You'm best away," she said.

Billy was thus sunk in a gloom he could not fathom when Miss Margery came up with some jelly and port wine.

"These will do her good, Billy," said the child, with sympathetic eyes.

"There's nowt that'll do her good, doctor says," groaned Billy.

Miss Margery's blue eyes shone with tears. Billy saw the tears.

"When she's gone," said Billy desperately, "there'll be nobody left but you, and when you've growed up there won't be you neither. I wish I was dead too, by gum I do."

It took the child several seconds to grasp the meaning of this. Then, with the lavish generosity of youth, she offered him all the comfort in her soul.

"You mustn't talk like that," she answered, laying her little hand on Billy's corduroy jacket. "I shall always love you, Billy—always."

She said it quite calmly, as if she were talking to a doll.

But Billy drew himself up, and for almost the first time in his life looked noble.

"You're not meaning that, missy?" he inquired tensely.

"Indeed but I do mean it," replied Miss Margery; "and you ought not to think that I do not mean what I say."

Whereupon, what must "Billy the fool" do but slip from the wall and kiss Miss Margery's little brown hand.

"Don't be so silly," the child protested. "And now I must go, really. I hope they will do her ever so much good."

With a wave of the hand, Miss Margery tripped back to the Hall. She was to have three other little maids to tea with her that evening, and preparations for "great fun" had to be made.

That night "Billy the fool" lost his mother.

II.

THE funeral was, in Grinby's opinion, "a rum affair."

To begin with, it was quite decent—by no means a pauper's burial.

The parish thought Ralph Gibbons at least absurd. He it was who "stood" the funeral. It

was no secret once Mrs. Meggitt (who had nursed the invalid) knew of it.

"He come down, he did, as tender as the parson might be, and said he to William Gummer, said he, 'Don't you go for to worry yourself about that, my man. Here's a five-pound note you're hearty welcome to, and give the old lady such a funeral as she'd enjy. You can pay me back whenever you like, or not at all. I'm downright sorry for you, Billy, and that's the truth; and anything I can do for you afterwards, I will.'"

This was Mrs. Meggitt's account of the matter between Ralph Gibbons and "Billy the fool." Mrs. Meggitt herself had subsequently been entrusted with the spending of the five pounds. She flattered herself she had been dexterous about "plumes."

Only Mrs. Meggitt, another dame, and "Billy the fool" followed the corpse to the churchyard gate. Here, however, there was an accession to the party — Miss Margery Sidney, with a little wreath of daffodils in her hand. The child looked charming, in the parish's opinion, what with her black frock and hat and gloves and the yellow flowers. She bore herself, too, with extraordinary composure, considering her tender years. The parish noted further how Billy glanced from the coffin at the graveside to Miss Margery with that dazed perplexity which amply entitled him to the endearing cognomen of "fool."

III.

THE next few weeks of William Gummer's life were quite the worst he had ever endured.

Parochial sympathy soon died away, and the old order of things recurred. He was more than ever "Billy the fool."

But one day a strange man came to Grinby and asked for Mrs. Gummer, and hearing that she was in the churchyard, introduced himself to the shock-headed William as an uncle. He stayed at the Blue Lion in the village, and gained the good opinion of Grinby by a lavish distribution of ale. Sad to say, he agreed with the popular voice about his nephew's foolishness. But, happily, he admitted the tics of blood.



"BILLY SAT ON THE GARDEN WALL AND GROVELLED AMONG THESE FEARFUL WORDS."

"What you've got to do, William," he said at length to his nephew, "is to chuck up this sort of thing"—he referred to the plough-tail—"and come right off to America with me. That'll sharpen you. I don't know but what you might make your fortune. Worse folks have done that, out there. Anyway, you can try. It'll be better than being the laughing-stock of the countryside."

In less than a week it was settled. The plough was to see the last of "Billy the fool." A couple of steerage places had been taken on the *Ironie*, and Grinby was to lose its fool.

It was now that Billy realised the tender links that still bound him to the place of his nativity.

"I'm carrying you always in my mind wherever I be, Master Ralph," he stammered in fare-

well to young Gibbons, when the latter wished him luck.

As a great effort, he subsequently dared to knock at the housekeeper's door at the Hall and ask for Miss Margery.

"Oh, how jolly it must be to go out into the world!" said Miss Margery, with much brightness, when Billy murmured something about not liking to go without seeing her once more.

Billy hesitated, looked sideways, rubbed his nose, and then said a very bold thing.

"Them words you spoke, Miss Margery, about always loving me?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the child, with a gay laugh.

"Well, and so I will," she added impetuously. "Poor old Billy!"

But she put her hands behind her back this time. Somehow, she did not like having her fingers kissed by William Gummer. Besides, she was two months older than when Mrs. Gummer had died.

And it was thus that "Billy the fool" turned his back on Grinby to seek his fortune.

IV.

FIVE years sped or sauntered by, and no word of its fool had come to Grinby.

In the meantime Miss Margery had garbed herself with the rich full beauty that the wise ones had foreseen for her. At nineteen she was fit to inspire a poet, and was the affianced bride of Ralph Gibbons.

But when happiness seemed well within the clutch of these two, misfortune struck the Knoll Farm. Old Gibbons died, and a sorry state of things was disclosed. The farm, a freehold, was mortgaged above its value. If everything on it, from the best milking-cow to the silver spoons, were sold, there would be rather less than nothing for an honest man like Ralph to walk forth into the world with.

When this reached the ears of Mistress Sidney at the Hall, she said to Margery—

"My dear, you must give him up. A pauper you cannot marry, and there's a many, even among the master's gentlemen visitors, that you might pick and choose among, of more account than just a Leicestershire farmer."

"I shall do no such thing, mother," replied Margery, ashamed for her parent, and strong and opulent in the possession of so much beauty.

But Mrs. Sidney only smiled. She was used to her child's manners, and knew that with time would come change. She did not chide Margery for her pertness.

Then went Margery straight, that hour, where she knew she should see her lover.

She found him, with his gun, disconsolate.

"What! not one bird?" she exclaimed, willing to cheer him.

"I forgot them, sweetheart," said young Gibbons, feasting his eyes on Margery's face, and wrung at the heart by the sight. "Shall I tell you something?" he added in a whisper.

"Tell me everything, Ralph," she replied, joining her two hands round the arm that held the gun. "Just turn your mind upside down, if you'll excuse the vulgarity."

Ralph tried to laugh. It was a dismal failure.

"I was thinking that I had better shoot myself rather than"—

"Ralph, you'd never be such a coward!" cried Miss Margery.

"Let me finish," said he. "Without you, Margery, I'd not care to live; and how can I marry you as things are? That is what I meant, and if that's cowardice—well, I'm a coward!"

Miss Margery seemed unable to reply. She looked at Ralph so that he could not doubt her love. Then she dropped her little head, with its golden threads for hair, upon his shoulder. He clasped her as she stood thus, and hope renewed itself in him.

"By God, Margy," he whispered in her ear, "I'll not lose you."

"Say please God, Ralph—not by God," she urged gently, eyeing him with all tenderness.

"Please God, then, I'll not lose you," he said, with tolerable humility.

After which they separated—Margery that she might eat her dinner, and Ralph to glance once again through the papers the lawyers had so kindly sent him.

But there was no comfort in the documents, and Margery's appetite for dinner was lilliputian.

V.

THIS same evening there drove up to the Blue Lion a bronzed man, with a leather bag that seemed extremely heavy. He asked the landlord if he knew him. The landlord scanned him, and clapped his hands.

"'Billy the fool,' if you'll excuse the liberty, sir!" he cried.

"I guess you've spotted me," said "Billy the fool," with great calmness. "Just tell me a few things, Mr. Glover."

The landlord took Billy into his private room and shut the door.

"Who'd have thought it!" he exclaimed. "Such a man as you've growed, sir!"

"First," said Billy, taking no notice of this remark, "is Miss Margery Sidney still alive and a maid?"

"Good gracious, yes!"

Billy shivered from head to foot. Then he had not suffered and toiled for five hard years in vain—perhaps. He drew a deep breath, and there was great strength in his eyes.

"And next, Mr. Glover, how is young Mr. Ralph, old Gibbons's son, at the Knoll, you know?"

"Badly, man, badly," was the reply. "They was to have been married this October that's coming, but Ralph Gibbons hasn't a pennypiece to call his own, and there'll be no wedding, you mark me."

"Ah! who's the young woman, Mr. Glover?"

"Who? Why, Miss Margery, of course. Her as you just asked about."

"Billy the fool's" head dropped backwards, and his mouth flew open. Mr. Glover recognised something of the old foolishness in his expression. But it was gone in an instant.

"Jest say that again, boss," said Billy. Mr. Glover repeated his words. Billy listened with every nerve in his body.

"Mr. Ralph's got not a cent of his own, then—is that it?" asked Billy, after a brief silence.

"That's it."

"Wal, then, Mr. Glover, I'll trouble you for a mighty strong double o' whisky, pen, ink, and a sheet o' paper."

"And a nice little dinner afterwards and a bed, Billy?"

"I guess not, if you don't mind," said "Billy the fool."

Left alone, he covered his face with his hands, but took them away smartly when the landlord reappeared.

"There'll be heaps of old pals round by an' by, Billy," said Mr. Glover.

But Billy answered nothing. He was busy with his letter. He had already drunk the spirit, in one toss.

This is what the letter said—

"DEAR MR. RALPH,—I've done so well in America that I'm asking you to do me a kindness

for old times' sake. There's nigh on seventy pounds of dust in the bag, and will you kindly accept it, as it'll do you more good than me? No more at present, except remembrances, and I am,

"BILLY GUMMER."

"The man's more of a fool than ever he was," said landlord Glover, when Billy strode off with his bag in the dusk.

Billy looked into the churchyard on his way. The grass was high on his mother's grave.

Thence he climbed to the Knoll. The light in the sitting-room, where Ralph sat hopelessly, served as a beacon to him.

"I'll ask you to have the kindness to let Mr. Ralph have this bag and this letter. There's no hurry, and don't let it drop on your toes," said "Billy the fool" to the girl who opened the door. The girl as a child had hooted Billy with the rest. This time she gave him half a curtsy and a respectful "Yes, sir."

Five minutes later, "Billy the fool" was running like a madman down the lane leading to the high road for Gayling. He caught the nine o'clock train to the North, and managed the next day but one to get on to another Atlantic steamer—steerage.

It had taken him five years to scrape up these seventy pounds of dust in British Columbia; to which, as they had swelled towards their total, he clung like the fool he was, urged by visions of a child's blue eyes. And now he meant to go back and get more gold—for pastime.

The seventy pounds of gold dust saved the Knoll, and Margery and Ralph were married in October after all. Nor was there in Margery's mind one thought about "Billy the fool" other than that of grateful recollection.

THE FRENCH PEASANT AS HE IS.

The French Peasant as he is (En Provence, par R. Bazin, Calmann Lévy, Paris, 3rd edition, 3 f. 50 c.). In these new studies of rural and provincial life we have another refutation of Zola's *La Terre*. M. René Bazin is known in France as "the novelist never seen on the Boulevards"; his stories and sketches, familiar to readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, deal exclusively with the homely, wholesome, if sometimes narrow life of the village and provincial town. The co-operative dairy farmer of the Vendée, the métayer of the Landes, the itinerant rat-catcher, the provincial journalist and artist, local art exhibitions and learned societies, with all these we may here make acquaintance, and after agreeable fashion. Our author neither idealises his country-folks à la Georges Sand, nor besmirches à la Zola. A hundred years hence his portraiture would be a faithful representation of the rural and small shop-

keeping classes in nineteenth-century France—classes whose thrift and solid good sense make up, in the words of the late eminent M. Bandrillart, "*la partie la plus saine de la population*." It seems a pity that whilst so many worthless French books now find their way into an English translation, a really good writer should remain comparatively unknown. His French, too, is excellent, unaffected, scholarly, terse. And he is not "*fin de siècle*"! Among the most charming of these sketches we would point out "*Deux Retraités*," "*Bords de la Loire*," "*Portraits de Femmes*," but one and all give us subtle and sympathetic pictures of provincial life and character. From this point of view, M. Bazin's new volume is really instructive. English tourists in France, how little do they know of what really constitutes France, the "classes and masses"! M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE NOVELISTS.

IV.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

It was the fortune of Robert Louis Stevenson, dying untimely as he did, to be treated as a classic before his death, and there is something in the circumstance singular and extraordinary. It is a fate which has happened to few, to scarcely anyone indeed whose period of earthly toil has been so brief. It is quite possible that more distant generations may not endorse our spirit of laudation, and may accuse us of lack of perspective and hastiness of judgment. But I am not one of those who entertain such forebodings. Stevenson is for me the most vivid, brilliant, and suggestive figure in our later literature, and his writings possess an element of charm which I find in no others. Pre-eminently he is a great master of style. It would be hard indeed if he were not, considering the immense pains which he took to write perfectly. He is entirely frank in confessing that he does not wield an easy pen. He never thinks of the immense fecundity and power of Walter Scott without despair. He says frankly, "I cannot compete with that." In a darker mood he cries, "What makes me sick is to think of Scott turning out *Guy Mannering* in three weeks! What a pull of work! heavens, what thews and sinews! And here am I, my head spinning from having only rewritten seven not very difficult pages—and not very good when done." But he has certainly written as Scott never did, with a precision and subtlety of style which at its best is nearly inimitable. The swing and ease of Scott he has not; but he has contrived so to interpret himself in all his work that there is scarcely a page which does not throw over us the spell of something intimate and spiritual—a nameless aroma of genius which all sympathetic to him must feel, though few can describe.

Perhaps it is because this curious essence of personality which pervades his work is so elusive that few critics have discovered the right word to say of it, and have found it easier to fall back upon a general analysis of Stevenson's qualities as story-writer. That these qualities are of supreme excellence no one will deny. He himself justly felt that his power as a novelist lay in the direction of the grim and terrible. Give him a scene of savage passion and bloodshed, and no one can handle it so convincingly. Invalid as he was all his life, no man had more of the spirit of the adventurer. His was the spirit which loved adventure for its own sake. In one of his last letters to Mr. Colvin he rejoices that there is no more Land of Counterpane for him, and suggests what a fine ending it would be if, after all, he could contrive for himself a violent death. It was probably by a sort of reaction from

the actual conditions of his life that he became a writer of adventure stories. He wrote them superbly. Some of his scenes, some of his phrases even, live enduringly in the memory. Almost all the scenes in *Treasure Island*; the fight upon the deck in *The Wrecker*; the dreadful picture of the abominable Huish in the *Ebb-tide* going to his doom, with the packet of dynamite concealed in his simious hand; the murder of Case in the *Beach of Falésa*, the body of the man giving "like a spring-sofa" under the knees of his assailant; the immortal duel of the two brothers on the snowy lawn, the candles burning clear beside them in the windless air, in the *Master of Ballantrae*,—these and many more scenes might be quoted as examples of Stevenson's extraordinary power in dealing with the grim and terrible. In the Celtic imagination the weird is always a potent force, and Stevenson was pure Celt. But he who does not see much more than this in Stevenson sees little. Any good writer could describe a duel or a murder with some degree of power and accuracy; but there are few writers who can make us feel that Death and Eternity surround the scene. Stevenson does this. He has a powerful and persistent sense of the spiritual forces which move behind the painted shows of life. He writes not only as a realist, but as a prophet. His meanest stage is set with Eternity as a background.

Take, for example, the astonishing subtlety and truth of the scene in which he pictures Herrick as attempting suicide by drowning, in the *Ebb-tide*. The moment the wretched man takes the water, he begins to swim by a sort of instinct. He is about to "lie down with all races and generations of men in the house of sleep": there will be plenty of time to stop swimming presently. But could he stop swimming? He knew at once that he could not. "He was aware instantly of an opposition in his members, unanimous and invincible, clinging to life with a single and fixed resolve, finger by finger, sinew by sinew; something that was at once he and not he—at once within and without him; the shutting of some miniature valve within his brain, which a single manly thought should suffice to open—and the grasp of an external fate ineluctable as gravity. . . . There were men who could commit suicide; there were men who could not: and he was one who could not." There is not a hint here of the sort of imagination which a commonplace novelist would indulge in—the marching before the mind of the drowning man of his past life, and so forth; but there is something infinitely more terrible. Stevenson admits us into the very soul of the miserable man. He makes us

partners in his extreme self-contempt, the utter self-loathing which makes him feel "he could have spat upon himself." He gives us a momentary glimpse of far-off powers that watch the spectacle: a city "along whose distant terraces there walked men and women of awful and benignant features, who viewed him with distant commiseration." This is one of the greatest pieces of imaginative writing in our literature, but it is much more than this. It is the work of a man profoundly impressed by spiritual realities, and only such a man could have produced it.

It would be easy to arrange in opposing categories the novelists who have a religious sense, and those who are destitute of it. The first usually spoil their art by making it the abject vehicle of something that they want to teach: the second usually fail of the most difficult success, because when they come to the greatest episodes of life they lack the spirituality which can alone interpret them aright. Stevenson belongs to neither of these classes. He does not profess that he has anything to teach, and has no temptation to the didactic. He aims at one thing only, to tell his story in what seems to him the completest and most perfect manner. His ethical views are to be found in his essays, and of these we are not speaking now. But nevertheless Stevenson is a moralist or nothing. The Scot can rarely escape the pressure of those profound and serious thoughts which constitute religion; and Stevenson carried religion in his very bones and marrow. That which gives his great scenes their most impressive element is not merely their force of imagination or of truth; it is this subtle element of religion which colours them. The awful, the distant, the eternal, mix themselves in all his thoughts. The difference between a great scene of Scott and a great scene of Stevenson is that the



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(Drawn from life by PERCY F. S. SPENCE.)

first impresses us, but the second awes us. Words, phrases, sudden flashes of insight, linger in the mind and solemnise it. We feel that there is something we have not quite fathomed in the passage, and we return to it again to find it still unfathomable. Light of heart and brilliant as he can be, yet not Carlyle himself moved more indubitably in the presence of the immensities and eternities. Wonder and astonishment sit throned among his thoughts, the wonder of the awestruck child at divine mysteries, the enduring astonishment of the man who moves about in worlds not recognised. It is this intense religious sense of Stevenson which sets him in a place apart among his contemporaries: it is, to use his own phrase, a force that grasps him "ineluctable as gravity."

Sometimes, though but rarely, he permits himself a wider latitude. Thus he puts into the lips of Attwater thoughts which no doubt had moved his own heart deeply. Attwater is very far from being a perfectly conceived or rendered character; indeed, he must stand among Stevenson's failures. But he is useful in showing us the mysticism of his creator's mind. He is a man who walks awestruck through the labyrinth of life. He hears across the desolate lagoon eternity ringing like a bell. He ponders life and death with insistence, with passion and absorption. He preaches to the wretched fugitives who are his guests; he uses the very words which might express Stevenson's own sense of the unseen—"We sit on this verandah on a lighted stage with all heaven for spectators. And you call that solitude." To Herrick, who has implied his total disbelief in God, he replies that it is by the grace of God we live at all: "the grace of your Maker and Redeemer, He who died for you, He who upholds you, He whom you daily crucify afresh. . . . Nothing but God's Grace! We walk upon it; we breathe it; we live and die by it; it makes the nails and axles of the universe: and a puppy in pyjamas prefers self-conceit!" A trifle grandiloquent, perhaps; but then Attwater is meant to be a grandiloquent personage, a half-barbarous and half-evangelical South Sea Hercules. Yet surely these words of his are a deep cry out of Stevenson's own heart. A man whose daily breath was a sort of miracle, and who felt that every hour he lived he was cheating the grave of its proper prey, might well feel that he lived literally by the grace of God.

Nowhere does the spiritual genius of Stevenson express itself with such force and fulness as in his *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. And incidentally it may be remarked that nothing which he has written has laid hold so strongly on the public mind. When one comes to think of it, there are very few, even of the greatest writers, who have created figures so vital and so real that they have become familiar and alive to the great world of readers. Dickens has done it: hardly anyone else of our time. There is certainly no firm in England so well known as Speulow & Jorkins, and no public personage half so familiar to us as Micawber, perpetually waiting for something to turn up. The politician or the speaker has but to use these names, and instantly his parable is perceived: on the mimic stage of memory and imagination there struts forth a figure, better known to us than the clerk in our office, or the friend who talks with us at dinner. And thus to seize upon certain living traits of character and certain catchwords of speech, and so mould the whole that the result is a personage so thoroughly alive and so delightfully human that we can sum up whole stages of observation and experience by the mention of his imaginary name, is the crowning skill of great creative art. No novelist can expect

a higher triumph than this; but this triumph has certainly been Stevenson's. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has already become a password: men utter the phrase and declare a parable. It has become, in fact, a synonym for the dual nature of man, and the deadly war of opposites which is always going on in human character.

But there is this difference—and it is a typical one—between the creations of Dickens' stage and those of Stevenson's: Micawber and his fellows spring out of humorous fancy, Hyde and Jekyll from the womb of a sombre and terrible imagination. Here again we come upon that profound seriousness of soul that underlies all Stevenson's best work; the questioning and philosophic mind groping at the intricate coil of things; the intense imagination of the Celt, fascinated by the grim and subtle mysteries of human nature. The seed-thought of this appalling fable of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is familiar enough: it is the ancient Pauline description of a war in our members, so that the thing we would, that we do not; and the thing we would not, that we do. The summary of the whole—it might well form the inscription for the title-page—is that great cry wrung out of the very agonised heart of this internecine conflict, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" We have heard the words many times on the lips of preachers and theologians, but one would certainly have doubted if they were capable of being vitalised by the art of the novelist. But in the mind of Stevenson there existed just that combination of faculties to which they most powerfully appealed. He has told us that the fable was a form of literary art which always fascinated him, and in the truest sense *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a fable. But what a fable! There is the weirdness of Poe, his eloquence too, and his power of piling up detail, but a power of analysis and a psychologic subtlety which he never reached. It may be doubted if any novelist has ever cut so deep into morbid psychology as Stevenson in this short story of one hundred and fifty pages. What an awful picture is this of a man torn between his good and evil natures; in his right mind given to religious and serious thoughts, in the guise of Mr. Hyde greedy of abominable vices; repenting and sinning in turn; conscious all the time that the ape-like thing within him grows stronger for each fresh indulgence and liberation, and yet incapable of restraining him; to the last desirous of good, but impotent of achieving it. Fantastic, all but grotesque as the story is, yet it has all the firm outline of reality. Reading it, we readily permit ourselves to be convinced that such a thing could be. The horror grows with every stage: it becomes palpable, tremendous. The ape-like thing called Hyde, the incarnated evil of the soul of Jekyll, pursues our very dreams. And with what solemn and lamenting eloquence does the allegory

close: "This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life. And this again: that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter, and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life." A piece of writing like this is a unique achievement in the art of letters. It is really comparable with nothing else; it stands alone. And it is conclusive evidence of that subtlety and force of spiritual genius which gives Stevenson a place apart, and high above all contemporaries, as an interpreter of the deepest things of the human soul.

A sort of foreshadowing of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* may be found in another and earlier story of Stevenson's, called *Markheim*. As a story this is briefer and less elaborated, but it is scarcely less powerful and tragic. In this instance it is the soul of a man who appears to him immediately after he has done a cruel murder, and calmly analyses all the slow moral disintegration which has led up to this crowning infamy, and finally extorts from the man a confession of the truth of the analysis.

"You have grown in many things more lax," says the accusing spirit: "possibly you do right to be so; and at any account it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all!"

But here again, powerful as the story is, and told with an incomparable realism and suggestiveness, it is not the story which holds us spellbound so much as the moral drama which it displays. It probes deep into the intricacies of human motive, and the mystery of human sin. No one who has read pages such as these in Stevenson with the least degree of right appreciation can ever mistake him for the idle story-teller of an idle hour. Most readers will be far more inclined to say that nowhere in our literature is there to be found a writer who displays such mastery over the secrets of the soul, or speaks with a voice more undoubtedly prophetic.

It is an astonishing thing that a writer who has

deliberately set himself to write pure adventure stories should possess such a gift of spiritual subtlety, and it begets in us a doubt whether, after all, Stevenson was rightly aware of the nature of his own genius. But this at least must be admitted, that he has contrived to lift the adventure story to a quite new elevation by the powers which he has brought to bear upon it. That which gives his books their enduring hold upon the mind is precisely this spiritual subtlety which informs them. We read them once, we read them twice; we read them again after the lapse of years during which many things have happened in the development of our own minds, and we still find them fascinating. Nor is it altogether the clearness and the beauty of the style that compels attention: still less is it the narrative. It is rather a compulsion which arises from the spirit of the man; something in the turning of a phrase, in the felicity of an epithet, in the imaginative force of a sentence that has the effect of being flashed upon the brain, which opens up profound depths of thought, and calls the mind to solemn speculations. Stevenson was too modest a man to pose as a thinker; yet a thinker he was, and of great originality and insight. And in the truest sense of the word he was an entirely pious man. He knew what it meant, as he has put it, to go up "the great bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed." In the trials of a life unusually difficult, and pierced by the spear's points of the sharpest limitations, he preserved a splendid and unbroken fortitude. No man ever met life with a higher courage; it is safe to say that a man less courageous would not have lived nearly so long. There are few things more wonderful and admirable than the persistence of his energy; ill and compelled to silence, he still dictates his story in the dumb alphabet, and at his lowest ebb of health makes no complaint. And through all there runs a piety as invincible as his fortitude; a certain gaiety of soul that never deserts him; a faith in the ultimate rightness of destiny which holds him serene amid a sea of troubles. Neither his work nor his life have yet been justly apprehended, nor has the time yet come when a thoroughly accurate and balanced judgment is possible. But it will be a painful surprise to me if coming generations do not recognise his work as one of the chief treasures of our literature, and the man himself as one of the most original, rare, and entirely lovable men of genius of this, or of any, time.

W. J. DAWSON.

"THE Story of a Day's March in West Africa," by Miss Mary H. Kingsley, the African Explorer, is one of the most attractive features of *The Young Woman* for September. But this number is full of good things. It contains an article on "Young Wives and their Difficulties," by Mrs. Haweis;

stories by Deas Cromarty and Grace Stebbing; "On the Shores of the Zuyder Zee," a holiday paper by Katharine S. Macquoid; "The Girl who would like an Offer of Marriage," by Mrs. Esler; and other contributions by Rev. Geo. Jackson, B.A., Miss Friederichs, etc.

A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.

BY THE REV. J. W. BOWMAN, M.A., B.D.

(Illustrated from Photographs taken by the Author.)

It is five o'clock on a glorious July morning. We are lying at the mouth of the river Seine awaiting the pilot who is to guide us through its mazy channels to Rouen. The mists are gradually rolling themselves

up like a curtain, and as they vanish before the fierce light of the sun, the mirrored outlines of adjacent ships become intensely vivid in the motionless sea. So perfect is the reflection of the sky that they appear suspended in mid-air, mere



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AT FALAISE.

patches of colour against the azure blue. Away in the distance the town of Havre is visible. A few quaint fishing craft are just returning from their midnight toil, drifting lazily onward with the incoming tide. We have not long to wait. A dapper little Frenchman steps on board and takes command. The whistle shrieks, the grating of the anchor chains and the throb of the engines tell us we are under way. The long, low sand dunes which line the river's mouth become more and more distinct—we are fairly within the "sunny land of France." A few miles onward the channel narrows, and fresh green pastures with their browsing cattle afford a characteristic glimpse of what lies before us. Soon a sharp curve in the river reveals the ruined Castle of Tancarville outlined against the morning sky. These old feudal strongholds, like the system they represent, die hard. Even about their decay there is a picturesqueness which appeals to the imagination—a suggestion of strength which, even though used for selfish ends, will ever command the homage of the multitude. Ivy and charity cover their sins. The character of the landscape is constantly changing. Now the river winds through low, luxuriant meadows. Again the banks rise, steep and beetling, surmounted by dense foliage. There a miniature village nestles at the foot of a castle-crowned

crag—an emblem of their old feudal relationship.

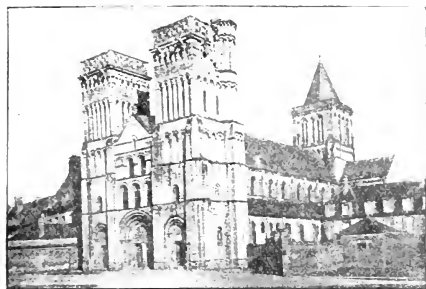
We consult our map. We seem to be reading a chapter of DeBrett's *Peerage of England*. Here is the ancestral home of the Percys, the Bohuns, the Harcourts, the Beaumonts, and a host of others whose names stand for much in our history. A crumbling ruin marks the spot from whence these rugged barons sallied forth to become the masters of England—each "a lord of half a shire." Situate upon a woody knoll formed by a horseshoe curve of the river stands the ruin of Jumièges Abbey. We catch the glint of its white towers through the trees. Its influence upon the fortunes of England demands a passing notice. Here it was that our monkish monarch, Edward the Confessor, found a home for several years, and became so enamoured of all things Norman that he named Duke William his heir and the successor to his throne. It has witnessed strange vicissitudes has this venerable pile. Its situation exposed it constantly to the ravages of the Northmen, who, in their unregenerate heathen days, dearly loved a fat abbey; but once converted to Christianity, they became the stoutest defenders and most munificent benefactors of the Church. Jumièges was long a favoured spot. Its wealth and learning drew together the ripest scholarship of Europe, and its roll of abbots contains the names of some of the most celebrated Churchmen of the Middle Ages. But its glory is long departed. It has "had its day and ceased to be."

A striking feature of the river Seine is its wealth of glorious popular trees.

They stand like sentinels to guard the approach to the capital. Tiny islets, covered with dense undergrowth, stud the channel. Here and there a fisherman's hut peeps out from amid the



OLD HOUSE ON RIVER TOUQUES.



ABBAYE AUX DAMES, CAEN.



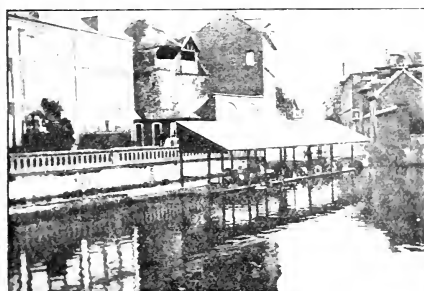
OLD HOUSE AT LISIEUX.



FALAISE CASTLE.



DINAN.



WASHING SHED AT LISIEUX.



RUE AUX FEVRES, LISIEUX.



HAROLD TAKING THE OATH (BAYEUX TAPESTRY).



THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS (BAYEUX TAPESTRY).

bushes. Now a punt is passed, and a few portly old gentlemen awaken from their afternoon nap, and grasp their rods beneath the shade of spreading umbrellas, under the vain delusion that they are fishing. Here a bevy of village urchins are disporting themselves like dolphins in the shining water. How delightful it all is! Alas! that those tall chimneys and great square factories lifting themselves high above the trees should tell us we are fast approaching Rouen—the Manchester of France. What a disenchantment! Had we not pictured to ourselves a quaint mediæval city full of dark windings—a London of the fifteenth century? and lo! we are face to face with all the ugliness and grim strenuousness of a modern manufacturing town. But so it is. The Rouen of romance, of Jeanne d'Arc, is no more! The march of modern improvement has swept it away, save only in its imperishable monuments, its cathedral churches and law courts, and here and there—in a back street—a few overhanging timbered houses. Our first impulse is to make for the cathedral. Unexpectedly we emerge from a shady street into the great sun-drenched square upon which it stands. Let us not be tempted, however to attempt a description; it is best left to imagination. The vision of the dazzling whiteness of its western front, tempered by deep masses of shadow, its wonderful richness of carving, its deeply moulded porticoes, will remain as long as memory endures. Nor shall we readily forget our emotions on the following Sabbath morning as we stood amidst the crowd of worshippers in its vast interior. It was a high festival, and the spacious edifice was crowded. Several military bands had been requisitioned to enhance the florid ritual of the mass. Three great organs pealed forth their sonorous music, which reverberated through the lofty aisles. The curling smoke of the incense floated aloft as the procession of gorgeously attired ecclesiastics slowly wound its way amid the swaying crowd to the martial strains of the "War March of the Priests." Truly it was a spectacle to excite and impress the imagination of the least imaginative spectator. But worship!—well, one must not judge. God judges not as we do—He looketh upon the heart. Space forbids any detailed description of the many sights of Rouen. Beautiful among the churches of the world are St. Ouen and St. Maclou. The verger of the former had much to say of Mr. Ruskin, and appeared to be very proud of the appreciation the great critic has lavished upon the glorious pile of which he is custodian. Nor can we pause to chronicle the charms of the quays, the bridges, the shady walks along the river bank,—are they not all found in the guide-books of Murray and Baedeker?

Some forty miles to the south-west of Rouen lies Lisieux, quaintest among the quaint old-world towns of Normandy. The tourist plunges at once "in medias res." A quarter of a mile from the

railway station and the finger of time has been turned back three or four centuries. It is market day, and from the fierce light and heat of noon we betake ourselves to the cool and quiet of the cathedral which abuts the great square. As we sit wrapped in thought, our meditation is disturbed by a peasant woman carrying an empty basket, the contents of which doubtless she has disposed of in the market without—eggs, butter, and garden produce brought in from the country. Devoutly she kneels, and with upturned face and silently moving lips addresses God. What are her thoughts? Is it gratitude for a quick and profitable sale of her simple merchandise? Perhaps so. Whatever the burden of her prayer, God has heard it. Quietly she rises, with serene countenance, and goes back to her home and her work with a deepened sense of the Love and Presence within and about her. What a reproof to us who pride ourselves upon our superior enlightenment!

The river Touques, which flows through Lisieux, greatly enhances its charm. It serves a multitude of purposes. It propels the great wheels of the woollen mills; it affords an abundant supply of water for domestic purposes; and last, but not least, must be a perennial source of rheumatism and typhoid, as it appears to obviate the necessity of a main sewer.

A large number of the houses are built so as to participate in all these advantages, as the accompanying illustration will show. The Rue aux Fèvres is a sight to see. The successive storeys of the timbered and gabled houses overhang each other so completely that it seems a perfect miracle how they have stood so long. The uppermost storeys project so far that the strip of blue sky overhead only renders the gloom of the street the deeper. Festoons of trailing flowers hang from the upper windows. Here and there the tendrils of the numerous vines threaten to interlace themselves with their kindred on the opposite side of the street, and so to completely shut out the light. Lisieux is the artist's paradise. Down by the river side a group of merry girls are busy in a washing shed, singing and chattering as they bend over the flowing water which forms a most efficient substitute for a tub.

The town of Caen, the next point for breaking our journey, was for years the home of Duke William and his wife Matilda. Here they expiated their uncanonical marriage by building and endowing two great ecclesiastical foundations—the Abbaye aux Hommes and the Abbaye aux Dames. In the former the mortal remains of the Conqueror reposed for five centuries, until the tomb was rifled and the ashes scattered to the wind in the religious disturbances of the sixteenth century. Bayeux, which lies farther west, is also closely associated with the memory of the Conqueror and his spouse, the latter having "fought his battle o'er again" with her needle in the celebrated tapestry.

This work of art, after many wanderings, has found a home in the town museum. St. Lo, Constance, and Avranches, all merit description, more especially on account of their beautiful situation (each standing high above the level of the surrounding country), as well as their majestic ecclesiastical buildings. We are, however, now in the neighbourhood of an even superior attraction—St. Michel's Mount. We have journeyed by an early morning train from Avranches to Pontorson. Here diligences await the tourist. A fierce competition ensues among rival coachmen for his patronage, and soon he is bowling along in good style toward the grève or causeway, which now unites the Mount with the mainland. A crowd of mendicants immediately besieges him, together with sundry touts from the rival hosteleries which ply their lucrative craft in this miniature city. A miniature city it is indeed. The Mount, which rises abruptly from the sand, comprises an area some five furlongs in circumference. Its pyramidal form is surrounded by a strong wall flanked with towers. The buildings rise tier above tier until the apex is surmounted by a massive cathedral. It is not, perhaps, so much by its height as by its abruptness that St. Michel's Mount so forcibly impresses the spectator, the great mass of granite lifting its steep sides almost perpendicularly from the low level shore. A whole day is spent in investigating the depths of its dungeons, scaling the lofty heights of the abbey, wandering amid its interminable passages and mysterious corridors, and shuddering over the stories of priestly villainy the guides love to enlarge upon.

The same evening found us in St. Malo. In some respects St. Malo resembles Mount St. Michel. It was originally an island, the city walls being washed by the sea. Therefore, because it could not extend laterally, it grew upwards—its lofty buildings being all more or less eight or ten storeys high. The walls—no longer of any value for military purposes—form a delightful promenade, upon which the people love to congregate in the cool of the evening. Our pilgrimage, however, did not extend far into Brittany. Much as we should have liked to extend it, Dinan marked its most southerly point. The beautiful river Rance flows beneath the steep rock upon which Dinan is built. The accompanying illustration conveys but a faint impression of its charm. The gates still frown down as of yore, but their hinges are rust-eaten, the portcullis has vanished, and all its air of military smartness is gone. The walk along the river banks is extremely pretty. As one passes into Brittany from Normandy, one cannot fail to be impressed with the different characteristics of the people. The Bretons have all the dreamy religiosity of the Celts, which displays itself on every hand. Crosses and shrines are to be found plentifully scattered along the road, and no Breton would think of passing them without a profound and reverential salutation. The Norman, on the other hand, keeps most of his religion for the Sunday. The distinctive national costumes are fast passing away, being only occasionally seen in the country villages.

JOSEPH: THE TYPICAL YOUTH.

By THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

VI.—FAITH.

THE heart loves to linger round the closing scenes of Joseph's life. All is as it should be—rounded off, completed, like a tale told by the night-watches of the camp-fire. All the dramatic unities have been observed: the innocence of the start, obscured for a time, has at length been amply vindicated; the hardships and the wrongs of the early youth have been more than atoned for by the honour and esteem everywhere rendered; Joseph sits, in the low sunset of his life, enshrined in the affections of all about him, in outward power and inward peace, while children prattle at his knee.

We shall be greatly misled, however, if we think this is the unfailing conclusion of a good and true life. It is a cheap gospel, and very pinchbeck, which is always proclaiming, "Be good and you shall be happy." What of Him who was goodness incarnate?—did His sun go down in a rosy setting?

What of the prophets, the apostles, the martyrs? Face facts and you will find that high over all else there stands this—that the value of our life depends neither on its entrance nor its exit, but on the part we have played between, as that shall be tested at the last. Before happiness there comes character, and to build that up duty must be done, whether the immediate reward be a cross or a crown. The measure of a life is not the circumstances of its close, but the whole tenor of its way in the time of its activities.

The dominance of faith in the life of Joseph comes out very simply in his closing command. It was that when the due time came the children of Israel should carry up his bones with them to the promised land. This was the terse and strong epitome of all his creed; he believed God for the word He had spoken. And as he believed so it

came to pass ; three hundred and sixty years later the bones of the man of faith were borne in the vanguard of the conquering host, and were laid to rest in soil that at length was Israel's.

What is faith ? No definition could be more complete or concise than that which has been given us—that it is “the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” On the bare fields of spring it sees the harvests of the autumn, but it cannot yet give you the proof ; in the new clearing it sees the future teenning city, though now all is solitude. Faith is the realising of the Ideal, and the idealising of the Real.

Joseph is strictly a case in point. He was a dreamer of dreams from the first, but his dreams were high—and he believed in them. He had no Bible and laid no plan : he but believed God was over all. He lived by the day, doing as best he could what he found to do, and leaving the rest with God. If he had success, it was God's sunshine, and he was thankful ; if he had trial or calumny, it was God's cloud, and blessing would come with the raindrops. By this he kept the sweet and sunny heart through all changes, for he took everything that befell him, bright or dark, as God's affair, not his ; it was but for him to be faithful to the duty of the hour.

It will be your wisdom to master this simple trust. Make your plan : pitch your aim clear and high, and strike for it as best you may, but let it be done with a D.V. woven through it all—*Deo volente*—“God willing.” This is faith—to believe that God is over all, directing all, and that, if you will let Him, He means to do the best for you that can be done. This is the great surrender that loses life—and wins.

No man will question that the highest Ideal for life and conduct on which faith may fix her eye is Jesus Christ. He was not such a stranger to Joseph, even in that far-off time, as we may suppose. “Christ was in Joseph's heart, though not definitely in Joseph's creed. The Eternal Word whispered in the souls of men before It spoke articulately aloud in the Incarnation. It was the Divine Thought before It became the Divine Expression. It was the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, before It blazed into the Dayspring from on high that visited us.”¹ Joseph, like Abraham, saw Christ's day, because he had caught His spirit. His Ideal was the same as that which the Son of Man always set before Him—to do God's will, and leave Him to rule and overrule all. It is the only Ideal that abides ; the world

¹ F. W. Robertson.

shifts with the fashion of the hour, the philosopher changes with his growing or his diminishing light, but Christ—God's Ideal for every soul—is unchanging and unailing.

Out of his faith came Joseph's high hopefulness. You never find him cast down or repining ; he takes things as they come, and parts with them as they go. In the palace or the prison, praised or blamed, it is always the same sunny outlook he takes. No soul can have a better endowment than this—the gift of perpetual hope. Without it the pulse soon beats low, the energies flag, all song dies out, and we pitch our endeavours on a lower and ever lowering scale. Let a man be inspired with a spirit of hopefulness, and power will never be wanting from his heart ; parting with this he parts with all.

Joseph's simple faith was cherished in the atmosphere of love. In spite of all through which he came, he is the kindly, patient, forbearing man to the last. He has learnt to extract the sweets from life's bitters. Because of his faith in God he retained his faith in man ; he saw to the root of their many failures, deceivings, and wrong-doings, but never lost sight either of the better hope and light they fain would struggle after, so no cynical word, or poor, suspicious, mistrustful action flings its shadow on his sunset. Loving, and therefore loved, honouring, and therefore honoured, his closing days bear the ripe fruit of a heart that loves, and bears, and forgives.

The leading lesson of his life is simple : it is a testimony to the power for good or evil which the invisible has on the visible. It is by what we carry in our own souls that we are helped or hindered, harmed or blessed. By his steadfast faith Joseph found in the end that all things had worked together for his good—and that is the unailing testimony of everyone who has ever put faith to the full proof. But while this serves in the present, it also branches out into the future. Joseph's body might rest in Egypt for a time, but it was destined to be transferred to the land the Lord had promised for an inheritance. What is this but a crude outline of the resurrection ? Our life here is but the earnest of the full life beyond. If we would quit us like *men*—men that are immortal and that have a God—then in the light of the full life we must live. “The power of the world to come” is no vague fancy : it is real, and in its quickening touch lies strength and guidance for every difficulty ; it is only as we lay hold on eternal life we can ever fight aright the good fight of faith.

ONE of the delegates at a certain Conference in America told this story against himself. At one of the hotels a coloured man takes the hats of the guests as they go into the dining-room, and hands each man his hat without hesitation or mistake as

he comes out. “How did you know,” asked the wondering delegate, “that this was my hat ?” “I didn't know it wuz your hat,” was the quick response ; “I only knows it wuz de hat you gub me.”

THE YOUNG MEN OF NOTTINGHAM.

It is the merest commonplace to say that the young men of to-day are the rulers of to-morrow, but it is a commonplace that is too often forgotten in our large cities. If the forgetfulness of this truth were a legal offence, for which the churches could be brought to the bar of a court of equity, Nottingham would occupy a prominent place in the front rank of the defendants. The Town Council has done a great deal to widen the scope of a young man's possibilities by the encouragement of technical education and the study of the arts, and by democratising the University College so that its highest advantages are within the reach of the poorest lad in the town; but, leaving education out of the question for a moment, and looking round at the institutions of the town, one is struck by the great lack of means of enjoyment and recreation for the young men of Lancelopolis.

Nottingham has not hitherto been one of the most enterprising towns. The Corporation has missed more than one splendid opportunity of improving its streets and stimulating its trade, and to-day some of the streets which should be principal thoroughfares are long stretches of shabby property which ought to have been buried as rubbish long ago. Private enterprise, mainly a big railway development, appears to be rousing the governors of the town to a more adequate sense of their duties and possibilities, and in the general forward movement which seems to have begun it may be that the young men of Nottingham will not be utterly forgotten. Apart from the educational facilities—which, thanks to the otherwise somewhat conservative Town Council and a progressive body of local managers, are broad enough and sufficiently comprehensive for the most advanced educationalist

—Nottingham has little to boast of in its provision for the social requirements of its young men.

It would be too sweeping an indictment to say that the churches have forgotten their existence. It would not be fair to include in that charge those churches which have grappled with a pressing problem by establishing young men's institutes and debating societies. But these are comparatively few, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the churches of Nottingham might have done much

more to save the young men of the town from the influences of the public-house and the turf. Few churches make any provision for their young men in the week, beyond the prayer-meeting and the mid-week service, and their social requirements are almost entirely neglected. Even in the long winter nights the chapels and schools are closed for the most part—half a million worth of property under lock and key, while thirty thousand young men are wondering where to spend the evening. Everywhere else being closed, they generally accept the invitation which presents itself at every street corner to "have a merry time of it."

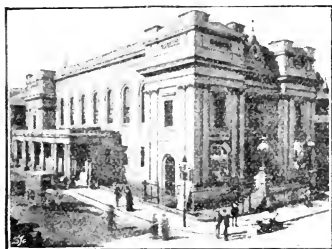


ALDERMAN JOSEPH BRIGHT, MAYOR OF NOTTINGHAM, 1894-5-6.

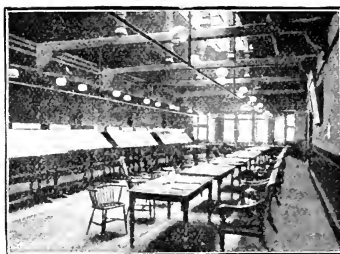
[From a Photo by Cox, Nottingham.]

What makes the case a great deal worse is that Nottingham is about the worst town in the kingdom for healthy amusement, and consequently the young men are driven to forms of entertainment which are neither creditable to the town nor elevating to themselves. There are very few places of healthy amusement in the town, and—perhaps as a natural consequence—the great majority of the publicans have taken out music licences. That fact is pregnant with meaning, and need not be dwelt upon.

But there are some redeeming features even in Nottingham, and the stranger, paying a hurried visit to the town, would be surprised at the tone of



MECHANICS' HALL, NOTTINGHAM.



READING ROOM, MECHANICS' HALL.

this article. He would go, first of all, to the Mechanics' Institute, where, on looking at the members' roll, he would find the names of 4500 persons. Of these, he would be told by the secretary (Mr. Bryan), nearly 2000 are young men between twenty and thirty years of age. The Mechanics'—as the institution is popularly referred to—is the chief resort of what may be called the organised youth of Nottingham. Here high and low, aristocrat and democrat, Radical and Tory, Town Councillor and Corporation clerk, cleric and layman, shake hands. It is the most thorough democracy in the town. A popular subscription brings its advantages within the grasp of every ambitious youth, and the extent to which the young men avail themselves of their opportunities is shown by a glance at the minutes of the rambling, cycling, debating, and other societies connected with the Institute. The daily issue of books averages about 500, and for the most part the books taken out are works calculated to encourage serious thought and study. Every day of the year fifty books are borrowed by young men dealing with history, science, biography, or political economy. There is no record of the number of books taken out by the respective sexes, but it is well within the mark to say that at least a thousand young men return books that they have read and receive others in exchange every week. It was here that Mr. J. C. Snaith, a Nottingham young man, wrote the greater part of *Mistress Dorothy Marcin*. No reference to the Mechanics' Institute would be complete that did not mention Coun-

cillor J. A. H. Green, who is probably the most popular "young man" in Nottingham. He was for ten years Honorary Secretary of the "Mechanics," and is now the President of the Young Men's Debating Society connected with the Institute. Though still a young man, Mr. Green has been many years on the Town Council, and has been Sheriff of the borough.

Unfortunately, there are thousands of young men who have never crossed the threshold of the Mechanics' Institute. Many of these borrow their books from the Free Library, within a stone's throw of the Mechanics', which has over 80,000 volumes on its shelves. You can never see this Library totally deserted. From morning till night the borrowers and returners keep the doors on a constant swing, and over 1500 books are handed over the counter every twelve hours that the Library is open. The branch libraries in various parts of the town would

be almost deserted but for the young men between eighteen and twenty-five who go there for an hour's rest after their day's work. The system of half-hour talks at public libraries, which first sprang up in Nottingham, has been very successful here and in other towns, and the success of the experiment was almost entirely due to the young men of Nottingham, who evinced their sympathy with the movement by splendid attendances whenever a "talk" was announced. There are many other libraries in the town, but these are the most popular. Between them they contain over a hundred thousand volumes, all of which may be had for the asking. But a reference to the



COUNCILLOR J. A. H. GREEN.

census makes even this immense figure sink into insignificance. If all the young men of Nottingham between twenty and thirty years of age agreed to make a raid on the libraries, and could each take out two volumes, there would not be a single book left on the library shelves. And yet, notwithstanding that persons of all ages and of both sexes use the libraries, the shelves seem to be always full. The Church is not yet isolated: even our libraries have yet to find out how to reach the masses.

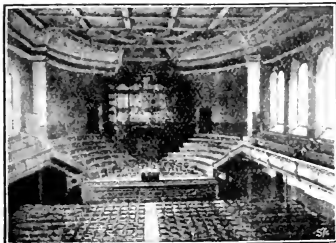
The Nottingham Y.M.C.A. is not a popular institution. That may be said without in any way compromising its members or officers. Popularity does not always go by merit. There has been a branch of the Association in Nottingham ever since the year of Mr. Forster's Education Act, but twenty-six years of steady struggle have not done much to popularise the movement among the young men whom it was designed to benefit. To-day there are only 230 members, and the last balance sheet shows a deficit of over £70. A little monthly magazine, edited by the Public Librarian (Mr. Potter Briscoe), was run last year at a loss of £30. It is difficult to see why the movement has not flourished here as in other towns, unless the fact is due to want of good premises. The present building in Shakespeare Street is ill-adapted for a young men's institute, but it is by far the best home the Y.M.C.A. has had in the town during its history of nearly thirty years, and the want of an attractive home may be the secret of the past failure. But whatever it has been, the young men have determined that the drawback shall not exist much longer, and a forward movement has been started which bids fair to make the Y.M.C.A. as popular in Nottingham as it is in Liverpool, or Manchester, or Sheffield. Inspired by their new president, the Sheriff of Nottingham, who has been connected with the institution ever since its inception, the 230 young men have undertaken an enterprise involving an outlay of thousands of pounds. Some buildings at the principal corner of Shake-



SHERIFF WRIGHT OF NOTTINGHAM.

(From a Photo by KAROLY, Nottingham.)

spare Street have been purchased for £7000, and it is proposed to spend another £1000 in alterations. The new property covers an area of 500 square yards, and stands on a site which, in a few years, will be one of the best in the town. It will be almost immediately opposite the magnificent new station which two railway companies are building in connection with the new line to the Metropolis, and thus the new home of the Y.M.C.A. will be the first place to attract thousands of young men who come to Nottingham from all parts of the country. Occupying probably the best site in the town, the new home, if the scheme is accomplished, will be



INTERIOR OF MECHANICS' HALL.



LIBRARY, MECHANICS' HALL.

one of the best institutions of its kind in the kingdom. "We shall not spoil the ship for a pennyworth of tar," said Mr. Sheriff Wright at the last annual meeting, and if the ship is finished as it has been designed, the Y.M.C.A. will be an institution of which Nottingham will be justly proud.

The educational facilities of Nottingham, as has already been hinted, are equal to those of any other large town, and the attendance books at the evening schools and the classes at the University College show that large numbers of young men avail themselves of the opportunities of culture which the Corporation and the School Board provide. The

Art School, the Technical School, and the University College are three of the most flourishing institutions in the town, and they are all under the management of special committees of the Town Council. There are nearly a thousand day and evening students at the College, and the class tickets taken out last year ran into "teens" of thousands. Hundreds of young men book themselves every Friday night in the winter for the lectures at the College; and once a fortnight in the winter season the Mechanics' hall—one of the largest buildings in the town—is packed with young men and women who listen for two

hours to Dr. Dallinger on science, or Dr. Conan Doyle on novels, or some other notable craftsman on his craft. Of cycling clubs and cycles there are no end, and the young men have hit on a capital idea of making cyclists philanthropists. They have organised an annual parade of wheelists, costumed in fantastical array, which was last year the means of handing over a big handful of sovereigns to a local charity. In the winter half our young men spend their leisure on the football field, and when the final ties have been lost and won, the goal-posts give way to the cricket stumps, and the cycling and rowing club subscriptions are sent in.

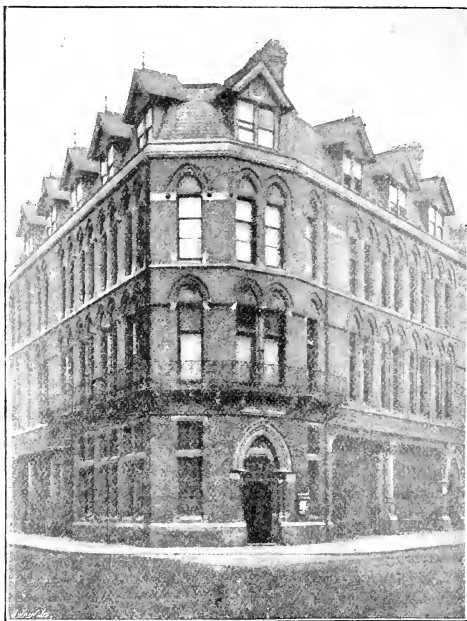
On the whole, the young men of Nottingham are not much better and not much worse than the

young men of other towns. The schools and the libraries are powerful engines for good, but the worst of it is that our social and educational institutions touch hardly twenty thousand of the male population between twenty and thirty years of age, and there are more than fifty thousand young men in Nottingham between these ages. Where are the thirty thousand? That is a question which the churches have never solved. There are many young men's preachers in Nottingham, —the Nonconformist pulpits are nearly all occupied by comparatively young men,—but with one or two notable exceptions, such as at Derby Road Baptist

Chapel, where the Mayor (Ald. Joseph Bright) is a shining light, and at Castle-gate Congregational Chapel, where the Sheriff (Councillor Wright) is a deacon, the preaching is rarely reduced to a practical effort to win the young men from the streets and the public-house. There is not a church or chapel within the six miles of the borough boundary that is not within a stone's throw of a public-house, but for the greater part of the week the public-house is often the only place with an open door. The schoolrooms are dark, and the caretaker has the keys. In Nottingham as elsewhere the Christian Endeavour

Societies are growing rapidly into a strong organisation, and the young men of these societies have more than once afforded striking proof of their earnestness. They did a great deal to win the recent School Board election for the Nonconformists, and at the last Free Church Congress they organised two of the most magnificent meetings ever held in the town. The Y.S.P.C.E. is admirably suited for the last stage in moral and spiritual development, but until something is done to bring religion down to the ground there will still be thirty thousand young men in Nottingham who have not made up their minds which way to go.

ARTHUR MEE.



THE NEW HOME OF THE Y.M.C.A. IN NOTTINGHAM.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

BY THE REV. T. G. SELBY,

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THE religion founded by Jesus Christ will not consent to be reckoned as one amongst many religions which contribute their quota to the common morality of the world. It has its separate sets of belief, its own distinctive institutions, a solitary ethic enforced by unique sanctions, and when it can produce nothing better than its rivals, it may justly be asked to abate its pretensions. Something less transcendental than Christianity will serve the fleeting generations of men equally well, if the final end of moral and religious systems is strictly utilitarian. The faith claiming for itself supreme distinctions must produce a beauty of spirit and life surpassing that of all other faiths put together. The ethic which finds its motive and starting-point in the instincts of the family is able to show fruit of most excellent quality. From those seeds which are latent in the home life of Pagan as well as of Christian races, lofty sentiments and principles take their rise, and not infrequently reach rich developments. When a country is fair to look upon with the eyes, just in its institutions, tenacious and faithful in its grateful memory of the defenders and benefactors of the past, patriotism is kindled together with its train of kindred virtues, courage, public spirit, altruism in its narrower applications. Our merchants tell us that in some of the empires beyond the frontiers of Christendom, where a system of mutual sponsorship and guarantee prevails, it is possible to do business with as little risk of fraud and loss as in the most pious towns and cities of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales. In the absence of organised temptations to vice, the friction of economic life tends to produce honesty, temperance, civility, or at least good working substitutes for these qualities. The man who in a strenuous age lacks elementary business virtues knows that sooner or later his place will be taken by another. Honesty, or at least the reputation for it, is the price a man pays for his chance of success in the world of trade, and as a thousand men are eager to get on, the majority of them will take care to be honest up to the average demand of their occupations. If Christianity is only an additional agency to bring men up to these mediocre working levels of conduct, it does but add to the lumber resting on the world's jaded brain. It must have a virtue and a spiritual potency in the creating of character all its own.

St. Paul looks upon Christian character as *the gracious and effectual presentation of a rule,*

unwelcome creed. In his Epistle to Titus he speaks of the obligation resting upon bond-slaves to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour." The primitive faith had not often the advantage of persuasive and rhetorical advocacy, and was compelled to depend upon other beautifying forces than those of wit, eloquence, artifice. Some of its teachings were especially repugnant to the tastes of cultivated races. A well-read philosopher of the first century would not be disposed to see more in the tradition of the Incarnation than in the thousand and one stories of the old mythologies, if indeed so much. The very mention of "the resurrection from the dead" provoked frivolous laughter amongst the superfine dilettanti of those times; and the doctrine of salvation by the cross was a ghastly nightmare to minds trained in the mere worship of physical beauty. The new faith had little philosophy, no literature, no scholarship, no eloquence on its side, and its only chance was in the holy, unblemished lives of its followers. It was possible for slaves even to beautify this rude, unwelcome thing, and commend it to the acceptance of those who were watching them. In the well-ordered characters of the primitive converts the rough, crude, unlettered evangel attained grace, symmetry, attractiveness, perfection.

By unselfish obedience to their earthly masters, by a daily aim to meet the demands made upon them, by keeping free from all that might seem to savour of resentment and disaffection, by a probity that failed under no temptation, servants must illustrate the inner charm of the Christian faith. The teaching to which they listen in their little gatherings must produce in them an excellence of spirit and of life not attainable under other religions and codes of ethic. And the rapid changes wrought by Christianity in every part of the world are conclusive proof that such instructions were for the most part faithfully carried out. There was a sense in which the bond-slaves of the first centuries brought about their own emancipation, besides commending the gospel in circles scarcely accessible to the apostles. The end of slavery was effected through the moral claim created by the virtues of the Christian bond-servants themselves, as well as by the spirit of pity and justice kindled at last within those who occupied high places in the Roman Empire. "Adorning the doctrine," they proved themselves and their creed of such surpassing force and value that they not only brought near the day of their own enfran-

chisement, but also made sure the victory of the infant faith. Men of such transcendent virtue could not be permanently kept in subjection and gross abasement. A flower may be so fair in hue and so graceful in form that it saves itself from the hard conditions and the evil chances of the jungle. The first observer who passes by will transplant it to the choicest corner of his garden or conservatory, and treasure it as though it were fine gold. By meekness, fidelity, unselfishness, serenity of soul, the Christian slave purchased his own enfranchisement; and almost all the converts of rank in the early Church were trophies of the love and integrity of their own dependants. These despised classes had beautified Christianity by their lives, and in the same act had both made themselves and their children free and contributed to the cause of Christianity, service priceless as that of the princeliest apostles themselves. Christianity owes as much to the nameless multitudes of converted slaves as to its first heralds and wonder-workers.

For the great mass of men the authority of the gospel is still measured by its influence over those who profess to accept it, and Christian character is still an argument for faith outweighing in the power of its appeal all other arguments. The missionary in foreign lands who is preaching a truth not as yet witnessed to by a community of consistent believers, knows through bitter contrast the extent to which the pulpit depends for much of its influence upon the God-fearing lives of those who listen to its message. Half the authority of the Christian teacher is derived from the fact that groups of men and women are doing their best to live out the truths he tries to illustrate and press home. In many cases the weakness of the pulpit to-day when frankly inquired into is proved to be the weakness of the community which should witness to its message, and the strength of the pulpit is the strength of the community which upholds and confirms its testimony by consistent and unblemished living. Christian character is the legible sign that to many at least the word is "not in word only . . . but in power." No amount of wealth, influence, talent, prestige, can keep Christianity alive unless its doctrines be "adorned" in the lives of those who profess it. The Teacher of the Sermon on the Mount is never so truly honoured as when His visions of perfection find some kind of embodiment in the hard and permanent facts of common life. Some traits of the personality of Him whose name we bear must be imprinted on our conscience, habit, daily demeanour.

The worth of Christian character is sometimes depreciated, and a story is repeated with wearisome iteration about "the virtue that was crucified between two thieves." But the moral of the story limps a little. The dream of Pilate's wife is forgotten. Pilate's own hand-washing is left

out of view, and all the inward conflict that somewhat ostentatious performance implied. The world in sheer fractiousness will cavil at Christian character, and yet at the same time feel the significance of its holy mystery and fascination. The man it can fashion after its own caprice it likes, clapping him on the back, and adopting the hail-fellow-well-met style of greeting, but it is often dumb and awestruck in the presence of one whom unseen hands are fashioning after the similitude of Jesus Christ.

It is said that we are verging on a revival of Christian dogma, and many signs of the times would seem to confirm the observation. After the dreary agnosticisms of the last thirty or forty years, any general movement towards faith must be welcome to the mind that is truly Christian. But unless that revival is accompanied by a revival of the spirit and of the life which are typically Christian, the movement can only prove itself an omen of evil. Where Christian teaching is separated from the temper of genuine Christianity, a secret, a bitter, an unrelenting scepticism prevails of which our own land has happily little experience. Everything Christian is the subject of consuming scorn. And such must ever be the case where Christian dogma outruns Christian conduct. Men are sometimes zealous for the mystery of the Incarnation who are proud, overbearing, the enemies of spiritual freedom, and their temper is opposite to that of Him who humbled Himself for our salvation. Men sometimes glory in the cross and the hope of salvation through its sacrifice, but they are swayed in many things by self-interest, and plead that it is the only basis upon which commerce can rest, and argue that the world should be administered upon principles of pure selfishness. Men are sometimes zealous for the doctrine of the new birth, but it is difficult to see what great improvement that sacred change has brought to them in their common relationships. They believe in "the resurrection of the body," at least when the Apostles' Creed is said in church, and in "the life everlasting"; but they show very little sense of the sanctity of the body as God's present dwelling-place, and they live as if this life were all, and its little bauble prizes the sublime ends for which man was made. Unless our doctrine be practised, this revival of which so much is made will be the first step to a new anarchy, red, ruinous, woeful as that of the French Terror itself. Every article of the Christian faith has some practical significance, or it is a foreign importation. There are no counsels of perfection in the New Testament. We must take the ideals which seem to lie on the sky-line half-way between heaven and earth, and make them palpable splendours in the routine of common life.

The achievement of Christian character is looked at from two standpoints in the writings

of the apostles. It is described as a conscious, intelligent, resolute, ever-continued effort at self-conquest and self-cultivation. It is also viewed as the fruition of a new life that has been implanted within us. We have not created Christian character out of the mere void by our unaided effort.

God's call to salvation brings before us new ideals of spirit and behaviour towards which there must be *faithful, patient, ever-continued struggle*. We have received a noble vocation, and are under solemn vow and covenant to harmonise ourselves entirely with the ethic of that vocation. "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called." "Walk in love, as Christ also loved us." "Let your conversation be as becometh the gospel." The Divine Voice has brought before us the vision of nobler life and more resplendent activity both here and hereafter, and we must fit ourselves for the destiny to whose threshold we have been led. Sublime prospects are opened before us by the message of the gospel, and we must think and act and live in correspondence with the larger and the loftier outlook. We have been summoned into a royal household, and we must honour its rules and uphold its dignities. This call is also spoken of as bringing us into living contact with One who is the supreme example of all goodness. We are His associates, and must never belie our position. "Walk worthy of Him that called you." "As He that hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation and godliness." It is no impersonal voice that breaks upon the ear in the message of the gospel; but rather the mandate of one who comes into close and sacred contact with us, and insists that we shall copy His pattern.

But we are viewed not only as moral agents, but as the *recipients of a mystic life the possession of which entails new responsibilities upon us*. "We are quickened together with Christ." His resurrection is the symbol and the vital antecedent of a state of sanctification into which we are brought, and all the forces and solicitations of a perfect Christian character brood in the nature of one whose spirit has been fused into active communion with that of his living Lord. How like the Master we should become if we did but unswervingly follow those impulses and make them sovereign in the scheme of our lives! What separation from the world would be achieved! What significant fellowship would be experienced of the soul-renewing and health-restoring work of the God and Saviour of all mankind! There has been borne into us an invisible seed, the due unfolding of which will make us into twin spirits with Him who is the pattern of transcendent loveliness. The character of one who is a new creation in Christ Jesus is not a mere meeting-point of moral forces, but a living organism, replete with motives, instincts,

solicitations, which must be allowed their own way, if there is to be vigour, beauty, noble upgrowth into maturity and perfection. The writer of a charming book on "The Forests of Guiana" tells us that many of the climbing orchids there display a sagacity which is simply marvellous. They will sometimes throw out their aerial roots and attach themselves to two separate branches, and then if one of the branches begins to decay they will unclasp their roots as though the branch were charged with poison, and will run the risk of falling prostrate to the earth rather than hold on to a support into which disease and rottenness have come. And a discernment rivalling that of those wonderful climbing orchids is a property of that new life in Christ Jesus shared by true believers. All the instincts of the growing Christian character that is within us urge us to unloose our hold of every vitiated amusement, to abandon the luxuries that are occasions of temptation and sin to our fellows, to disconnect ourselves from all commercial alliances which tend to poison our integrity, to withdraw from every political movement in which the moral well-being of the community is not the first and the most commanding aim. "Neither present your members unto sin as instruments of unrighteousness; but present yourselves unto God as alive from the dead."

Christian character is sometimes described as *the fixed uplook of a new hope that has been quickened within us*. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God." Strong and steadfast forces are lifting us skyward, which tend to bear us away from the old levels of sordid aim and ignoble pursuit, and bring the entire round of our life into a holier atmosphere and a more blessed sunshine. The orchids of the tropical forest find it impossible to grow in the night-like gloom and dimness of the over-spreading foliage, for they must have continuous sunshine to develop their rare forms and hues; and so they get themselves carried to the tree-tops, where they can revel in the brightness of the noon-day, and then begin to grow from the tree-tops downwards. Christian character can never arise in the nature which is cleaving to earthly things. Whilst men live in the darkness and shadow of a world that is little better than a tomb they cannot unfold into the grace and wonder of a Christlike sanctity. They need to start in heaven's own sunshine. And the uplifting forces of Christ's resurrection are at hand to carry us above the gloom and darkness and obscurity of earth, and place us in the presence of Him whose countenance is brighter than that of the sun shining in his might.

Character is not all self-culture, although that must not be despised. It is a gift. The breath of a risen Lord within the soul creates impulses

for which expression must be found. The greatest of contemporary poets speaks of his numbers as "found, not made"; caught, so to speak, from the free air around him. And it is so in the Christian life. It is the product of inspirations which take possession of us, and are greater than ourselves. We do not achieve character, but find it, or rather, it finds us. It is

an awaiting Christ "we put on." It is the gift which comes to us in the study of God's word, at the sacramental table, on the holy ground where we have bowed to pray, jealously kept in the home, the office, the street, the common pathway of our tempted pilgrimage, and made tangible and luminous to those about us in the daily habit and life.

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.

IX—SET ASIDE.

THE hill on the north-east that ran a spur out to match Shaw Cross and Red Lap Down in the south was Reccombe Steep, and its rounded green cone was Reccombe Steep. The double mass had a dark and sombre mien, as trying with praiseworthy perseverance and the hopelessness of a thousand failures to shoulder back winter storms. Trees were dense far up to the summit line. They formed last barriers of the broken forests wherein the tribes of canty rogues and robbers lurked not any more, preferring, some said, the valleys and the casual wards.

There was a winding road that went over the middle dip and at five hilly miles landed the traveller, to his mild surprise if he were unaccustomed, at the little railway platform of Wenley. The journey was pleasant enough, granted a summer day and sunshine, and none need know a bleaker or more tedious if Boreas raged and snow were falling. And all the signs indicated the beginning of a tempest when Amos Bounlderley went forth to find a wandered preacher, and chanced upon a scoundrel, and in his dull, simple, silent heroism gave himself to the torture and to destiny.

Pastor Glad had been summoned home to the west country by telegram. He had not time to settle who should stand in his place on the Sabbath. His suggestion was the Rev. Orville Thomas, who lived at Dalesbury on a windfall from the West Indies, and had expanded both in waistcoats and in width of view since independence was possible.

"No, thank'ee," said Free Hood, to whom as a man of mark, and on the very steps of the deacons' vestry, it was mentioned,—"*no, thank you, brethren*; I can't noways agree to 't. He's got a tent in Laodocia."

"Scarcely; it's on Piper's Hill—a tent with stone dressings, the same as Pinchpenny's given me."

George Alloway's wit was swallowed in the morass of the gardener's melancholy. Perhaps the exercise in humour was too novel to quite succeed.

"T' man's forgotten his pit whence he was digged," Hood said, great in candour, and always

picturesque,—"*an' it's like Passon Glad to propose him for Turret. It 'll do to tie up wi' my seed packetin' twist like t' rest. I've gotten an old tub up t' my place in Brick Causeway. You look in tub, you rap tub's sides; you'd think t' bottom was good and sound, and water-tight. 'Tis what I set spades in an' dibbs, and anything as is handy. Sticks uncommon close to ground—earth close up to's edge. But give it a hist, brethren; give old tub a hist. Why, there isn't a bottom at all! Passon Thomas has had his hist in a mint o' money sweated as I hear tell out o' woolly-heads—stark-naked blacks. An' t' truth's out: no bottom to him at all! I'm afraid for our man. I could a'most make a mistake once in a while and call poor old tub 'Passon Glad.' Dessay I should if the Book didn't bid us have charity and suffer long. I'm sufferin' long. But you let histing time come along, and see if old tub's a true parayable."*

On this stern objection, fixed as Reccombe Steep itself, was sent to Maplebury, below Wenley, where a sister "*Cause*" struggled, and exhorters had good fame. It witnessed, perhaps, to modesty, that the Turret could hear to edification a brother out of the ranks who should tramp through the passes to please them, but shrank from home supply. There is the further clue to the origin of etiquette that in this manner jealousies were avoided.

But Mr. Shadrach Slater, who graciously promised to come, and, according to the commendatory letter, was a new adherent, and an eager, and a Bonnerges, proved a laggard. He was expected at a quarter past ten. He was not there at half-past, which was service hour, nor at a quarter to eleven, when a largish congregation had surrendered to fidgets. The position was worse because the Turret had a solemn pride in starting, so to speak, at gun-fire. A primitive understanding of First-Day time obtained in Silover. It has gone out in cities, along with poke bonnets and a grandfather's cravat, and leisure and quiet and transparent speech. But the Turret had it yet, and a cold eye glanced on any who stole past the pew-

openers when the choir had once stood up. People turned about, and nudged their neighbours now, and the boys even tittered at the empty pulpit, and the strong likelihood of early romps outside.

In which they counted without Free Hood. He was commissioned in despair by Enoch Martins and George Alloway, and with dignity and a prophet's presence went up to the desk.

"Our minister must ha' took a wrong turn i' the hills, we are fearin'," he said. "But his Master never misses His own chosen and elect people, and we'll do our best to praise Him with a hymn."

And on the first line swelling out even to the bare, drab-tinted lobby, Amos Bounderley slipped into Frewin's Yard.

"It will be well to look for him," Enoch Martins had said,—"and especially as my glass is going down main fast and far. The air's thick as a barn floor wi' threshing dust. He's strayed—sure; and we'll have a storm. Recombe's rough walking, too."

It was wandering after a new pattern, and it oddly troubled the men whose fame and pride was in keeping the old, old track. Of preachers aberrant, in a different sense, it was the Turret view, and strongly held, that Silover had many. There was St. Mark's, where people looked for vagaries since a memorable experience befell. It was when old Rector Tatton mysteriously muddled his manuscripts, and had well launched himself on compliments and counsel for a rural flower show before he realised that his text and matter mistitled. The Congregationalists in Recombe Lane were not much better. True, the average man they inducted was under no temptation to confound grape culture with sheep-pasturing. His stipend very properly circumscribed his hobbies. But he was apt in these days to toy with a noxious growth of the intellect called the Higher Criticism. Then a bewildering crew, with bands and banners, and strident voices and less doctrine than even the Methodists, were plainly astray because, heeding no self-evident signs of final dereliction, they bade the biggest scamps in the Chilterns wash and be clean and put on a salvation suit. As if the leopard could lose its spots!

But the fluent and obliging Mr. Slater was not a wanderer in religious byways, nor on the fast whitening downs, as his waiting and unknown friends supposed. He had walked through Recombe Lane straight into a chapel as innocent of vain external attractions as even the Turret. It so happened that a stranger was due here, and from Dalesbury, and that owing to his horse casting a shoe—for he was driving—Mr. Gouchy was many minutes behind. It happened further that wizened little Parmenus Franklin was deafener than ever that day, and answered all the first comer's questions with bland nods, and a comprehensive "Yes." This disposed of doubt, for the caretaker is infallible, let ministers trip as they may. And Shadrach Slater knew it.

Therefore the orator from Maplebury was at his ease, and preened his outer man awhile in the warm vestry, and then ascended the rostrum. He was pleased that it was not a pulpit, for he liked to be seen quivering through every limb of his lank body with the horror of the lurid pictures he sketched for sinners. He could try how his most finished gestures went before the crowd flocked in. A word and a shilling, and the model custodian would feign perfect familiarity with such preliminaries.

When two or three leaders of the Independents in Silover dropped in to take up duty they did not like to disturb the thought-weighted Bible reader in the great chair. Not until the hymns were wanted did anyone go to him. A hand-clasp sufficed, and introduction waited.

Midway in a first lesson, chosen from amongst the startling figures of Ezekiel, a portly person in "best blacks" and with head smooth and round, and closely resembling a billiard-ball for its bareness, insinuated himself into the table pew. Seventy pair of eyes left the platform incontinently and settled on the large red dome presented to them. In other words, the congregation was lifted *en masse* on the top of a big wave of wonder.

But their surprise paled before Mr. Gouchy's. For a deacon to open the Book and fill a gap was nothing. But to announce a second hymn and not descend was puzzling; to read again pushed the intrusion over the borders of effrontery; to take the long prayer was stupefying for many moments; and to seem to intend to give out a text was more than flesh and blood could stand. Mr. Gouchy was rich, and used to folk who knew their place, and his, and this was insolence—a public snub for trifling and unavoidable delay.

Something seemed to snap in his head. He darted out in the midst of the notices, and people rose in their seats with a curious undulating rustle, and then a painful silence fell. It was the record sensation of Silover Congregational Church for a dozen years, and gave attendances a fillip, for the curious came when the fray was past.

"You forget yourself," said the irate Mr. Gouchy. Excess of emotion impaired his voice, but ears were on the strain, and the rebuke was caught.

Except by Shadrach Slater, to whom interference was equally unbelievable.

"What notice have I missed?" he asked blankly.

Whereat the just passion for good order and fair-play prevailed over wisdom, and a grip of steel tightened upon the usurper's arm; and conceiving, as he very well might, that madness was abroad, the man of Maplebury yielded first one step and then another.

"'Twas a'most as good as t' cock-fighting we used to have every Setterday afternoon up in *Wheatshaf* paddock," said Parmenus Franklin later. The rascal rejoiced when he should have mourned over the net he had stretched for unwary feet. But then he

handled a shilling, which meant many pipes and perhaps a noggin of Sabbath evening rum.

The church elders scented a blunder. They approached in haste, and whispered, and there was adjournment to the vestry. When the small procession returned, Shadrach Slater vanished under care for the Turret. But none ever remembered what Mr. Gouchy preached about.

And Amos Bounderley was half-way to Wenley Station, and had met a waster and a ne'er-do-well whose face had long been missing, and that not to the grief of the upright.

"Whew! This is queer, isn't it? Does the Turret grant indulgences for more sweet music in the plate? Or have you sickened of tight-lacing and left 'em, wheeler?"

It was random badinage, but not the talk of an illiterate man. And Amos, who was neither smart nor a scholar, was half captivated by the easy tinsel of manner and word. The fellow dressed for youth, and skilfully, though his face showed wear and wickedness.

"I am out on an errand of mercy and help," said Amos gravely.

Dan Perryman laughed, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I hope so," he said,—"help me. There's a cut through here to Shaw Cross and Knives Down without touching Silover at all. But I've bungled it; and weather looks real ugly. I want to see Martins, and then I'll push for the other line and London again. Tell me the way. You'll help Martins, too, and he's a tip-topper at Turret, isn't he? A nest of Pharisees!"—it was a smothered hiss, not meant for Amos's ears, but it got there.

A thin pencil-line of fresh anxiety crossed the wheeler's forehead. It seemed singular by and by that he should have guessed so soon. Surely the thought was given him.

"Is it something about young Zachary?" he inquired.

Perryman swung round, back to the nipping north wind.

"That's it," he answered; "cheque touched up wrong, you know. I'm cashier there. I'd save the boy; but it's eighty pounds. Can't do it. If his father will, it's all right. If not—whew!—but I expect Zach'll make a bolt of it then. That's my Sunday work—down one way and back another. 'Mercy and help,' you see. Hah! hah!"

Amos Bounderley had no misconception on one point. He knew that he studied the features there, on Recombe flank, of a thorough-paced profligate; but of treachery within treachery, and shameless and gigantic, he did not dream. He was sorely shaken in brain and body and soul. A voice spoke, and it was not Perryman's.

"If the chance comes, and you can help or save Enoch, you will do it, Amos, my dear brother? You promise it me?"

He had indeed promised, swearing without the oath that is sin. And Serena Bounderley, who had truly spent her life for him, gave thanks, and sighed Enoch's name again and many times, and at day-dawn fell on sleep.

"Don't go there—not to Knives Down Farm," Amos cried impulsively. "It'll strike Martins cruel—cruel! I doubt if he does it even for his only son. He is a strict man. Zachary'll mayhap have to suffer. 'Tis a prisonin' matter. I'm main sad and shocked. They'll both suffer."

"I may as well try it on; Zach's one chance, you see," answered Dan Perryman nonchalantly. "Here's proofs; one of Zach's letters—all sorrow."

Amos took them and read, and the anchor dragged.

"Come into Silover and I'll find the money," he said hoarsely. "You shan't go to Knives Down. We'll hush it up, and save t' boy."

In Church Place, shortly, a fat and greasy bag disappeared into a trickster's pocket; and hideous night rested henceforth on Amos Bounderley's horizon; and the door closed on the last faint hope of providing twenty shillings in the pound. But it was for Enoch's sake, and for Serena's memory; and he who paid the blackmail had no real understanding of the dismal ruin of his affairs.

This he knew—that he was entangled and embarrassed, and that when at last, on the return of James Belshaw and enforced adjustment at Silover Hall, an old account came in, it fevered him with relief. The more pressing creditors could at least be satisfied, and there was a sop for others. Beyond that was only the thick obscurity which his sister had foreseen and trembled at.

The gold and notes were gone, and his head ached in the attempt to pierce the gloom. What would the upshot be? Soon he knew, and Silover had a sweet morsel of scandal. In the list of bankrupts appeared the name of the Turret elder and school superintendent.

It was a pitiful downfall of an old trading lineage, and there were some sinister rumours that spread like fire in the furze. They forced the hand of Pastor Glad, who was always slower than his council-board in moving for discipline.

"It is our strange work, brethren," he would say; "and where is the stainless palm for the first stone?"

Wherein the multitude detected dangers to a pure church, and one or two—chiefly of no account—a rich and fruitful humanity.

But Enoch Martins insisted, and he had backing.

"It must be done," he said sternly,—"and it's best done quickly. There'll be a tight squeeze for Bounderley to escape t' jail by what I hear. Roxmorrow's foreman, or Belshaw's—it's no great matter which runs the Hall—told me himself that nigh eighty pound passed over, for years and years of work. Where is it? Bounderley won't speak; his lips are set like t' oyster's over a jewel. But it's

bringing disgrace on the Cause, sir, and we are bound to deal with our brother."

John Glad was not ill informed of currents in the valley. He had dexterously probed Dr. Smallpiece and Ford of Shagg's Mill. The one gave shrewdest leading, the other sifted gossip. The case was hard to follow, and demanded action.

"Very well," said the minister sadly. "You are probably right. It shall be mentioned at first meeting."

And still he hoped that before the time came the wheeler would recognise the pivot of the position, and declare the fate of eighty pounds, and bring his proofs. It was not so to be. As the winter light waned on the day of the church meeting, Pastor Glad went to the recusant's home. Amos lived alone, and nothing was altered save of frailty or trick of circumstance since Serena died. The man was cowed and broken, and very weary. His aspect wrung the minister's heart. But he had nothing to acknowledge. A full hour of earnest pleading was bestowed in vain.

"Then I must say that in your view enough is known?"

The love checking the incredulity, and, alas! checked by it, shook the wheeler strangely. His eyes had a fierce and hungry pride, which John

Glad saw again in many a dream of this poor perishing sheep.

"No, there is more," cried Amos thickly; "but I will never tell it—never! Yet I thank you humbly for well-meaning, sir."

It was for Enoch's sake, and for Serena's memory.

The debate was only remarkable for Enoch Martins' iron will and fixed purpose of suspension. He would have no adjournment and no delay. His dark, blunt eloquence prevailed.

"Mr. Bounderley must be set aside at once," he said. "We owe it to the Cause. First pure, then peaceable. Shall not judgment commence with the elders in Israel? I can't allow as we're to wait."

Such was the sway of this sombre zeal that when at length the vote was taken there were no opponents and no neutrals.

"It is resolved, on the motion of Brother Martins," said the minister gravely, "and carried unanimously, that Amos Bounderley is set aside."

But Amos was hard to reach with the note of news and regret. He had stolen out through Silover in the mirk, up and still up to a spring of the Sil, in the bosom of Recombe. He sat down there, and snow was round him. The night went on, and he was cold—cold.

CHATS AT THE CLUB.

"MEN CALL IT LUCK."

BREWER had been up for his M.A. Examination, but, having a toothache, he muddled the papers set him, and only got a pass where everyone who knew him felt sure he was entitled to Honours. As he intended to become a teacher by profession, the accident was doubly hard for him. But Brewer always was a most unlucky chap. Last year, when he was just ready for a mountaineering excursion with some friends, having planned and saved up for it during months, he was thrown off his bicycle, and broke some little bones in his ankle, which laid him on the sofa for two months. Being thoroughly sensible, he utilised this idle time by reading hard for his degree, and then comes an absurd little toothache, and spoils everything. Most of us were so sorry for him that we could not even condole with him, except Stanhope, who always finds a topic for philosophic treatment in the misfortunes of his neighbours. I like Stanhope,—at least, I generally like him,—but I can never help thinking that the poet had a man like him in his eye when he spoke of somebody peeping and botanising on his mother's grave.

Stanhope said there was no such thing as luck, that what one called ill luck was merely the result of neglected preliminary precautions, and that good

luck was a matter of being ready to grasp each opportunity as it arose. If Brewer had had that tooth stopped, it would not have cost him his Honours by aching untimely, and if he had been riding carefully, he wouldn't have collided with a donkey-cart and have tumbled with a broken ankle into a ditch.

Henley said that if Stanhope had been the sufferer himself he would probably have talked somewhat about luck too. Henley admitted liberally that there are such things as cause and effect, but he said there is luck in addition, and it was that item about which people could not generalise, because it seemed the result of pure accident. If the friends who ascended the Alps without Brewer had finished up in a crevasse, people would have said that Brewer's mishap was an interposition of Providence, without going the length of admitting that in the case of those who had made too intimate acquaintance with the icebergs and the snow Providence had not cared to interfere. "If a man is going on a certain journey and is arrested by a business telegram," said Henley, "and the train goes on without him and is smashed up, people say the telegram was a kind of miracle. But it is nothing of the kind, because the people who are not stopped,

but go on to their death, are just as good, and their preservation just as necessary to the community as that of those who are spared."

"Well, I don't know," Norbury said; "if I were stopped in mid-career, and the people who went on without me were borne across that bourne whence no traveller returns, I should be disposed to think that I had been reserved for some special purpose."

"But that is due to your want of logic," Henley argued. "The people 'on whom the tower of Siloam fell, do you think they were sinners above all others? I tell you nay' it was just their luck to be there, poor chaps, as it was the luck of others to be elsewhere."

"What you call luck is only an irregular result of the introduction of certain unforeseen factors into the game of life. With regular factors you can always predicate the sum total, but the irregularly recurrent factor"—Stanhope began.

"Is just the item we call luck," said Henley. "You can reckon that good health and good temper and unflinching industry will secure for a man success in life, provided he is allowed to follow the bent that makes pleasure even of drudgery, but his being started with those qualities instead of modesty and sensitiveness and bad health is his luck. When a little city waif gets run over by the carriage of a philanthropic millionaire, who decides to take him up and educate him because he happened accidentally to break his arm, the waif is in luck, just as the other waif who is crippled for life by a bus or a costermonger's barrow has no luck to be thankful for."

"I should be disposed to call it Providence," said Stanhope, a little dubiously.

"If Providence interfered in such cases we should be bound to consider Him a partisan, and then He would not be Providence."

"There is no comfort in your doctrine," said Stanhope.

"Neither there is; it was not comfort I was looking for just at that moment."

"I think I was talking more of success in life

than of physical misfortunes," said Stanhope thoughtfully.

"Success is modified by misfortunes, which are due to luck also; a man with all the virtues and with all the aptitudes is oftentimes distanced by the fool, because the fool does not see the risks which would deter the thoughtful man, and on the crest of a risk he rides on to success. Average successes are attained by the wise and worthy, but the splendid successes are, nine times out of ten, won by knaves or fools."

"It is marvellous that I never can keep any of you to the point," said Stanhope irritably. "You can surely see, on reflection, that courage—folly, if you will—and unblushing knavery are very large factors in the sum of destiny, and that those who write them down fearlessly will make a big success or a big failure. There is no luck in that, it is simply cause and effect."

"But it is luck whether the man taking the crest of the wave rides over the reef or rides on to it. Which he will do nobody can prognosticate, that is where luck comes in. I do not suppose one of our self-made millionaires fails to know what it is to have looked into the eyes of ruin more than once. They play for big stakes, and they win or lose. If they win, society kow-tows to them; if they lose, then they do not become millionaires, they pass into oblivion and are heard of no more. The wise and well-balanced man does not run these risks, but he prepares for probable contingencies and conquers them. When a man is sensible he visits his dentist now and then, and he does not go dreaming when he is riding a bicycle, so as to be thrown into ditches and have his bones broken."

"I have been told," said Henley, "that the main essentials to success in life are a good stomach and a bad heart."

"There are several people whose hearts seem to have been made to order," said Stanhope, smiling; "regarding their stomachs, I cannot at this moment pronounce an opinion."

NORMAN FRENCH.

God knows our needs before we ask. Then what is prayer for? Not to inform Him, nor to move Him, unwilling, to have mercy, as if like some proud prince He required a certain amount of recognition of His greatness as the price of His favours. But to fit our own hearts by conscious need and true desire and dependence to receive the gifts which He is ever willing to give, but which we are not always fit to receive. As St. Augustine has it, the empty vessel is by prayer carried to the full fountain.—*Alexander McLaren.*

AN American paper gives the following good advice: "Drink less—breathe more. Eat less—

chew more. Clothe less—bathe more. Ride less—walk more. Sit less—dig more. Worry less—work more. Waste less—give more. Write less—read more. Preach less—practise more."

A VERY interesting feature of *The Home Messenger* for September is a full-page picture of President Kruger at Church at Pretoria, drawn from life. There is a paper on "Why I believe in Total Abstinence—as a Business Man," by W. S. Caine, a portrait and sketch of L. T. Meade, a fully illustrated article on "A Run through the Isle of Man," and other contributions by Dr. Glover, Dr. Parker, Grace Stebbing, and Mr. Reid Howatt.

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: GEORGE MEREDITH'S "ORDEAL OF RICHARD FEVEREL."

It will come with a shock of surprise to many readers to learn that George Eliot's *Adam Bede* and George Meredith's *Richard Feverel* were published in the same year, the year 1859. To many of us *Adam Bede* has been a kind of household name as far back as we can remember anything about books at all; but it seems but yesterday that we heard of George Meredith for the first time, and our first acquaintance with his novels has perhaps yet to be made. Nevertheless, by the almost universal consent of those who are best able to judge, Meredith to-day is our greatest living novelist. How are we to account for this long-delayed recognition? Mr. Dawson, in his admirable appreciation of Meredith, refers to Wordsworth and Browning, who wrote for thirty years without earning enough money to buy them porridge, and to Carlyle, who was on the very brink of ruin before the tide turned.¹ But Wordsworth and Browning were poets, and Carlyle a philosophical and historical essayist, and such as these, even when recognition comes, only find their readers in tens where novelists find them in thousands.

Much, undoubtedly, may be put down to Meredith's style and method. Most readers of a History of the French Revolution, say, or of a volume of poetry, expect to be made to think sometimes; they do not object even if they need to read over a paragraph or a stanza twice or thrice before they fully grasp its meaning. But with fiction it is another matter; they expect a novelist to tell his story and to have done with it; if he is unintelligible at the first reading, they pass on; digressions into science or philosophy they disregard as impertinences. But it is impossible to deal with Meredith in this airy fashion; he must be taken seriously or not at all; and the youth who hears—to use his own expressive phrase—that Meredith just now is "all the go," and thinks that he may as well kill an idle hour with him as with anyone, will soon discover his mistake. Persons of both sexes and of all ages, who lump fiction indiscriminately as "light reading," will do well to let Meredith alone; he will only irritate them. As Dr. Garnett says, "No modern novelist demands so much intellect from his readers, or gives them so much of his own."² To say that Meredith does not know how to tell a story is absurd; to say that in his novels he does much more than tell stories is perfectly true. More than enough has been made of the alleged obscurity

of his style; but even the faithful will admit that sometimes a second reading fails to make his meaning plain. What Meredith has written, with such wonderful insight and power, of Carlyle's style, Meredith's critics³ have more than once aptly applied to himself: "A style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation, so loose and rough it seemed; a wind-in-the-orchard style, that tumbled down here and there an appreciable fruit with uncouth bluster; sentences without commencements running to abrupt endings and smoke, like waves against a sea-wall; learned dictionary words giving a hand to street-slang, and accents falling on them haphazard, like slant rays from driving clouds: all the pages in a breeze, the whole book producing a kind of electrical agitation in the mind and joints."

But no eccentricity of manner is sufficient to explain the neglect under which for so many years Meredith has lain, especially when we remember on how slender a basis some recent literary reputations have been built up. Perhaps it is useless to seek the explanation: Public Opinion is a capricious dame,—

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

The reason why I cannot tell.—

so of what use is it to argue? But at least Meredithians may take comfort to themselves that at last—slowly perhaps, but surely—Meredith is coming to his own. Of course, he has never lacked disciples. Mr. John Morley is but one out of many of the men of our generation whose thinking he has profoundly influenced. "Much, and very much," Mr. Morley once told Mr. Stead, "did he owe to the wise and stimulating friendship of George Meredith in the impressionable times."⁴ Perhaps, too, Meredith may be said to be, in a special sense, the novelist's novelist. His impress is clearly visible, says a very discerning critic, in Mr. Barrie's new work.⁵ Robert Louis Stevenson once declared that of all the novels he had read (and he had read thousands), *The Egoist* stands in a place by itself; he had read it five or six times, and meant to read it again.⁶ And now at last the multitudes are flocking to hear this new prophet, who these many years has been but a voice crying in the wilderness. In America, too, it seems his popularity

³ See, for example, Richard Le Gallienne's *George Meredith: Some Characteristics*.

⁴ Character Sketch, *Review of Reviews*, Nov. 1890.

⁵ *Sentimental Tommy*, now appearing in *Scribner*.

⁶ "Books which have Influenced Me," *British Weekly Extra*.

¹ *Quest and Vision*, p. 162.

² *The Reign of Queen Victoria*, edited by T. H. Ward, vol. ii, p. 491.

is steadily rising, and they are beginning to distinguish between George Meredith and "Owen Meredith."¹ In short, if we do not take heed, public opinion rushing, as its fashion is, from one extreme to the other, may lift its new favourite to giddy and impossible heights, before his true place in our literature is assigned to him. Therefore, no "Meredithyrams"!

And yet, I for one would readily forgive any man growing dithyrambic after his first reading of *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*. I have just finished reading it a second time, and am more impressed with its greatness than ever. The brilliance of its style, the depth of its wisdom, the lavish prodigality of power which it reveals in every page, would be remarkable enough in any writer; in a young man only just thirty years of age² they are simply astonishing. The book may be read for its shrewd characterization, its "sheaf of subtly-pointed maxims," its perfect love-passages, or its "History of a Father and Son"³ and the breakdown of the false "System" loved of Sir Austin—it cannot fail to delight. Has our literature, in prose or verse, any more beautiful story of "first love" than the story of Richard and Lucy? If I began to quote I should not know when to stop; I can only refer my readers to the fourteenth, fifteenth, and twentieth chapters of the novel. As for the aphorisms of which Mr. Morley speaks with such delight, one can only wish with him that the whole contents of Sir Austin Feverel's unpublished volume, *The Pilgrim's Scrip*, will one day be

¹ See "Some Notes on George Meredith in America," in Mr. Le Gallienne's work quoted above.

² Meredith was born in 1828.

³ The sub-title of the novel.

divulged to the world. Here are two, by way of specimen:—

"Expediency is man's wisdom. Doing right is God's."

"Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered."

To which let me add this wise word of that wise woman, Mrs. Berry, "I think it's al'ays the plan in a dielemmer to pray God and walk forward"; and this—to Lucy the young bride—not less wise, perhaps, though in quite another key, "Don't neglect your cookery. Kissing don't last; cookery do." Mrs. Berry and Adrian Harley have a sure place in the long picture gallery of English fiction.

Lastly, *Richard Feverel* is emphatically a young man's book. To begin with, not only is it, as we have seen, the work of a young man, but of an optimist, which every young man should be. "Who can really think and not think hopefully?" asks Diana of the Crossways. "There is for the mind but one grasp of happiness: from that uppermost pinnacle of wisdom whence we see that this world is well-designed," says *The Pilgrim's Scrip*. And yet, the work of a young man as it is, *Richard Feverel* has in it words of wisdom that deserve a place hard by the Proverbs of Solomon in every young man's mind. That tremendous chapter on the "Wild Oats Plea,"—a man should read that and the fifth chapter of Proverbs side by side; after that, he will not easily forget either.

Enough: henceforth I am a sworn Meredithian. Let my readers haste to follow suit.

*** The book for October will be Trench's *Study of Words* (Macmillan's, 5s.).

THE YOUNG WOMAN.

WE venture to ask our readers to glance at the programme of the new volume of *The Young Woman* which we send out with this number. It is a very attractive leaflet, and we shall be glad if young men will hand it to their sisters or lady friends. The next issue of *The Young Woman*, which begins a

new volume, is probably the best number we have ever published. The magazine, in its enlarged form, will give wonderful value for 3d., and we fully expect to double our circulation. We shall greatly value the help of our readers in making *The Young Woman* more widely known.

CLOSE familiarity with a few great books will do more than anything else to enrich and discipline your mind. If we walk day after day with some illustrious writer, we shall naturally fall into his pace. Thinking his thoughts over and over again, we shall unconsciously adopt his methods of thinking. He will train us to his own habits of caution, moderation, and sagacity. He will inspire us with his own courage and boldness. We shall catch, without knowing it, and without any attempt at imitation, something of that intellectual manner which gives to everything that he has written an inimitable

nobleness, or vigour, or grace. We shall become masters, not only of all the thoughts which are actually expressed in his books, but of very much that these thoughts imply. We shall fully develop truths which were present to him in a rudimentary form. We shall not be satisfied with coming into possession of the rich golden grain which he was able to garner, we shall drive our own plough across the fields which he first reclaimed from the waste; we shall practise his methods of cultivation; we shall sow the seed which he has left us; and we shall reap fresh harvests of our own.—*Dr. R. W. Dale.*

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "*The Threshold of Manhood*," etc.

THE letters which lie before me this month touch more upon religion and ecclesiastical questions than is usual. Chief among them is a very interesting communication from *MacOwen* (Cape Town), which raises some of the chief issues of the Christian religion. The main contention is this: what is meant by love for Christ, and why should this be treated as the main motive for the service of man? In other words, why should not the "enthusiasm of humanity" in itself furnish every motive that is needed for the right service of our fellows, without any aid or impulse from Christianity? Now, in the first place, it is quite clear that Christianity does make a passion for Christ the great motive of human service, and takes no account of other motives. But, as my correspondent points out, there are other motives which seem to be more cogent, and on which we might be supposed to rely. He suggests two: a love of truth and a corresponding desire to impart it; and a love of humanity for its own sake. No doubt these are exalted motives, and they are constantly relied on by philosophic writers. And for that reason they are worthy of examination.

* * *

Suppose we take the first, a love of truth, and a corresponding desire to impart it: what are we to say of that? There are two things to be said. The first is that the lover of philosophic truth is rare. It is perfectly obvious, if we do but glance round upon the world of our own acquaintance, that very few men indeed care a jot for abstract truth. How many men do we know for whom the speculations of Plato would have the smallest interest? Is not the genuine thinker, for whom a fine thought is an inspiration, and who would gladly turn aside from the paths of common human pleasure to find a supream pleasure in the joy of solitary research and thought, one of the rarest of men? The Hunter after Truth, to quote Olive Schreiner's famous epilogue, is a solitary cragsman, scaling difficult and lonely heights, whose one boast is that here and there someone like-minded may follow in his path, and rise by the steps which he has cut. But the great mass of men are too much immersed in practical affairs, too hard pressed by daily anxieties and vicissitudes, to respond with any real eagerness to an appeal to their love of abstract truth; and in every nation those who live the life of the intellect are few, and those who trudge on the hard and dusty road of the practical many. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that a religious or social creed which relies upon men's love of truth makes a very circumscribed appeal indeed.

The second thing to be said is that the lovers of abstract truth have really had very little influence over the great majority of mankind. I do not say that there is no place for the thinker in human life—far from it. The true thinker is the glory of the State, and there will always be those who are deeply sensible of his greatness and thankful for his influence. But I think we are all apt to exaggerate the dimensions of that influence. How many Englishmen really care anything for Coleridge, or Carlyle, or Herbert Spencer, or could give an intelligent reply to the question of what they meant to teach? What do the great mass of people in London know of Tennyson or Browning, or what we call their message? We talk glibly of universal fame as the portion of such names; but there are a thousand persons who can give you the latest odds upon a race for one who can tell you what the *In Memoriam* is all about. There is no author in England who commands so vast an audience as the sporting prophet; and, apart from all other considerations, this is significant of the general drift of men's minds away from abstract and speculative truth. Again, therefore, it is obvious that any doctrine of human service which depends upon a general passion for truth among men has no chance of success, and such a propaganda is the vaguest and most illusory of human dreams.

* * *

Suppose we take, on the other hand, man's love of his race and natural desire to serve it: here we are met by two still more damning facts. The first is that those who have a natural love for their fellow-men are quite as rare as those who have a passion for philosophic truth. If, for example, Christ had sought as His disciples twelve men who were inspired by a genuine enthusiasm for humanity, He might have searched all Judea in vain to find them. The disciples were not lovers of their race in Christ's sense of the term. The instances in which they showed themselves callous to human suffering and indifferent to human needs are many: to take two only, did they not raise objections to the feeding of a hungry multitude, and endeavour to keep the little children from the arms of Christ? We love those who love us—that is conceded; but our love does not take us very far beyond that limit. Even good-hearted men, who are willing to make great sacrifices for their children or their friends, very seldom think of the claims of the human race, and still more rarely feel a throb of passion for humanity. In fact, few things are capable of becoming more selfish than domestic affection. Men still live in the old tribal spirit

of fidelity among themselves, but of war upon all outsiders. They will help one another so far as the family bond goes, but are absolutely indifferent to those who do not bear their name, and have no claim of blood or personal friendship upon them. Where, then, do we find that general spirit of enthusiasm for humanity to which we can make our appeal for human service?

* * *

And the second fact is that mankind in itself is not lovable. We entertain an affection and regard for people in our own set, but even within that very narrow limit we have our antagonisms and dislikes, and are bound to confess that the disposition of many persons we know is such that nothing could bring us to love them. Literature itself is one long and tremendous indictment of human nature; an exposure of its vanities, its foibles, and its crimes; of its brute passions, its incalculable greed, and its incredible selfishness. Whether we turn to ancient or modern literature—the satires of Juvenal, the bitter mirth of Rabelais, the savage irony of Swift, the methodic rage of Zola, or even to the eloquent accusations of Ruskin, or the thunder-voiced contempt of Carlyle, or the more modern of Tennyson's poems—the picture painted is still the same, of human nature as a thing so capable of cruelty, baseness, and bestiality that we cannot look on it without a shudder. Even the reformers and philosophers who *have* toiled for mankind have told us that human stupidity is invincible, that men are not worth the trouble they have taken over them, and that you can only bring yourself to work for mankind at all by seeing as little of men as possible. Even among the most refined and civilised of nations nothing is easier than to kindle the flame of international feud, and to hurl great armies upon one another for no better reason than the ignorant contempt or jealous rage which men of differing countries are apt to cherish for one another. And if even in our own set we do not find human nature uniformly lovable, is it wonderful that we find it still less admirable outside that area; that we find the Esquimaux or the Kaffir detestable; that we shrink from the rags of the beggar, the breath of the drunkard, or the rancorous voice of the bravo and the bully who haunt the dark corners of great cities, finding their pleasure in brutality, and their occupation in self-indulgence tempered by crime? Let us be under no illusions—human nature as a whole is not lovable. The passion for humanity equally with the passion for truth are such rare passions that it is next to useless to appeal to them. “The enthusiasm of humanity,” as it is called, is little better than a fine phrase, and can save no one.

* * *

But when a man conceives an ardent love for Christ, everything is altered. Christ has so interpreted Himself to us, that all humanity is identified

with Him. Every man becomes for us a soul for whom Christ died. He is a spoilt Christ, but a Christ who may be restored. We see in Christ the ideal Man: Christ bids us see the unfulfilled ideal of Himself in every man. The eyes which have once looked on Christ look on all men with a new sense of their diviner possibilities. The gladiator, the slave, and the hireling soldier of the Empire had nothing in them to attract, and much to repel; but it was to them that Christianity first took its message. It did not deliberately pass by the great and wealthy who had many claims to regard; but it did deliberately go to the unloved and repulsive first, because their need was greatest. And it has been so ever since. All the hard, drudging, and repulsive work which is being done for humanity to-day is being done by the Christians. It was not the enthusiasm of humanity which took Moffat to Africa, or impels cultured men and women to-day to wear their lives out in the slums of great cities: it is love for Christ, which makes them see the image of Christ in all men. The fountain of all the philanthropies of England springs within the Churches. Let us entertain no vague notions of any enduring service of humanity without Christ: love to Christ is the one abiding source of love to man. And as for my correspondent's letter, the sooner he comes to see that Positivism is the most barren, arid, and ineffectual of creeds, the better for him. Positivism is simply an attempt to steal the machinery of Christianity and to repudiate its vital force; and the best machinery is useless without a fire under the boiler.

* * *

J. C. (Manchester) asks what I have to say on the mystery of prayer, and what theory I hold. I hold no theories, but I think I can perceive certain truths as self-evident. The mistake which many people make about prayer is that they suppose it means nothing more than asking for some desirable thing—generally something to do with the comforts of the earthly life—and getting a magical reply. But if I am to understand prayer as being no more than this, what is it but the clamorous demand of an insatiable human selfishness? I interpret it quite differently—prayer is an effort to put ourselves in harmony with the will of God, and to reconcile ourselves to that will. The divinest prayer is, “Thy will be done.” In the Lord's Prayer, which is given us as the example of all prayer, there is more of aspiration than request, and the only request touching the physical life is for our daily bread. Everyone will remember George Meredith's aphorism, “*Whoso rises from his prayer a better man, his prayer is answered.*” Precisely: in true prayer a man reconciles himself to God's will concerning him, and, by so much, gains peace and confidence, and is a better man. On the other hand, prayer is very much more than Mr. Le Gallienne puts it—“an exalted state of mind.” I have no manner of

doubt that there are many distinct, definite, and miraculous answers to prayer. I have known cases which entirely corroborate this description. And we do well to recall Tennyson's famous lines, that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." If there is such a thing as a real intimacy with the Supreme, such an intimacy in itself partakes of the miraculous; and it is to be expected that God sometimes replies to a man in a way which can only be regarded as miraculous.

* * *

In answer to *C. B. C. S.* (London), I can only say by all means stick to your sensible and manly determination to have nothing to do with sweepstakes or any other form of gambling. The best definition of gambling is Herbert Spencer's: "Gambling is a kind of action by which pleasure is obtained at the cost of pain to another. It affords no equivalent to the general good: the happiness of the winner implies the misery of the loser." It is no doubt perfectly true that between many Stock Exchange transactions and betting on the turf there is no practical difference; but, at the same time, it is quite unfair and preposterous to describe the entire business of the Stock Exchange as a gamble. The distinction I draw is this. A. has £50, and with it buys nominally £500 of stock, with a view to a rise. That is gambling. He becomes possessed of that to which he has no right. If the price of the stock goes against him he is ruined. He has, in fact, laid his bet on a rising market, just as the man on the turf lays his bet on what he believes to be a winning horse. On the other hand, B. has £50, and with it buys stock to that amount, which he honestly pays for. That is not gambling. It is an honest trade transaction. If his stock improves in value, he reaps a legitimate profit, and he robs no one by the transaction.

* * *

But the mischief is that in the haste to be rich men are not contented with the straightforward method of B., and that a hundred specious advertisements tempt them to the thievish methods of A. We are all familiar with this sort of thing: "A gentleman from the 1st to the 16th September netted £637. 15s. 0d. from a cover of £50 by dealing in and out quickly." And to-day men are not content with the modest profit that accrues from first-class securities. Quite recently there has been published a book by a man who may claim an honourable place in the world of letters, in which the securities allowed to trustees are derided, and people with small incomes from investments are urged to deal on the "in and out" principle of Stock Exchange gambling. Well, I can only say

that more than once I have known trustees ruined by accepting such advice. And the bottom motive of all gambling, whether on the turf or otherwise, is cupidity. My objection to gambling is this: that it springs from the basest of passions, the love of money; that it is utterly unscrupulous in its method of gaining money, and gets what happiness it can directly from the misery of others; that it unsettles the mind, and makes all calm and strenuous intellectual life impossible; that it destroys the honourable pleasure we have in the possession of money, because it is money not earned but stolen; that, finally, it is not only in direct contravention of the whole spirit of Christ, but it is unspeakably foolish, since in all that pertains to either the Stock Exchange or the turf it is next to impossible for the outsider to win, and all but certain that he will lose. The best and easiest way is for a young man to say at once, "I do not gamble," and make it a principle of his conduct. He may suffer some little ridicule and inconvenience at first, but he will save himself an infinity of trouble in the long run. And it not merely ought to be, but is possible, for a young man to take an ardent and intelligent interest in all manly sports without laying a single bet: and indeed he is the true sportsman who does not bet.

* * *

I do not think I have ever been guilty of saying a word in these columns in praise of this magazine; but a letter lies before me which I am tempted to print, because it gives one a very happy sense of that confederacy of souls which can be established by means of the press. The letter comes from Auckland, New Zealand, and runs thus. The writer, after speaking of his indebtedness to *THE YOUNG MAN* for stimulus and help over a period of years, goes on to say: "Last March I had a ramble with my camera in our New Zealand bush, and in one or two shanties, into which I dropped for refreshment, I found my old friend, *THE YOUNG MAN*; and yet in the same places I could scarcely get a decent meal. Thus the paper reaches far beyond the towns, and is bought and read in places where one would think only hard work was the sum total of the young man's existence." I have had many letters of a similar purport before from distant quarters of the globe, and from remote hamlets of Great Britain and Ireland. I print this one because it may encourage my readers to feel that they form a confederacy of soul with multitudes of young men in every part of the earth, who think and feel with them, and tread the same path of intellectual and moral endeavour. It certainly encourages me, and I am grateful.

A COLOURED pastor in Texas demanding his salary, is reported to have said, "Brudern, I can't preach heah and bo'd'n in heb'n!"

"WHAT! fell downstairs? How did it happen?"

"Why, you see, I started to go down, and my wife said, 'Be careful, John'; and I'm not the man to be dictated to—and so down I went."

THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR HOME READING.

A CHAT WITH MR. SILAS K. HOCKING.

ON September 24 will appear the first number of THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE, which is to be conducted by Mr. Frederick A. Atkins (the Editor of THE YOUNG MAN) and Mr. Silas K. Hocking. It will be a thoroughly up-to-date magazine, brightly written, and fully illustrated, and the price will be sixpence. A representative of THE YOUNG MAN met Mr. Hocking the other day, and asked him for particulars of the new venture.

"What!" he exclaimed, "another new magazine, Mr. Hocking?"

"I know that there seems almost a surfeit of magazines in the field," was the reply, "but it is also true that no other new venture is on precisely the same lines as *The Temple*. This is intended as a magazine for the home, the church, and the school—a magazine that may be read on the Sunday and week-day alike, and will be of interest to all classes and denominations. It will not be narrow, nor sectarian, nor goody-goody. It will be broad, tolerant, strong, and devout—and thoroughly entertaining from the first page to the last. The services of the best writers of the day have been secured, and their ripest work will appear from month to month. We shall have such writers as Mr. Quiller Couch, Mr. Crockett, 'Ian Maclaren,' Mary Wilkins, Gilbert Parker, Walter Raymond, Baring Gould, Adeline Sergeant, Jane Barlow, L. B. Walford, the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Stalker, Dr. Berry, Rev. J. G. Greenhough, etc. If money and brains can ensure success, *The Temple Magazine* will stand in the forefront."

"What regular features do the Editors contemplate?"

"Well, I think the series of Illustrated Life Stories should prove of exceptional interest. They are not mere interviews. They are much more than that. They are terse, vivid, and up-to-date biographies. In every case information will be first-hand, special facilities having been granted for this series of Life Stories. This is true also of the series of articles under the title of 'Churches that Live and Move.' In each case a special visit will be paid by a representative of *The Temple Magazine*, who will thus write from actual observation. I think it a happy circumstance that the services of Dr. Parker have been secured for what may be regarded as the strictly religious portion of the magazine. Month by month, in 'The Home Service,' he will give us the best of his heart and brain. We are quite anticipating also that 'The Temple Parliament' will awaken more than a passing interest. Subjects gay as well as grave may find a place. And since each writer will look at the matter under discussion from his own standpoint, the diversity of opinions expressed should not only be exceedingly entertaining, but instructive. That 'The Home Department,' under the editorship of 'Phyllis Browne,' will be of great value goes without saying."

"I hear that *The Temple* has secured Dean Farrar's Reminiscences?"

"Yes, that is a very important feature. Mr. Atkins has persuaded Dean Farrar to write a series of ten articles entitled 'Men I have Known: Reminiscences and Appreciations.' In these papers Dr. Farrar will give his personal recollections of Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Carlyle, Thackeray, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Phillips Brooks, Huxley, Maurice, Lord Lytton, Darwin, Tyndall, Whittier, Archbishop Tait, Bishop Lightfoot, Newman, Liddon, Macaulay, Tom Hughes, etc."

"And your own contributions, Mr. Hocking?"

"I am contributing a new serial story, entitled 'In Spite of Fate,' which will run through the first volume; and every month, under the title of 'Round the Study Fire,' I hope to have a chat about current subjects, and to answer the inquiries of my correspondents. For many years past I have been in the habit of giving advice to beginners in literature. I shall still be glad to place my services at the disposal of those young aspirants who are seeking to enter the crowded field of literature."

"What about the first number?"

"Mr. Atkins has been busy upon this number for months past, and I think he has made up an almost unrivalled bill of fare. There are splendid stories by 'Q' (Mr. Quiller Couch), Mr. S. Baring Gould, and Rosa Nouchette Carey—fully illustrated by such artists as Chris Hammond, Sydney Cowell, and Arthur Twiddle. Then there is 'The Life Story of Dean Farrar,' an intensely interesting article by Mrs. Tooley, who spent an afternoon with the Dean at Canterbury, and is able to present a great deal of fresh information in an attractive form. This article is fully illustrated with views of the Deanery, and with a new photograph of Dean Farrar at work in his study, specially taken for this magazine. Another article of special interest is on 'Marie Corelli as I know her,' by Mr. H. R. Haweis. Considering how little we have known hitherto about Marie Corelli, this article should prove a great attraction. There is a remarkable paper by 'Ian Maclaren,' entitled 'A Right Appreciation of Riches,' with new portraits, one of them representing the popular novelist reading proofs in his study at Liverpool. The first article in the series of Churches that Live and Move deals with Dr. Maclaren's church at Manchester, and includes a brief 'Interview' with Dr. Maclaren, who, so far as I know, has never been interviewed before. There are many interesting illustrations to this article—including three absolutely new portraits of the famous preacher—one of them giving a delightful picture of the Doctor in his study. Then there is the poem by Norman Gale, 'Autumnal Beauty'; a bright, chatty paper entitled 'Round and About Sandringham,' beautifully illustrated with a series of new photographs; 'The Home Service,' conducted by Dr. Joseph Parker, with one of his most brilliant and characteristic sermons; 'Round the Study Fire,' to which I have already referred; 'The Home Department'; and a discussion of 'The Gambling Curse: and How to Destroy it,' in which Mr. Gladstone takes part. There is one other feature which seems to me to be exceptionally interesting. In this number appears the first of a series of full-page drawings of 'Preachers in their Pulpits.' One of our special artists, Mr. Will Morgan, has been at work on this series for some time past, and he has been remarkably successful. He begins with a clever picture of Canon Scott Holland preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, and will follow with similar drawings of other famous preachers."

"I am sure, Mr. Hocking, all the readers of THE YOUNG MAN will take in the new magazine, and will help to make it known."

"We shall be most grateful for such co-operation," said Mr. Hocking. "Support of that kind is invaluable. However widely we may advertise, there will always be thousands of people who know nothing of our magazine. These can only be reached by kindly, personal effort on the part of our friends."

All Editorial Communications should be addressed to MR. FREDERICK A. ATKINS, TEMPLE HOUSE, TEMPLE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. Telegraphic address, "OPENEYED, LONDON."

The Editor cannot hold himself responsible under any circumstances for the return of Manuscripts.

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

REMINISCENCES OF CANON LIDDON.

By W. T. STEAD.

THE suggestion of the Editor of *THE YOUNG MAN* that I should jot down some personal reminiscences of Canon Liddon reminds me of how great a gap death has made among my clerical friends.

When I came up to London, sixteen years ago, I enjoyed the friendship of four or five of the leading English Churchmen. They were Dean Stanley of Westminster, Dean Church of St. Paul's, Canon Liddon of Oxford, and Bishop Lightfoot of Durham. Now they have all four gone, and I have never been able to replace them. Bishop Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, who used to be an old and valued correspondent of mine, has also departed, and from one cause or another I have never had occasion to re-establish similar intimate relations with any other prelate or parson of the Church.

My friendship with Canon Liddon dates, as did most of my acquaintance with Anglican clergymen, from the time when we were all engaged in hot crusade on behalf of the Bulgarians. Everything that everybody is feeling to-day about the Armenians was then felt, at first at any rate, by comparatively few, about the Bulgarians, Bosnians, and the Servians. Canon Liddon was one of the few. He had travelled in the East. He had many ties, chiefly ecclesiastical, with Russian and Eastern Churches, and he had a strong theological animus against the followers of the False Prophet. This circumstance marked him out naturally as the ecclesiastical leader of the great anti-Turkish crusade that Mr. Gladstone carried to partial victory. It was this also which laid the foundations of our friendship. It began in correspondence in 1876,

and continued unbroken down to the time of his death.

Canon Liddon, in the spring of 1876, had been making a journey, accompanied by Canon McColl, east of the Adriatic. Bishop Strossmayer, the great prince-bishop of South-East Austria, was his personal friend, and intercourse with him and with others whom he met tended to intensify the anti-Turkish zeal of Canon Liddon. It was during that journey that the famous incident of the impalement occurred. Canon Liddon and Canon McColl both declared in going down the river Save they saw the body of a Bosnian impaled on a stake, and such an ocular demonstration of the continuing barbarity of the Turk naturally gave point and energy to the indignation of the travellers. A fierce controversy arose afterwards, in which the authenticity of the impalement was rudely called in question, but Canon Liddon to the day of his death believed that what he saw was really a human being writhing in agony, while his Turkophile critics maintained no less vehemently that what he had seen was nothing more or less than a bundle of bean stalks stuck on a pole. Whatever may have been the objective reality, subjectively the object which he saw was to him a veritable victim of Turkish devilry, and as one impalement more or less counts for nothing in the great sum of the atrocities which the Turk regards as the legitimate means for maintaining order among his unbelieving subjects, the chief importance of the episode lay in the extent to which the spectacle, whether it was a bundle of bean stalks or an orthodox Christian, gave intensity to the previously anti-Turkish convictions of Canon Liddon.

When he returned, and it came to be his fortune to occupy the pulpit of St. Paul's, he lifted up his eloquent voice to denounce the Turks with the eloquence of Chrysostom and the zeal of Peter the Hermit. Privately his influence was exerted in the same direction, both with Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury. With these two men the Canon always maintained the most intimate relations, and on more than one occasion he acted as intermediary for the communication of friendly sentiment.

In those days I was editing the *Northern Echo* in Darlington, where I also, in my small way, was preaching the anti-Turkish crusade with all the energy of which I was capable. I was the more stirred to do this because of the existence in the north of England of a strong pro-Turkish propaganda, which subsequently had Mr. Cowen as its chosen apostle. But in the early days of 1876 Mr. Cowen himself took the field against the Turk, and made speeches which were invaluable to me for quotation afterwards when he apostatised and went over to the pashas with horse, foot, and artillery. While I was prosecuting that crusade, Canon Liddon wrote very cordially and kindly. Thus began a correspondence which continued at intervals all through the years of the agitation, 1876, 1877, 1878.

My first meeting with him was accidental. It was in the summer of 1878. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury were still at Berlin, going through the solemn farce of bringing the Treaty of San Stefano into accord with the previously arranged provisions of the secret memorandum which had been signed by Lord Salisbury and Count Schouvaloff. Feeling that the danger of war was past, I had gone north to Oban with my wife for a holiday, and it was when we were leaving the town we met Canon Liddon, who with a companion found himself, like ourselves, crowded out of the coach which was leaving Oban for Dalmally. At first we did not recognise each other, but I introduced myself, and we agreed to hire a private conveyance which would take us to Dalmally, where we were to catch the train south. He was on his way to Dunfermline, and I was returning home. During that long drive, some sixteen or twenty miles, I had my first experience of the charm of Canon Liddon as a conversationalist. We had certainly enough to talk about: the sympathy born of companionship in the crusade, the anxieties and tragic horrors of the war; our devotion to Mr. Gladstone and our detestation of Lord Beaconsfield, gave us many points in common, and I have seldom enjoyed a drive so much as that in which my personal acquaintance with Canon Liddon began.

It is the fashion nowadays, rightly enough, to denounce the Berlin Treaty and complain of the extent to which it differs for the worse from the Treaty of San Stefano, but in the midsummer of

1878 we had just escaped from the nightmare of a prospective war with Russia in order to re-establish Turkish authority for the whole of Bulgaria; hence we rejoiced with great joy, as men for whom a great deliverance had been wrought, in that Bulgaria had been liberated without the sword of England being drawn to re-enslave more than a third of the territory freed by the Russian arms.

I remember that on that journey our driver went to sleep on the box—a fact we only discovered when we were driving along the road which was cut in the mountainside, high above a stream into which it would, to say the least, have been somewhat dangerous to fall. The horses, however, knew their way; but one of the company scrambled up on to the box, beside the driver, to keep him awake, when his somnolence was discovered, and the journey passed without accident. In the train from Dalmally to Dunfermline, Canon Liddon stood on the little platform outside the railway carriage, the better to see the scenery, and when we arrived at Dunfermline he was covered from head to foot with dust and grime. That was in 1878. I don't remember seeing him again until 1880, when I went to consult him as to whether or not I should accept the invitation that had been given to me to leave Darlington and join the *Pall Mall Gazette* as assistant editor to Mr. Morley.

I was in some doubt about the subject. One difficulty which at first arose was as to whether or not it was justifiable to unite in editorial work with a man who was avowedly an unbeliever in the Christian religion. The text, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers," which is usually quoted as an argument against mixed marriages, applies equally to the very close and intimate yoking together which takes place when two persons are united to produce day by day a daily paper. Personally, as I told Mr. Morley, I did not think that our views differed in essence so much as might be imagined, but still Mr. Morley was the man who spelt God with a small g, and had frankly and decisively declared his breach with the Christian Church. Therefore, I thought it as well, when in town, to take the opinion of two Churchmen I most esteemed, namely, Dean Church and Canon Liddon, on this case of conscience.

I found them both of the same opinion. Neither of them had any doubt as to the advisability of my coming up to London, provided that other things could be arranged satisfactorily. They were both extremely kind. I remember Dean Church, speaking with the fatherly sympathy that always distinguished him, saying, "It is a momentous choice; I do hope that you may be guided right." Whereupon I said to him, "Of course I shall; you have not any doubt about that, have you?" "Well," said he, "you

are in some doubt yourself as to your course at present?" "Yes," I said, "that is true, because the moment for my decision has not yet arrived; but I am quite certain that unless this experience is to be unlike all those I have gone through before, when the time comes I shall see my duty perfectly clearly." I remember Dean Church looking at me with a somewhat wistful smile on his face when he shook hands and said, "What a happy man you must be!"

I went from the Deanery to Amen Court, where I found Canon Liddon, whose advice Dean Church had especially urged me to seek. I put the matter before him. He said at once, "I should say that a Christian should think more of the possible influence for good he may have upon the unbeliever, than about the possible influence the unbeliever may have upon him, always providing that you feel strong enough to hold your own. Remember, Mr. Morley is a strong man, and nothing could be more disastrous than that anything should shake your faith. Otherwise," said he, "I certainly think you would do well to come." Then I said to him, "Dean Church made a remark just now which rather puzzled me." I then went over the conversation, and said the Dean evidently seemed to think there was something strange in my expecting to be guided, and that there was something exceptional in my experience. "Now," I went on, "I have been taught from the time I was a child, that the promise in the Proverbs, 'Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, lean not unto thine own understanding, in all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths,' was a straight promise that meant what it said, and could be relied upon to be fulfilled if you did your part." "Certainly," said Canon Liddon. "Well," I continued, "I am quite sure of this; I don't want to do anything in this matter that is not God's wish, and if I use all the faculties He has given me, in order to ascertain what will be best, and am willing to go or stay just as He wishes, then it seems to me I am justified in expecting that He will at least tell me what He wants, plainly and clearly. At any rate," I said somewhat laughingly, "I should feel somewhat swindled if He didn't."

The Canon laughed, for he was always very tolerant of any irreverences of form that masked earnestness of conviction, and we parted.

Just as I had anticipated, everything cleared up, all doubt disappeared, and I saw my way to come to London; nor had I the slightest uncertainty as to what was my duty. Eighteen months afterwards, however, a haunting doubt born of circumstances into which I need not enter here, intruded and compelled me to ask whether or not I had been rightly led in coming to London. And then curiously enough, in a way that would be too long to describe here, nor

indeed could I set forth the story in full, for one at least of the actors is still living, I got confirmation just when I needed it most, confirmation of the strongest and clearest kind, in which, oddly enough, Canon Liddon himself was involved, as to the rightness and usefulness of my being just where I was just then. I remember telling Canon Liddon of it three months later, when the crisis had been passed and everything was settled as he would have wished it.

We were walking along the Embankment at the time. He stood for a moment grasping my hand with both of his, and speaking with the deep earnestness which always characterised him when he was strongly moved. "My dear friend, it was worth while to have lived, if for no other thing than to have been where you were, and to have acted as you did."

When I came up to London, Dean Church asked me if I would undertake the very pleasant duty of taking Canon Liddon out for a walk every Monday during the time he was in residence. He said that the Canon was so absent-minded, and so apt to be absorbed in his thoughts, that he always dreaded him passing the corner at Ludgate Hill, feeling that some day or other a horrible accident would happen. Of course I was delighted, and therefore, every Monday when the Canon was in residence, I used to turn up at Amen Court at two o'clock and take him for a constitutional along the Embankment. Our walks extended usually as far as Lambeth Palace, across the river at Westminster Bridge, and along the Embankment, that runs between St. Thomas's Hospital and the river. Very pleasant were these Monday afternoon walks, for there was between us just sufficient sympathy on a sufficient number of subjects to make us understand and sympathise with those things in each other on which we differed as far as the poles.

I often regretted that with one or two inconsiderable exceptions I never kept any notes of these afternoon talks, for we used to discuss everything on heaven and earth; and to me, coming as I did, fresh from getting the *Pall Mall Gazette* to press into his presence, it was as if you had stepped suddenly from the heart of the nineteenth century into the Middle Ages. For the Canon was far more mediæval than Cardinal Manning. The Cardinal was emphatically a man of this century, whereas Liddon belonged to a fast vanishing past. It was not so much anything that he said that could be quoted as indicative of this mediævalism of his mind, but the note of his talk, the standpoint from which he habitually judged things, seemed to me always a curious anachronism in the midst of the hurry and worry and turmoil of these busy days. It was extremely interesting to me to live, as it were, sandwiched between Cardinal Manning and Canon Liddon. Both held

many sacerdotal doctrines, which seemed to me too fantastic to be credible, and yet both were in hearty sympathy with the most of my work. But although they both were exceedingly good to me, there was very little love lost between these representatives of rival Churches.

I found much more anti-Romanist feeling on the part of Liddon—who was the orator and most conspicuous representative of the so-called Romanising part of the establishment—than any other of my clerical acquaintances. It may be said, "Two of a trade never agree," but there is no doubt that the "Romans," as he was always most careful to call them, were regarded with much more jealousy or antipathy by Canon Liddon than by Nonconformists and Evangelicals, who seldom troubled their heads concerning the Pope of Rome and his claims.

These Monday afternoon walks lasted off and on without a break from 1880 to 1890.

The dear Canon had a great fund of humour, what the Scotch might call "pawkiness," about him, and it was a treat indeed to hear him describe the way in which church patronage was administered in the Establishment, especially by Her Majesty. Liddon himself was never made a bishop, and in the opinion of some of his friends it was well that it was not so. Dean Church, I remember, entertained strong views in that sense, holding that the gifts of Liddon, great and peculiar as they were, were not exactly those best adapted for the government of a diocese. Dr. Liddon always disclaimed any desire to be a bishop. "They all become great overgrown clerks," he would say, "weighed down with the mere secretarial duties of administration, until they have not

time to think of their proper business. It is not a post anyone would covet for himself."

It was very interesting to me also to discuss the question of church preferment when vacancies fell through, and often I have gained many valuable hints from him as to the true line to take in sectarian matters in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. I remember the nomination of Bishop Temple for the see of London, which was first pressed in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was due to Dr. Liddon, who strongly urged upon me the importance of transferring Dr. Temple from Exeter to the Metropolis.

I well remember the last walk we ever had. We had just taken the offices at Mowbray House for the *Review of Reviews*. The rooms were being done up ready for our occupation, and Canon Liddon came upstairs to look at them. He looked out of the bow window up and down that magnificent arc of the Thames which stretches from St. Paul's to the Abbey, and marvelled, as everyone does, at the beauty of the scene. He expressed his warmest sympathy with the magazine, and with his heartiest good wishes turned to go. I little thought I should never see him in life again.

I have hung the excellent portrait of him that was published after his death in the window where he stood—to me that will always be "Liddon's Window." It is nearly five years since he left us, but I have never since found among any of the clergy of the Establishment anyone who was at once so passionately devoted to the Anglican Church, who was at the same time so generously sympathetic and cordially fraternal with such a Nonconformist of the Nonconformists as myself.

THE YOUNG WOMAN.

WITH the October number *The Young Woman* begins a new volume, and the magazine is greatly enlarged and improved. This is a good opportunity to increase the already very large circulation, and we shall be glad if our readers will buy one or two copies for their sisters and lady friends. The October number contains three stories, by John Strange Winter, L. T. Meade, and Alan St. Aubyn, all fully illustrated; an article by Mrs. Tooley on "The Duchess of Fife at Home," with some new photographs and other illustrations; "A Study in

Wives," by Mrs. Lynn Linton (an article which every young man ought to read); a paper on "The Duty of Keeping Well," by Dr. Andrew Wilson; and a very useful and inspiring article entitled "God is Love," by the Bishop of Ripon. Our readers will be interested to know that amongst other new features a "Reading Circle" is started in *The Young Woman* for October, conducted by Mr. W. J. Dawson. Remember, this is not a sixpenny magazine—all the attractive contributions mentioned above are offered for 3d.

DEAN STANLEY used to relate that a gentleman once called to tell him that he had been into Westminster Abbey and had knelt down to pray, when the vergier had come up to him and told him he must not kneel there. On asking why not, the vergier had said, "Why, sir, if I was once to allow it we should have them praying all over the place." This recalls the gentleman visiting a church and

asking the sexton whether people ever used it for private prayer, to which he replied, "I ketch'd two of 'em at once the other day."

If you enter the ministry, remember this: you must press men into the kingdom of heaven by the weight of your personal character. Any one can talk, but character alone impresses.—*Rev. John Hall, D.D.*

JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

A STORY TOLD BY A ST. MABYN LOCAL PREACHER,

AND WRITTEN BY JOSEPH HOCKING,

Author of "All Men are Liars," "The Story of Andrew Fairfax," "Ismael Pengelly," etc.

THERE could be no doubt about it, Odessa Polvear meant to marry a minister. There was another thing just as certain, she was eminently fitted to be a minister's wife. Even as a child she gave evidence that this was her vocation. She was fond of visiting the sick, and never missed the meetings at the Chapel. Her father, too, was the leading man at the St. Mabyn meeting-house. Robert Polvear was the largest farmer in the parish, and would give his daughter Odessa a fortune of a thousand pounds on the day she was married. For more years than Odessa could remember, the travelling preachers had stopped at Bodinnick Farm when they came to St. Mabyn to preach, and since she had grown up she had acted as hostess. She had been sent to Plymouth to a boarding-school, and so, as Mrs. Polvear, who was a plain, homely woman, said, "It'll more vitty for 'Dessa to look after the praichers than me." And certainly none of the ministers seemed to object to have Odessa near them. If they did, they must have been hard to please. She was a good-looking, healthy, pure-minded country girl. She was intelligent, too; and Mr. Bendell, the first minister, was once heard to remark that he must always preach his best sermon at St. Mabyn, because Miss Polvear was such a critical listener.

Well, as I said at the commencement, Odessa Polvear intended to be, and was intended for a minister's wife. We all thought when Mr. Greensplat, the second preacher, came into the Circuit, that she would leave St. Mabyn when he came into full connexion. However, she didn't. That was all Odessa's fault, however. Mr. Greensplat asked her again and again, but she said "no," until some of us who belonged to the Chapel, and knew everybody's duty, condemned her very freely. Still, we could see that no one but a preacher could stand any chance, and so when we heard that the Circuit Quarterly Meeting had invited a young man who was a B.A. to be the second preacher, we all settled it that Odessa would set her cap at him. But she didn't. Mr. Lightfoot, B.A., was a very grand preacher no doubt, but Odessa smiled at his hisping way of talking, and laughed at his fine Latin quotations which we thought very wonderful. Of course it must be remembered that the second preacher was always more popular than the first. The first, who was the Superintendent of the Circuit, was invariably married, so the young women paid no heed to him; but the young man—well, you see, he wasn't married, and so the great wonder was who would catch him. However, as I said, Mr. Light-

foot, B.A., stood no chance with Odessa, and we who belonged to the Chapel didn't know how to fix matters up. Presently, however, a way seemed to open up, and with the way a new difficulty. There were two young men who were local preachers on our plan who wanted her badly, and when we heard that they were both candidates for the ministry, we turned our attention to them, and discussed their fitness. For it must be understood that in a place like St. Mabyn everybody knew everybody else's business, and practically claimed the right to say what should be done. Seeing, too, that we were responsible for the honour of the place, this seems perfectly right.

The first of the two young men in question was Bartholomew Trudgeon, or, as we called him, "Bart Trudgeon." Bart was a farmer's son; his father, John Trudgeon, farming Lelant Farm, which was nearly as good as Bodinnick. Bart didn't like farming, and when he was eighteen turned his attention to preaching. Some said that this was because he wanted Odessa; however, we mustn't impute motives. Bart was a good-looking chap, and was regarded as a smart, promising young man.

The other young man was Edwin Penrose. Edwin had got on wonderfully considering his chances, and we were rather proud of him. Who his father and mother were we don't know to this day; and I can assure you that the reason of our ignorance has not been from want of trying to know. We have done our best to find out—in vain. Farmer Polvear took him from the Union Work-house when he was a lad, and he worked at Bodinnick Farm until he was eighteen. At that time he too turned his mind to preaching; and then, in order to have more time for reading, he left Bodinnick Farm and got work at East Wheal Rose Mine. Robert Polvear was very hard on him for this, very hard, and always sneered when we said that Edwin had gifts as an exhorter.

As I said, both of these young men fell in love with Odessa, and when we heard that they had both been recommended to the District Meeting for the ministry, we had full and lengthy discussions as to who Odessa must have. Mostly we favoured Bart Trudgeon. You see, Bart was respectably brought up, and had rather a stylish way with him, that put Edwin in the shade. Besides, Odessa was a farmer's daughter, and had been well educated; while Edwin Penrose—well, he was a sort of come-by-chance boy. Still, he had his supporters. He was undeniably clever, and had a taking way with him, or rather he would have, if he hadn't been

so nervous. The chances, however, were in favour of Bart. He had more confidence in himself, and talked as though he had the District Meeting under his thumb. Edwin, on the other hand, was as nervous as a kitten.

When Bart knew he was recommended, he went straight to Odessa, and as far as I can find out, asked her to have him, and just as Odessa was giving her reply, Farmer Polvear came into the room, and then Bart, bold as a lion, told him what he wanted.

"Look here, Bart," said the farmer, "you pass yer examinations first. You git recommended for the College and then you come and ax again."

This, you see, took the words out of Odessa's mouth; but Bart went away regarding the matter as settled.

The following Sunday night, Edwin Penrose was sent to go up to Odessa after the service, and they walked away towards Bodinnick. All of us knew what that meant, and our curiosity was aroused to such a pitch that two of the members of St. Mabyn Chapel said they would try and find out what took place.

It seems that nothing of particular importance was said until they got outside Bodinnick gate, and then Edwin said tremblingly—

"You've heard that I've been recommended to the District Meeting for the ministry, Miss Odessa."

"Yes," she said, "I've heard."

"I go up for the examination next month," he said.

"So I've heard."

"I heard that Mr. Bart Trudgeon and I are the only candidates in the district," he continued. "The meeting is to be held at our Circuit Chapel. We've got to preach at seven o'clock in the morning, and then be examined afterwards. I'm awfully nervous."

"That's a pity," replied Odessa.

"I suppose it is," said Edwin, "but I am. I hear that there's not room for many young men in the College, so there seems a poor chance for me. I'm afraid I shall fail."

"I don't like people that fail," replied Odessa proudly.

"I know you don't," replied Edwin. "If I thought, now?"

"Thought what?"

"Well, Miss Odessa," said Edwin humbly, "you know what my hopes are. I heard that Mr. Bart Trudgeon had asked you to be engaged to him, is it true?"

"Yes."

"Well, Miss Odessa?"

"Father told him he must ask again, when he's passed his examinations, and got recommended to the College."

"Then there's no chance for me, I suppose?"

"I don't like failures," was Odessa's reply, "and you say you will fail."

The next day poor Edwin looked very doleful, and so if we didn't know from those who had listened, we could easily see how matters stood with him.

Well, by and by, the day of the District Meeting came, and although the Circuit town was five miles away, we went from St. Mabyn in large numbers to see how things were going on. You see, the honour of our parish was at stake, and we were determined to see that our men should have fair play. Besides, it was said that only one could be accepted, and we were sure that the favoured one would win Odessa, and that, of course, was no ordinary matter.

On the first day of the District Meeting we got in the gallery of the Chapel, and looked down at the representatives, who were seated in the body. I tell you it was an imposing affair when the Chairman of the District opened the meeting, and the Convener read out the names of the representatives. I never felt so proud of my denomination before. We Cornish Methodists always looked down on the Church people, as people whose religion was of a poor sort, and we treated them accordingly; but we never pitied them as we did that morning. As for the Independents and Baptists—well, I've heard that up the country they're respectable bodies, but with us they are nobody.

Presently the names of the candidates were read out, and after some weighty words from the representatives it was decided that they should preach the following morning at seven o'clock, and be examined during the morning's sitting. We had known that this was to be the order of procedure, but it seemed so much more important after the resolution was passed.

The following morning a good number of us at St. Mabyn got up at five o'clock, and managed to get to the Circuit Chapel by seven. Farmer Trudgeon was there. He drove over with his son and two of the representatives, and looked very important. Farmer Polvear was there too. He brought Odessa with him, and two other representatives. The rest of us walked, but tired and hot as we were after our five miles' walk—for it was a hot May morning—we noticed that Odessa looked very anxious.

As for Edwin Penrose, we heard afterwards that he had not been to bed that night, but had been walking among the fields, praying and going through his sermon. He had started from St. Mabyn about five o'clock, and had got to the town Chapel before any of us. There was a good congregation that morning. The Chapel, large as it was, was nearly full, and I was glad to see a few Church people present. "They will see a good congregation for once," I thought, "and hear a bit of the real gospel."

Edwin Penrose gave out the first hymn, then Bart Trudgeon engaged in prayer. After that Edwin read a passage of Scripture; then, after they had sung another hymn, the real business of the morning commenced. We were prepared to be very critical, and mark you, we Cornish people know what a good sermon is. I'm not given to boasting, but there's no part of the country where

people know a good sermon like we do. You see, we are brought up to powerful preaching, and we can see a weakness or a fault quicker than any of your London people. Indeed, we have often said that if we could only take a few of the Church bishops in hand for a little while, we could reform the whole body. Personally, I who am a fully accredited local preacher, and stand third on our plan, would like to catechise the Bishop of Truro as to his doctrine, and give him a few hints on preaching. But I suppose there's no chance. These bishops don't know what's good for them.

You will see, therefore, that these young men had a stiff job before them. Several local preachers were there who prided themselves on their knowledge of doctrine and the value of a sermon; and then, of course, there was a lot of ministers, but they don't count so much where local preachers come in.

Bart Trudgeon started to preach first. We had many arguments as to who would lead the way, and as I had argued in favour of Bart I was naturally gratified. He gave out his text, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?"

Ellie Bone nudged me. "Well, 'e've tackled a big job," was his remark.

I didn't reply, because I wanted to listen to the sermon. I tell you, it was a wonderful effort. The language was fine, the argument was simply astounding. I looked at the Church people who were there, and I must confess that pride was mixed up with my pity.

"There," I said to one of them when he'd finished, "the Bishops of Exeter and Truro rolled into one can't touch that."

He didn't answer, but I could see he was green with envy.

The people sung a hymn, so as to get prepared for Edwin's discourse, and we who were in favour of him wished he had gone first, because, you see, Bart had made a wonderful impression, and had driven the wind out of Edwin's sails. We saw



"HE STARTED UP. 'MISS ODESSA!' HE CRIED."

the Chairman of the District nudge the Convener and smile approvingly, so we knew that Bart had, to use a wrestler's term, "thrown his man."

When the hymn was finished, we looked for Edwin, but he wasn't there, and the congregation was in a state of consternation. Somebody went into the vestry, but he couldn't be found. He had evidently left the pulpit during the singing of the hymn, and run away. Then the Chairman of the District got up and said they would conclude the service. I looked at Odessa, and saw that her face was very pale, but I must confess that a look of satisfaction seemed to shine from her father's eyes. As I said, he had not forgiven Edwin for leaving the farm.

Well, breakfast was provided in the schoolroom, and of course we all talked about Edwin Penrose's disappearance. We were terribly excited, and a hundred guesses were made. Presently, however, we all agreed that Edwin must have been overcome by the great men who had come to the District

Meeting, and undoubtedly felt that he could make nothing of a show after Bart's masterpiece on the "dyed garments from Bozrah."

Some search was made for him, but nothing came of it. Evidently he was afraid, and had run away. We regarded the matter as settled now, and we spoke of Odessa as the future wife of Bart Trudgeon. Still, we decided to let the matter stand over until the examination before we finally settled.

For my own part, I did not pay much attention to the examination. It was rather a dry business, and I was constantly thinking about Edwin. Where was the poor lad, and why had he lost courage at the last? I was just deciding to go and search for him, when the Chairman of the District got up and said that as the meeting was about to discuss the merits of Brother Bartholomew Trudgeon, he should be glad if the young man's relations would leave the Chapel. Farmer Trudgeon left accordingly, but no one else. We wanted to know what was going on, and were determined that he should have fair play. Bart, in the meantime, went into the vestry to await the result.

Well, in three minutes I could see how the matter would be settled. Bart had made a good impression. His sermon on the dyed garments was a masterpiece, and his examination had been highly creditable.

The District Convener got up to propose that Brother Bartholomew Trudgeon be unanimously recommended to College, when a minister got up and spoke. This minister was a pompous old gentleman, who had been noticed to have greatly enjoyed his breakfast that morning. Immediately we were all eyes and ears.

"I don't want to prejudice the case," said the Reverend Jeremiah Maynard, "but I feel it my duty to speak about the young man's sermon. The discourse is not his own. I have in my possession a very scarce volume of sermons by an old Puritan, and Brother Trudgeon's address is nearly identical with one of the sermons in this volume."

Of course this was a sweet morsel to us all, and so much whispering was there in the gallery that the Chairman was obliged to tell us to be quiet. I noticed, however, that Odessa Polvear didn't speak; she looked very pale, almost ill, while others looked anxious.

After a good deal of talk the meeting decided to ask "Brother Trudgeon" to come in, so that he might be questioned on the matter.

Bart came in, looking pale, and seemed very much put out when he knew why he was sent for. We were all deathly still when he began to make his reply.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I don't know anything about the volume of sermons. I never heard the name of the Puritan preacher that you have mentioned, but I must confess that the sermon is not my own."

I think we all stopped breathing at this point.

"It was this way," he went on. "Some time ago I was in Plymouth, when I saw it announced that the Reverend Jeremiah Maynard was to preach. I went to hear him. He took the text I have preached from this morning. I was very much impressed with his discourse, so much so that I took down all I could of it; indeed, the sermon practically remained in my memory. I had prepared another address for this morning, but when I saw so many reverend gentlemen here I was afraid, and my own sermon seemed so poor that I dared not preach it. So remembering the great oration of Mr. Maynard, I preached that."

Well, you never saw anyone look like the Rev. Jeremiah! He coloured up just like a boiled lobster; he got up to reply, but broke down in the attempt; while the meeting—well, I'm ashamed to say it, but all those reverend gentlemen behaved like the common people in the gallery, they bent to a double with laughter. Even the Chairman of the District put his handkerchief before his mouth.

You see, they were put in a curious place. If they refused to accept Bart because he preached a sermon that wasn't his own, they wouldn't be fair, because one of the chief ministers had preached the same sermon; on the other hand, they couldn't recommend a candidate on the merits of an effort that he didn't wrestle with and work out himself.

After a lot of talk the District Convener got up and said that as in all probability they wouldn't be able to finish their business that day, he suggested that Brother Bartholomew Trudgeon preach again that night, and that the consideration of his case be postponed until after hearing him again. This was passed, and they then went on to consider other District business.

Well, all this time I had not forgotten Edwin Penrose, and I determined to find him. So I went out and made inquiries. After a bit, a miller's waggoner told me he had seen him up in Treviscoe woods, which lay in the direction of St. Mabyn. For an hour or more I couldn't find him; then, when I was about to give up my search, I heard a voice like his. I made my way towards the sound, and presently I saw him. He was on his knees praying aloud. I am not going to commit sacrilege by trying to repeat his prayer, but I never had such a high opinion of him as I had then. The burden of his prayer was for strength; he felt that he had a call to preach, and yet he thought himself unworthy for such a high vocation, and rather than engage in a work for which he was so unworthy he would give up everything, even Odessa Polvear, whom he loved more than life itself.

I tell you, I can't think of that prayer even now without tears coming into my eyes.

Well, I was standing behind a tree so that he could not see me, but after a bit I made up my mind to go and speak to him, and was just starting to do so, when I heard a rustling noise in another

direction, and Odessa Polvear came up. Perhaps she had been listening to his prayer too, I was not sure then.

"Edwin," she said.

He started up. "Miss Odessa!" he cried, and then he hid his face in his hands like one afraid.

"Edwin," she said again, "don't give way so."

"Miss Odessa," he said, "I am a coward. I have set my mind too high. I am unworthy. I have made even the house of God a place for laughter."

"I think you are wrong to give way so," she said.

"I know I am," he replied; "but when I listened to Mr. Bart, I felt how much his sermon was better than mine, and how poor was anything I could say. And then as I saw those ministers, I felt I was altogether unworthy, so I ran away. I must have made the gospel something to laugh about. I shall leave St. Mabyn, I shall leave Cornwall, and never come back again."

"Then what's to become of me?" she asked.

"You!" he gasped.

"Yes, me," she replied. "If you go away I shall go too. I must go where you go."

"But how? Why?" he cried.

"Surely you know," she said.

He couldn't believe the good news. You see, Edwin always had a poor opinion of himself.

"But you will never marry anyone that isn't a minister," he cried.

"I would rather marry you if you cracked stones on the road than anybody else in the world," she said. "Can't you see—can't you believe, Edwin?"

You never saw such a change in anyone in your life. He seemed to grow taller in a moment. His eyes flashed.

"Odessa!" he cried. "Do you—do you really mean it?"

"I never cared for anyone but you, never. Surely you knew, Edwin. I—I"—Then she burst out sobbing.

You know what happened then. What would you have done had you been in his place—that is, if you were a man? Anyhow, Edwin did what he ought to have done. The knowledge of her love made him brave. He took her in his arms and kissed away her tears, ay, and kissed her lips too, while she—well, you must guess what she did.

After a few minutes he said quietly, "I'm going back to the Chapel."

"Back to the Chapel?"

"Yes," he said; "I'm not a coward now. I'm going to ask them to give me another chance;" and a look of gladness shone from her eyes, as she walked through the woods by his side.

I heard afterwards that it was the strangest District Meeting ever held in the county; anyhow, after listening to Edwin, the meeting decided that he *should* have another chance; and that evening he preached in such a way that grey-headed old men got up and shouted "Hallelujah!" while everyone wondered that such a change should come over him.

The upshot of the whole business was that both of them were recommended for the College. That was six years ago, and both Bart Trudgeon and Edwin Penrose are in the ministry now. I don't know that Bart has done anything special; but Edwin is spoken of as the most promising young minister we have. Indeed, he gets invitations to preach on great occasions all over the country, and crowds flock to hear him. He came into full connexion last week, and he's preaching our School Sermons at St. Mabyn next Sunday. Next Tuesday he and Odessa are to be married. We think she's the most fortunate young woman in the county; anyhow, I am sure there isn't a better nor a happier.

Yes, there they are coming up the lane now. Ah, the country can't produce many like them!

THE TEMPLE MAGAZINE.

We wish to call attention to the leaflet which is sent out with this number, giving a full announcement of Mr. Silas K. Hocking's illustrated monthly, *The Temple Magazine*. We hope all our readers will buy the first number of this magazine. There can be no doubt that if they do this they will be so pleased with it that they will immediately

become regular subscribers. We may mention that the second number will contain a new story, entitled *A Worker in Stone*, by Gilbert Parker, whose serial tale, *The Seats of the Mighty*, was so popular when it appeared in *THE YOUNG MAN* last year. The Christmas number will contain a delightful story, entitled "A Vision of a Face," by Joseph Hocking.

The Home Messenger for October is a very varied and interesting number. It contains a story by Grace Stebbing; an illustrated article on "A Ramble round St. Albans"; a paper on "Family Prayers and How to Conduct Them," by the Rev. J. G. Greenhough; an article on "Why I believe in Total Abstinence—as an Athlete," by Mr. A. Alexander, the leader of the Liverpool Gymnasium; a story for the children by the Rev. J. Reid

Howatt; a portrait and sketch of Mr. Silas K. Hocking; an article on "Church Clothes according to Thomas Carlyle," by the Rev. Urijah R. Thomas; and some "Hints and Helps for Young Men," by Mr. Silvester Horne, Dr. Stalker, and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. There are two full-page pictures and many other illustrations—all by eminent artists. And yet this magazine is sold for a penny! Buy it and see what it is like.

THE AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."

AN EVENING WITH PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

THERE are few monuments of literature more encouraging to the young man with a literary aspiration than *Festus*. Written before its author had entered on his twenty-fourth year, this remarkable product of youthful genius is an everlasting proof of what may be done by earnestness and energy. History has many examples of the brilliant achievements of young men, but history—at any rate the history of literature—affords no more striking example of greatness in youth than the wonderful book which has now run into its forty-first edition in this country and America. *Festus* has had a place on the shelves of the most thoughtful readers of the last two generations. This is not the place, nor is there space, to comment on the poem which suggested this article. Tennyson was afraid to criticise lest he should exaggerate, and where the singer feared to tread it would be folly to venture here. There may be more than one opinion of the literary merit of *Festus*. Its theology may be questioned. But it has been the forerunner of all such divinity as that inspired by *The Larger Hope* and other works of that kind in these days; and there will always be a warm corner in our hearts for Philip James Bailey, who, ere he had crossed the threshold of manhood, had dared to rival the greatest religious poem the world had ever seen. In 1829 *Festus* was printed in Manchester, and published in London, and the applause of the literary world startled the unknown author in his country home. Philip Bailey's splendid audacity had paid him well. He became a poet of the first rank. By a single leap he reached the goal which multitudes before and since have spent their lives to reach—in vain.

Mr. Bailey is spending his autumn days in his native town of Nottingham. It was here he conceived the work upon which his reputation is founded. The house at Basford—then a scattered hamlet, now a thriving suburb of the town—where the greater part of *Festus* was written, still stands, but it is doomed to make way for the new railway which is to connect Nottingham with the Metropolis. Singularly enough, the poet's birthplace has recently disappeared for the same purpose. When the house at Basford is gone, the bust at the Castle will be the only monument to connect Nottingham with the name of Philip James Bailey. Poetry is not the best road to fame—if fame be the popular regard. Bailey brought honour to his native town in his youth, and he has come back to end his days amid the scenes and among the friends of his boyhood. "The Elms," where Mr. Bailey lives, is on the Rope Walk, which overlooks the beautiful Park valley which the aristocracy of

Nottingham call their home. The house is near to the Castle, within a stone's throw of the place where Charles Stuart unfurled his fatal standard on August 22, 1642. But though the poet lives within five minutes' walk of the market-place, the stranger would have no easy task in finding him out. There is hardly a policeman in the town who could direct you to "The Elms," so perfect is the poet's retirement. Mr. Bailey is not a stranger in his native town; his presence is quite familiar to his fellow-townsmen, but how many among the thousands recognise in the familiar figure the author of *Festus* is a question which is best left unanswered for fear of exaggeration.

"How did you come to write *Festus*?" seemed the most natural way of opening a conversation with Mr. Bailey, with whom I had the privilege to spend an evening recently. But for Arthur Hallam's death in the prime of his life, the world might never have known the pathos of the poem in which Tennyson enshrined his dead friend's memory, and I wondered what incident in Bailey's twenty years of life had suggested the poem to which he devoted the three or four best years of his manhood. It seems to be commonly imagined that great achievements spring from some unforgettable cause, but the origin of *Festus* does not point to that conclusion. Mr. Bailey smiled. He had not the remotest idea why he first sat down to write *Festus*. He could no more tell why he wrote his first book than he could tell why he read his first volume. He was a young man of twenty-one at the time he penned the first lines, with a choice of the professions. He turned, as so many others have turned, to the law, as the most congenial profession from many points of view, and he left the law, as so many others have left it, just when a brilliant career seemed to be opening out before him. But before he had left the law he had donned the barrister's gown, and more than half a century has rolled by since he passed through Lincoln's Inn.

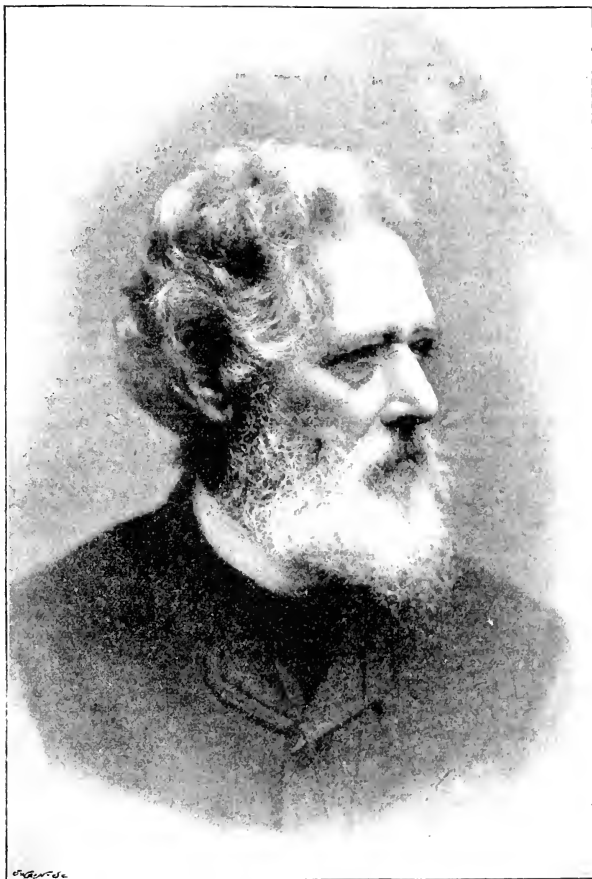
But we have leaped ahead some years. It was in the very earliest days of his study of the law that the young student conceived the character of *Festus* and the theory of universal salvation—as always accompanied by repentance on the one hand, and by remedial punishment on the other—upon which the poem is based. The son of a man of letters, poet, and orator, he had been cradled among books, and Philip needed no strong inducement to follow the ways of his father. He made good use of the books on his father's shelves, and soon after his entry on his law studies young Bailey found himself laying the foundation-stone of a reputation which will last longer than his life. "I began in

the most natural way imaginable," he said. "I merely started to write. From the time I was ten years old I had always been writing verse, more or less. But I had time at my disposal,—in those days I did pretty much as I liked,—and I soon found myself making progress with *Festus*. I had the theory of the poem in my mind, and the plan of

"The passing of years has not, I suppose, materially affected the theological views expressed in *Festus*!"

"No. In the main I cherish the same belief as I held in my twenties. Universalism is much broader now, and more popular."

I never knew a reader of *Festus* who did not



PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

[From a Photo by A. W. Cox, Nottingham.]

working it out, as well as the conception of the main characters. I knew the theology was not popular, and that was probably why I embodied it in the work. The doctrine of Universalism had never been introduced into poetry, and in that aspect *Festus* was different from anything that had previously appeared. That was the novel characteristic of the poem."

inquire, "What else has Bailey written?" and express wonder on being told that *Festus* was really Bailey's life-work. I mentioned the circumstance to Mr. Bailey, and, remarking that people were always asking that, the poet fetched from his library two volumes of *Festus*.

Mrs. Bailey filled up the few moments that her

husband was away. I found her a most delightful companion for a poet—a deep-thinking woman, with an extensive acquaintance with English poetry in general, and *Festus* in particular. “I can’t understand people wondering why Mr. Bailey has written nothing since he was twenty-four. Mr. Bailey is always writing. He is a slow writer, very slow—he thinks a great deal. For long periods he does nothing else but write—both prose and poetry.” “What kind of work is Mr. Bailey engaged on chiefly?” I ventured to inquire. “You must ask Mr. Bailey that himself,” Mrs. Bailey said, as her husband came into the room. “Mr. Bailey never tells anyone what he is writing—not even me.”

Mrs. Bailey’s advice was easier given than acted upon. I dared not pry into such sacred secrets, and I waited for Mr. Bailey to pick up the thread of our conversation. “This is a copy of the first edition of the poem, and this is a copy of the last. You will see that the author of *Festus* has not been such an ‘extinct volcano’ as is commonly imagined,” observed the poet, quoting a simile of his own. The merest glance was enough to show that Mr. Bailey has not been absolutely “extinct” during the last fifty years. “The work has doubled in size,” Mr. Bailey remarked, as I compared the volumes, “since I closed the book for the first time. Many lyrics have been introduced, and the scope of the work has been considerably enlarged. Besides the additions, moreover, there have been deductions and many alterations.”

In glancing over the latest edition of *Festus* I missed more than one of the love lyrics that were such sweet companions along the road to heaven in the earlier editions. “On second thoughts it seemed to me,” the poet replied to my expression of regret, “that they had really nothing to do with the story, and were just a little in the way, and in drawing the work more together, I struck them out.” I wondered what Mr. Bailey would do with them, and that led me to ask the author about his future intentions. “I don’t know exactly how to answer that question,” he said. “I have no definite intentions for the immediate future. But you may be glad to know that the missing lyrics, whose disappearance from *Festus* you have regretted, may some day appear separately.” “Then you have a definite intention?” I interpose. “Not exactly definite,” Mr. Bailey rejoins—“that is, I have not quite made up my mind. But it has been suggested to me that some of the lyrics which seemed to interrupt the progress of the story of *Festus* might be reproduced in book form, and as there are several others which have never seen the light, that might appropriately be included in such a book, it is possible that another volume may be published some day. But I make no promise.”

A few minutes later, in the library, I pick up a copy of *Festus* lying on the table, in which I notice

copious marginal notes. “That,” says the author, “is an annotated copy, which I have been interesting myself in of late. Several friends have spoken to me about such an edition; but though, as you see, I have done a good deal in that direction, I have by no means finished the ‘notes,’ and I cannot say with certainty whether or not the edition will ever be made public. But I expect there will be another edition of *Festus* some day.” Parenthetically, Mr. Bailey told me he still receives a large number of letters from people he has never seen, and whose names are strange to him. Only that day one had come from America, where, by the way, *Festus* has been very widely read.

We leave *Festus*, and Mr. Bailey leads me into his “den,” as he calls it. This is where the poet is most at home. Yonder, by the little window, is the desk where he made his latest additions to his great work. It is an ideal resting-place for a poet in retirement. The echo of the streets does not reach “The Elms,” and from the poet’s desk the scene is one that cannot fail to encourage the meditative mood. There is no stretch of landscape to divert the mind from thought; the lawn, twenty feet below, bordered with a flower garden in which the summer blooms are still fresh, with a background of fine tall elms, is the limit of the view from Mr. Bailey’s study window, and here the poet rests in his eighty-first summer, poring over some new thought, altering a sentence here and there in his poem as inspiration comes, or, maybe, bequeathing to posterity the ripe fruit of a life of deep thought and anxious study. The books on Mr. Bailey’s shelves suggest that the poet loves to linger with the wisdom of the past—the “passed” as *Festus* would say. In another room are some of the best selections from modern literature; but here, in the poet’s corner, the newest book is as old as the poet himself. Among the hundreds of books that Mr. Bailey calls his treasures there are few that the readers of to-day would buy at a fiftieth of their cost.

A remark to this effect leads Mr. Bailey to reflect on the decline of modern literature, and I gather that his opinion of the literature of to-day would not improve the circulation of certain books which are widely read.

“The originality, the high morality, the depth of the old writers are wanting badly in these days. It may be perfectly true that there were never as many readers as now, but don’t you think there is a deplorable dissipation of energy in reading to-day? How many people read the old classical fiction compared with the millions who read the light literature which crowds the book market? The literature has not kept pace with the times”—

“Or perhaps has gone too much with the times,” I suggest.

“That may be so. Pick up your *Robinson Crusoe*, and find the page where Crusoe sees the print of a

man's foot. Where do you find a simple thing like that now! That incident is worth all these new crazes. But you have nothing of that kind nowadays. Books are more popular, more widely read, but they are less thoughtful, less solid, less original. You have more fiction, but there is less substance."

I asked Mr. Bailey if his criticism embraced the poetry of to-day, and what he thought of the new poets, but on being reminded by his thoughtful wife that they had many friends among the poets of to-day he refrained from passing his judgment.

There is a touch of pathos in the L'Envoi on the last page of *Festus*. "He who writes is dead to thee," Bailey wrote to his reader sixty years ago. But Philip Bailey still lives, and *Festus* is still pregnant with golden thought. I took the opportunity of congratulating Mr. Bailey on having reached his eightieth birthday in the enjoyment of apparently perfect health, and he assured me his faculties were not failing him in the least. Physically, he appeared

robust and strong, and it seemed that his intellect was as fresh and his thought as keen as it must have been when he wrote the first page of *Festus*. He lives in happy seclusion, in the faithful company of his books,—written in English and Latin and Greek,—and he loses no opportunity of enriching the storehouse of his lore. We chatted on many topics, and in all that we spoke of I found my host a ready conversationalist and a genial companion.

The twilight came in at the window, and Mrs. Bailey took her husband's arm. When I rose to leave I asked Mr. Bailey if he had any message for the young men of to-day, and he pointed to the last edition of his poem which lay on the desk. "That is my message," he said. And as I came away the impression that remained clearest in my mind was that the man and the message were one, that the life and the book were as the root and the tree, that the history of the poem would be the biography of the poet.

Dedication, of "Festus"
My Father 'unto thee to whom I owe,
What I am, what I have and ken,
Who madest me in thyself the sum of man
Thou art his generous mind and powers to know,
Thou first-fruits bring I: one do thou forego
Marking where I the feet tread closed, Logan,
Which numbers thou have thou guard from idleness,
Not twenty summers had embrown'd my brow,
Life's first blood-tint, every page doth prove.
Beet with it. Nature's power necessity
If here be aught what thou canst love, it springs
Out of the hope that I may come that love,
More unto me than immortality.
Or to have strong my harp with golden strings
— Wm. Geo Bailey
W. G. Barford, near Nottingham.
1889.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE MS. OF "FESTUS."

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm
 While these hot breezes blow;
 Be like the night dew's cooling balm
 Upon earth's fevered brow.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
 The sounds my ear that greet;

Calm in the closet's solitude,
 Calm in the bustling street;

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
 Which storms assail in vain;
 Moving unruffled through earth's war
 The eternal calm to gain.—H. Bonar.

THE MYSTERY OF A NATION'S WRONGS.

By DR. JAMES DENNEY,
Author of "Studies in Theology," etc.

THE massacres and outrages in Armenia have been discussed enough, and for all that has been done far more than enough, from the political point of view. But they have a deeper than any political interest. They have distressed many sympathetic souls, not only with shame for their country, but with doubts about the righteousness of God Himself. They have brought to mind again the similar horrors that have so often darkened history,—the Albigensian wars in the thirteenth century, and the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands, for instance,—and have provoked Christians to ask whether the word of God has any light to throw on situations so horrible.

As far as can be made out, the Israelitish people had only one grand experience of religious persecution, that which befell them under the Syrian kings, and from which they were delivered by the Maccabees. Several of the Psalms are cries out of this agony—the 44th, 74th, and 79th in particular. "They have set Thy sanctuary on fire, they have burned up all the synagogues of God in the land. Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them." The words might have been written in Asia Minor any time these two years past. The sting of this awful experience was that it came on the Jews because of their stubborn adherence to God. It was not a judgment on sin: the national conscience was never purer. "*For Thy sake* are we killed all the day long." To renounce Jehovah for Zeus, to deliver up or to burn the law—as in Armenia to abandon Christ and the gospel for Mahomet and the Koran—would have made everything easy. Why should such things be, how can they be, in a world ruled by One who loves justice and mercy?

If anyone could answer these questions clearly and completely, the world would be a simpler place than it is. But reflection suggests some things which are worth considering as probably connected with the true answer.

1. These atrocities are the works of men, not of God. God has trusted man with power, which he is capable of using well or ill, and it seems inevitable, if man is to be a moral creature, that this should be so. The abuse of the power which God has given us,—the turning of it against God Himself,—in other words, the existence of evil in whatever shape and on whatever scale, is part of the whole trial of faith in God to which man is exposed in the world.

In principle, the smallest act of injustice or oppression is as much a contradiction of God's government of the world as all the horrors in Armenia. Perhaps the tremendous examples of wrong are meant, among other uses, to shock us into observing the nature of wrong under all circumstances. Who can tell which is more hideously at war with God—the wild Turkish outrages in a Christian village, to read of which almost makes one choke, or the dull brutal outrages perpetrated year in year out in the drunkard's house in our own street, which we know about, but never mind? Let those who hate any injustice hate all, and recognise that whether it be insolent or underhand the atheism of it is the same.

2. Oppression has brought out heroic qualities in man, which no less potent stimulus seems able to produce. Of course it is not always so. Oppression, as Solomon says, may make wise men mad. Often its first effect is a blind rage. The child that gets a slap in the face it did not deserve knows this, as well as a nation in its agony: it cannot strike back, for it has no strength, but it could find it in its heart to kill. In the same way a people long oppressed breeds fanatics, capable of defying both reason and justice. They may get up hopeless rebellions, like those which ended at Rullion Green and Bothwell Bridge; or if they are weaker, and have less faith in God, they may become Nihilists and dynamitards, and fight injustice with its own weapons. I do not suppose this ever comes to good, but it shows at least that men can prefer death to a tame submission to wrong. But there is a far nobler reaction than this, that which is seen when men prefer death to any infidelity to the cause which they represent. Martyrdom is not only the blackest crime, it is the brightest glory of human history. It is the supreme revelation of what man can do. The early Christians, who refused to burn incense to the Emperor; the Scottish Covenanters, who refused to acknowledge the king as head of the Church; the Armenians, who choose death rather than circumcision and Islam, show the height to which humanity can rise. Without the persecutions of Decius and Diocletian, without the tyranny of the Stuarts, without the infamies of Abdul Hamid, the world would want not only the darkest but the most glorious pages in its history. Death is the doom of sin; but death itself is ennobled and transfigured when it is a sacrifice of life to liberty and to God.

3. The same thing may also be represented from the side of God, rather than man. Such heroic conduct under wrong and oppression shows the extraordinary hold which God has upon His people. God is glorified when a man is found to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." The Book of Daniel is one of the fruits of that great persecution to which reference is made above, and it gives a magnificent illustration of this. The three Hebrew children are about to be cast into the furnace, and it is they who speak. "If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of thy hand, O king. *But if not*, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." *But if not*: there

man stands out again, pale, resolute,
Prepared to die,—which means alive at last.

And there, too, if anywhere, God can look at His creature and not be ashamed of him. Wrong has sometimes exalted faith into fanaticism, or given it a savage tinge; sometimes it has really deepened it; rarely has it extinguished it. The atheists are not among the persecuted, but among the persecutors and the indifferent spectators.

4. In Israel the great persecution was at least closely connected with the entrance of the Resurrection hope into the heart of the nation. "Some were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." The life to come grows fearfully incredible if life here demands no sacrifices, and presents no problems. It is matter of history that the faith in the resurrection gained its footing in Israel thus: men found it impossible to believe that those who had died fighting the Lord's battle should have no part in the Lord's victory when it came. The Sadducees, who would not on any account have died for their religion, could not, of course, have this hope. In the same way still, those who have nothing to endure for their faith inevitably tend to be secularist, Epicurean,

worldly-minded, indifferent to the future. But a persecuted Church reads the Apocalypse and believes in heaven. The door is opened into the unseen, with all its splendours and rewards, over those who are in the great tribulation. We cannot tell how much of its vitality the Resurrection hope owes to the intolerable wrongs which have been borne by the Church of God.

5. Such wrongs as we have witnessed in Armenia appeal to the humanity and the justice of others. The whole world is never wronged at once, and the cry of the oppressed ought to raise champions for them out of the ground. If it did, there would be no temptation to atheism in the mere existence of wrong. The sick man does not doubt that there is love in the world—no, nor that God is love—if his sickness evokes the sympathy and the ministry of others. And so it is with wrong and outrage of every kind. For what do men exist upon the earth, if injustice is to reign unproved, and the blame be cast on God? God acts in such cases through men; it is we, and not He, who are put to the proof by them. The most humiliating aspect of that great wrong which has been perpetrated under our eyes is the failure of the Christian nations to respond to the summons of God. The selfish balancing of rival interests in face of the unspeakable barbarities going on all the while in Asia amounts to a contempt of God far more rooted and profound than anything that could be laid to the charge of the Turkish miscreants at Sassoon. If God did not judge this, we might be atheists indeed.

Considerations like these do not solve the problem of evil. Very likely it is in its nature insoluble, while our knowledge is as limited as it is. Very likely, while the world lasts, it will have to be solved, not speculatively, by showing how it is good in the making, but practically, by men dying rather than have anything to do with it. But they enable us, at least, to connect some ideas with it, which mitigate its perfect horror; and I believe they do not lower but rather stimulate the conscience to react vigorously against it in the name of God and man.

ONE of the best volumes of short stories we have seen for a very long time is a little shilling book—sadly unattractive in appearance—published by Arrowsmith of Bristol, and entitled, *The Recovery of Jane Vercoe, and other Stories*, by Mabel Quiller Couch. Some of the cleverest stories in this volume appeared in *The Young Woman*, which was probably the first magazine to make the name of Miss Quiller Couch known to a wide circle of readers. But, unless we are greatly mistaken, this unpretentious little book will at once give her a large and appreciative public. Her stories are homely, graceful, tender, often very sad, but always winning and picturesque. Her characters are

nearly all honest, kindly, hard-working people, and they are so real and lovable, and their life is described with such genuine pathos and beautiful simplicity, that we read the book right through without a moment of dullness. The work of Miss Quiller Couch deserves success, and we sincerely hope it may achieve it.

HE who is never excited, never enthusiastic, and never depressed might have got along with the Laodiceans, who were never cold nor ever hot, but always nauseatingly lukewarm; but he is the last man in the world to make friends or to win admiration.—*H. Clay Trumbull.*

THE YOUNG MEN OF EDINBURGH.

Of the young men of Edinburgh the students at the University form in all respects the most important body,—in mere numbers, to begin with, about 5000 being usually enrolled in the faculties of medicine, science, and art. Edinburgh being a metropolitan city, with no great distinctive industry, there is not another such large body of young men having the ties of a common occupation and the interests of a kindred life. For the most part scattered in lodgings about the city, taking a more or less active part in its pleasures and amusements, they must exercise some considerable influence on its rising generation generally. It is true that by the establishment of "University Hall"—a name which comprehends three sets of chambers or flats for students—we have the beginning of a movement which may mean the development of a social life for those attending the University quite apart from, and independent of, Edinburgh itself. But this movement, such as it is, is yet in the beginning. At present, of the young men lodging in the city, the students, as a body, are probably in a decisive majority.

As is well known, the majority of these students are budding medicos. Of about 2800 matriculated students last year, 1475 were in the faculty of medicine, as compared with 710 in arts, 438 in law, and 134 in science. The University attracts young men to Edinburgh from pretty nearly all parts of the world, and this is especially true of the faculty of medicine. Less than fifty per cent. of its students belong to Scotland; about thirty per cent. come from England and Wales; more than ten per cent. from our Colonies; whilst most of the European nations are represented. This tends to broaden the tone of student-life in a city which has ever prided

itself on its freedom from provincialism. On the other hand, the sturdy virtues of the young Scottish student's character must have its reacting influence on these foreign elements. At anyrate, the native and the foreign elements mix well in social and intellectual life. The Students' Representative Council and the Union, which, in comparison with Glasgow, are, I believe, quite old-fashioned institutions, have brought to as high a stage of development as is possible the community of life and

feeling of a University which is not residential.

The Union has its suite of rooms close to the new buildings of the University in Lauriston Place. It thus forms a connecting link between the "medicals," for whose accommodation the new buildings were mainly erected, and the students generally who attend the classrooms in the old Chambers Street edifice, a short distance away. The fine library, from which all students have the right of borrowing books, is still entirely located in its original buildings, but the "medicals" have a reading-room of their own in Lauriston Place. The Union, with its commodious lecture hall, and

rooms for dining, smoking, reading, and billiards, thus forms the chief meeting-ground of the different sections of the students, which might otherwise not only be cut off from each other by the character of their studies, but also by the geographical considerations to which I have just referred.

The Union is managed by a committee, on which there are six representatives of the Senate and General Council, and six representatives of the students. There are four standing committees on debates, amusements, library, and games. The first arranges a programme of debates in which



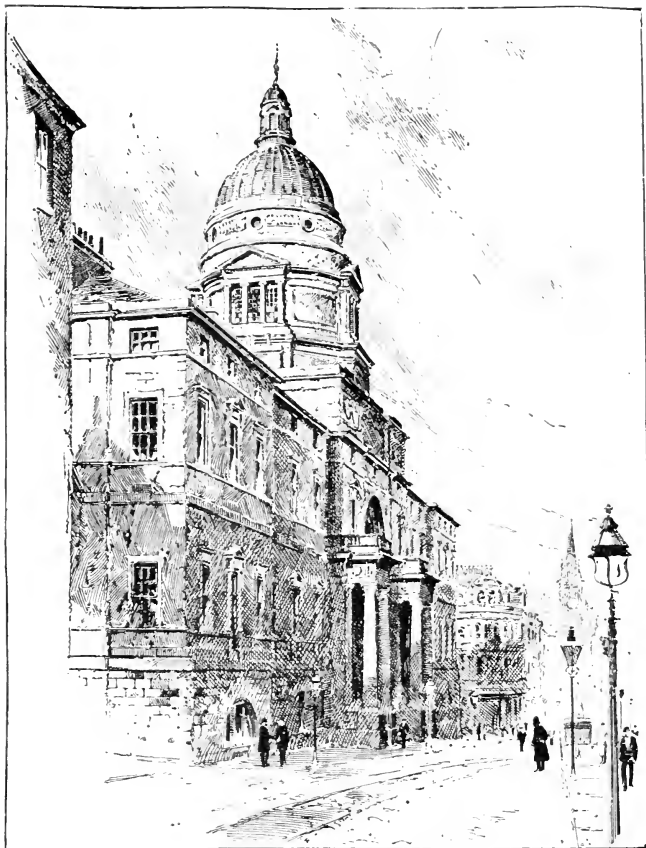
THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

[From a Photo by MOFFAT, 125 Princes Street, Edinburgh.]

politics and literature play an equal part; the second organises concerts, etc., as well as "students' nights" at the Edinburgh theatres whenever an important dramatic company is visiting the Scottish metropolis; the third has charge of a collection of books which are, as a whole, of a much "lighter" character than those to be found in the library of the University itself; the fourth is responsible for the Union "championships and tournaments" in chess, whist, and billiards. Then, either affiliated with the Union or having the privilege of using its premises, are an athletic club, Liberal and Conservative associations, and societies for the study or practice of the drama, photography, music, chemistry, the Darwinian doctrine, and gymnastics. It will, I think, be readily admitted that the Edinburgh students thus give evidence of much social and intellectual energy and a healthy catholicity of taste.

The same conclusion is to be drawn from a perusal of *The Student*, a monthly magazine published by the Representative Council. It is a curious medley of academic matters, athletic news, humorous gossip, and various "unconsidered trifles," giving one, on the whole, however, a good insight into student-life at Edinburgh in its varying phases of work and play, earnestness and levity. Perhaps one is most impressed by the nonchalance with which the professors are occasionally treated. Take this paragraph, for instance:—

"The Civil Law Professor is a smart business man, who delivers lectures at a breakneck pace, and can set examination papers with anyone in the University. The subject is not altogether conducive to the cultivation of humour, but the Professor, usually as austere as the Roman Law itself, has



EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

[From a Photo by A. A. INGLIS.]

been giving himself away since the holidays. Speaking, one day last week, of stolen goods, and the compensations claimed by the original owner and the purchaser from the thief, he said, 'If the thief has *made off* in the meanwhile, obviously nothing could be *made of him*.' Later, speaking of some doctrines of Customary Law, he said, 'Sir Henry Maine in his works *mainly* corroborated this view.' Then the disgusted civilians turned uneasily in their seats."

Up to the present the University, unlike the colleges of the modern Victoria University, has attempted nothing for the young men of Edinburgh generally in the way of evening lectures or classes. In the Heriot-Watt College, however, the city has an evening university of a very high calibre. This institution was originally established

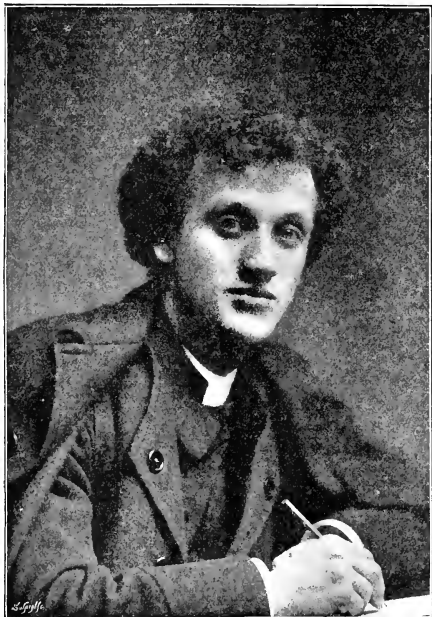
in 1821, as the School of Arts, "for the better education of the mechanics of Edinburgh in such branches of physical science as are of practical application in their several trades." Three years later a fund was raised to erect a memorial to James Watt, and it was resolved to devote it to the purchase of a larger building for the School of Arts, which accordingly took the name of the Watt Institution. For many years the instruction it gave was confined to mathematics, chemistry, natural philosophy, and drawing, as having a practical bearing upon the trades of the city. But the time came when its usefulness could no longer be thus limited; in response to the wishes of the students themselves other subjects were added to the curriculum—at first gradually, then more rapidly—until now it is comprehensive enough to include the dead and living languages, as well as electric lighting and telegraphy. In 1873 the handsome building the College now occupies in Chambers Street was built, and twelve years later its financial position was greatly improved by an amalgamation with the endowment of the George Heriot Hospital.

Mr. F. Grant Ogilvie, the Principal of the College, kindly furnished me with some statistics which graphically illustrate the popularity it has obtained among the young men of Edinburgh. Last session the students numbered 3315, of which number, however, 466 were of the fair sex. Of the 3000 or so male students the average age in the junior classes was from seventeen to nineteen, in the more advanced classes from nineteen to twenty-three, whilst in a few classes of a special kind it reaches to twenty-five and thirty. Still more interesting as an index to some aspects of the life of young men in Edinburgh is Mr. Ogilvie's abstract of the occupations of students. As might be expected, clerks of various kinds, numbering about 650, form the largest class. Engineers, workers in metal, and draughtsmen come next with 348, followed by the building trades with 295. Salesmen and shop-

keepers numbered 215; whilst the printing trade, of which Edinburgh is next to London the most important centre, was represented by 181. The other occupations of the students ranged from chemists and architects to house painters and plumbers—a range highly suggestive of the success with which the College caters for the educational needs of young men of the exceptionally miscellaneous character to be expected in a city which has some of the attributes of a capital and no big distinctive industry.

There would seem to be rather a grim earnestness about the way in which the young men of the

Heriot - Watt College pursue their college career—a characteristic which is, I believe, also to be found in some strength among the purely Scottish young men at the University. The social and recreative side of the institution is represented solely, I understand, by the Literary Society and the Watt Club. The primary object of the latter is to keep green the memory of James Watt, in whose name it has given a great number of prizes to the students; but it also fosters social intercourse among them, and to some extent it serves the purpose of an "old boys" club. That the young men of Edinburgh have some capacity, however, for happily combining "the grave and gay, the lively and severe," I am fully satisfied on visiting the



THE REV. HUGH BLACK.

[From a Photo by T. & R. ANNAN & SONS, Glasgow.]

Philosophical Institution, a pleasant but old-fashioned building in Queen Street. Unlike its namesake in most provincial cities, this is "a literary and social club," the bulk of whose members are young men, although there is a sprinkling of grey-beards and a large contingent of ladies. Anyone strolling through the comfortable reading and recreation rooms might object, indeed, that in becoming a "literary and social club" it had ceased to be a philosophical institution. But its apologists might, in reply, point to a lecture list which has recently contained such items as "The Socialist Attack on the Family," by Mrs. Fawcett, and an address on the relation of individual freedom to



MR. H. O. HOBSON,
HON. SEC. EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY UNION.
[From a Photo by VANDER, 125 Gloucester Road, S.W.]

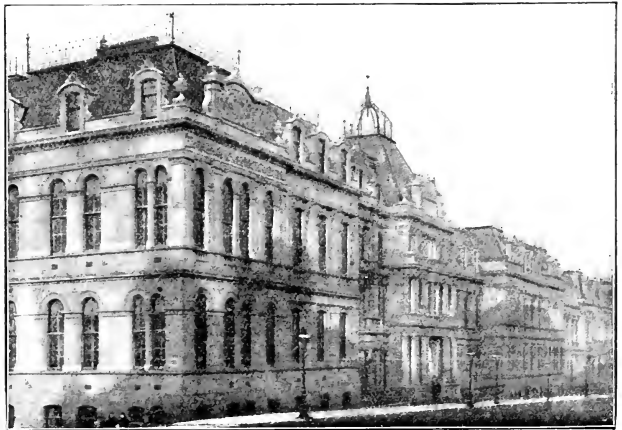
national progress, by the Hon. Thomas Bayard. In truth, however, it cannot be denied that so far as the Philosophical Institution is a criterion, the old love of Edinburgh citizens for abstruse dialectics must have undergone serious decline. On the other hand, it is equally clear that as a popular, well-conducted club for young Edinburgh the Philosophical Institution is admirably fulfilling a noble purpose.

Art and the study of art are not so much in evidence among young men as might be expected in "the modern Athens," with its fine picture and sculpture galleries. There is no municipal school, but excellent classes in subjects of industrial as well as aesthetic interest are carried on at the Royal Institution under the superintendence of a joint committee of the

Board of Manufactures and the subscribers to a fund maintained for the purpose. But the numbers attending these classes will not compare with the art students at municipal schools in cities of similar population. On the other hand, there is much dilettantism among the young men of the city, which shows itself in the popularity of pen and pencil and sketching clubs. This element recently consolidated itself to some extent by the establishment of the Scottish Arts Club, which is installed in a comfortable house near the west end of Princes Street.

Considering that Edinburgh has a population of over a quarter of a million, and in comparison with the Philosophical Institution, for instance, the Y.M.C.A. cannot be said to be flourishing in Edinburgh. Its membership falls short of five hundred, although its rooms in South St. Andrew Street might comfortably accommodate a larger number. It would seem to be conducted on much the same lines as far more popular associations in other towns, with a judicious blending of social, recreative, and religious purposes. Its position, therefore, after an existence of forty years, can be explained, I suppose, only on the hypothesis that there is something alien in these methods to the temperament and disposition of present-day young men in Edinburgh. At the same time, some allowance should probably be made for the comparatively small proportion of young men, apart from students, who reside in the city and have their homes elsewhere.

If you would see more of the young men, of whom this five hundred of the Y.M.C.A. can be but



HERIOT-WATT COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.
[From a Photo by THOS. ANDERSON, Edinburgh.]



THE NEWS-ROOM AT THE PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.

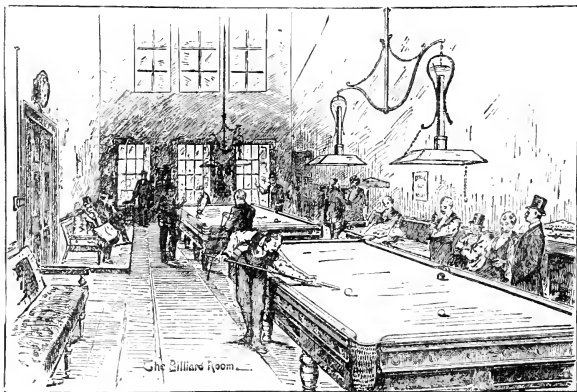
the nucleus, you had probably best attend the services of the Rev. J. Cameron Lees in the centre and the Rev. George Jackson in the West End of the city. Dr. Cameron Lees is, of course, a leader of the Church of Scotland, whilst Mr. Jackson, whom my readers will know well as a contributor to *THE YOUNG MAN*, is at the head of a vigorous Methodist movement. But they must be coupled together in the interest and attraction which their preaching has for young men. Dr. Cameron Lees regards his "Young Men's Guild" as one of the chief features of his ministerial work. Not content with social intercourse and literary recreation, this body has been moved to various enterprises of an altruistic kind, such as a poor man's bank in the High Street,—now the chief highway of Edinburgh's poverty,—a boys' club, and the giving of concerts and entertainments in the midst of the slums.

Dr. Cameron Lees' success with young men is the success of a powerful personality which commands respect before it wins affection; the success which comes from the influence that exceptional strength of character and intellectual ability can always exercise over young men. Mr. George Jackson, on the other hand, probably owes most to the happy knack he has of causing young men to regard him as one of themselves, which he is still in point of years. Mr. Jackson has followed up the success of the services by a Sunday evening "At Home" for young people of both sexes, living in lodgings away from their own homes. The mission

hall on these occasions becomes a pleasantly furnished drawing-room, with music and conversation, papers and magazines. As a sequel to "the men's meetings" every Sunday afternoon, a library has also been established, consisting chiefly of books on social, philosophic, and religious subjects—the kind of books, that is to say, to which reference is made by Mr. Jackson at these meetings, and by those who take part in the discussion that sometimes follows his address. It is interesting to learn that there is the greatest demand for books by Ruskin, Carlyle, Froude, Farrar, Professor Drummond, Benjamin Kidd, Marcus Dods, R. W. Dale, and Dean Stubbs.

It may be said, indeed, that among the young men of Edinburgh there is an exceptionally keen interest taken in social and political questions. The vigour with which such questions are discussed at the University, with its Liberal and Conservative associations, and the number and calibre of debating societies which are full of earnest young speakers, are evidence of the same fact. It would seem, indeed, that most of the intellectual energy formerly given in traditional Scottish fashion to theological and metaphysical problems is now devoted to matters connected with the practical welfare of society. At present this activity of thought and feeling expresses itself little in organised form; the Edinburgh young men, for instance, have no political club of their own. But it exists—and exists strongly—all the same.

It is significant of the position of golf in the



THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT THE PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.

affections of the athletic that even the Philosophical Institution should have its club for the enjoyment of the national game. The high, undulating ground by which Edinburgh is surrounded greatly favours the playing of golf; whilst, on the other hand, the comparatively few suitable "pitches" in or about the city places cricket and football at a disadvantage. The Meadows—a large tract of land near the University—is practically the only public playing field. The University, the Y.M.C.A., and similar bodies of young men have now cricket and football clubs, and in recent years probably both games have advanced in popularity. But I should say

that, apart from golf, there is no game which has a particularly strong hold upon the youth of the Scottish capital. Cycling has, of course, its numerous votaries; and the Edinburgh Abstinents' Cycling Union is in its way rather a remarkable organisation. This body, by the way, owns the best gymnasium in the city, to which the members of the Y.M.C.A. have also the privilege of admission. On the whole, I fancy that there is plenty of scope—particularly on the part of the Municipality—for the development of physical recreation in Edinburgh.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

ON IMPURE THOUGHTS.¹

By DR. JAMES STALKER.

OUR Lord taught that lawless desire, even if it never go out into action, is a breach of the seventh commandment: "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery already with her in his heart." This brings the subject very close to us all, for thoughts of this kind arise in every mind, as weeds grow in every field. The question is whether we encourage the weeds or pluck them up. We may either dismiss such thoughts as soon as they present themselves, or we may entertain them, turning them over and over like a sweet morsel under the tongue. Let the mind think long enough on such subjects, and it will hardly be able to think of anything else. No other sin spreads through the soul so rapidly, or when it has obtained the mastery exercises so vile a tyranny. As Milton says—

When lust
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.

The cure for such morbid imaginings is to occupy the mind with wholesome topics. As a running stream is safe from stagnant odours, and a civilised garden is clear of weeds, so forbidden fancies are kept away by healthy labour, and the mind interested in the acquisition of knowledge or in doing good has no time to waste on morbid reverie.

The state of mind which this commandment forbids may be fed not only by brooding on forbidden themes, but also by influences from without. If you meet with anyone whose talk, when other themes are exhausted, reverts, like a pendulum when the hand that holds it is removed, to this subject, mark that man and hold no intercourse with him; for, if you could see his soul, you might find that he is a leper from head to foot.

Special allusion should here be made to impure literature, for its influence is subtle and widespread. I am not one of those prophets of evil who

are always croaking that the former days were better than these, and that the signs of the times are all dark; I much incline rather to the optimistic view of things. But if anything could make me believe that we are entering on a period of national backsliding, it is the way in which the cloven hoof of impurity is at present reappearing in our literature. The shamelessness of the Restoration period corrupted English literature for more than a hundred years, but the Evangelical revival overcame it, and at last, in the height of the Victorian era, purity became predominant. When authors like Carlyle and George Eliot, Thackeray and Dickens, Tennyson and Browning were our literary chiefs, the best literature in point of intellect and art was also pure in point of morals. But these great minds have passed away, and with them seems to have passed this happy state of things. There are, indeed, many new writers whose moral tone is of the highest, notably those of the Scottish school; but there are others of different character, and the public mind seems no longer to have the intensity of moral and religious feeling which makes immoral writing unwelcome. Even some distinguished writers are not above the sensationalism cheaply procured by attacks on marriage and on the decencies of life, and publishers could be named who stoop to catch the penny by hinting in their advertisements at the rottenness of the wares in which they deal, though it would be difficult to find a comparison base enough for those who thus, for filthy lucre's sake, poison the very springs of life. A neighbour told me the other day that he had been perfectly horrified on glancing into some books sent into his own home by one of our most respectable circulating libraries. Parents require to be on their guard, but more than this is needed; there is needed, especially in the daughters of our homes—for they read most of the books which come from the circulating libraries—such an intensity of purity as will, without any command from authority, turn away with aversion from literary garbage.

¹ From a booklet on the Seventh Commandment, published by the Glasgow Young Men's Christian Association and Menzies & Co., Edinburgh and Glasgow. Price 2d.

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

BY WILLIAM J. LACEY.

X.—THE GREAT SNOW AT SILOVER FEAST.

A **STORM** notable for its duration as for its fierceness began on the Sabbath morning when there was a missing minister at the Turret Chapel and one too many in the rival haunt of Puritans that fronted Recombe Lane. And this was awkward and inauspicious, for the morrow was the fixed date of Silover Feast.

The benevolent legatee was commemorated by a recumbent effigy in St. Mark's, which had worn worse than the institution vaunted thereon in indifferent Latin. Wherein was nature, and testimony to a great saying, for when kin ends carved stone is Time's toy, but the poor do not cease in the land and must always be fed.

There were loaves for all comers who had a blue ticket with Rector Tatton's initials on, and a baron of beef was provided for such weary ancients as Master Wisdom and his almshouse mates. There was thoughtfulness in setting the limit at threescore years. Poverty was reasonably expected to be toothless then, and with the best feigned zeal and zest a little went a long way. But it was a cheerful thing and a proud to know that the plate might be sent up twice if the stomach craved it.

"They don't ha' more nor two tidy servings off t' joint even at Lord Mayor's Bank'it," asserted Master Wisdom every year with a rapt face. "I made pertik'lar to inquire o' Dobbs—you mind old Dobbs o' the *Wheat-sheaf* in t' sixties; his son, an' a main lively 'un. Dobbs was sure t' ha' t' run, being so as he was something in t' dress suit line nigh to Guildhall, which is t' big palace, an' we all know as even a many o' the toppers hire out their fine dress suits for they great bank'its. 'Why, I've seen it till I were tired,' said young Dobbs; 'an' always two servin's allowed 'em, an' nary more not to t' Lord Chancellor hisself—not off t' jint, you understand.' So I make bold to say we'm ekal to Lord Mayor's Bank'it. Hurrah!"

Rector Tatton was a kindly man, as even the Turret owned, though standing staunchly for the faith against both his creed and his genial pulpit peccancy. They could not, indeed, deny it. He would employ Free Hood, who was as loud a critic as any. He paid the Turret brother out of a liberal purse for garden work, and showed him the vineries, over which Hood shook his head soberly, as fearing that they might cost their owner his soul. Moreover, he talked tolerantly on such occasions of cases of want and misery on the visiting list of Frewin's Yard, and this with an admitted wish to assist and not to proselytise. It was a little hard even for the

stalwarts to always remember his benighted condition. Once Free Hood stumbled.

"'Tis a pity, brethren, to think as Rector doesn't seem called and chosen," he said. He had been touched and softened by a gift for his brother Richard, who was down with rheumatic fever.

But the remark submitted a strong man to the rebuke of a stronger.

"You are rash with your lips," Enoch Martins answered. The shadow of his fanaticism was upon his face, for it was in the time of Amos Bounderley's trial. "You speak as a froward one, and not as a son trained in the Word and true. Who and what are we, to pretend to judge when a call ought to come or be withheld? We are only as the potter's pots. One He makes to honour and one to dishonour."

And Rector Tatton had added a side-table to the chief one of the Feast over Silover corn-standing, and to this he asked guests who were winter-out-o'-works or otherwise needy, and any two of them usually outran five of the veterans—chance picked—in the legerdmain of the hour. Master Wisdom did not greatly care to look that way, for his principles were outraged.

"They'm all in the mediterranean (meridian) o' life; I've grant it," he said,—"but they should ha' de'croom all t' same. An' I'll uphold afore any as three helpin's beant noways seemly—noways!"

Commiserating his rags and his thin frame, the rector caused a ticket for the feast to be sent to Asaph Dagnal. It was plain to observant eyes that the wild hill life and exposure was weakening the poet by the way. And some thought that he sorrowed in secret because his treasure of song was never printed, his hymns no more than the uncouth lays that breathed of nature and the great downs.

Asaph did not come, which was hardly a surprise, having regard to the wild weather and the blocked lanes. A white land stretched under heavens yet inclement. Farms and cottages were subject to a solitude and an inconvenience that the town knows not. In scores of cases it would be days before Silover traders' carts could reach them, which meant that poor folk or thriftless were hand-fast with famine. In accident or illness there was opening for adventure that none called heroism, because that quality in books is superfine, and service in the hills is homespun, and moreover loves silence.

It was a shrunken muster at the Feast. No man could recall a date when of young and old, male

and female, bread-and-butter triflers, and impetuous assailants of the "jint," there were fewer that assembled. It baffled the patriarch from Hide's Almshouses, though he fished in deep wells, and had wistful old eyes behind his horn glasses, and was ill-content not to cap the present instance with one as telling out of the bygone.

"I mind when t' high wind were, an' upset t' ekilibilum o' Turret, which has never been not to say straight since," he observed with gloom. "It were t' year as Rector Raffety were made a Dane, and Rector Tatton come to Silover. But I mind comin' to look, backin' t' wind and walkin' legs a-straddle, like as if a' was riding one o' they old dandy 'osses. Why, wind or no wind, t' forms were full."

"Sure to be," said one,—"but snow's different. I'd a deal o' work to get from Andler's Corner. And Dagnal isn't here yet. But there, he's a poor moony; a' seemed maakin' for Batlington Bottom; yet a' told me Setterday night as a' was coming."

"Batlington Bottom?" cried the quavering ancient, in the scorn of one who knew all roads and bridle-paths and even unlicensed gipsy tracks for twenty miles wide of Silover corn-standing,—
"Batlington Bottom, say 'e? 'Tis no way t' Feast. Why, an' snow 'ud be t's thighs!"

Then the old man suddenly brightened, for whatever might be crack-brained Asaph's folly or fate, he saw his own opportunity to shine in narrative.

"Batlington Bottom, say 'e?" he repeated again. "That minds me o' old coach days and Jesse Westman's fright. Did 'e ever hear o't? No? Then 'twere a fine joke 'gainst little whipper-snapper Jesse, right till such time as t' coach were knocked off, an' he were see-saw like, and tired o' stidy p'lace t' *Wheatsheaf*, an' went paddlin' up country. Jesse were a card, he were. He drove t' old 'Tally-Ho' as came to *Wheatsheaf* in Dobbs's time, and he were main fond o' a turn at skittles. There were a sober-faaced old chap as come down wi' coach mayhap three times i' t' twelvemonth, an' wi' most uncommon big black bag. He wouldn't talk on box-seat, an' Jesse couldn't make 'em out at all. One summer's afternoon it were latish, but Jesse must pull up at t' *Cow Horn*, our end o' Fenn Common. D'ye mind t' p'lace?"

"I were born there," said the other stolidly.

"Ah! I'd misremembered that now," muttered the story-teller, checked a moment at the fault. Then he went on in sheer delight of narrative: "You'm safe to know t' *Cow Horn*. Jesse emptied his pot and then cut out into top yard, an' skittles were t' fore. He must stop an' play, and there set t' solemn old chap over t' horses an' guessed what was up like. T' passengers was all set down but him, which made Jesse hoity-toity an' careless. T' old feller set a bit longer, an' then a' sent t' boy in to jog Jesse's mem'ry. Boy liked t' alley and t'

game a sight better'n dusty road and baggy's grumble-grumble. He just waited where a' was. Bym-bye somebody hollered up t' yard as coach were gone. An' so 'twere. Jesse raced like mad for first knap, where t' road's laid girl's ribbon fashion up an' down t' green. When he got there he tumbled flat on 's faace and kicked and howled. They heard him back t' *Cow Horn*, he were that mortal skeered. "T'was t' devil hisself, an' he's sperrited coach away," he squealed mayhap a hun'ured times. An' sure enow there were no coach, look as any of 'em liked."

The rustic frowned, as resenting a conundrum.

"Where was it, then?" he asked.

"Half a mile an' more up Batlington Bottom. T' old bagman had allus fancied as how he'd like to bowl round t' corner as they'd a'ready passed, 'way beyond Fenn Ford, an' try t' other valley. An' he'd a used hand wi' horses, an' he backed 'em a bit at a time sly and artful, an' Jesse were skittle-playin'. An' then, pop like, round they went; and Jesse were too hasty t' act. They'd gone one way, d'ye see, and he'd gone t'other. My! 'twere an uncommon skeer. Jesse howled till a' couldn't howl no more, he were that black t' faace. They soused him in a tub, three of 'em, to cure t' 'steriks. 'Twere pretty nigh a month afore he'd pluck to touch t' reins agin; and forgot it!—why, he wasn't let. T' old 'Tally-Ho' were clean out o' sight back o' Batlington, an' if so be's Asaph's floundering in t' Bottom, he's got a main good chance o' making it as slow a business as t' ironmongry man did. 'Tis a main long pull up Core's Ridge, an' you'm miles out on't if 'e measure from Fenn Ford."

The garrulous old boy, young in heart yet, came back very properly to Asaph Dagnal, as lending the occasion for the reminiscence. And Asaph was indeed in difficulties, though not, as Master Wisdom supposed, from a whim that none could follow or exploit. With all the waning power of a frame once stoutly knit and supple as any, the poet contended against odds in the interests of a man whom his soul loathed.

Dream-Eden is free, or to a countless race the world must be more stony than it is. Asaph was sealed of the visionaries since a rosy-checked girl, who ran at pleasure in and out of Serena Boulderley's bricked kitchen, was kind to him, and kind again, and always soft-spoken. He did not blunder and confuse the shadows and the facts. He knew that it was pity, with a wall parting it from the fair heart garden where love steals in and stays. There was a gulf of years for one thing; and for another, and as serious, his vagrant habits, and the fame he had as an outlandish wastrel if not a witless man. When Asaph looked ahead he saw the hard and barren road stretch on as all the hill tracks did, and end as they did not, at a sexton's spade and measuring string. But it pleased him to glance into paradise sometimes and picture a changed earth

and himself Nell Alloway's lover—husband even, when the giddy head was giddiest. The thing was harmless; for he would have allowed the rack and thumbscrew, or any other tortures known or unknown, rather than Nell should suspect and blush and be annoyed.

One day Dan Perryman appeared in Silover. He was clerk to the Silover Hall estate, the ownership of which was as good as in commission. The gay town spark, with his showy parts and polish and shrewd address, carried glamour even into the Turret, where he was an occasional "hearer," judging that George Alloway had money, and that the stream of gold might flow to feed his vices by way of Nell. But in this last he was mistaken.

ImpRACTICABLE Asaph had to watch the strange wooing, and see the miserable plot snare the guileless and shatter the peace of a Puritan home. He heard the rumours of shame, and they stung him. The cloud was leaden, and it wearily endured. But it scattered at length in the rain that is mercy,—and it was surely given to Asaph as his reward to possess the story sooner and more fully than even the lights of Turret. Which was a simple sequence of his obedience to Pastor Glad when the minister chose a ragged creature of the hills as confidant and ally. This "impossible" was tenfold worthier than any Perryman in the whole world, tested as all shall be in soul stature. But then he had rags and crazy ways and absurdity, and few are the eyes anointed to see beneath them.

And in a white fold of Core's Down he had found a still, huddled mass, that was a guilty man making for the little branch station which served the western hamlets, and overtaken by cold and a drunkard's slumbers and the hurtling blizzard.

Dan Perryman had, moreover, confounded the upper portion of Batlington Bottom with the ravine that led to Brasiers Row, and for that the buffeting of the snow gale was reasonable excuse, and the spirit flask in his pocket may have the lighter responsibility. It put a black look on Asaph Dagnal's face, and when he stood up from close examination he trembled. He had but to pass on, and fight his own battle with the storm, and Nell—poor wronged and flouted and abandoned Nell—should be avenged and freed. It was the late Sabbath afternoon, and night was here, and none would come this way. Asaph had instinct for the tracks, and he had visited Dick Hood, with whom, since Dick's fetters broke, he had forged a curious bond of fellowship. The escaped slave of the brown flagon and he who was the mock of all wise neighbours had each learned charity, and together they read therein.

The tempest steadily increased, and Asaph was more spent already than he had thought could ever be while age was distant. Striking an honest balance, he could report at Brasiers Row and leave it there. Men would doubtless go out with lanterns and search. A warm and cushioned corner in Eli

Bramber's room waited for him, and a fine circuit man was on the mission, and Asaph kindled at his homely points and sought grace.

He started; but it would not do. There was one short, sharp wrestle; and not with a howling gust of the snow vapour. Asaph knelt again, and he roughly shook the sleeper, and pinched him with most unfeigned goodwill, and, when at his wits' end, prevailed.

"Can't ye let a man rest?" growled Perryman.

"No; you'm to get up and lean on me, and come up lane to Madder's barn. Madder has haepence, but he never mends. 'Tis his own place, too. T' boards are main loose. I'll get ye through. If ye must sleep, burrow in t' straw. Madder won't come down this weather. T' farm's over side t' down. Come mornin' I'll bring ye a chunk o' bread an' a bottle o' milk. Now! no more o' that!"

"You are Dagnal—the rhyme-spinner."

With a vacuous smile Perryman had plunged back, and his curved arm was his pillow. Infinite labour was needed to bring him to a place of safety. Damp beads were on Asaph's brow in spite of the ravening ice-wind. And Madder's barn was not near, though it was better to take it than to try for either Batlington or Brasiers Row. Jeers were the payment. The storm carried away many of the cutting things that Perryman, insensate and ungrateful, launched at his companion. But one at least hit the mark.

"You wanted Nell," said the hiccupping insolence that Asaph had to drag by sheer output of force. "As if she'd look at a daft mountebank! I twigged it, if nobody else saw the play."

A strange dignity fell on Asaph, and in the wind's teeth his voice had purity and power, and a certain remoteness. In truth the north pole and the south were not wider asunder than Dan Perryman and he. It was the gulf between the selfish and the selfless.

"I would save any woman from tasting t' bitterness of death before her time," he said,—"*which is our portion when t' hemp is all spun, as yours was to-night if I'd stayed t' home. 'Play'!* It's a fine word for breaking hearts—'Play'!"

On which Perryman had the grace, at least, of silence. He was rescued and left in the barn, a liberty taken as of right under the law of imperious circumstance. And the sharp eyes that next forenoon sighted from Back Ridge a figure descending Core's Down, and called it Asaph Dagnal, were not in error. The promise of food was fulfilled, but the bird was flown. Asaph forgot Silover Feast, and much beside. He went wearily back through gullies between the snowdrifts, and was too ill to wonder greatly over Dan Perryman's fate. His own was going into the balances.

A few hours elapsed, and David Hough pushed into Silover somehow, and often to his knees at a treacherous bend where a poised avalanche had dropped. He made for the Gables, and Dr.

Smallpiece heard his tale with a face graver at each symptom. Thatcher and doctor returned together, and already Asaph knew neither. He was tossing and moaning and reciting poems.

"It is pneumonia," Dr. Smallpiece said to Agatha, "and I'm afraid the poor fellow hasn't a decent chance."

Care and strenuous effort were given, and still the sands went lower. Asaph's poor verses were taken from his unconscious hands by the doctor himself, and tenderly and not without reverence. Outside was the soft white robe and peace, and words of soliloquy came unbidden.

"There are simple souls like it, virgin, unstained."

But the Turret knew that Dr. Smallpiece had no theology.

The same night a book was found by David Hough in his lodger's grasp, and Asaph would not let it go. It was a volume in russet and gold, and had fallen from the doctor's overcoat. Asaph cried over it.

"My poems are printed at last," he said. "Printed at last!"

There was joy upon his wasted face: and the sands ran out.

CHATS AT THE CLUB.

FASHIONS IN FICTION.

OUR method at the Club in literary matters was to each buy a book, whatever book he fancied, and pass it round among the members; when it reached its owner in its course, he retained it.

We found the selection of books difficult, having learned that press opinions are not always trustworthy, that sometimes reviewers with good intentions lacked knowledge when they advised, and those with knowledge, for reasons of their own, sometimes did not say what they knew, and this made us suspicious even when the discriminating acted in good faith. This had dated from the time of our acquaintance with Jefferson, of whom more anon. It sometimes struck me that of the ways of the press we knew too much, thanks to Jefferson, and resembled those dabblers in science who could not enjoy their food after learning some of the facts of anatomy.

When people have not much money to spend on literature they want to invest it well, and when we saw books made mere articles of trade, and boomed or boycotted at will, it drove us to invest only in books that possessed the repute of a century or so. But self-denial of that kind has an inevitable result; we grew tired of standard works, and we resolved to have a literary debauch; we simply went and each bought a problem novel. Having read them, we talked for a whole evening without let or hindrance of the aims of fiction, of what fiction actually is and ought to be, of its influence on life, and whether unsavoury fiction is good or bad in art.

We discussed the advisability of regarding ugly things as subjects whether for the literary, the dramatic, or the scenic artist; but that was all rather tame, because nobody arrived at any conclusion. Stanhope said he thought England never had been richer than now in good writers, but that the cheapening of books placed them in competition with periodical literature, and spoiled their quality.

He said writers were coming of themselves to regard their productions as ephemeral things made for the moment, and successful according to the early sales which they commanded. He said it seemed to him that that which killed literature and killed heroism and killed virtue was not opposition and persecution and oppression, but gluttony, easy times, and too facile success.

I asked what that had to do with the decadent novel.

"Everything," Stanhope said. "If prurience is the easiest way to notoriety and emolument, there will always be found people ready to take it. Take that man Jefferson spoke of, who spent years writing Sunday-school books, with small profit: when he decided to set a social problem without solving it, almost every paper in England praised him, and most of the literary coteries welcomed him.

"I think journalists are often obscene people. Do you remember the desperate fuss most of them made, and many quite reputable men among them, because some of the bookstalls excluded a certain novel from their shelves some time ago; they simply boomed the book into some twenty editions," said Stanhope.

"I read the book, and it had merit," said Norbury. "It treated of very low life, indeed, every way, but it was clever; and the moral, in spite of the paths by which it was reached, was on right lines. I am disposed to think," Norbury continued, "that a true artist would lift truth even from the gutter. To go down into it voluntarily because there is gold there, is another matter. I think, also, that only the men whose conclusions are on the side of immorality can be considered immoral writers."

"A decent book does not awaken disgust in the clean-minded," said Henley; "the description of abominable scenes is evil, no matter how you take it."

Norbury said he was not altogether sure of that.

"Evils which are a danger to the community should be exposed."

"Certainly, but not in the guise of fiction; one goes to fiction for amusement, for good company, and one does not want either tracts or indecencies."

Stanhope said people would consider truth if offered to them in the guise of fiction, when they would not consider it if it came with marks of edification on its brow.

Norbury said that the popular problem novel was read by those who had been in no danger from the evils indicated. They were therefore not warned, they were merely enlightened regarding what was bad and base. "A lewd book is far more likely to awaken lewd desires in the inexperienced than to convince them of the evils that result from these. For my part," said Norbury, "I am heartily with those who once imprisoned an English publisher for putting translations of obscene French novels on the English market, and with those who exclude indecent books and magazines with unwholesomely suggestive pictures from public libraries and book-stalls."

"Nevertheless, one must continue to distinguish between the books that show the cruelty of sin and its wickedness, and those written to sell because the market has raised a demand for dirty things. I don't call Zola's first gutter-book an immoral story, or abominable, as are many of its successors. It is rather a terrible and memorable human document—one which, while showing coarse, everyday sins in all their hideousness, yet throughout appeals for the helpless drunkard and the over-tempted outcast in a voice that is tremulous with tears."

"I must read Zola," said Henley.

"You had better not," Stanhope answered, with a rather unwilling laugh. "I have read four of his books; I will never read any more, since most of them have neither a moral nor morality. By the bye, there is one way in which I think one can always distinguish between books for the hour and books for many hours: it is by the hold the characters establish on the memory and imagination. The new realists are as real as if they took their facts from the *Police News*, but they are not any more so; we contemplate their characters and appraise them, but we do not suffer or rejoice with them. No English decadent has ever put before us such a picture as Zola's Gervaise, or made us realise the pity and simplicity of a well-meaning woman's fall from aspirations, after what ninety-nine per cent. of womankind find sufficient for happiness and well-being, into abject misery and degradation. Zola meant us to feel for Gervaise, and he makes our

hearts bleed for her. Hardy meant us to dislike Arabella, to realise that she was the evil influence among a worthy group of persons, and in that he fails. We think badly of Arabella, but we laugh at her at the same time, and ultimately take her into a kind of favour. From among the three shadowy figures whose destiny she influenced, she stands out as a living and not altogether baneful personality."

"People say a novel should not be didactic," Norbury observed.

"Of course not; but a novel that is true to life must suggest a moral exactly as life does when we see it whole. I have no doubt the discussions that take place occasionally regarding the *raison d'être* of novels is caused by what each man desires of his novelist. Some people don't want to be instructed, they want only to be amused. They do not want the pain of life submitted to them in the guise of amusement, and that is right enough. For my own part," said Stanhope, "I am thankful to W. E. Norris for the well-bred and right-feeling company into which he always introduces me; and I love William Black that he has made me acquainted with those fine young baronets, Sir Keith Macleod and Sir Francis Gordon, not to speak of all his pretty and vocal heroines. I like company of that sort. It is like going to a garden party where the people are all well-born and well-dressed, and you not only see their outwardness, but know their history. Those men will always be favourites on my bookshelves. Their characters see life on the sunny side. Gissing's characters, for instance, see it on the sordid side, but the sordidness must end before the story if it is to be bearable. We don't mind going through the fire, or seeing others go through it, if we find green fields beyond. We know many lives here end in undeserved defeat; but for them the justice in us demands and believes in the ultimate yellow meads of Asphodel. If fiction gives us the Asphodel here, we are satisfied; if not, we are resentful."

"Has it ever struck you," said Norbury, "that the Greek plays, which have survived the language in which they were written, would hardly be called meat for babes?"

"The Book of Genesis is older than the Greek tragedies," said Stanhope, "and a child may read its lovely pastorals."

"We began to talk of problem novels," said Henley plaintively, "how on earth have we got to Euripides and the Bible?"

"I think we began to talk of literature," said Stanhope.

NORMAN FRENCH.

THE longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive
Or fitful gifts at best, of now and then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty

Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

James Russell Lowell.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AUSTRALIAN EXPLORER.

BY THE REV. FRED HASTINGS.

DEEDS of daring were a delight to David Lindsay when but a youth. Bathing with others and being told that a shark was near a pier, he watched for it, and then, as it approached, leaped right in front of it. He frightened his comrades, but he knew that a splash makes a shark hasten to get out of the way. Still, it required daring to do such a thing. It required alacrity to escape from the water ere the shark should turn again.

Later in life Lindsay became a surveyor, and as life opened out he became an Australian explorer. He had not expected such a life, but circumstances so guided him.

The South Australian Government has to manage a great district called "The Northern Territory." This territory is somewhat of a "white elephant." It is far removed from the centre of government at Adelaide, and between South and North Australia stretches a great desert. David Lindsay was led to be an explorer by being first engaged as a surveyor of the Northern Territory. He had to go over that vast district and define boundaries of pastoral leases. In talking with him, in my home the other day, he gave me details of his life before he came to England that may prove of interest. He said: "My wife went with me on my first expedition. She did not, however, go with me into the 'bush' to survey, but remained comparatively near at hand, in the capital of the Territory, Port Darwin. This is a place given to Cliques, to the Chinese, and to mosquitoes.

"I had to survey the district between the newly-erected telegraph lines and the long Queensland border. This was a task of immense difficulty, and I had not a few adventures in accomplishing it. After I had finished the work, the South Australian Government engaged me to go and explore the country south of the Roper River. It was very warm up in that tropical region. Though so hot, I

went about without a hat. The fact is, I got out of temper one day with my hat. The flap was so limp that it interfered greatly with my work at the theodolite. Twice it dropped between my eye and the glass. The third time it began to fall, I took it off suddenly and jerked it on one side. It fell in the bush, and I left it there. For months I found my hair was long enough and thick enough to serve as a hat. It kept off sunstroke from me as well as the thick hair of

the black fellows did from them. But in that district I did not fear sunstroke much, as it was seldom more than 102 in the shade.

"My beard grew so long that it became very useful. Frequently, when the mosquitoes were excessively troublesome, I was accustomed to fasten it over the face like a veil to keep them off. The beard also served at times for a filter. Doubled over the mouth, I could drink more freely from water full of animalculæ. Often I have had to drink of water black and fetid. Glad enough was I to get it at times, although in the clay-pan or rock hole where I found it, the body of some dead animal was also lying. I have pulled out the corrupting carcase, then shutting my eyes, have drank. Of course I

knew that I was running the risk of getting that fearful malady, rather common in Australia — hydatids.

"A paper-bark is often a great boon. It is one of the eucalypts covered with bark-like sheets of paper. When cut, you take off sheet after sheet like so much brown paper. These wrappers are often several inches in thickness. A bulge will be here and there on the trunk. Here water gathers. Sometimes I have taken as much as three gallons of pure cool water from a bulge. It is pleasant to just cut top and bottom of a bulge, and then put the mouth to the lower gap, and have a good drink without fear of animalculæ.

"I learned to like horse-flesh. Once I had to



DAVID LINDSAY.

live on that only for three weeks. I had to kill two horses for food for myself and men. In 1883 I had thirty-two horses in the caravan, and we lost twenty. Of course we killed the leanest, but they were the toughest.

"In 1885 I went across the continent of Australia on my own account. I went from Hergott Springs right through to the Northern Territory. I went to spy out the land. I believed there were there precious stones and minerals. I discovered what I thought to be a real ruby field. Some of the specimens picked up I sent home to be tested. Word came back that they were probably real rubies, and worth about 35s. a carat. When I had word of that fact I was seated under a gum-tree, and very weary. I was refreshing myself by drinks of tea from my black billy-can. After I read the letter brought to me, I began to calculate how much all the rubies I had then in my possession would be worth. I found they would mount up to something like eight millions of pounds sterling. To get more was needless. I said, 'It is time to give up drinking tea by myself out of a billy. I may as well go home to my family and leave this dreary, dried-up place.'

"No, I did not get eight millions. Alas! the stones proved to be other than real rubies. My castles in the air vanished. Still, look at these in my wife's bracelet; they are beautiful stones, you must confess, and would deceive any explorer.

"When I was in the Macdonnell ranges for twelve months, I discovered the first payable mica in that district. It is now fetching in the market about £35 per hundredweight.

"Sir Thomas Elder of Adelaide wished to have the interior of Australia more methodically explored. He was very rich, and generously expended £9000 on an expedition. I had the honour to be selected as leader of that expedition. We had a large caravan of camels, and all provisions necessary for a lengthy exploration. We had water-casks that could be kept locked, so that no one should waste the water, or take more than his rightful share. I crossed great waterless tracts, and strict precautions were necessary. Of course I had great difficulties. My greatest, however, came from the disregard of directions on the part of one or two men who should have been great helpers. Several times I was in great straits owing to lack of water, and I had to scour round in order to find some, not only for myself but for the men whose lives were in my keeping, and for the beasts that carried us. Under such circumstances you cannot wonder that we had to be careful about the little water we carried with us. It was at times worth more than its weight in gold to us. Indeed, we might have got gold more easily than water in some places. I had to be very firm about all men sharing alike the amount of water we carried. Those who wished to indulge in alcoholic drinks had to wait

like the rest for water. Their thirst was often intolerable. Fortunately, I have thrown aside all desire for tobacco or for alcohol. An explorer must cut down his imperative claims to the lowest point. The body must be brought under control. It has to learn to endure hardness.

"On the 'Elder' expedition we all went for thirty-five days on an allowance for the whole time of half a gallon each per day. The camels once did eighteen days without a drop of water. That broke the record. You may think I am drawing the long bow, but I assure you the camels had not a drink the whole of that time. They became very thin, but I suppose that now and then cropping a few leaves from the very few dry bushes that we found in the desert may have helped them to endure so long.

"Once I left the caravan in great straits. Water must be found or all would perish. I chanced to see the track of a black fellow. I knew by the slight disturbance of the dust on the surface that a man had passed that way. I knew he would seek water. I followed the track. By bending low in the desert I could see whither it tended. After hours of following, I saw another track converging upon the first; gradually I found several more converge on the former, until all separate tracks were lost in the number that had evidently been left by those passing. How my expectations were quickened! I knew the natives would only gather in numbers where there was a chance of finding water. I was not mistaken. To my intense joy, I came on a water-hole. There, among the rocks, were a few thousand gallons of fresh water. I drank. Oh, the delight of feeling I could have a good long draught! Then I collected rapidly a few withered bushes, and setting fire to them, sent up a straight column of smoke. That smoke signal brought the whole caravan to me. I had been as 'eyes' to them in the desert, even as Moses said Jethro could be to the Israelites. As the camels had not had a really good drink for over three weeks, I thought it wise to rest them a week. Dreary as was the place, it was not to be left too suddenly. We knew not what was still before us. Hence I sent men on with water in canvas bags in a certain direction, so as to give the camels another drink. Each had from these bags two and a half gallons more. Then they had no more for eighteen days. That will seem to others impossible, but I vouch for it. Of course the camels became very thin, and pathetic was the sight of the long necks stretched out day after day, trying to scent water. It was a terrible journey, and wonderful was the power of endurance of man and beast for nearly three weeks. As I tell you, it could not have been done but for the cropping ever and anon of the dry leaves of the tiny bushes that here and there were found growing even under the shade of rocks in the dreary wilderness. People who stay at home in this well-watered England cannot possibly

have any conception of the hardships endured. Why, it almost seems to me a sin to let water run away so lavishly as it does in this land. As an Australian, however, that makes England seem very attractive; and it almost tempts me to stay here.

"It was on that Elder expedition that I came on the Coolgardie goldfield, that is now making Stock Exchange men wild with hope. I marked it on the new map I had to make as an auriferous belt. The Baron von Mueller range I came upon, and I discovered a district, which I marked as 'probably auriferous country.' That hint was enough for the gold prospectors. There has since been what is called a 'rush' to that district as well as to Coolgardie.

"After I had finished my work on the Elder expedition, I thought it well to take camels and go, on my own account, to a district where I knew there would be a 'rush.' My camels were most useful for transporting goods to prospectors and machinery to miners. The profit was great. I had to do something for a living, and I had a wife and four children to support. I thought it right, therefore, to utilise the knowledge gained at so great cost. I was fortunate, too. From the Kurnalpie district, about eighty-five miles from Coolgardie, I brought in great lumps of gold. That was, however, only an alluvial field, and the gold 'patchy.' A great rush took place there, but many were disappointed.

"Men, knowing that I knew the district, often followed my track. They kept an eye on me. I had to be quiet if I wanted to peg out a claim.

"Once in going to peg out a claim my horse knocked up, and I had to walk thirty-six miles. Such a distance on foot in a hot, waterless country is no joke. Prospecting is no easy work. Indeed, I gradually became weak and thin; once I became quite unconscious. It takes something to make a

strong man like myself submit to collapse. Fever might easily have seized me then for its own."

As David Lindsay was relating this to me, I glanced afresh at his tall, stalwart form. He looked a most unlikely subject for a fainting experience. His wife looked at him with deep sympathy, and said, "Ah, David, you ought to have let me come with you to take care of you." She had often in Adelaide told me how anxious she was to go and share her husband's toils and dangers. She had said, "I can get others to take care of our children, but no one can take care of him like myself." Now both can afford to take rest, and here and on the Continent will doubtless gather fresh vigour for the further explorations in the still unmapped districts of the interior of Australia.

I was in Adelaide when H. M. Stanley visited it. He told me of the pleasure he had had in meeting with Lindsay. The latter also told me of how he enjoyed a chat with the African explorer. He said Stanley was most hearty and communicative. That which was most interesting to both was to find that both had had exactly thirty-five days of most terrible experiences, only Stanley travelled during those days through a water-soaked region of Darkest Africa, and Lindsay through a waterless region of Darkest Australia. I wished I could have been in the room to have listened to these two explorers as they talked of their difficulties and discoveries; but if that was not my privilege, I can imagine the expression on the face of my friend as he listened with his quiet reserve of manner to the African traveller.

The paper of David Lindsay before the Royal Geographical Society on the unmapped parts of Australia will doubtless set many more pondering over the problems presented by that vast continent. If only it helps Australia to rise in the scale of nations, he will have conferred a benefit on the land of his birth and his love.

O God of truth, Whose living word upholds whatever hath breath,
Look down on thy creation, Lord, enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we, who claim a heavenly birth,
May march with Thee to smite the lies that vex Thy groaning earth.

Then God of truth, for Whom we long, Thou Who wilt hear our prayer,
Do Thine own battle in our hearts and slay the falsehood there.

Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire, from every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us, and we shall live in Thee.

Thomas Hughes.

I SPEAK for thousands of plain, plodding practical "business men planted all over the United States, who form the strong sheet anchor of our national prosperity, whose sound, safe sense, developed by experience and observation, pushes them to the front wherever, in their various localities, staunch

men, true and tried, are wanted. And these many thousands will thank me for becoming their mouthpiece to testify their profound belief in the methods and their appreciation of the work of the Sunday school. — *Hon. John Wanamaker.*

OUR READING CIRCLE

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: TRENCH'S "STUDY OF WORDS."

"FIRST of all, I tell you earnestly and authoritatively (*I know I am right in this*), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter." This is John Ruskin's counsel to those who would get from a good author the best that he is able to give them: and if I could persuade my readers carefully to ponder the whole lecture from which this quotation is taken,¹ they would need no further words of mine to convince them either of the value or the interest of that study of words to which the book for this month will introduce them. I say "the value or the interest"; but, for the moment, we may leave the question of value out of sight. Most of us are susceptible to what is pleasing, if not always to what is profitable; and after all, if once we can be made to feel the wonderful fascination of this study, it is not likely that we shall long continue blind to its utility.

We are sometimes advised to study the Dictionary, —Mr. Dawson has, I believe, more than once given that advice in the pages of this magazine,—but most of us, I fancy, receive the advice with a good-natured, half-credulous smile; some day, perhaps, when we are storm-stayed in a wayside inn, and must make our choice between Webster and Bradshaw, we may act upon it. Nevertheless, the advice is worth taking seriously. It is related of the great Lord Chatham (says Trench) that he had Bailey's *Dictionary*—the best of his time—twice read to him throughout. That most entertaining of gossips, as wise as he is witty—Oliver Wendell Holmes—says: "When I feel inclined to read poetry I take down my Dictionary. The poetry of words is quite as beautiful as that of sentences. The author may arrange the gems effectively, but their shape and lustre have been given by the attrition of ages. Bring me the finest simile from the whole range of imaginative writing, and I will show you a single word which conveys a more profound, a more accurate, and a more eloquent analogy." Trench quotes Emerson's saying to the effect that language is "fossil poetry"; the phrase is as true as it is beautiful. Most of us have no conception of the wealth of beauty that lies hidden in the commonest words of our daily speech; and those who approach this subject expecting to find it but as a dry and thirsty land where no water is, have a joyous surprise awaiting them. Let me seek to quicken desire by a foretaste of what is to follow. The following examples, selected from various sources, and roughly classified,

will at least serve, I hope, to arouse the reader's interest:—

(1) Very interesting is it to watch the rise of new words, which may happen in a multitude of ways. New inventions and discoveries lead of necessity to new terms by which to describe them: thus, a few years ago, we had "telegram," more recently "telephone," and but the other day "argon." Similarly, "mountaineering," like the sport itself, is of quite recent origin. "Agnostic" is an invention of the late Professor Huxley's. "Boycott" is a very familiar illustration of a method by which our vocabulary is being constantly enlarged. Not unfrequently, when a word in another language aptly describes what no one word in our own is sufficient to indicate, it is taken over bodily; thus we have the French "ennui" and "m  nu," and the Italian "conversazione," now in very common use amongst us. Further, it is important to remember, as an eminent philologist has pointed out, that that elementary process of language, the use of direct imitations of sound to form grammatical words, is in operation in modern as in prehistoric ages; thus we have to "hum and haw" for not to hesitate, the vulgar "chink" for money, and so on.²

(2) Akin to this rise of wholly new words is the gradual extension of the significance of old ones—the process known by logicians as generalization. Professor Bain gives the following apt illustration: "The word 'damp' primarily signified moist, humid, wet. But the property is often accompanied with the feeling of cold, or chillness, and hence the idea of cold is strongly suggested by the word. That is not all. Proceeding upon the superadded meaning, we speak of damping a man's ardour, a metaphor where the cooling is the only circumstance concerned: we go on still further to designate the iron slide that shuts off the draught of a stove, 'the damper,' the primary meaning being now entirely dropped." Or, take again the word "follow." Originally it signifies what *follows* another, *i.e.* a

² Cf. Professor Drummond's *Ascent of Man*: "The child who says *moo* for cow, or *bow-wow* for dog, or *tick-tick* for watch, or *puff-puff* for train, is an authority on the origin of human speech. Its father when he talks of the *hum* of machinery, or the *boom* of the cannon, when he calls champagne *fizz* or a less aristocratic beverage *pop*, is following in the wake of the inventors of language. Among savage peoples, and especially those encountering the first rush of new things and thoughts brought them by the advancing wave of civilisation, word-making is still going on; and wherever possible the favourite principle seems to be that of sound."—P. 214.

¹ Of King's Treasures," in *Sesame and Lilies*.

companion; hence comes the meaning (1) of the other of a pair—one shoe is called the “fellow” of the other; and (2) of an equal, as when we say that Shakespeare “hath not a fellow.” It further denotes vaguely a person, as in the familiar question, “What fellow is that?” Then, again, we speak of the Fellow of a College, or of a learned Society; and this same word may be either a term of contempt or endearment according to the particular tone of voice in which it is uttered.¹

(3) Side by side with this process of generalization another and opposite tendency is at work, that of specialization, by which the meaning of words is narrowed. “Surgeon,” for example, means literally a handcraftsman, being a corruption of *chirurgion*, from the Greek *χειρουργός*, a hand-worker; its much narrower significance to-day needs no definition. Or take the word “conversation,” so often met with in the English Bible—“Let your conversation be as cometh the gospel” (Phil. i. 27); “Be ye holy in all manner of conversation” (1 Pet. i. 15), and elsewhere. It signifies properly (to quote Webster) “general course of conduct, behaviour, deportment”; but for many years past it has come to be used as a synonym for talking.²

(4) Language has been happily termed a collection of faded metaphors, and only those who have taken the trouble to examine with some little care the words they use can know how much truth lies wrapped up in the pretty phrase. Two examples, where the choice is endless, must suffice. When, in the opening scene of *Hamlet*, Bernardo speaks of Horatio and Marcellus as “the rivals of my watch,” he clearly means the partners, the sharers with him, in his watch. Whence, then, came this meaning, and how does it stand related to its modern signification? “Rivals” were originally those who dwelt by the same *rivus* or stream, having a right to use it for purposes of irrigation; whence comes easily enough the sense in which Shakespeare used the word. But such contiguity led to frequent strife and contention; hence the later and derived meaning of the word. The term “character” is not less interesting. In the Greek language, from which we have taken it without modification, it denoted strictly a tool for engraving; then, by a natural transition, the marks or letters engraved with it; thus we still talk of Arabic or Greek “characters.” “But inasmuch,” writes Professor Jevons, “as objects often have natural marks, signs, or tokens, which may indicate them as well as artificial characters, the name was generalised, and now means any peculiar or distinctive mark or quality by which an object is easily recognised.”

(5) History as well as poetry lies embedded in our language. Everybody knows what a martinet

is; how many know that there once lived a General Martinet famous for the strictness of his discipline? We have all heard of the Fabian Society of Socialists; how many of us have stopped to ask why its members use that name? A writer on “Mountaineering,” whose book I have just laid down, follows, and so far helps to confirm, the bad practice of talking about “villainous weather.” Trace the word to its root, and we are back among the days when feudalism flourished, and the “villain” or “villein” bore alike the burdens and the scorn of a military aristocracy; with that as starting-point, the rest is easy. “Pagan” will tell a somewhat similar story, though I have not space for it here. Among the most interesting examples of history in words are place-names. “Charing Cross”—to take one very familiar illustration—is the cross of the *chère reine* (i.e. the dear queen), Eleanor, wife of Edward I.³ Sometimes no inconsiderable portion of the history of a whole county may be discovered through an examination of the names of its towns and villages. Take the county of Lincolnshire as an example. Traces of the long past Danish settlements are to be found everywhere. Nearly half the place-names in the county have the familiar Danish termination *by* or *thorp*. In one part of the county within an area only twelve miles by nine, there are some forty unmistakable Danish village-names, all denoting the fixed residence at one time of a Danish population. In the name of the county town, on the other hand, is to be found one of the few traces of the Roman settlement: Lincoln = Lindum Colonia = the Colony of Lindum;⁴ while “Isle of Axholme” (properly “Axeysholm”)—a name built up by successive layers—points to the various races that have successively occupied the spot. Thus, “Ax” is Celtic for water; “ey” and “holn” are Anglo-Saxon and Danish respectively for island; afterwards the “Axeysholm” thus formed was changed into Axholme and the English “Isle” prefixed to it; so that the fact of the tract of land referred to once being an island is borne witness to in no less than four different ways.⁵

(6) One of the most profoundly instructive branches of this subject is discussed in Trench’s chapter entitled “The Morality in Words,” but my

¹ Such, at least, is the popular etymology, and Trench accepts it without demur. But there seems reason to doubt. Isaac Taylor, in his *Words and Places*, does not accept it, and Baedeker’s explanation is “probably so called from the village of Cherriage which stood here in the thirteenth century.”

⁴ It is worthy of note that the ending *coln* in Lincoln and the name *Cologne* are really identical. The two cities are, as Professor Freeman says, “kindred in origin and name; only, while the city by the Rhine has lost her earlier name, and proclaims herself simply as the Roman *Colonia*, the city by the Witham keeps her earlier name as well as the title of the Roman rank, and proclaims herself through the whole of her long history as the Colony of Lindum.” (Quoted in Murray’s *Lincolnshire*.)

⁵ Cf. “Wansbeck water,” Trench, p. 329.

¹ See Jevons’ *Elementary Lessons in Logic*, p. 33.

² In the passages I have quoted the rendering of the Revised Version is “manner of life” and “manner of living.”

space will not allow me to add more than one to the many illustrations which he gives. Look at the words "wealth" and "wealthy." When our Authorised Version was written in 1611, the translators could write without fear of being misunderstood, "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's *wealth*" (1 Cor. x. 24); but though the nobler meaning of the word still survives in "well" and "weal," "wealth" to-day is rarely used save to indicate abundance of material good.

(7) Perhaps the most curious and not the least interesting branch of the study of words Trench does not refer to except in passing—namely, slang. "The purists, conservators of English undefiled," writes E. B. Tylor,¹ "do their best to keep out of the language of literature and polite society the low-lived words which slang brings forth. With praiseworthy sternness they elbow back these linguistic pariahs, when they come up from their native gutter to struggle for a footing among the respectabilities of the pavement." Nevertheless, many of these base-born words have succeeded in establishing themselves in our language. "Thus, 'donkey,' 'conundrum,' 'fun,' now unquestioned English, made their first appearance as slang. . . .

¹ In a most entertaining article on "The Philology of Slang," in *Macmillan's Magazine*, April 1874.

Not long since, it was as 'slangy' to speak of a 'tie' as it is now to speak of a 'choker.'² To "kidnap" is to nab kids; "mob" is the *mobile vulgus*, the fickle crowd, and so forth. The sources of English slang are without number, but the most fruitful is said to be Romany, or the Gipsy language.³ Thus "pal" is the Gipsy word for brother; "tanner" is a corruption of *taino* (=a coin), "rum chap" of *rom chabo* (=a gipsy lad), etc. America, too, has contributed her share to our modern slang; only let us be careful lest what we lightly set down as "Americanisms" should prove in reality to be earlier forms of English speech which have survived in America, though they have become obsolete with us.

I have said enough, I trust, to show that the study of words, so far from being a dry and thirsty land, is rather a land flowing with milk and honey; "this is the fruit of it." Now let us go up to possess the land for ourselves.

* * The book for November will be Southey's *Life of Nelson*. (Chandos Classics, 2s., is a convenient edition.)

² Tylor.

³ "Slang" is itself said to be a word of Gipsy origin.

SOME IRISH BULLS.

AN Irish lover remarks that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."

AN Irish magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the streets, argued, "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by?"

"It is very sickly here," said one of the sons of the Emerald Isle to another. "Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year that never died before."

AN old Dublin woman went to the chandler's for a farthing candle, and being told it was raised to a halfpenny on account of the Russian war, "Bad luck to them!" she replied; "and do they fight by candle-light?"

AN invalid, after returning from a southern trip, said to a friend, "Oh, sure, an' it's done me a wurruld o' good, goin' away. I've come back another man altogether; in fact, I'm quite meself again."

A young Irishman who had married when about

nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage subjected him, said he would never marry so young again if he lived to be as ould as Methuselah.

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, me honeys," he answered, "I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

At a crowded concert a young lady, standing at the door of the hall, was addressed by an honest Hibernian who was in attendance on the occasion. "Indade, miss," said he, "I should be glad to give you a sate, but the empty ones are all full."

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, one of which was much larger than the other. "How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?" "I don't know, sir; but what bothers me the most is that the pair downstairs are in the same fix."

THE heaven of Christianity is different from all other heavens, because the religion of Christianity is different from all other religions. Christianity is the religion of cities. It moves among real things. Its sphere is the street, the market place, the working life of the world. Find out what a man's

heaven is—no matter whether it be a dream or a reality, no matter whether it refer to an actual heaven or to a kingdom of God to be realised on earth—and you pass by an easy discovery to what his religion is.

Prof. Henry Drummond.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

It is a very difficult thing to give any sort of practical advice on the wisdom or unwisdom of following an art career, especially in the absence of any intimate knowledge of the person who writes you. But from time to time so many letters have reached me on this subject, and the kindred subject of the profession of literature, that it seems well to say a word upon it. There are three arts—painting, music, and poetry—which naturally exercise a strong fascination for young minds. How is a young man to determine his fitness or unfitness for their pursuit? It seems to me that there is but one satisfactory test—are you able to produce anything that is obviously more than mediocre? Mr. Gladstone has recently pointed out that the one thing which cannot be tolerated in poetry is mediocrity, and the axiom applies to all the arts. I suppose that every educated person is able to compose a set of fairly good verses, or to execute a water-colour sketch that is not without merit; or, if he has a strong love of music, to write a few bars of music which shall not be unmelodious. But every educated person who has the least self-knowledge will know at once that such an achievement does not entitle him to be called a poet, an artist, or a musician. Think, for example, how excessively rare is the real poet. We have at the present moment a very large number of persons who can execute verses of merit, who have a true gift of fancy and imagination, and much grace of expression, but how many poets have we? And we have but to recollect the case of Carlyle to comprehend that a man may possess the temperament of the poet, but not the gift; that he may have every quality except the quality of expression, and be a man of even great and rare genius, and yet fail altogether of being a poet.

* * *

Of course it may be said that genius is merely the art of taking pains; but that is, as Mr. R. L. Stevenson has put it, an aphorism invented by some ingenious idiot. Taking pains will help a man to be an exact historian, a reliable public servant, a sound writer, but it will never make him a genius. When Sir Joshua Reynolds was asked to express his judgment on a certain picture, he said, "It wants—*THAT*." He could hardly say what it wanted; but it was *THAT*,—the nameless touch of something higher than talent which we call genius. We can as little express what we mean as Sir Joshua, but we can recognise the truth of his diagnosis. For instance, Mr. J. A. Symonds and Mr. Ruskin have both written on Italy; a dozen English men

of letters and Carlyle have written on the French Revolution; but the first page of Ruskin or Carlyle declares that they have *THAT*—and the further we read in the other authors the more certain are we that they have not this strange flower of the mind called genius. They are laborious, learned, exact, and at times almost brilliant; but there is no enduring fascination in their pages. This distinction applies even more searchingly to poetry. Poetry is genius or nothing. We may safely say of any great poet that if his works were published anonymously in any age they would not fail of recognition. For the poet, the literary "boom" is of no service whatever; and, as a matter of fact, most poets have succeeded in spite of the prolonged and hostile indifference of the critics and the public. The point to which we come, then, is this: that if we take the population of the British Isles at 36,000,000, the chances are about one in 36,000,000 that any man who finds himself able to write creditable verses is a true poet. What is such a man to do, then? Obviously, his wisdom is to recognise his ambition as impossible of achievement. Let him write verses if he will,—it is the pleasantest of literary luxuries,—but let him lock them up when they are written. There are many other directions in which his literary gift may find an adequate field of exercise; he may become an excellent journalist or a sound prose writer, but he will only waste his life in trying to become a poet.

* * *

I am aware that one argument which may be used against such a position is that the early work of great poets has often been very inferior, and has given little indication of their subsequent excellence. No one would have judged from the first poems of either Byron, Shelley, or Wordsworth, the richness and extent of the poetic ore that was in them. And such a consideration gives the critic pause. It may be quite possible that we are no wiser than our fathers, and that we are blind to the indications of genius in some book of poems which we dismiss with a curt line in a review. Jeffrey, no doubt, was quite honest in his contempt for Wordsworth, and Jeffrey was a most accomplished man. We may be as purblind as he, and equally without knowing it. This, no doubt, is a very consolatory consideration to the budding poet. It has been my own fate more than once to pass the most honest judgment I could on some copy of verses sent me, and to be rewarded for my pains by being told I had no eye for merit, and that, in plain language, I was a person of invincible stupidity. Well, one

learns to bear these things, and to find comfort in the doctrine of the true poet being as one to 36,000,000, and the extreme unlikelihood of that excessively rare person being the person who has called you an ass. But there is one test which is as good as infallible. Let the youth who is sure he is a poet send his poem to half a dozen of the best reviews or magazines in the world which are in the habit of printing poetry. I assure him that if he is a Wordsworth or a Shelley he will be in no danger of having them returned to him. If anything, we are too quick to-day in the recognition of what seems like genius, and our praise is too lavish. It will be hard if somewhere he does not find the man of seeing eye and understanding heart. But if, after many experiments, his verses come back to him,—if the only people to discern their merits are personal friends,—let him obey the omen, and know that he is, after all, nothing more than a mediocre verser. And I would say further, let him, if he is wise, turn his gift to some more profitable use, and accept his fate with fortitude.

* * *

If I stood at the beginning of life again, and were able to choose some particular gift which would be of the greatest use to me in the disposition of my life, I should ask the gift of knowing how to proportion means to ends. There is more mischief wrought, and there are more lives wasted for lack of this knowledge, than from any other cause. Nothing is at once more painful, and more common, than to find men blundering half their lives away in trying to do something for which they have no inherent fitness; whereas the same amount of effort applied to ends within their reach would have achieved great results, or at least considerable success. This, then, is the sum of what I have to say to those of my correspondents who have from time to time implored me to advise them whether they ought to become artists, or writers: Have you a gift which clearly puts you out of the category of the mediocre? A mediocre poet, musician, or artist, is the most wretched of men. He is always trying to do something which he really cannot do; and very often he is filled with bitter jealousy of those who do what is denied to him. He goes on year after year sending his little pictures to local exhibitions, and cannot understand why they do not sell. He publishes, if he has the money, his unread books, and gradually assumes an air of aggrieved vanity toward society as a persecuted and uncomprehended genius. His whole life becomes embittered with this vanity and jealousy. He never looks on the pictures of his successful rivals without making spiteful remarks, and he reads the poetry of other people in a carping spirit, without any wholesome glow of pleasure in its excellence. I can imagine no life so futile, sad, and despicable. And, you will observe, all the while, if he had been a little more humble, he would have applied himself to

some lower form of art, where he might have succeeded, and known the joy of "the efficient effort." To the youth who cherishes these extravagant notions of his own powers, I would say, Think twice, think many times, before you put your foot on the arduous road of art. Be perfectly sure of your powers, and in order to be sure, submit them to the most searching tests. Be humble enough to take advice, and to be guided by it. Judge the end rightly, and judge also your chance of achieving it. And if the end you covet seems denied you by the very limitation of your own mind, don't kick against the pricks of destiny, but be like the Alpine climber who, knowing that he has not the stamina to assail the Matterhorn, climbs less arduous peaks, and learns to respect his limitations.

* * *

The lesson of fortitude under limitations is one of the most difficult to learn and the hardest to practise in the discipline of life. Nothing is surer than that in course of time we all find out our limitations. At eighteen we feel as if we could conquer the world, but at forty we are thankful for standing-room in it and our daily bread. Now, almost everything depends on how we take this knowledge of our own limitations. Very often they are physical limitations, and as I write an instance comes to my mind. I know a man still on the youthful side of life, who has had a bitter experience of what physical limitation means. A severe illness has altered for him the entire aspect of life. His diet has to be carefully regulated, he can only walk about a couple of miles, he must not take a holiday in the mountains, he must not go a voyage, and he is never free of pain. Yet this man is one of the most cheerful men I know. He carries the burden of a large business, and edits excellently a small magazine. He has wide intellectual interests, and finds time for the pursuit of culture. In a word, he has accepted the limitations of his life, and made the best of them. And I could quote many other instances of a similar fortitude. In modern literature, for example, there is no finer example than that of R. L. Stevenson, who, under the most disastrous conditions of health, kept a lifelong buoyancy of spirit, and accomplished a great literary career. And this is the spirit I would inculcate on those of my correspondents who complain of the limitations of their lot. I am not indifferent to their complaint; I sympathise with it. But within the very narrowest limitations there is still much that can be done, and a thoroughly noble and self-sufficing life that may be lived. What we want is fortitude, that wise firmness of soul which takes life as it is, and makes the best of it. Railing against destiny is always a sign of cowardice of soul, just as cheerfulness is always the fruit of courage.

* * *

The doctrine of conversion, concerning which,

T. F. B. (St. John's, Canada) writes me, is perfectly simple. It means no more nor less than the action upon us of some divine force which quickens a new impulse in us, and leads to a reform of conduct. But where we find our difficulty is, that we ignore the various methods by which this divine force works, and try to measure every spiritual experience by the same test. For example, we hear nothing of the conversion of Timothy—he knew the Scriptures from a child. But we do hear of the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, because his was a very different case. In like manner there are many people who have simply grown up like flowers in the Lord's garden, and there are others who have been transplanted. A youth like Timothy experiences a gradual apprehension of truth. All the great processes which transform childhood into manhood are gradual. So still, many men and women seem to be evolved naturally into Christians. They can point to no day of the year, to no hour upon the clock, and say, "Then and there I was converted." They have never changed masters, because they have never had but one Master. With men like Saul of Tarsus the experience is wholly different. They have spent a large portion of their life in going wrong, and at last, by what is a spiritual revolution, they turn round and take a new path. With John Bunyan and John Wesley we find the same phenomenon. Wesley was actually a clergyman and a missionary for many years before his soul experienced that spiritual revolution which altered every thought and changed the whole nature of his life. But we are not to suppose that Wesley's way of arriving at truth is the only way. We have no right to demand that every child should experience the throes that Bunyan knew before he can become a Christian. And this is where we make our mistake. And the fruit of this mistake is that we exalt conversion to a place in Christian truth which it does not merit, and we make it a source of discouragement and difficulty to many pious souls. In a word, we so fix our thoughts upon the history of St. Paul that we forget the history of Timothy. And very often, also, we so thrust our unvarying conception of conversion upon the minds of children, that we make them little prigs and little hypocrites, and teach them to look for something which is not for them, and to pretend, under the stress of emotion, to certain experiences which they do not feel. The true theory of conversion is a divine force begetting in the soul a vital impulse toward God; but for the method by which that force acts there is no rule, the only certain thing being that it has the widest range of variation according to the idiosyncrasies of the individual.

* * *

W. W. B. (Birmingham) has some doubts about the wisdom, and as I take it, the *rightness* of using English translations of the great classical writers.

I do not think that he need be troubled by any conscientious scruples on such a question. Of course there is something that may be said on both sides. I doubt if it is possible to feel the most intimate charm of the classics in anything but the original. The youth who has once had his Virgil thoroughly saturated into his brain never forgets it. Certain lines and phrases will linger with him all his life. No translation can give the exact equivalent; the sense or thought may be preserved, but the aroma of expression is lost. And in poetry expression is everything; it is the subtle melody of the words, the exquisite delicacy or sonorousness of the phrase which captivates the memory. But, on the other hand, only people who have had a very thorough classical education are able to read an ancient author with the ease that brings enjoyment. When one's classical knowledge is elementary and imperfect it is obvious that such reading must be too much of a toil to be a delight; and it is also obvious that the bungling reader is very apt to miss the exact sense as well as the value of expression. In such a case it is a wise thing to use a translation, though even then it would be advisable to keep the original at one's side for purposes of comparison. Of course persons who have no classical knowledge have no choice. But, after all, they are not very badly off. Sometimes a translation is so fine and spirited that it has all the effect of a piece of original writing. Thus, Chapman's Homer, on which Keats has written one of his finest sonnets, is so noble an effort of genius that the most scholarly student of Homer cannot but admit its charm. The Elizabethan writers as a whole had very little exact scholarship, but no translations can compare with theirs for force and spirit. North's Plutarch, again, is a book worthy of comparison with Chapman's Homer. Nowhere have we more sonorous English, and very often the translator really improves upon his author. The great Elizabethan translators have at last attracted the attention they deserve, and are admirably edited by Mr. Henley in the Tudor Translation Series. But these books are rare and expensive, and are issued mainly for subscribers. For the ordinary reader nothing can be better than Bohn. The long series of books published in Bohn's classics vary in merit, but they are all good, and in some cases cannot be bettered. They form a library in themselves.

* * *

It is quite unnecessary to discuss at any length the letter of *Rejected* (Norwich), because he unconsciously gives away his own case. He objects to the system of an educated ministry, on the ground that it means the rejection of many men of real preaching power, and entails the alienation of the masses from the Church. He is of opinion that the masses prefer uneducated preachers, and is bitter against colleges for refusing to accept men who

have "no ability for study." The words are his own, be it observed. But has it never struck *Rejected* that the life of a minister is very largely a life of study, and that therefore a man who has no ability for study is totally unfitted for such a life? What should we say to a man who declared, "I want to be a doctor, but I candidly confess I have no ability to pass the necessary examinations"; or, "I want to be a barrister, but I have no ability for the study that is necessary to get up a brief"? We should reply, "Then you can never be either a doctor or a barrister; but there are many other honest trades—such as a coal-heaver's, for example,—for which study is quite needless,—and here you might be suited." The fact is, this is nothing but the plea of incompetence and laziness. The man who has a genuine fitness for the ministry will not fail to cultivate an ability for study. No man ever had a truer faculty for the ministry than Spurgeon; but he saw very early that he must be a student if he would succeed, and his whole life was one prolonged toil to train himself for his work. A mere gift of rhetoric could never have sustained that amazing ministry: there was behind it all a life of the most arduous intellectual toil. And of all errors, the most silly is to suppose that the masses are indifferent to education in a minister. The keen-brained artisan is precisely the man who detects first the emptiness of a preacher's mind and the faults of his logic. Moreover, education itself has made such vast strides during the last quarter of a century that ignorance in the pulpit can no longer be tolerated. It is an altogether fatal thing when the man in the pew is better informed than the man in the pulpit. After all, theological colleges do not demand a very severe test. Often it sinks so low as a competent knowledge of such themes as a Board school teaches, and it rarely rises higher than the matriculation examination of the London University. The man who is not willing to prepare himself by every means in his power for such tests as these certainly has no right to aspire to a profession which teaches religious truth. He is probably a self-conceited and indolent ignoramus, who merely looks to the ministry as an easy way of earning bread which is not deserved.

* * *

Ora et Labore asks me, as many have asked before, to give him some advice on the duty of entering the ministry. In the nature of things such advice can only be of a general description. Practically everything turns upon the old question of whether or no a man is *called*. Need I say that I do not mean what is often meant by that phrase? I don't mean are you called by the laziness which discerns in the ministry an easier method of life, or the vanity which supposes the ministry better

suited to your gifts, or the pernicious friendliness of a little clique who think you are capable of anything, and therefore flatter the aforesaid vanity. I mean have you an *instinct* for spiritual things? Have you a touch of spiritual genius? Are you of such a nature and capacity that you can only reach your true life in being a prophet, and do you thus genuinely feel that woe is yours if you preach not the gospel? These are the determining questions. The ministry of the future will be a much more arduous matter even than the ministry of to-day. Men will not stand incompetence. They will not be put off with showy rhetorical gifts. They will demand that the minister shall at least be as well-equipped in thought as the most thoughtful man of his congregation. The true call to the ministry is competence to fulfil these demands. No other calling is effectual or authentic. There is no more lamentable spectacle than the minister who has no genuine gift or competence for his task. Consider these things. If you are called after this fashion, nothing can keep you out of the ministry. If you are not, you would be far happier as a bootblack.

BRIEF ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. (Edinburgh). Your thoughtful and clever letter has greatly interested me, but I am unable at present to deal with it in these columns.—*G. S. B.* (Aberavon). I have before dealt with the subject of emigration to South Africa. No doubt wages are higher, but the cost of living is proportionately high. It must also be remembered that in the present unsettled condition of the country the chances of employment are not as good as they were. I have no doubt things will improve. I have boundless faith in the future of South Africa. But I should have grave doubts whether this is the best time for emigration. At all events, do nothing without gaining some exact information from those who know the country well.—*R. H. T.* (Sunderland). Your verses are really sad rubbish. I cannot encourage you in such attempts. Any faithful friend who reads them will tell you that you have not the slightest idea of metre.—*Cavendish* (Salton). Your verses also are absolutely destitute of merit. The feeling and fancy are right enough, but the form of expression is crude and hopeless.—*H. S.* (Swansea). No review of the books you name has appeared in *THE YOUNG MAN*. Personally I should not consider them worth reviewing. They are balderdash, with some crude eloquence, and innumerable defects of taste.—*A. F. S.* (Roath, Cardiff). You can read nothing better than Spurgeon's Lectures on Preaching. They are full of wise counsel especially adapted to one in your position, and are marked by much racy humour.—*Faversham*. Your best course is to seek an interview with the first musical authority in your neighbourhood. Rochester and Canterbury are not far away: why not ask the vicar-choral of one of these cathedrals to give you an honest opinion on your voice? It is not possible for me to judge what your chances are. If you have a really fine voice you will soon find your way open.—*P. E. O.* (Battersea). The Matriculation Exam. is the preliminary to all degrees. For particulars, write to the Secretary of the London University. Freehand drawing and perspective are subjects the study of which would not help you in the least in gaining a degree.

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THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

THE CHRONICLER OF THE GHETTO.

A TALK WITH MR. ZANGWILL.

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL and his clever brother, who writes under the initials "Z. Z.," have formed a Ghetto for themselves in Kilburn. Their writing den is a chaos of books and papers; and the *confetti* in the fireplace, suggesting a carnival, shows that its occupants are not always at home. Mr. Zangwill receives you with the reassuring remark, that five out of six statements made about him are untrue. This, of course, is said "without prejudice," and is only a kindly way of telling the interviewer to mind his p's and q's, and especially his z's—"I. Z." and "Z. Z." to wit, one sitting in front of him and the other on the right-hand side.

Mr. Zangwill was born thirty-one years ago in London. He is the son of a poor Jew, and was educated at Plymouth, at Red Cross Street, Bristol, and also at the Jews' Free School in London, under the veteran Mr. Moses Angel. At this last school he was the brightest pupil they ever had, and won all the prizes there were to take. One of his compositions—written while in the Sixth Standard—was declared by the inspector to be the best he had ever seen. When Baron Anthony Rothschild was elected M.P., his co-religionists in their enthusiasm founded a commemorative scholarship at the Jews' Free School, and this the boy won in open competition. Ultimately he became a pupil-teacher in the school, and while there studied for his degree, which he obtained at London University, with honours in French, English, and in Mental and Moral Science. Then he became a teacher under the London School Board at Berner Street School, Whitechapel.

Mr. Zangwill still regards himself as a teacher, as one who has simply exchanged one set of pupils

for another. Despite the "hellish torture of the day's teaching," he is still pleased to remember the "cent per cent" achievements of his Sixth Standard. The vexatious and illogical corporal punishment regulations, however, which then prevailed with respect to the scholars greatly annoyed him. "If," he says, "there is to be this disinclination to inflict punishment, then in the name of common sense let it be shown all round, in the prison as well as in the school. A speedy *reductio ad absurdum* will demonstrate the extreme unwisdom of giving necessary punishment an air of martyrdom."

The fact that Mr. Zangwill took his degree when a teacher shows in a very practical way that he is in favour of the higher education of teachers. "The teacher," he says, "should be five or six planes above the taught, alike in culture and in moral tone, and salaries should be paid which would make this possible. You don't put a man to teach Greek who only just manages to keep a little ahead of his pupil, nor should you put a teacher in charge of children knowing that his culture will not assist him in commanding the respect of his pupils and their parents. I believe that educational extravagance is truest economy, seeing that it is likely to give the greatest return in the shape of all-round utility. The commonwealth does not sufficiently realise the lurking danger of an uneducated and immoral populace. To contend against this successfully the greatest skill is requisite, and one of the prime cares of the State should be the generous equipment of those teachers who have to deal with the progeny of the submerged tenth."

These questions, however, did not trouble Mr. Zangwill in a practical way very long, for when he

was twenty he gave up teaching. He had always determined to devote himself to literature, and made several experiments at writing even at school. "If you call a book a collection of sheets of paper," he says, "my first book would be the romance of school-life in two volumes, written in a couple of exercise books. I shall always remember that story, because, after making the tour of the class, it was returned to me with thanks, and a new first page, from which all my graces of style had evaporated." It seems that the criminal had lost a page, and rewritten it from memory! He pleaded that it was better "written," and that none of the facts had been omitted. This happened when the author was ten.

One day when he was sixteen he was wandering about Ramsgate sands looking for Toole. "I did not really expect to see him," he tells you, "and I had no reason to believe he was in Ramsgate; but I thought if Providence were kind to him, it might throw him in my way. I wanted to do him a good turn. I had written a three-act farcical comedy. You understand, therefore, why my thoughts turned to Toole. But I could not find him." Instead of Toole, Mr. Zangwill found a page of a paper offering a £5 prize for a humorous story. The young teacher at once sent a story called "Professor Grimmer" to the editor, and won the prize. This £5 he seems to have kept for two years, when he spent it all in paying half the cost of publishing a Jewish story which he had written, hoping to make sufficient money to finance a comic paper. This story was published at a penny nett, was loudly denounced by the Jews, and widely bought by them. Mr. Zangwill has no copy left of this his first printed book; but, curiously enough, he discovered the MS. of it when writing *Children of the Ghetto*; and the description of market day in Jewry in that volume was taken from this penny story.

A long comic ballad written in the mode of "Bab" was followed, after Zangwill was of age and had graduated, by a collaboration with a fellow-teacher, entitled, "The Premier and the Painter." The proportions of work seem to have been seven parts of Zangwill to one of Cowen. This was published by Blackett, and Mr. Zangwill says that the *Athenæum* never spoke so well of anything he has done since. But it was not a success then. The first book to which Mr. Zangwill put his name was *The Bachelors' Club*. This was the result of a whimsical remark made to him by a friend. When Mr. Bennett, of Messrs. Henry & Co., heard it read, he at once secured the book, and ever since that day Mr. Zangwill declares that he has never written a line anywhere that has not been purchased before it was written. And yet the best moral he can draw for struggling fellow-scribblers is this: that if you are blessed with some talent, a great deal of industry, and an amount of conceit mighty enough to enable you to disregard superiors, equals, and critics, as well as the fancied demands of the

public, it is possible, without friends or introductions or bothering celebrities to read your manuscripts or cultivating the camp of the log rollers, to attain, by dint of slaving day and night for years during the flower of your youth, to a fame infinitely less widespread than a prize-fighter's, and a pecuniary position which you might with far less trouble have been born to!

A friend of Mr. Zangwill's says that he is a huge encyclopædia, and that his facility in adapting and twisting facts is strangely droll and convincing: almost too convincing, for his brilliancy is apt to blind one to his logic. When the listener realises this afterwards, he is inclined to imagine that Zangwill is laughing at him in his sleeve; for Zangwill himself can always see two sides or many sides to an argument. When this trait was once pointed out to him, he replied, "That is why I am a novelist instead of a logician."

His whimsical fancies are many. One day in the old Jesuit Chapel in Antwerp he was discoursing to this same friend on the difficulty people of liberal tendencies experience when they go to church. The music and chanting appeal strongly to their senses, he declared, but they were pained by the dogma, or, from their point of view, the untruth contained in the words of the music. "Why," he asked, "cannot something be sung that we all feel convinced is true? For instance, 'The square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.'"

On one occasion Mr. Zangwill was reproved by a friend for praising *The Yellow Aster* and *A Grey Eye or So*. "Well, you see," he said, "these books are not art, they are simply coloured things." Quite another side of his character came out in a neat little speech which he made to Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton complimenting her on the optimistic feeling her late poems showed. This surprised Mrs. Moulton, who replied that her friends all deplored an opposite tendency in them. "Ah no!" he said. "You write of the pain of leaving this beautiful world which you picture so charmingly. Now the pessimist declares that the world is not beautiful, and that he would be glad to leave it," to which Mrs. Moulton replied that Mr. Zangwill had helped her to know herself.

For nearly four years Mr. Zangwill has contributed to the *Pall Mall Magazine* a series of bright, penetrating criticisms, under the title "Without Prejudice"; and to-day he is regarded as one of the truest and keenest of critics. He is both creator and critic: and this, perhaps, preserves him from some of the prejudices of each. "There is something in the humblest creator," he says, "which the mere critic lacks; some dynamic quality that transcends the purely judicial faculty. This conceded, it remains true that good criticism is more necessary than banal creation—that criticism, at its highest, passes over into creation."

I asked Mr. Zangwill what he thought the function of criticism should be.

"The function of a critic," he replied, "should be to guide the public, if it is willing to be guided; to settle the place of a writer in the hierarchy of artists. Mr. Le Gallienne says that the art of criticism is the art of praise. It seems to me that the word 'appraisal' would be a better word, and it involves what Mr. Le Gallienne means. I am discussing this question of criticism in the closing articles of 'Without Prejudice' in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and can only repeat what I have said there. Every *genre*, it seems to me, has its claims,

and every book its right to be judged by its own *genre*. No error of criticism is more common than that of blaming a book because it is not some other book. Next to that comes the invidious comparison of books of different *genres*, as though one should set a pastel against a heavy historical painting, or a comic opera against a mass. If the critic cannot away with judging he can at any rate judge by *genres*, testing every book by the standard of its own aim. It is for the author, not for the critic, to decide what book should be written. The only thing the critic may demand of a book—as of any work of art—is that it have force and form; and if the artist will not consider his form, why, we must be content with force. In the last analysis, force—artistic energy—is the one irreducible element of art. For though energy cannot act save through form, yet the form may be very faulty."

Mr. Zangwill thinks that *The Story of an African Farm* has far more of force than of form, and that this is often the case with the first works of geniuses, who learn afterwards to give form to the force they possess no longer. The two most general laws of form, he thinks, are Unity and Economy, harmony of tone and structure achieved by the modicum of means. And their only justification is, that by obedience to them the force is conveyed more forcibly.

Mr. Zangwill believes that it ought to be quite possible for the trained critic to afford a great writer the fullest contemporary recognition and homage. He does not believe in throwing the onus of "appraisal" on posterity, as if some thaumaturgic power of sifting lay in the mere procession of years, irrespective of human intellect. "What!" he says, "shall the human intellect be able to predict eclipses to the fraction of a second, and tell us nothing as to the future of an *Uncle Tom's Cabin*?"—a book which he declares has been the most successful of the century. To make such a prediction, "the critic must deduct every element

of attractiveness dependent on the passions and conventionalities of the hour; he must look squarely and unflinchingly at the presentation of character, the strength and evolution of incident, and the beauty of style, in the light of the truths of human nature and the canons of art, and return a verdict in accordance with the evidence. And if the book has produced an historical effect, he will allow for its persistence as an antiquarian curiosity." If the ideal contemporary critic does all this, says Mr. Zangwill, his verdict will be the verdict of posterity. But he adds: "Criticism can only be made scientific by the hypothesis of a great



ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

[From a Photo by LANGFIER, 202 Hope Street, Glasgow.]

critic whose palate is accurately sensitive, who sums up the taste of the highest spirits of his day much as a great poet sums up their emotion and intellect. Such a critic, or an approach to him, most ages possess: he *must* be dogmatic, because there must be a final arbitrator. In art as in law the skilled judge decides, but by feelings and principles common to mankind which he feels and sees more lucidly. And he is the nearest we can get to a mechanical criterion of art. There is no art-meteing machine or formula to test art on; there is only the human soul, with its individual variations."

"Do you think that sales are affected by reviews?" I asked.

"There was a time when I used to hear that a review in the *Times* made an immense difference; and there are still just a few papers which give special attention to reviews that may have some effect. But, on the whole, I do not think reviews affect sales. Sales and position in the literary hierarchy are absolutely different things. Every author is in direct rapport with a certain public, which thinks that he is first in the hierarchy; and that public snaps up its favourite's books. The quality of a work of art is unaffected by the number of its admirers. A successful book is not necessarily a good book, nor, on the other hand, is it necessarily a bad book. In politics, where the question is not what is right, but what people want, numbers naturally carry the day; but in art they have no concern whatever. Unpopularity is no guarantee of goodness, for to have few lovers may be as much a proof of ugliness as of rare perfection. Books depend for success upon many elements with which art has nothing to do."

In the case of Mr. Zangwill's own books, some of these "many elements" have combined with his art to make them a success. And one of them was the fact that so little was known of the inner life of the Jews. This could only be described by one of themselves. To outsiders one of the most interesting questions concerning the Jews—perhaps one ought to say "Jewesses," as it is leap year—is that of mixed marriages. So I said to Mr. Zangwill—

"Does the old feeling against marriage between Jews and Gentiles still exist?"

"I do not think it is quite so strong as it was," he replied. "That question, however, is one of the greatest problems the Jewish community has to face. As they come out of the Ghettos and mingle on equal terms with the world of Christendom, closer relations must exist between the two. A really strict Jew would not marry a really strict Christian, because the life would not be a comradeship. But when we have these ancient divisions lessening their rigidity, so that we get a broad kind of Jew and a broad kind of Christian, the matter is different. I do not see why a Jew without Judaism should not marry one—not a Jew—who does not profess Christianity. The prejudice against mixed marriages is a survival of an ancient feeling, the philosophic basis of which was this: that formerly it meant deserting the Jewish colony—the Ghetto. When a Jew married anyone outside it was like going over to the enemy; and there was a sort

of military feeling against it. That spirit still survives, but there is not now so much justification for it. The word Jew means two things: it means a man who accepts the theology of Judaism, or it means a man who ceases to hold the theology of Judaism, but who cannot cease to be a member of the Jewish race. The problem the emancipated Jew has to face is therefore a much more complex one than presents itself to an Englishman when he gives up Christianity."

"What do you think of the Jew of fiction?"

"There has been no true picture of the Jew in English literature,"—till I drew it, Mr. Zangwill might have added. "The Jew has not been represented in European fiction except by German novelists who dealt with the Ghetto life. Just a few touches in *Daniel Deronda* are pretty right. The Jews, as a rule, have lived a sequestered life. They do not let the Christian into their family secrets; just as in the East you cannot get into the family life and circle. You cannot get hold of their ideas if you are an outsider. Those Jews who were able to write were so afraid that they would be known as Jews that they never wrote of their own race. Disraeli does not seem to have known many Jews. He left the Jewish community so early."

Mr. Zangwill has no particular method of working; he works in spasms. Regular hours, he tells you, may be possible to a writer of pure romance, but if you are writing of the life about you, such regularity is impossible. It is three months since he last wrote a line of fiction. Mr. Zangwill, however, has a very interesting series of stories in view dealing with the old Ghettos of the East. One of these dealing with a seventeenth century Ghetto will appear in the *Graphic*. Now that he is bringing out his *Without Prejudice* in book form, he will have more time for fiction, and proposes to write a long novel, though he is divided between the attractions of a novel and a play.

The Zangwillian method of criticism is regarded as somewhat unique, but a friend of Mr. Zangwill's has invented a comparative method of criticism by weight which is simply outrageously invidious. This friend—surely a lady—has made four little paper weights in the shape of books. These weigh one, two, four, and eight ounces each, and each bears the name of one of Mr. Zangwill's books; which is light weight and which of them is heavy, I will not disclose,—all of them are *solid*!

P. L. P.

The Young Woman has taken a leap forward with the beginning of the new volume, and has won many new readers. The November number is full of interest. The contents include a delightful interview with Jane Barlow, by Mrs. Tooley (fully illustrated); three admirable stories by L. T. Meade, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, and Alan

St. Aubyn; a paper on "The Religion of a Young Woman," by Dr. Stalker; an article on "Mistresses and Servants," by Mrs. Boyd Carpenter (the wife of the Bishop of Ripon); and many other bright and useful contributions. Will you help us by introducing this magazine to your sisters and lady friends? (Marshall & Son, 3d.)

LITTLE DOBBS AND THE SWIMMING BATH.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

"THERE, sir," said Mr. Sultana, of Sultana Brothers, Mile End Road, as he put down five more sovereigns, "that makes the eighty-five."

Little Dobbs counted them and looked at them scrupulously.

"Quite right," he said in reply. "You've got the bill, haven't you? Good morning."

"Brutes, these East Enders!" little Dobbs confided to himself when he was outside the grocer's shop. "Thirty-five pounds in silver on a warm day like this!"

But though it was mild weather there was much mud in the roads. Little Dobbs had fallen into a vein of thought which centred round Amelia Matheson. He was disagreeably aroused from it by a fusilade of dirt from the wheels of a 'bus.

Out came his silk handkerchief. The smears left thereon when he had wiped his face shocked him. Had he been one of the lower orders, he would have vituperated the 'bus, its driver, its conductor and all who were on or in it. As it was, he merely ejaculated "Well, this is pretty! Hang the East End and its beastly drafts!"

The silk handkerchief bore his initials, E.D., worked flamboyantly in one corner. That was Amelia's doing. Dear Amelia! "I should so like to do something for you, Mr. Dobbs," she had said one evening when he and his mother were visiting at Amelia's mother's. "Give her those three new pocket-handkerchiefs to initial then," Mrs. Dobbs had retorted gaily. Mrs. Dobbs meant her Edward to fall in love with Amelia's friend Mabel. She hoped her calm reply would induce either bad work or temper in Amelia Matheson. Nothing of the kind, though. The handkerchiefs were beautifully adorned. And Edward's heart became the more convinced that nature had created Amelia for him.

Mabel Jorrocks, the other girl, had money rather than amiability to recommend her. She was, however, fair to look upon, and Edward's mother had no doubt that in time she could mould the girl into a wife fit for an only son. But little Dobbs was not so sure.

It was one of these handkerchiefs, worked by Amelia, that the vile East End mud had soiled!

In that moment little Dobbs saw the words "Regent Baths" on a large, porticoed building.

The temptation came strongly to him.

He looked at his watch. There was a good hour before he would be expected back at Lothbury.

And he so dearly loved a swim!

The mud on his face settled it. He went in boldly, got his towels, and began to unbutton his waistcoat while he was in the corridor leading to the

swimming bath. In three minutes he was undressed and in the water.

Of course he had observed the precaution to shut the door of his disrobing box. Perhaps he was unwise in thus taking Messrs. Sultana Brothers' gold and silver in with him. But it was too late to think of that.

Now, as a matter of fact, little Dobbs had been stalked all the way from the grocer's shop. His stalkers were two in number. One was just about the size of little Dobbs, but not nearly so respectably dressed. His coat and trousers might indeed have been not unjustly described as of a mangy checked pattern; the latter spread over his boots at the bottom in a very vulgar way. The other was in more sober attire—the shabby-genteel order.

When these gentlemen saw little Dobbs and his bag enter the Regent Baths, their eyes brightened. They held a very brisk low conversation. Their heads nodded and they separated.

A young policeman was coming sedately down the pavement, with his hands stiff at his sides. Not very far in front of the officer was a man whose handkerchief hung attractively from his coat-tails. It was the work of a moment or two for the checked youth of the two to filch the handkerchief and disappear with it into the Regent establishment.

"Bath ticket, governor," he said.

He got the ticket, whispered a few words to the swimming-bath attendant (an acquaintance), and fled to an unoccupied box only two removes from little Dobbs's. He knew by instinct that little Dobbs's room was the one with the door shut *quite* close.

Then he too stripped and entered the bath; but not before he had put the stolen handkerchief into an inner pocket.

Meanwhile, the shabby-genteel youth had stopped the victim of the larceny; and the latter, having assured himself of his loss, had bounced up to the policeman.

"Your handkerchief stolen, is it?" said the constable. "Might have been worse."

"I saw it done," said the shabby-genteel youth, with a wink, "and I know where he went." This with a glance at the bath-establishment.

"Oh, you did, did you?" exclaimed the policeman, scenting an easy case and credit gained with next to no effort. "Come along, both of you."

"I'd swear to his clothes, anyway," the shabby-genteel youth remarked, "and if the gentleman here can recognise his own wipe"—

"D'ye think I'm a fool?" exclaimed this party. "Why, my name's on it."

"Now then, what's he like?" asked the constable, when he had finished his explanation to the bath proprietor.

"A chess-board 'sweet' was on the young vagabond, and his size was small."

"That'll do fine," said the constable.

Now the owner of the checked suit, though apparently enjoying his bath, had his eye on the entrance to the room. No sooner did he see the policeman's helmet than he splashed out of the water and made for little Dobbs's box. It was the work of a moment to slip into trousers, vest, and shirt. He was vigorously drying his head when he heard voices outside, which told him business was afoot.

There were eight or nine individuals in the bath at the time, including, of course, little Dobbs, who paid no heed to the constable.

"Now, then," said the officer, "which is the man?"

"I can't rightly tell in the water," was the reply. "Let's look at their clothes."

This they proceeded to do, going from dressing-room to dressing-room. Little Dobbs, more unconcerned even than before (for his conscience was easy, and no one *could* steal the bank's money while a constable was in the building) swam and dived and thoroughly diverted himself.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the youth, already half-clothed in little Dobbs's garments, "what is the matter, officer?"

"We want an individual in a black and white plaid suit, sir," said the constable.

"That's the man, then," was the reply. A finger was pointed at little Dobbs. "And that's his room."

The searchers tried the room first.

"This it?" asked the officer, with bright eyes.

"Yes; you just look in his pockets."

The handkerchief was soon forthcoming: a large, shot-purple bandanna.

"That's the thing," cried the robbed man. "I'll swear to it."

"Very good, sir," said the constable, who then cleared his throat.

But before he could begin to address the bathers, the first rogue, admirably covered by his confederate, stole from the room, with the bank bag deftly concealed under his (that is, little Dobbs's) coat skirts.

"I'll trouble all you gentlemen to leave the bath for a moment," cried the constable.

Objections were raised. Little Dobbs looked supercilious. But the request was eventually responded to. Every dressing-room in use was soon occupied except the one guarded by the constable.

Little Dobbs looked in two or three of them, exclaimed "Where the dickens?" and blushed with anxiety. The policeman's eye was upon him.

"There, my lad, you've tried them all," said the man of law at length. "The game's up. Just step in here and put on your toggery, quick."

"Those are not my clothes," exclaimed the indignant Dobbs.

"Of course not," said the constable. "Now then; don't waste my time."

Then the truth flashed upon the poor little bank clerk.

"My goodness, policeman—I've been robbed. Someone's taken my clothes and a bag of money. Don't let anyone out."

The shabby-genteel youth grinned, and again winked at the constable.

"Comes it well, don't he?" he remarked.

There were sniggers from other parts of the room. The restriction upon continued bathing was removed, and the unsuspected persons slid back one by one into the water. Thence they watched proceedings.

The bath proprietor appeared and begged the constable to end the scene. He feared for his reputation.

"I tell you," cried little Dobbs, "I've been robbed. I'm a gentleman. I wouldn't wear such things as those."

"If you don't put 'em on at once, I'll take you off to the station as you are; and don't you forget it," said the irate young constable.

"I would if I were you," suggested the shabby-genteel youth. "You'll get an extra seven days if you make a shindy."

"But, good heavens!"—began little Dobbs, with tears in his eyes.

He was not allowed to finish his sentence. The policeman seized him, forced him into the box, and gave him five minutes to dress.

Saturated with despair, the poor fellow took up the miserable articles of clothing left for him. They would have dignified no man, however mean his station.

"Now then," exclaimed the constable, peeping in. There seemed no help for it.

In ten wretched minutes little Dobbs was dressed. His aspect in the small mirror on the wall filled him with woe. The object he beheld bore but little resemblance to a spruce young bill clerk of the City and Whitechapel Bank. He had not the energy to touch his hair and moustache. They hung with a limp criminal air that harmonised oddly with his flash coat and trousers.

Amid the jeers and jests of the other gentlemen in the bath, little Dobbs was now haled away and led with contumely to the district Police Court.

Here he learned the full extent of his ignominy.

He, Edward Dobbs, whose grandfather had been a clergyman, and who had an uncle in the Indian Civil, charged with stealing a pocket-handkerchief! The thing was monstrous.

"Sir," he pleaded to the sergeant, "I do assure

you there is a horrible mistake. Someone has played me a brutal trick."

"How so?" inquired the sergeant on duty, looking up from the charge sheet.

"Let me explain. On my honour I am a bank clerk, not a pickpocket. I was sent this morning to collect a due bill from Sultana Brothers, and all this misfortune is the result of stepping into those baths with the money I had received. That, I suppose, is stolen, with my clothes, and I am likely to be ruined. For heaven's sake, send to the City and Whitechapel Bank, Lothbury, and tell them that I am here. My name will be enough for them."

The sergeant scratched his head lazily with the wooden end of his pen and yawned.

"It's quite enough for me too," he said. "Lock him up, Simmons. You can tell all that to the magistrate to-morrow, young man."

"But, my good man"—cried little Dobbs.

"My bad boy, get out."

Then they locked him up; and bitter were his thoughts as he rested his aching head on his hands. Of course he would be sacked. What then would his widowed mother say? And what would Amelia think? There is no knowing, but it seems extremely probable that if a phial of poison could have found its way into the cell, Edward Dobbs would have emptied its contents down his throat, and thus summarily have ended his life and his disgrace at the same moment.

But no such easy avenue into the hereafter lay before him.

The hours passed. A meagre meal was placed at his disposal by a jailer. He looked at it, and resumed his unprofitable and dismal reveries.

So he was destined to spend a night in jail, was he?

Well, what cared he? Here, at least, his shame was hidden from the outer world. If only he could stay in the cell and be spared the infinite humiliation of an appearance in the prisoner's dock! Then, apart from the pain it would cause his mother, he would feel comparatively at ease.

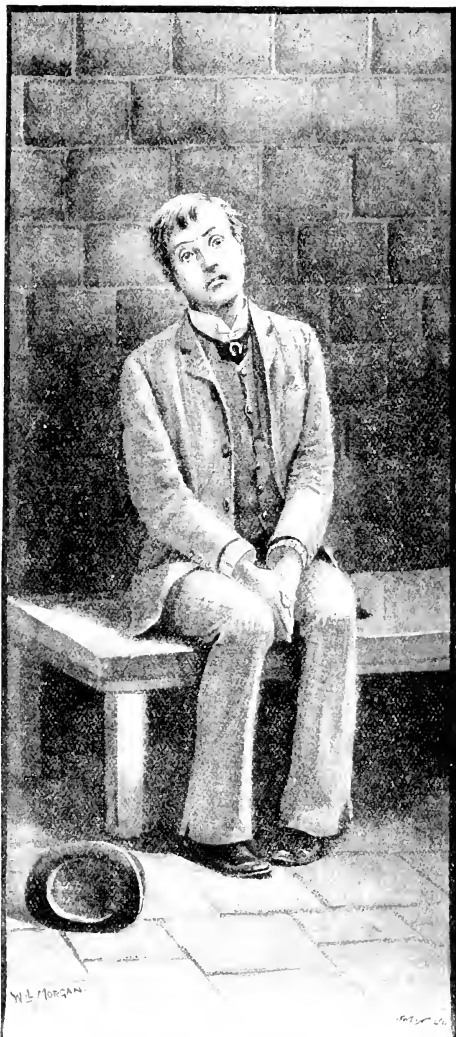
You see he was an impulsive, imaginative little fellow. Having been so readily thrust into jail on circumstantial evidence, it seemed to him not at all unlikely that the curse of his situation might continue developing itself.

He glanced at the horrible check suit (which fitted him so lamentably well) and groaned.

For three awful hours he thus tormented himself.

Then suddenly relief came to him.

The door of his cell was flung open, and the jailer,



"HE RESUMED HIS UNPROFITABLE AND DISMAL REVERIES."

attended by a superior officer and dear old Beckett of the bank, showed their faces in the corridor.

This abrupt change in his circumstances was too much for little Dobbs.

"Oh, Mr. Beckett!" he wailed, and covered his face with his hands.

"It's all right, Dobbs," said his desk friend, cheerfully. For two pins Mr. Beckett could have burst

out laughing. The City and Whitechapel Bank had never seen one of its officers clad as was Edward Dobbs.

"You're free to go, sir," said the jailer, touching Edward on the shoulder.

Mr. Beckett took little Dobbs by the arm.

"It's a bad business," he remarked; "but you're not very much to blame that I can see. We'll get off in a cab."

"But," cried little Dobbs, remembering things, "have they got the money?"

"Oh yes, that's all right. The thief was run over in the High Street. They suspected something when they found the bank name on the bag. And so I was sent down to make inquiries. It might have been much worse, old fellow."

They had to administer a little brandy before Edward was in a fit state to travel even to Lothbury.

It seemed rather cruel to have to exhibit himself to the manager dressed as he was. But, upon the

whole, nothing could have served him better. The humour of the situation cheered the manager like a bottle of Pommery.

"You had better go home, Mr. Dobbs," said the kindly gentleman, restraining his laughter with an effort.

That evening little Dobbs found supreme comfort in his Amelia's society. His heart, in its yearning for sympathy, led him to Amelia's mother's house; and there the dear girl showed such genuine appreciation of the sufferings he had undergone ("merely because I wanted a bath, Amelia, you know") that he could not refrain from declaring his love for her.

He was amply consoled by Amelia's avowal of responsive affection, and the next day he appeared in Lothbury as blithe as ever.

But he never forgot his experiences of that morning, and nothing would induce him a second time to enter a strange swimming bath while in the performance of his bank duties.

THE MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE minister returned to his study in a fine glow of body and soul to find a severe figure standing motionless in the middle of the room.

"Was that what you call a sermon?" said Lachlan Campbell, without other greeting.

John Carmichael was still so full of joy that he did not catch the tone, and explained with college pedantry that it was hardly a sermon, nor yet a lecture.

"You may call it a meditation."

"I will be calling it an essay without one bit of grass for a starving sheep."

Then the minister awoke from a pleasant dream, as if one had flung cold water on his naked body.

"What was wrong?" he asked, with an anxious look at the stern little man who of a sudden had become his judge.

"There was nothing right, for I am not thinking that trees and leaves and stubble fields will save our souls, and I did not hear about sin and repent-

ance and the work of Christ. It is sound doctrine that we need, and a great pity that you are not giving it."

The minister had been made much of in college circles, and had a fair idea of himself. He was a kindly lad, but he did not see why he should be lectured by an old Highlandman who read nothing except Puritans and was blind with prejudice. When they parted that Sabbath afternoon it was the younger man that had lost his temper, and the other did not offer to shake hands.

Perhaps the minister would have understood Lachlan better if he had known that the old man could not touch food when he got home, and spent the evening in a fir wood praying for the lad he had begun to love. And Lachlan would have had a lighter heart if he had heard the minister questioning himself whether he had denied the Evangel or sinned against one of Christ's disciples. They argued together; they prayed apart.—From "*Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.*"

A STORY OF LITERARY LIFE.

MR. JOSEPH HOCKING's new novel, *Fields of Fair Renown* (Ward, Lock, & Co., 3s. 6d.), will prove exceptionally interesting to young men. It tells the story of a young Cornishman of fine aspirations and noble character who comes to London to make his way in literature. He has a bitter struggle, but at last tastes the sweets of success. From that hour he goes down. Love, honour, manhood are sacrificed for money, praise, popularity. He gains the world and loses his own soul. He writes shameless and degrading books, which catch the public ear and bring him large profits; but he is

intensely miserable, for his youthful ideals are dead, and life has lost all its pure sunshine and unsullied brightness. Mr. Hocking has never done better work. He shows all his old dramatic force, and there is a vigour and vivacity about this story which is intensely refreshing. From a literary point of view the book would be all the better for a severe and careful revision, but power is greater than polish, and so we receive this new story with gratitude, and unreservedly recommend it to our readers. It has already achieved an unusually large circulation. F. A. A.

HOW THE PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.

BY WILLIAM CLARKE, M.A.

WHEN the American Constitution was adopted, the most important and difficult question before the great Convention which framed it was the position and power of the President. There were two parties in the nascent Republic, which we may call for convenience the aristocratic and the democratic, though these were known at that early time by the respective names of Federalist and Republican. The aristocratic party had at its head Alexander Hamilton, one of the most brilliant and remarkable statesmen the modern world has ever known. His aim was to reproduce as closely as he could the old British Constitution as it was understood in the reign of George III. Briefly, Hamilton wished to make of the President a sort of king, to be clothed with much dignity and large personal powers. The democratic party, on the other hand, had for its great leader Thomas Jefferson, one of the pillars of modern democracy, a man incorruptible in character and penetrating in intellect; and his idea was to make a perfectly new start in human history, and to get rid of every monarchic and aristocratic element in the new Constitution. The debates of the Convention were largely made up of contests between these two parties; and as usual in human affairs, neither party had its own unrestricted way, but a compromise was agreed upon. That compromise is embodied in the American Constitution as formally adopted in September 1787. On the one side, the Jefferson party contrived that the new Presidential power should be hedged about with very definite restrictions, including chiefly the power of Congress to override the Presidential veto by a certain majority of votes, and the power also of bringing the President to book by impeachment before the Senate. On the other hand, the Hamilton party secured a large measure of direct power, such as few European monarchs now exercise, to be placed in the President's hands, and arranged for a curious method of indirect election of the President which it was supposed would make him independent of popular clamour and place his election in the hands of the competent few. It is of this method of election that I am about to write, but I may as well point out at once that the guarantees which Hamilton and his friends contrived have all turned out illusory, and that the Presidential election has in practice become as democratic as Jefferson himself could have desired. In truth, Hamilton and his cautious, conservative following had no insight into the future. They wanted to construct another Europe, with its social classes, balance of power, checks and contrivances, and to some extent they did so *on paper*. But Jefferson had the vision of the future; he saw that America meant Democracy;

and it is his ideas rather than those of his rivals that have prevailed *in fact*. For while the President is *on paper* and theoretically elected by a roundabout method, he is *in fact* and practically elected by a *plebiscite*, which will this year comprise some thirteen million votes cast, we may roughly say, by every adult man in the United States.

Legally the method of electing the President is prescribed by the second article of the American Constitution as follows: "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress; but no senator or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector." This safeguard was intended to keep the election perfectly free from any undue political interest or pressure from office-holders or politicians. Excellent on paper, it has broken down in fact. I read, for example, this year, that the Maryland Convention for choosing Presidential electors was absolutely controlled by Senator Gorman, Senator from that State in Washington, and that the Pennsylvania Republican Convention was under the control of Senator Quay, and so forth. Theoretically these senators should have nothing to do with the nominating conventions; practically they have everything to do with them, and there is no means of preventing it. So different is a constitution on paper from the actual working out of that constitution in fact.

We have seen, then, that the President is theoretically elected by a number of private citizens called electors chosen by each State. The same article goes on to prescribe what these electors shall do: "The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves. And they shall make a list of all the persons voted for, and of the number of votes for each; which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates; and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately choose, by ballot, one of them for President; and if no person have

a majority, then, from the five highest on the list, the said House shall, in like manner, choose the President. But, in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States; the representative from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States; and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. In every case, after the choice of the President, the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors shall be the Vice-President. But, if there should remain two or more who have equal votes, the Senate shall choose from them, by ballot, the Vice-President." In addition it was prescribed that the President must be a native of the United States and thirty-five years old.

Now these elaborate provisions are legally followed to-day, *on paper* they remain intact; and yet the Presidential election is in effect an altogether different affair from what was intended by those who framed this Constitution. The great point of difference is this. It was originally intended that the electors chosen by the various States should themselves exercise a real choice, should vote for any eligible citizen whom they honestly regarded as fitted for the exalted office. But practically the Presidential electors degenerated almost at once into mere delegates pledged beforehand to vote for certain indicated persons whom the State Convention had agreed upon. This is what the Presidential election has come to. On the ballot paper which every citizen receives when he enters the ballot-station, is a list of the Presidential electors, two representing the State as a whole and known as electors "at large," the others representing the Congressional districts into which the State is divided. Theoretically the elector votes for these persons or certain of them; practically he votes for McKinley and Hobart, or for Bryan and Sewall, or for Palmer and Buckner (to take this year's nominees), and the Presidential electors for whom he votes on paper are mere names, so to speak, they being already pledged to support the respective candidates of their party and having no real personal choice. This change from indirect election to direct *plebiscite* without any change in law is the great and striking fact which has occurred in connection with the Presidential election.

The State Conventions which nominate the Presidential electors are themselves composed of popular delegates, and most of them are pledged before they go to the Convention in behalf of some party candidate, or are at least known to have preferences. These State Conventions are held early in the Presidential year, and, as I have said, are usually controlled by some powerful politician in the State in behalf of his own favourite candidate. A singular fact, however, of the present contest is that the delegates in many conventions refused to follow their leaders. Thus, for example, I find that

in New Hampshire, Senator Chandler (who represents the State in Washington) endeavoured to make the Republican Convention declare for Mr. Reed, the Speaker of the House of Representatives; but the delegates passed a strong resolution in behalf of Mr. McKinley, and this revolt against what is called "boss" rule was repeated over and over again, and is a very healthy sign of political independence. It may be asked how Presidential candidates suggest themselves to the delegates. The answer is, by two means. The candidate is usually a person who has come to the front in either Chamber in Washington, or has filled with conspicuous ability the post of Governor of a State. Take, for example, the Presidential possibilities whose names were freely exchanged at the beginning of this year. On the Republican side Mr. McKinley had been both Governor of his State (Ohio) and a member of Congress in Washington; Mr. Reed was Speaker of the House of Representatives, where he had sat for over twenty years; Senator Allison represented Iowa in the Senate; General Alger had been Governor of Michigan; Mr. Morton was Governor of New York, and had been American Minister in Paris and Vice-President of the United States. On the Democratic side, Mr. Hill was New York Senator in Washington; Mr. Palmer, Illinois Senator in Washington; Mr. Bland, member of Congress from Missouri; Mr. Boies, Governor of Iowa (strange to say, Mr. Bryan's name was not mentioned at all); and so forth. If any State has a sufficiently prominent man in its own borders, the delegation will present his name as its "favourite son." For instance, the Maine Convention naturally pronounced for Mr. Reed, the Ohio Convention for Mr. McKinley, the New York Convention for Mr. Morton; while on the Democratic side the Missouri Convention declared for Mr. Bland, and the Iowa Convention for Governor Boies. If a prominent politician cannot secure a declaration from the Convention of his own State it is a sure sign that his day is over. This was the case with Mr. Cleveland himself, who, even had he desired it, could not have secured New York's support, and with Mr. Carlisle, the Secretary of the Treasury, who was repudiated and ignored by his own State of Kentucky. These two prominent men are politically dead.

The State Convention having met and elected its delegates to the National Convention, this latter body meets some months afterwards, usually in June or July, at some great city which has been previously chosen by the party committee. There is always a keen contest among cities for the honour of entertaining a national convention, and much money is spent for securing that honour. Of late years Chicago and St. Louis have been most frequently chosen, because of their central position; for it is no joke for a delegate, say, from a remote part of Oregon, to travel four thousand miles to a

convention. The choice of a city is also in a large measure determined by the desire of the party to capture the State in which it is situated; thus the democrats chose Chicago this year because of the importance of securing the vote of Illinois. The National Convention is a unique scene, for it means the people actually in rule, and there is nothing like it at present possible in Europe. There is first the preliminary business, election of president of the Convention, and adoption of rules. Next comes the adoption of the "platform" or declaration of principles and measures which the party supports. Then comes the great exciting scene—the nomination of the party candidate for President, after a roll-call of the States by alphabetical order. This nomination is practically determined by one of two considerations. Either there are two prominent men neither of whom can secure the necessary absolute majority, in which case a third or compromise candidate is fallen back on. This was the case at the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1880. The Convention was divided between Grant and Blaine, and thirty-five unsuccessful ballots were taken, for an absolute majority was necessary for a choice, when the Convention fell back on Garfield, who himself had been supporting Mr. Blaine. Or else, after one or two preliminary skirmishes, it is found that the feeling for one particular candidate is so strong that all opposition to him is useless. This was the case at St. Louis this year when Mr. McKinley was nominated on the first ballot. When once a certain candidate's nomination is assured, it is always voted to make it unanimous, and the very delegates who have been working for his rivals throw their hats into the air for him, the ten thousand spectators in the galleries follow suit, and there is a great procession of banners round the hall, the delegates often cheering in a delirium of party enthusiasm for the space of half an hour. I should add that a candidate's availability is often determined by the State of which he is a citizen. It is much more important, for example, to secure the vote of the great State of Ohio than of the small State of Maine, and therefore, other things being equal, McKinley of the former State will be preferred to Reed of the latter. There have been notable exceptions to this rule, as in the case of Mr. Blaine, but he was such a powerful and brilliant party leader that his case scarcely counts. Mr. Bryan is another exception; for though his State, Nebraska, is huge in area, it has at present a small population, and therefore a small vote in the Electoral College. But, speaking generally, it is considered "good business" to nominate a candidate from a large and somewhat doubtful State, such as New York, Ohio, Illinois, or Indiana. The candidate for the Vice-Presidency is almost invariably a second-rate man, chosen for the sake of carrying his State rather than for his own personal qualities.

The candidates of the various parties having been

selected, they are formally notified of the choice, and they reply usually by an important public letter, addressed to the president of the National Convention, which is supposed to indicate the lines on which the campaign will be fought. Generally it is *de rigueur* for the candidates not to make public speeches; that is all done by the party leaders and by a whole army of volunteer or paid speakers. But sometimes a candidate breaks through this rule. Horace Greeley killed himself by travelling day and night and making hundreds of speeches in 1872. Blaine hastened his death by similar activity in 1884. Bryan is speaking in hundreds of towns during the present contest. The full campaign is from about the 1st September to the 1st November, the actual election being fixed by law for the first Tuesday in November. All ballots from the Atlantic to the Pacific are taken on one day, and are counted with incredible rapidity. The three or four days before the election are spent in reviewing of forces—occasionally in the judicious and illegal expenditure of money "where it will do the most good"; though my readers must not believe for one moment in the exaggerated statements repeatedly made as to American corruption. I have witnessed State elections in which I am convinced there was not one dollar of really corrupt expenditure; and although that could not be said of a Presidential election, I am equally certain that this latter is comparatively pure. The enormous expenditure which does take place (it was estimated at twenty million dollars in 1888) is mainly for speakers, who are paid at a high rate, and who, it must be remembered, have to travel distances with which residents in a little country like England are not familiar, for tons of party literature, and for the immense and very expensive processions, no counterpart of which exists in England, which have a certain element of childishness, not to say absurdity. The excitement is unparalleled as the day approaches, but as soon as the result is definitely known over the country, people sober down, and the routine of life goes on as though a Presidential election was unknown. Let it be said as a lesson to England that the election day is a public holiday, and that the sale of drink is forbidden. There is no rowdiness, there is no drunkenness, though there are faction fights, especially in those parts of the Southern States where the race feud is strong.

Formally and on paper the election does not take place until February, when the Presidential electors meet, and when the Vice-President, in the manner described, counts the votes according to the directions of the Constitution. Practically the election is over when the people have decided in November. But this year, with the new issues, the multiplicity of candidates, and the cleavage in parties, the uncertainty is so great that some good judges believe the result will be transferred

from the polls to the vote of the House of Representatives, because no candidate will secure an absolute majority. My readers will know whether that is so almost as soon as they read these pages. If this should prove to be the case, it is practically certain that the House of Representatives will

choose Messrs. McKinley and Hobart as President and Vice-President of the United States. The new Presidential term always begins by law on the 4th March after the election, when the new President takes the oath of office administered by the Chief Justice of the United States.

THE CHILD, THE WISE MAN, AND THE DEVIL.¹

A REVIEW.

By DR. R. F. HORTON, M.A.

By an odd coincidence there came to me by one and the same post Mr. Coulson Kernahan's little booklet—shall I call it a booklet? nay, it is a great book in a little compass—and the Rev. Charles Voysey's most recent book, in which he disposes of Jesus, the Jesus of the Four Gospels, in his characteristic way; that is, he takes some of the "dark sayings" of Jesus, interprets them literally, and has no difficulty, he thinks, in showing that they are bad theology, and even bad morality. It might seem that the kindly genius of books had sent me Mr. Voysey's to prove the need of Mr. Kernahan's, and Mr. Kernahan's to answer Mr. Voysey's.

No one who has read Mr. Kernahan's books will be surprised if I for one feel that he is too much for Mr. Voysey—or rather, let me say, that the truth with him is stronger than the truth that is with Mr. Voysey. When Christ is with a man, what a fountain of strong and surging emotion is there, a fountain which wells up and floats away the strongest reasonings of the wise, and the specious suggestions of the Devil. On the other hand, a Christless man, especially when he touches on religion, is in a very perilous case. He walks firmly, he makes good his ground,—“See you, all here is plain and proved; let us advance surely,”—but unhappily there is a volcanic shock, and the firm ground opens at his feet. The resolute elements melt away. The strong man is not stronger than that on which he stood.

In Mr. Kernahan we have a strong writer, who will one day be great. He has the grand manner. He has the touch of Jean Paul Richter in him which is not elsewhere found among contemporary writers. Who can forget *Sorrow and Song*, so brief, but so perfect; every sentence a glittering gem? Or who can forget that appalling book, *The Book of Strange Sins*? What literary power there is in those delineations is proved by this, that they all remain distinctly engraved on the mind with one

reading. But Mr. Kernahan is far more than a literary man. Indeed, of literary men we have a good few—almost enough. He is also a teacher, who has looked with a strong eye and a pulsing heart into the central truths of our religion, and writes always, consciously or unconsciously, as the Defender of the Faith. Never did he do this to greater effect than in his new little book. No laboured apology for Christianity will go so far, or accomplish so much as this impassioned utterance, this poem in prose, this thought of the years distilled in one pearl-drop of the purest water.

The idea of the booklet is that of Henry Rogers' *Eclipse of Faith*. Only in this case, instead of the Bible being suddenly struck out of the world, Christ Himself is, in a vision, removed from the eyes and hearts of men, and we are constrained to look upon a Christless world. Rogers' masterly book will not be read to-day, though it would do us all good. Mr. Kernahan's will be read, as his *God and the Ant* has been read—only read, I believe, by a far larger number, for it is an advance upon the last, as indeed I have observed with great joy that each of his books, small or great, is in quality a definite improvement on the previous one.

It might seem impossible in so few pages—in a streamlet of letterpress flowing down through the wide margins of the page—and with so few words, to state the argument for Christianity which is most needed and most readily apprehended to-day. The reason why Mr. Kernahan succeeds in the attempt is that he is essentially a poet, and he has the poet's power of selecting images, hitting the situation at the centre, and then expressing everything by a touch or a hint. These few pages, therefore, state with sufficient exactness what is in effect the irrefragable argument for Christianity.

Now, I trust my author will not be aggrieved if I say that this book is the best *Tract* I have ever read. If it might be published by the Religious Tract Society, and tract distributors would give it away by the hundred of thousands, it would do more to arrest unbelief, to waken

¹ *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*. By COULSON KERNAHAN. Price 1s. London: James Bowden, Henrietta Street, W.C.

thought, to turn men to Christ, and indeed to save souls, than all the tracts I have hitherto had the opportunity of reading. Mr Kernahan may for a moment be offended; for Tracts and Literature do not well agree; like Love and Majesty

Haud bene conveniunt neque in uno sede
morantur.

And a true literary man may shudder to be told that he has written a tract. None the less, what is wanted before all things is literature in tracts. We need the best speakers in our pulpits. We need also the best writers for our tracts. Will some earnest man who has money—if it is possible—purchase the copyright of *The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil*, and print it in a form for distribution? Will the author give his consent? That would

be a kind of tract which we should all like to distribute. Young men would give it to their companions. Little children would offer it to strangers. The public would find its views on tracts changing. Everyone would be eager to receive. And even the other tract distributors, those who faithfully distribute the usual snippets of religious literature, the anecdote which awakens incredulity, and the home thrust of doctrine which leaves apathy unstirred, would find their occupation lightened. All of us would begin to think that by a tract is meant the greatest of truths compressed and condensed by consummate literary ability into the most compact form, so that it hits with the force of an air-gun, and moves the conscience and the heart like a breath from heaven. Much more could I say about the book, but I should then exceed my space. Everyone must read it.

LEARNING BY DOING.

It is said of Thackeray that, on being told by a German artist whom he met in Rome that he had learned to read English from *Vanity Fair*, he replied: "And that was where I learned to write it." It is true that endeavour is at once the test of capacity and the method of accomplishment. Men learn by doing, some under the direction and with the counsel of a teacher, more, perhaps, by their own unaided efforts. The teacher's help is valuable, but not often indispensable, if there be first the natural capacity, and then the persevering will. Instruction smooths the way, and helps to keep us from wasting time on blunders, but there are many things to learn after the instructor's last word has been spoken; and it is only then that the real power of the man appears.

We have taken one illustration from the art of literature, we might take another from the art of painting. The painter goes to school or studio to learn the technical details of his work, but he learns them there by actual painting, and his own true individuality seldom appears until he has cut himself loose from his master and begun to choose his subjects and develop his method from his own individual experiences. Raphael's works painted in Perugino's studio are hardly to be recognised from those of Perugino. It is in actual work that the artist "comes to himself" and learns the secret which is to make him great.

Now, Christianity is a thing which must be learned by doing it. "The words that I speak unto you are spirit and life," said Christ; and life

is known by living. The expert in regard to Christianity is not the man who has learned about it, but he who has lived it. Men are sometimes held back from active Christian experience. They want to know about what they are going to do before they undertake it, and they can only learn by doing.

The way to build a character is to build it, learning by mistakes as well as triumphs, and seeking aid wherever it may be found. To him who endeavours, God sends aid. To him who stands still, God only sends invitation, an invitation to take the forward step, which is the beginning of the continuing journey. In the figure of Christ's own story, the pound employed increases to five pounds, or ten, while the pound hidden away is of no use, and its hiding brings condemnation.

Courage to launch out, to venture all for Christ, is the beginning of all Christian experience. The voyage brings the secret of the sea. He who clings to the shore can never learn it. Men want to sail with Christ, and yet keep fast the rope that ties them to the shore, and they keep fast to the shore! The one way to enlarge Christian experience is to do something, make something, dare something for Christ. There should be no dead uniformity of endeavour, but we should try to serve Him in the way that is peculiar to our own individuality. In inventing, we shall find ourselves. In doing, we shall learn to do. In venturing, we shall find ourselves at home with Him.

"A TWENTY-ONE GUINEA CRUISE to the Mediterranean in exchange for an idea" is the offer made by the Editor of *The Temple Magazine*. This is a prize competition in which all may take part, and

the conditions are perfectly easy and simple. Full details are given in the November number of *The Temple*, which is full of bright and interesting reading. (Marshall & Son, 6d.)

PAYING THE BILL.

Folks can have what they like, may be,
 Folks can do what they will;
 But in the end, as the world can see,
 Somebody pays the bill.

"You can't have anything in this world without paying for it," she remarked didactically, as he slowly sipped his soup and listened; for men are wont to listen early in the dinner—and women are wont to talk, both then and at all other convenient and inconvenient seasons.

"Can't you?" he replied idly. "I'm not so sure of that."

"Well, but I am. I have thought a great deal about this particular subject, and have come to the conclusion that nobody can have anything for nothing."

"That sounds very simple and clear, don't you know? But I'm not sure that I quite grasp your proposition."

She laughed. "Men really are very stupid," she remarked by way of a parenthesis; "they don't understand things."

"They understand some things," he mildly expostulated.

"Oh, of course they do: they understand all about mathematics and steam-engines, and tire-some things like that; but with regard to really interesting and instructive subjects—such as women, for instance—they are utterly in the dark."

"But, believe me, they don't wish to be; the darkness you describe is pain and grief to us, and we are incessantly endeavouring to illuminate it by such means as come to our hands. It is my misfortune that I am, as you say, in the dark; but it is your fault, dear lady, if you refuse to flash upon my groping brains some of your superfluous brilliancy. Therefore kindly expound your remark *in re* the necessity of payments."

"Of course I don't mean payments in money," she explained; "a good many things can be bought with money, but not the things most worth having."

"There I agree with you. I've always had plenty of money, but I am bound to admit that the many pleasures which it has purchased for me have been distinctly second-rate. I was under the impression that the best things in life were given to us out-and-out, and hadn't to be paid for at all."

"And there you are wrong, though the mistake you make is a very common one. Most people don't realise that they can't have anything without paying for it, therefore they have what they like, and when the bill comes in they cut up rough and make a fuss about it."

"Then you think a wise man is one who

knows what he wants, and is willing to pay for it?"

"Exactly; it is merely the modern translation of not building a tower, or going to war, without counting the cost thereof. It is, moreover, but the reverse side of the great law of compensation."

He looked decidedly interested. "Will you give me an instance of what you mean?" he asked. "I think I am beginning to understand a little, even though I am only a man."

"Take worldly prosperity," she answered: "a man makes up his mind that he will be rich at all costs, and devotes his time and talents to the study of making and saving money. In the end he finds himself a wealthy man, with nothing in the world but money, money, money. His taste for higher and better things is dead of inanition; his health is destroyed by ceaseless toil; and his friends are estranged by his mean and parsimonious ways. But he has no right to complain; this is merely the price of the article which he made up his mind to possess. He has obtained the article, and it is therefore childish to grumble at the price."

"Do women buy things in the same way?"

"Certainly. One woman decides that the ideal side of life is the thing that she longs for, and that no electroplate imitations will do for her; she will eventually make what the world calls a poor match, or else become an old maid. But why should she grumble? That is the cost-price of her romance and idealism."

"Poor woman! you are rather hard on her."

"No, I'm not; I'm only just and reasonable. Another woman makes up her mind to be what society calls a success; she devotes her talents to looking and dressing and marrying well, and she succeeds. Is she to be pitied because (as time goes on and her beauty fades) her husband grows tired of her peevishness, and her friends grow sick of her frivolity; while her children rise up to call her anything but blessed, and there is not a single grain of true love for her in a single human heart? She is only paying the bill of her quondam success."

"It seems to me that—according to your tariff—virtues and faults are equally costly."

"Of course they are; but few understand this. People have an idea that they must pay for evil things, but that good things will be given to them gratis if they have only the wisdom to choose what is good. But if this were so, there would be no virtue that I can

see in deliberately choosing the good; virtue, according to my theory, is loving the best things sufficiently to be willing to pay the full price for them; not getting them for nothing, like telegram-forms."

"I quite agree with you," he said eagerly. "I have always admired King David for paying the full price for the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, and not offering burnt offerings which cost him nothing. Most people would not only have accepted the threshing-floor as a gift, but would have felt it was the due reward for their admirable intention to offer a burnt offering at all."

"Of course," she continued, "I respect beyond everything people who sacrifice their prospects to their principles; but before they do this, they must face the fact that in this world the loss will probably never be made up to them. The Lord will accept their burnt offering, I have no doubt; but nevertheless the threshing-floor will have to be paid for to the uttermost farthing."

"That is quite true; nowadays no money is put back into the mouths of our sacks when we go down to buy corn in Egypt."

"It would be very enervating if it were, don't you think?"

He was silent for a moment, and then he said slowly, "Yes, I do; it is a hard saying, perhaps, but I believe you are right."

"I always think it a pity that children are often so badly trained on this point," she remarked; "it is a temptation to reward them for their little self-denials, but it is one which ought to be resisted."

He smiled. "You remind me of a story I once heard about a little boy who was asked by his parents on his birthday what he would like for a present; and he replied that he *thought* he should like a hymn-book, but he was *sure* he should like a squirt. Now the normal parent would have given him the squirt as a reward for demanding the hymn-book; and that, as you say, would be distinctly enervating."

"That is just my point," she replied, laughing; "we must all make up our minds whether we want squirts or hymn-books, and mustn't be disappointed afterwards if we find the squirts too wet or the hymn-books too dry. But we mustn't expect to get the squirts thrown in as a reward for selecting the hymn-books; because they won't be."

"Nor," he added, "shall we even get our hymn-books for nothing, now that we are grown-up and too old for birthday presents. This, I believe, is one of your axioms."

"It is," she exclaimed with delight. "How well you understand! You really are wonderfully intelligent for a man."

"Thank you for the compliment," he said, with a laugh. "You see, my mother and my sisters happen to be women, and they throw me

some crumbs of wisdom from time to time, which I have the good fortune to assimilate. Now—to return to our subject—ideals are rather expensive things, don't you think?"

"Very; they often run up a large bill, which has to be paid in disappointments. But they are worth it. Now pride, on the other hand, seems to me to be an exorbitant article. Love, friendship, and most social amenities have generally to be sacrificed in order to pay its expenses, and I fail to see that it confers an equivalent on its possessor. It seems to me that 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,' are a heavy price to pay for the barren benefit of feeling that one has always stood on one's dignity, and never been indebted to anybody for anything. Satire, too, costs one a good deal in the long run, and so does selfishness."

"And so does unselfishness, for the matter of that. One can't have the reputation of being either a saint or a sinner without paying the full price for the same."

"Certainly. It is better to keep a cocoa-house than an inn, but that doesn't mean that a cocoa-house can be kept up for nothing. It is better to buy pictures than champagne; but that doesn't mean that pictures don't have to be paid for."

"There, however, your metaphors stop; for one can refrain from buying either cocoa-houses or pictures if one objects to paying for them; but in the intangible things of which we are speaking one *must* buy something and *must* pay for it, whether one objects or not. The man who hid his talent in a napkin to save himself trouble, paid more for his idleness than the man with five talents paid for his commercial venture, if you remember."

"I know; we cannot escape our responsibilities," she replied gravely. "A wise man is one who makes up his mind what he wants, and then pays the legitimate price for it without grumbling, feeling that after all he has the best of the bargain. But I have no patience with people who buy absurd things!"

He laughed. "That is so like a woman," he said. "People are justified in buying what they like—provided, of course, that the doing so is lawful and right—if they are prepared to pay the bill. It is their business, dear lady,—not yours,—whether the thing they long for is worth what it will cost them."

"Yes?" she murmured doubtfully.

"Take, for instance, pride, which you mentioned a few minutes ago; by which, of course, I do not mean any snobbish delight in paltry social advantages, but that instinct which makes some men feel that they should prefer starvation to a sense of obligation, and would rather forego a favour than ask for it. When—as is sometimes the case—a man cannot retain love or friendship without sacrificing his pride, he has

a perfect right to let love and friendship go, if he is sure that his pride is dearer to him than they are. But he has no right to grumble if, in consequence, he has a lonely and desolate lot; that is but the fair price of his pride."

"I think that love and friendship are too heavy a price to pay for such an unsatisfying thing as pride."

"And some people would think that the sacrifice of their pride was too heavy a price to pay for love and friendship. This, I take it, is a question of temperament. We should learn to know ourselves, and should choose the things that happen to be necessary to our respective natures. This is wisdom."

"But don't you think that people often make a mistake about this, and buy the things that they don't really care about?"

"Yes, I do," he answered; "and this is one of the saddest things in life. For the bill comes in whether we have enjoyed ourselves or not; and it is weary work paying for that which has given us no real satisfaction."

"Yet it is our own fault; we should look at the price before we decide to buy the article."

"Of course we should; but many people don't look at it till afterwards, and then find that—to them—the article wasn't worth it."

"If you were a woman you would know how depressing it is when the bill comes in for an unbecoming bonnet; and this is an allegory."

He smiled. "But it is the woman's own fault, you see, if the bonnet is unbecoming in the first instance."

"Exactly," she answered gaily; "the fundamental mistake lies in the unbecomingness of the bonnet—not in the size of the bill—and for that, as you say, the purchaser alone is responsible. A woman must have a bonnet, and she must pay for it; but she is a foolish woman if she chooses a bonnet the wearing whereof is no pleasure, and the paying whereof is pain. Now, the allegorical bonnet that I have bought is popularity: it suits me; but I have had to give up a good deal to get it, in the way of prejudices, opinions, etc."

"And yet some women, that I know of, indulge in unfounded prejudices, strong opinions, and freedom of utterance to any extent; and yet when the bill comes in and they find they

have not won the affection and consideration which are the portion of their meeker and less aggressive sisters, they make a terrible fuss. I cannot say that popularity is better than independence, or *vice versa*; but I do say that the one is the legitimate price of the other, and that you cannot have both."

"Just as a man cannot get on in the world by keeping his eye on the main chance, and turning everything to his own profit, and at the same time earn the trust and respect which falls to the lot of his high-minded, unselfish, and unsuccessful comrade."

"Nor, on the other hand, can the sensitive idealist, who disappointeth not his neighbour though it be to his own hindrance, and thereby lays up treasure for himself in heaven, make as large a pile of money as the hard-headed, hard-hearted, unlovable man of business."

"Can you believe it?" she asked demurely: "I once knew a girl who flew in the face of all her worldly-wise friends and relatives, and vowed that love in a cottage was the only thing she desired; she had her own way, and then cried—actually cried—because after she had married her impecunious fairy prince she found she was obliged to dine off cold mutton and do her own hair."

"What an extremely illogical young lady!" he exclaimed, with some amusement.

"And I had another friend," she continued, "whose ambition it was to move in first-class, brilliant society. She attained the desire of her heart; and then was offended to discover that she was expected to look and dress and talk her best, however tired and depressed and headachy she might feel. She had not realised how much more intellectual effort it costs to go to a London dinner-party than to a provincial tea-meeting; she ignorantly imagined that she should be able to obtain the former at the price of the latter."

"Alas!" he exclaimed; "I see our hostess is collecting the eyes of the ladies, and making ready to depart. Even the pleasure of taking so charming a young lady as yourself down to dinner, has to be paid for by a proportionate regret when the dinner is over."

"It is very nice of you to say that," she said, smiling, as she fell into her place in the retreat-ing column of ladies, and filed out of the room.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & Co. send us a copy of Dean Farrar's new booklet for young men—a reprint of the series of articles which appeared in *THE YOUNG MAN* a few months ago. The five chapters deal with "The Young Man in the Home," "The Young Man in Business," "The Young Man in the Church," "Young Men and Marriage," and "The Young Man Master of Himself." The title of the last chapter is also the title of the book. There ought to be a great

demand for this new work of Dean Farrar's—it is charmingly got up, and is wonderfully cheap at a shilling. From the same publishers we receive *The Pearl Divers*, a thrilling story by Dr. Gordon Stables; and *George Smith (of Coalville)*, the *Story of an Enthusiast*, by Edwin Hodder, who wrote the well-known biographies of Lord Shaftesbury and "Rob Roy Macgregor." His latest work is worthy of his reputation, and will surely find a place on many a young man's bookshelf.

KING ARTHUR'S SWORD; OR, IDEALS THAT COME AND GO.

By M. O. EVANS.

On one side,
Given in the oldest tongue of all this world,
 "TAKE ME," but turn the blade and ye shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
 "CAST ME AWAY."

THE powers are with Arthur from the first. At his coronation the three Christian graces of faith, hope, and love stand

Gazing on him, tall, with bright
 Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

There, too, was Merlin the Mage; and there the Lady of the Lake, so called because she usually dwelt down in a deep lake which was always calm whatsoever storms might shake the world. Within that lake was a rock, and therein was as fair a palace as any on earth, and "richly beseen."

One day, when Arthur and the magician came to the lake, they beheld an arm that rose

From out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

and holding a splendid sword, whose hilt twinkled with diamond sparks, whereupon the king rowed across and took it. It was

rich
 With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,
 Bewildering heart and eye.

On one side of it was written, in the oldest tongue of all the world, "Take me"; on the other, in the language of to-day, "Cast me away." The youthful king was not without his misgivings as he seized the sparkling weapon, and his face was somewhat sad; but old Merlin counselled him, "Take thou and strike! the time to cast away is yet far off." So Arthur took it, for twelve years wore it, and by it he beat the foemen down. That was the sword Excalibur, which the Lady of the Lake herself had so patiently and so wondrously wrought—

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills,

and she who gave the king his magic blade whereby to drive the heathen out, was present at his coronation.

Shortly after this the king marries Guinevere, the most beautiful woman of her time, who, as Merlin had prophesied, proved unfaithful to him, bestowing her affections too much upon Lancelot, the most honoured of Arthur's knights. Arthur leaves home to take vengeance on the traitor, and during his absence Modred, whom he had left in charge of the kingdom, raises a revolt, and seeks to usurp the throne. So that Arthur has to return, and after much hard fighting they meet on the field of Camlan, where Modred inflicts upon Arthur

a wound which cannot be healed on earth, and he in turn smites Modred dead. The brand Excalibur has struck its latest stroke.

But before he passes away, the wounded king commands the bold Sir Bedivere to take his sword and fling it far into the neighbouring mere, to watch what he saw, and bring him word. Once, twice, three times he had to go; for first as he gazed on its almost living beauty, and then as he thought of its wondrous and inspiring history, his heart failed him at the idea of throwing away so rare a treasure. But being bidden a third time he went, flung it with all his might, and, behold an arm, "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," rose from the lake, caught the weapon by the hilt, brandished it three times, and drew it under. It was the Lady of the Lake.

And I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag.

Then said the king, "My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone." He was carried to a dark barge on the lake shore wherein were three queens—the same that were seen at his coronation—and many maidens, who wept to find how changed the king was; and over that silent lake he was borne in the barge to the island-valley of Avilion, to be healed of his wound. Then said Sir Bedivere—

The king is gone.
 From the great deep to the great deep he goes.
 He passes to be king among the dead,
 And after healing of his grievous wound
 He comes again.

He gazed wistfully, longingly after the barge, and as he gazed "the new sun rose bringing the new year." So Arthur is sleeping in the Isle of Apples; but when he is healed of his wounds, he comes again.

So runs the dream in the first of all favourite English romances; and now, as to its interpretation. For this old-world story comes down laden with golden messages for us of to-day, on the eve of the twentieth century. Not that the inner meaning was always present to the poet's own mind. It is a genuine work of art, it is true poetry; it is therefore something more—it is sound philosophy. For all true thoughts are the shadowing forth of real things.

And we have also the poet's own warrant for giving it an allegorical turn. "By King Arthur," said Tennyson once, "I always meant the soul."

And again he says—

Accept this old, imperfect tale,
New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul.

Its avowed purpose is to typify the continual struggle in man's heart between the higher and lower instincts of his nature, and this chiefly in a historical and not merely biographical sense, for Arthur comes again. Arthur, then, represents not simply what St. Paul calls the spiritual man as distinguished from the natural man, but rather the spiritual principle or ideal which governs all ages, and enshrines itself in empires, systems of education, and social organisations. The ideal, which has in it an absolute, eternal element, is for ever seeking to translate itself into visible and tangible shapes in the world of men; the tabernacles of earth are always built after some pattern seen on the mount. Through many incarnations, each more and more adequate, the Eternal Idea seeks its realisation; but *being* eternal, its realisation in time must necessarily be partial, temporary, and imperfect.

Sir Bedivere found himself among "new men, strange faces, other minds." And Arthur answered from the barge—

Just so :

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

In God's presence at this moment there are crowds of ideas and ideals waiting to be realised in the world of humanity. The prophets have announced them, the apostles have beheld their glory, the poets have told us that this is God's world, and His purpose is in it, and He is working in it more than we think, saving the world as fast as He can.

We are so often disappointed; the ideal seems to elude our grasp, to fail us altogether, *but it comes again*. Though Arthur be immortal, he passes away; but when he is healed of his wounds, he comes again. The ideal disappears only to reappear in another form.

Tho' men may wound him yet he will not die,
But pass, again to come.

And so there is change and progress as different ages and peoples come under the power of new ideas, and seek to give them visible expression. "Decomposition is recomposition;" dissolution, development; death, a return into the general life of nature, to be succeeded by a more prolific emergence.

And so, too, the sword is taken up at the bidding of the oldest tongue of all this world,—the most ancient longing of the human heart to establish the ideal on its throne, and "to drive the heathen out"; but our working theories soon become obsolete, and in the speech of to-day—by the insistence of present-day requirements—we are bidden to throw the sword away.

In these days we are passing from one order of things to another, and all times of great change are full of danger and difficulty. Knowledge is every day extending, and the habits and thoughts of mankind are perpetually changing under the influence of new discoveries. In politics, the Conservatives of to-day are more liberal than the Radicals of fifty years ago. The old days of feudalism and slavery are gone for ever, and a more humanitarian spirit is at work. We now believe with Blake that

A Robin Redbreast in a cage
Sets all heaven in a rage;
A starved dog at his master's gate
Predicts the downfall of the State.

The magic word Evolution, the greatest that has ever fallen from the stony lips of science, has revolutionised all modern thought, and that which yesterday was only a theory is rapidly crystallising into a dogma already. In theology we are travelling from faith to faith, from orthodoxy to orthodoxy—from the orthodoxy of tradition and simple trust to the orthodoxy of research and intelligent faith. It is the same old spirit reincarnating itself in new form, the same old evangel spoken in new language. Be not alarmed. We have come to the starting-point of a New Science which will prove the most efficient bulwark of an Old Faith. Our little systems are but time-wrought pictures that fade in the light of their own meaning. Men's ideals of truth, as well as of conduct, are constantly changing. These ideals are for ever receding, for ever luring us on, for ever transforming and growing into something more and more divine. We all recognise now what a mistake it is to limit inspiration and revelation to the Bible. With Browning, we are bold to question and deny

Recognised truths, obedient to some truth
Unrecognised yet, but perceptible,—
Correct the portrait by the living face,
Man's God, by God's God in the mind of man.

Even so; our ideas of God may change, but the idea of God abides through all change. Arthur always comes back again! "The idea of God is the pressure of ideals upon us."

And how many Christs have we had since we were Sunday-school children? And yet, somehow or other, this same Jesus, the Original Word which was in the beginning, the Eternal Son of God, denied, crucified, and killed, always comes back again more glorious than ever, and healed of His wounds. Indeed, there seems to be a new sense of Christ passing over Christendom in these very days.

How many times has the Bible been taken away from us and demolished? But it always comes back again after all the hacking and hewing and dissecting and burning, the standing miracle of the ages, and there is always more of it.

Mazzini points out in his fine essay on "The Condition and Progress of Europe," that the individual conscience and social tradition are the only

two criteria which we possess for realising the truth, and that "truth is found at their point of intersection." And, therefore, "the manifestation of truth being progressive, these two instruments for its discovery ought to be *continually transformed and perfected*; but we cannot suppress them without condemning ourselves to eternal darkness." Now this implies a change not only in ideals, in the instruments of education, and in weapons of warfare, but also, ultimately, in one's very personality. But in this quest, whosoever will lose his life shall find it.

New presentations of truth, upon their first appearance, are often suspected and opposed. The young King Arthur, as yet untried, meets with a cold reception.

A hundred voices cried, "Away with him!
No king of ours! a son of Gorlois he,
Or else the child of Anton, and no king,
Or else baseborn."

Others there were who, like Queen Bellicent of Orkney, said, "In mine own heart I knew him king"; and later they said, "Who should be king save him who makes us free?" Let us never fear learning, knowledge, truth; for the truth shall make us free.

Then next we find that the highest truth ever seeks to take to itself the most perfect form. The Word which was in the beginning must be "made flesh" if men are to behold its glory. The ideal seeks to realise itself in the actual, to fulfil itself in sense. So Arthur weds Guinevere, "fairest of all flesh on earth." But Guinevere is not always true to Arthur; the actual falls away from the ideal. But the king is hopeful, and in tenderest words he speaks to the weeping queen—

"Hereafter in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and thou
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
I am thine husband.

Let us live and work on in the faith that these twain shall yet be made one before the face of God, for to Him and in Him they are already one. Let us think of society, of what we call "our Christian civilisation," not as it is,—full of selfishness and all-of-a-wilderness,—but as it will be when the New Jerusalem comes down out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, a commonwealth founded upon love. Trust the future. The dreams of yesterday are the commonplaces of to-day. The spirit Salmes ever descending from above and flashing upon the inward eye, shall be the abodes of future generations. Movement towards an ideal, actualising but never actualised, is the very nature of man.

Ideals change, the weapons of warfare are changed. Arthur passes away, and Excalibur is flung into the mere. And the maidens mourn when Arthur goes,

Sir Bedivere is loth to part with the precious hilt. We feel a natural attachment to the armour and ideals which have served us so well. We think, with the ancient knight, if we throw these away, that "thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss." But the Lady of the Lake only lent the sword; she lent it, and she will receive it again.

It is equally true in the moral as in the physical world that without change there can be no progress. But Arthur will come again, and new weapons from heaven will be given to the champions of truth in successive generations.

For the Lady of the Lake is living still. She represents what is sometimes called the Spirit of the Age, which means the Spirit of all ages, the Eternal Creative Spirit which in the beginning "moved upon the face of the waters." We have hope, because at the heart of all forms of faith and being is the Spirit of God. Why, then, should we take our faith and religion at second-hand? The Spirit is here. The sun shines to-day also. And God speaks to-day. Why not live, then, in the living present? The Lady of the Lake is working now at some new, brighter, and more deadly weapon than even Excalibur, which she will present to some of my young readers if they but prove themselves worthy.

Let us be faithful. We may not all be great, but we can all be loyal to truth, faithful to duty. It often comforts one to read that "John wrought no miracles": his was a life of quiet, faithful witnessing. Yet he was a true prophet. For the prophet is a man who has the word of God to deliver; nay more, he is so identified with his message that you feel, This man *is* the word of God—the glittering sword in His hand.

Let us have faith. Social orders and systems of thought may come, and they may go, but Christ remains, truth remains, the word of God abideth for ever. Beautiful and great was the mystical city of Camelot—

A city of shadowy palaces,
So strange, and rich, and dim,

clearly suggestive of the ethical theories and social institutions which the spirit of man through many ages hath built for itself in its long process of evolution. Arthur was greater than Camelot, for he built it; truth is greater than any of its creations. But a fierce gale made havoc there, and Camelot was shaken and partly ruined, "which signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that have been made, that those things which are not shaken may remain, and we may receive a kingdom that cannot be shaken."

Excalibur may disappear, Arthur shall pass away, and Camelot must be shaken. But Arthur comes again, and a brighter sword will rise out of the lake, a more stately city will rise upon the plain.

THE STORY OF HORACE MARSHALL.

By W. T. STEAD.

IF I were asked to describe Horace Marshall, I would describe him as the Book of Proverbs in breeches, for he embodied as much as any man whom I have met, all the virtues which are so much insisted upon in that Book. An eminent Scotsman once attributed much of the success of his countrymen in all parts of the world to the fact that they were brought up on the Book of Proverbs. Mr. Marshall may or may not have been brought up on the Book of Proverbs, but he certainly exemplified in his own daily life most of the maxims which are attributed to Solomon in the old Book. He was, before everything else, a diligent man; he took example from the ant; he laboured strenuously from early morning till late at night. He was as domestic as he was industrious; no breath of calumny, no word of slander ever sullied the fair fame of his reputation. And thirdly, more than anything else, he believed in the proverb that a liberal soul shall be made fat; he watered others, and was watered himself also, and therefore it is not surprising that, as he exemplified in his life, from first to last, the secular virtues, inculcated in the Book of Proverbs, he should have attained in his business career no small measure of that success which led the apostle to declare that godliness is profitable for all things, for the life that is as well as for that which is to come.

When Mr. Marshall began his career, half a century ago, he was comparatively a poor man; his name was unknown beyond a very small circle of friends and relations. When he died, his decease was lamented as a public calamity by all philanthropists, and throughout the trade which he had taken so great a part in building up. For Mr. Marshall had established himself as a prince of the wholesale publishing trade, second to one only, that one being the Leviathan House of W. H. Smith & Sons. Messrs. Horace Marshall & Son occupy a distinctive position in one great department of English life. Smith & Sons and Marshall & Son are the two great firms which collect from the various newspaper offices and publishing offices in London, magazines, newspapers and periodicals, which are taken to their warehouses, made up into parcels, and despatched by rail to the utmost ends of civilisation. It was calculated some time ago that every morning regularly 500,000 English daily newspapers were sent out by these two firms alone; Smith & Sons making up 300,000, and Marshall the remaining 200,000. Those who have ever endeavoured to make up a dozen or a score of newspaper parcels will the better appreciate the colossal labour that is involved

in the packing up of so many newspapers every day. Between the hours of four and six o'clock in the morning it is estimated that six parcels are made up in Marshall's offices every minute. This, kept up without intermission, constitutes as much drive as anything that we know of business in London. And the organisation of the machinery by which this great task is carried to perfection, not for one day, but day after day, every week in the year, was the work of Mr. Horace Marshall—a work which he did himself; he did not depute it to an assistant, not even to his son. As it has been repeatedly stated during this last month, for thirty-five years, Mr. Marshall, whether rain or shine, was always in his office at half-past one A.M., personally superintending the receipt of the parcels from the newspaper offices, and the making up of packages for the newsgents in the various parts of the country.

That Mr. Marshall did this for thirty-five years, without a break, is no mean testimony to the punctuality, perseverance, and indomitable industry of the man. There is probably no other man who could show a similar record, but it is amazing that even his physique should have rendered it possible for him to keep out of the hands of the doctors all this time. Possibly he overdid it. There is reason to fear that this tremendous strain, kept up so long, affected even his iron constitution, and we have now to lament his death at the comparatively early age of sixty-seven. Had he gone a little slower, he might have lasted a little longer; but to go slow was not Mr. Marshall's way. He drove like a steam-engine, and everyone who worked with him had to drive also, or get left. Many are the anecdotes which are told in the despatch room of the way in which he presided over the sending out of parcels. He was there, the first of any of the staff. When the parcels were made up, and were being conveyed to railway stations, he used to run behind the handcart, which was in use in the very early days, with a sharp knife in his hand, ready to cut the string the moment he arrived at the railway station. The spectacle of Mr. Marshall running hot foot through the streets of London to the railway station in the small hours of the morning was one that would have created much more sensation had there been many people about to witness the performance. On one occasion it led to rather an awkward contretemps. Mr. Marshall was running, as was his wont, at top speed, to make up to the car with the parcels, which had got rather a good start. He had no hat on; his hair was blowing loose, the sharp knife

was in his hand, and a soldier who had been out late was startled by this apparition. It at once occurred to him that the figure which he saw was that of an escaped lunatic. Instantly he gave chase, caught Mr. Marshall, flung him down upon the ground, wrested the knife from his hand, and yelled for a policeman. When the constable arrived, Mr. Marshall, breathless with indignation, explained what was the matter. He was released, and at once went on to the station to send off his parcels. Doing this in all weathers, no matter what temporary ailments might affect him, could not fail in the end to affect his health. Mr. Marshall never

would take a warning, and even when he was so exhausted that he had to be propped up to follow with his quick eye the movements of his men, he refused to leave until the last parcel was made up and sent off. Under such a master's eye the business grew and prospered. Hence it came to pass that from the day he opened the humble stall in Fenchurch Street railway station, which was the first railway bookstall, down to the day when he took possession of his stately offices in Temple House, on the Embankment, Mr. Marshall had the satisfaction of feeling that he had built up his business from the bottom, brick by brick, laying every brick with his own hand.

Of his domestic life I cannot speak here, not having the space at my disposal, but he was a tender, affectionate father, a faithful husband, a man whose whole strength went out in ministering to the comfort and enlightenment of those who surrounded him. His life, on the whole, was as admirable as was his business. I must press on, however, to notice the third, the most distinctive characteristic of his career, namely, his great liberality. Mr. Marshall was one of those men who always devoted a certain portion, and an increasing portion, of his income to what he called the service of the Lord, or what others might describe as philanthropic and public services. There were very few more liberal

men than Mr. Horace Marshall; richer men there were, but few who gave away more in proportion to their income, and the subscription lists of orphan asylums and similar institutions show how largely Mr. Marshall subscribed. Few men ever lived up more faithfully to, or believed more effectually in, the famous saying of the Book of Proverbs, "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and the first-fruits of all thy increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." The story of how he came to believe in this was told by Mr. Nettleton to a large crowd of friends and neighbours who gathered to pay the

last respect to Mr. Marshall in Norwood Cemetery. Mr. Herschell, an old friend of Mr. Marshall, had previously told us, in the service in the church, how it was that he had first come to dedicate one-tenth of his earnings to the poor, or—I prefer the old phrase—to the service of the Lord. When he was a young man of eighteen, he heard a sermon by the late Baldwin Brown, which dealt chiefly with the stewardship of wealth. He left the church determined that, henceforth, whatever money he had got, whether it was much or little, he would always put aside one-tenth for the Lord before he devoted any of it to his own use.

This he continued to



THE LATE MR. HORACE MARSHALL.

[From a Photo by THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.]

do for some years. The sequel of this Mr. Nettleton told. The story was one of the most remarkable I have ever heard, and as it does not appear to have found its way to the public press, I venture to reproduce it here, giving it upon Mr. Nettleton's authority, and prefacing it with the remark that it seems to be one of those good stories that are almost too good to be true. Mr. Marshall, when he was three or four and twenty, found himself giving away more money than many of his friends who had much greater incomes. Some of them expostulated with him, saying that he would ruin himself, that he ought to be saving his money, and not giving it away. They were so persistent

that, at last, it took effect upon the young man's mind, and, as his wont was, "he took the question to the Lord in prayer." He retired to his own closet, and had what might be called a straight talk with the invisible Power. "Here," said he, "I have given away, believing it to be my duty, for purposes which I regard as Yours, one-tenth of my income. I have put it all down; here it is—so many pounds, so many shillings, so many pence, for these years. Am I doing what is right? I believed that it was right when I started, but all my friends tell me that I am doing wrong. Will You give me a sign?" And then, when he had prayed, if such a straightforward colloquy could be called praying, it occurred to him, after the manner of Gideon, to ask for a sign which would be conclusive. It was in the year 1850. He had just devised for publication the first illustrated programme for a public funeral that had ever appeared in London. "Now," said he, "I am publishing this Programme; it may succeed, it may fail. May I ask that, in connection with the publication of this Programme, You will give me a sign that will give me clearly to understand whether I am to go on giving, to curtail my subscriptions, or what I shall do?" Having thus put

the case plainly, practically, and in a business-like fashion, before His Maker, he then left the matter, and devoted his energies to the publication of the illustrated programme of the Duke of Wellington's funeral. Whether it was from the novelty, or the excellence of his publication, I do not know, but the Programme sold extremely well. It was a great success. And then comes the most remarkable thing, for the accuracy of which the Rev. Joseph Nettleton vouched. When the balance sheet came to be made up for that Programme, Mr. Marshall found to his astonishment that the net profits that he had realised amounted to the very penny to the sum which he had given away since his eighteenth year! When he compared the figures, and found that they exactly corresponded, he felt that his prayer had been answered. There was dew upon the fleece of Gideon, and as he put it in his own quaint way, "I saw that the Lord was determined never to be in debt with me, so I went ahead."

Nor had he any reason to regret this. When he died, he passed away leaving behind a business which any man might have been proud to hand over to his heirs.

HOW TO DESTROY THE GAMBLING CURSE.

BY THE REV. C. F. AKED (LIVERPOOL).¹

I HAVE followed with deep interest and gratitude your efforts during the last eight years to enlist public sympathy in the Anti-Gambling Crusade, and watched with delight the steady growth of right feeling about the movement. To suggest, as so many seem inclined to do, that the cure for the gambling passion consists in the regeneration of the individual, his elevation to a different standard of thought and desire, is only to repeat one of the most obvious of truisms. Of course that is true; but it is equally true of every other vice; and the Christian citizen who is not a mere *doctrinaire* will seek to prevent the multiplication of *inducements, temptations, and facilities*. While the slow processes of spiritual regeneration are doing their work he will seek to destroy every evil thing which itself seeks to retard the divine uplifting. An organised opposition to gambling is a necessity of our time.

Eight or nine years ago, before the formation of the Anti-Gambling League, in "A Plea for a New Crusade," I sketched the work which such a Society should attempt. In the course of the years I have seen no need to add to or take from the programme. And I venture to repeat now that our work consists in this:—

1. The enlightenment of public opinion upon—

¹ In *The Temple Magazine* for October there was a discussion of "The Gambling Curse, and How to Destroy it." Owing to Mr. Aked's absence in America, his contribution arrived too late to be included in *The Temple* debate. As it is too good to be lost we print it here.—*The Editor of THE YOUNG MAN.*

- (a) The essential immorality of gambling;
- (b) The deterioration of character which invariably marks the gambler's life; and
- (c) The terrible penal consequences entailed upon the individual and upon the State.

2. The enforcement of existing laws, rigorously and impartially. It is sternness that we need, hard, determined sternness. I have pity on every sinner upon this God's earth who sins from passion, but for the wretch who traffics in the sins of men, and especially in the sins of the young, the ignorant, and the callow, who makes his profit by the encouragement of their passions, I have no mercy. In a civilised land he ought to be hunted down like a wild beast.

3. The demand for new laws wherever existing law is shown to be inadequate; and especially a law which should render penal the publication in any newspaper, journal, or magazine, information about odds, "tips," or any other information given solely for purposes of betting.

When the vices and the virtues of cheap printing come to be reckoned up, the part which the newspaper has played in carrying the infection of the race-course into every home and into every corner of the land will be considered almost an unpardonable sin. But such a drastic law, drastically enforced, would silence the voice of the "prophets," would put an end to the trade of the tout, and do more than all other efforts combined to rid the country of a brood of vampires hatched amidst the miasma of the turf.

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.

XI.—THE SHAPING OF ENOCH MARTINS.

WHAT had become of eighty pounds, name it more or name it less, paid to Amos Boulderley and not shown in his bankruptcy figures? Silover asked the question, and forgot the love that hopes and waits and believes. A hypocrite had been permitted to overreach himself, and his shameless cunning must cut his own fingers, which was desert. Some said the money was hid in the tumbledown sheds, and the wheeler's men were privately coaxed to probe and pry. The women, having better judgment and enlightened by the cheap romances, affirmed that it was buried, and longed to see fork taken to Serena's yard border—run wild now—of pansies and pinks and London pride. The talk was always of clumsy craft and of guilt and of "prisoning." It would not be edifying if Amos escaped, and to cry on dullard roguery is the plainest duty, for if simpletons fall into cheating it must turn the tables on pushing trade.

Perhaps the man hardest to convince of the wheeler's turpitude was Rector Tatton, who in the opinion of the Turret at least did not count. The scandal leaped his six-foot fence and invaded his vineries. It sat down with his family of strapping girls at the breakfast-table. As the wide Silover curve, from the ridges of Shaw Cross even to Reccombe Steep, was nothing else but a whispering gallery when excitements were abroad, the rector could not stir in his parish and miss the report of a bag with holes in Church Place. But he pool-pooched the dark tales, and gave occasion to the enemy to observe that pottering about continually in a tepid hothouse atmosphere would account for soft and silly views. Besides, who had ever known a clergyman make shift to grasp a stiff business tangle? The most failed at unfamiliar trifles, put these never so sun-clear. 'Twas why they had churchwardens.

In the rectory preserve there was a convinced spirit who held with the crowd, and tumbled into a pretty scrape with his master thereupon. It was the accident of an accident, but it hoisted the rector's colours in the town. Moreover, the day came of a sequel, and if Shaw Cross had silently moved its base the surprise in Silover could scarcely have been more intense, deleting the terror.

Jason Dewley had skill and distanced rivalry, and his gift and uprightness made way for him, even as it was with Free Hood, his Turret brother. Rector Tatton had sent for him in haste, and in the jargon of his plumber's craft he was wiping new joints where frost had upset the water-pipes beyond the forcing-houses. It gave the chance to

one Clackett, who cleaned knives and rolled grass and justified his name. It was before the wheeler was set aside in Frewin's Yard for closed lips and suspicion of a thing that ought not to be. But the thunderclap was waited for, and Clackett foregathered with those who at the *Wheatsheaf* and elsewhere were tickled at the quandary of a just man and unfortunate. He fetched and carried and heated soldering-irons as directed now, and between his journeys rigged up his battery and opened fire. It was fine play at first to plant a telling shot and vanish with a chuckle ready to explode somewhere in the great hairy throat of him, and for active hostilities the convenience of the method is obvious.

"Shall ye put a statty up, Maister Dewley, bottom o' that salubrious yard which was chosen and elected for a chapel sure enow by them as snuffed uncommon, else 'twould ha' gone desp'rate hard against their noses, 'tis that mortal nasty, an' al'ys were? Do 'e tell a body now, Maister Dewley, shall 'e put a statty up?"

And a pair of gaiter-cased legs, absurdly stick-like beneath a ponderous body, were off at a pleasant trot before Jason, the stunned, recovered. An interval, and the stubbly face as of an unkempt and rakish round moon reappeared. Its disorderly glee could not be disguised. The shimmer of malicious satisfaction caused the plumber's bushy brows to come together in puzzlement.

"I didn't fair get at ye, Tim," he said. "Clear it up, for I'm a main dull dog except when it's a mutton worry."

But Clackett was in no haste to give the winch another turn. He had been spoiling for a brush with the "stiff 'uns," who might now in decency hang their heads and put peradventure into their claim to be a peculiar people and a protected. He made as if waiting for the silence of the spluttering tool, and in truth was loading his ordnance again, with sedulous cogitation of similes. It was clear that St. Mark's had it over the Turret—shabby, unsavoury conventicle; and to his hands as the rector's man one freely named for the chief council of the schism was given for a spoil.

Jason Dewley looked at him, and the drollery kindled.

"You'd do a deal better for a porpoise match than a mutton worry, Clackett," he said,—and I've heard as fat's steadyin' i' the sea."

The insult brought the volley. Remarks on a man's size were undignified and best left. But even a rector's man is human.

"Give them as you know stidy dealin's and short reckonin's and a conscience as won't drop a matter o' eighty pound down t' Sil ducking-hole, for all as shows of it, and mayhap your lanky leather faces 'ud find the skin tighten over their bones."

And sucking in his breath, with the asthmatic's punishment for anger and a long sentence, Clackett unmasked his guns at one fell *coup*.

"I was asting," he said, "if so be a statty o' Bounderley, the wheeler, were to pint t' way like bottom o' Frewin's Yard. Have 'e thought of it now? Why, 'e might have a fine and natty statoo o' Bounderley a-taking t' plate round inside o' Turret. 'Twould be a tip-top draw for meetin'. Passon Glad, 'e could tune up his play-actor's voice most soothing. I can a'most fancy it. An' the statty pintin' straight for t' door. 'Twould mind a many o' Lot's wife when she were set for a salty pillar in the plains o' Destruction."

The scrap of Bunyan superimposed on a more ancient narrative by one whose Bible lore had probably accreted rust, put a twinkle in Jason Dewley's eye. But he was keenly vexed, and in that instant a loose-limbered tongue had steeled him. Whereas before he had inclined to mercy and long sufferance. Already Enoch Martins had approached him with a rugged plea for support in the heavy work of purifying Turret.

"They talk of this thing in Gath and they publish it in Askelon," said the farmer of Knives Down. "It is our cruel shame, and a stench in the nostrils of all honest men. I cannot abide it; I do not see it right. I tell you, Dewley, we are a mock of the Philistines."

It marked travail of soul when Enoch Martins forgot his simple Saxon idiom for metaphors ringing of old pangs at a stigma set on God's heritage. His stern face worked as he spoke. And here was swift proof and disturbing that he had not used excess of colour.

With a steady touch and a nervous, and at least affecting phlegm, Jason Dewley finished his joint, and his lips were fast. The silence galled his adversary, who liked to see acid bite after its nature. He mistook the furrows on the great forehead for indifference and the craftsman's quizzing of the task put forward. Timothy had report to make at the *Wheat-sheaf*, and he tried again.

"You'm hard to hit, like Mike Sells's dinner," he said. "Mike, 'e were rippin' in Andler's big field, an' his wife biled dumplings in Back Ridge Lane. Come twel' o'clock, Becky starts up t' lane for big field, and Mike he starts for dumplings down Shaw Cross hiffself. Becky's got jug an' handkercher when she's top o' wheatfield, an' Mike he's got a crave-crave inside when he's down to cottage. 'Em turns round next, and Becky comes back on face o' hill, and Mike 'e reckons he'll meet her up t' lane. Consequence is, by time he's in t' dinnering party—

with his crave-crave inside, an' got a deal worse—Becky an' t' dumplin's are snug down to home again. An' they do say as Mike an' t' woman done it all over again, too. You'm hard to hit, but so's wheeler's money an' wheeler's conscience. A fine addled egg up t' Turret! Would it be fault o' preachin', think e'?"

"You don't have preaching at all, but mumbling and mummary, and mayhap a snip out of a gardening book. I beg pardon, sir."

Jason Dewley's face was the colour of a peony, and the reason stood at his elbow, and the chuckle could not be stifled this time even by Clackett's sudden sense of propriety. But the mirth that dimpled the round moon ridiculously was quenched and eclipsed in unexpected shadow. Instead of prompt measures of satisfaction for the slip made in Dewley's sudden heat, the rector staggered the Churchman. His vials of irony were all for Clackett's head.

"Was it you, Tim," he said, "who didn't seem quite sure to a pound or two once in some accounts when you were at Silover Hall? Was that how you came to me, first for a word to Captain Roxmorrow to save you, and then for a new place? These are glass houses; yet we throw stones. But in future, before you drive a better man than yourself to extremities, it might be advantageous to see that no one is behind the laurels. As regards Bounderley, you may both hear me. I know him for a steady, industrious fellow, to whom tricks are strange. I believe nothing in the scandal—nothing. There is a key, I am sure; there is a key."

The rector went softly back to his shrub-trimming in the old list shoes he loved. It passed the wit of woman to take them from him whatever winter cold endured. He did not seem to hear Jason Dewley's contrite apology. It was probably enough that he left a crestfallen chatterer dumb in Jason's presence for all after days.

Then Silover understood that faith in the wheeler's virtue had not wholly waned. Enoch Martins heard of it, and was flint.

"Rector Tatton can put his foot on crawling creatures that bring mischief to his vines," he said. "That isn't to be doubted. We'll do the same in a vineyard Rector doesn't tend as he ought."

But for such speeches, and they were many and hard, there was sorrow stored. He paled something, and there was a secret shaking at the heart-strings when it sped even to Knives Down that Amos Bounderley's wits had departed. The news came with authority, and could not be held as light thistledown rumour, like so much that floated from the valley slopes. For up in the bosom of Recombe the wanderer was found, a vacant-eyed man, a talker of idle gibberish, a laughing, crooning, stricken thing, who snapped his fingers at those who stalked him game fashion, and who changed his tune with mad facility when taken, and insisted

that he must go to Shagg's Mill, for he was trysted with pretty Hester Ford.

"The girl he was to wed, and dust as all shall be," said Free Hood, with broken lights upon his face. "I'm not a babe, but it cowed me."

It was in the old happy past that Amos henceforth lived, and would live. Medicine had little to say to his case that was hope. He had prayed that he might bear even the judgment and the sentence meted to him by Enoch Martins,—keenest stab of any,—and divulged gravely and in innocence by the minister. He had cried in an agony for the power to be silent still and submissive, and to shield Zachary always and keep his bond to Serena. And the dark shutter dropped and temptation ceased, and it was Enoch Martins who came at last to marvel in a new and deep humility if the blow were God's answer. For all is not mischance that seems so. And the law had a forbidding face for Amos, whereas now nothing could be done to vindicate the rights of creditors. The particular pressure the wheeler feared would never touch him.

The curious thought was when Enoch began to know, and the narrow mind widened slowly. First Zachary's letters showed a pitfall escaped. He wrote with a trembling pen and confessed to the easing of a conscience quickened in the grim old Turret Chapel.

"There was a man here," he said, "who had bad ways with money, and he would have got me into them, for he could talk splendidly. I don't believe you've heard his equal. And it was only a little on a race, or on a game of cards, and so on. I hated to seem mean, and I gave way when I ought not. But I was miserable, thinking about you all, and about the minister, who is a brick. I knew it would pain him if I went wrong. I made a finish of it, and wrote a polite note and said how sorry I was that I had done what I had done, and that I could not go on with it on any account. And that ended all, and much the better, for he had to leave, and I am afraid it was forgery. It'll be a lesson, father, and please tell the minister. But don't you worry, dad; I'm a deal better here than muddling turnips and 'wuzzle' as I used to, and should again."

The last was the word of fear, perpending a possible recall. But this was also gratuitous. The broken yoke would not be mended.

Pastor Glad was told, as a shy man in home matters could best manage it. And away in a great upper room, looking on the springing green turf of Red Lap beyond, Another was told, and with a bared heart and thankfulness. For the fowler's snare had been set in vain, and there is One who delivers.

The thing softened Enoch Martins, but not to all men's sight. It was a change later and larger that bent the haughtiness of the foremost Turret elder; and Dan Perryman was its instrument.

At night-time the lonely farms are close guarded, and with reason; for rogues in grain go up and down the valley, and if they like not hill-climbing it may very well be that temptation would banish sloth. But bolts and bars, and dogs kept at handy hunger point, and gruff men with guns are a strong reinforcement to love of the level white thread that meanders into the towns and out. It was therefore in surprise that the farmer of Knives Down caught a stranger on his great stone entrance flags, let in by Alice Fellowes, the maid, upon large assault with his knuckles at the oak.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked. All the strength of his sinewy hand was needed to restrain the plunges of a hound with distinct opinions on the impertinence of tramps and the best will in the world to prove to this one that here and now the quality did not materially differ from impudence.

Then Enoch Martins started. The face was blotched, and the most sinister of crow's feet were crowding in to dutifully witness of rampant passion and the blasé life and atrophy of all pure desires. The men had seldom met, but the visitor was recognised.

"Your name is Perryman. Isn't it George Alloway you want?"

Without intending it, the farmer had hurled a sarcasm. But Perryman's eye was on the dog and he could not weigh looks as was his wont. He edged backwards, and Nestor's wrath redoubled.

"I've no business to-day at Twist Corner," he said; "Nell's there, and let her stay. I'm not the sort of man to make a woman happy, and never shall be. Nell did all that's possible with me, and Nell failed. No; I went to Church Place to see Bounderley. 'Tis all shut up close, and the man's mad. So he must have been when he gave me his eighty pounds or nigh upon it."

"What!" cried Enoch,—"what!" The room spun, and Nestor had nearly escaped. The man of this astounding tale flew incontinently into a passage, and quivered behind a door. When he peeped out, his foe was shut up in a remote room, and there was respite.

"What!" cried Enoch for the third time, and his heart sank.

"Bounderley did it to keep a lie from your ears. A lie that you might have spotted, for you were other metal, I knew. I took him at his offer, but the man was mad. It was an offshot for cash, and a rascally. Then I'd have died in Batlington Bottom with the notes and gold in my pockets if it hadn't been for Asaph Dagnal. He's dead now. I've heard it all from Jack Doughty, the chemist. He was always my chum, though he came to grief and got sold up. Well, I was snowed up in your big storm. Ugh! That was an experience! I'd been working a bit at Crashaw's, with your son. My name was Burton there. I borrowed it in case Nell wanted me. Zach never guessed—not likely.

He was at boarding-school when I was in Silover. It was to save Zach that Bounderley found the money. I put a scrape of my own on Zach's shoulders. That was the clumsy lie."

"And you stand and tell it me as coolly as this!" moaned Enoch.

"Yes; I've been pushed to it; some conscience left, perhaps—lah! Doughty said Bounderley's character was smirched. I'm here to clear him. The money's clean gone. And I'm not much, I know. But it's all I can do. Bounderley broke to save your Zach."

It was rough, straight hitting, and it told. Enoch Martins loathed himself even more than this reprobate. A few more questions and he understood thoroughly how Perryman had imputed his own criminal act to Zachary, and how the lad's letter

. *Next month we shall publish the last of these Idylls, and in our January number we shall commence a new and delightful serial story, entitled "THE CHARMER: A SEASIDE COMEDY," by SHAN F. BULLOCK.*

NICODEMUS came to Jesus Christ by night. Oh, the night!—how many troubled doubters and inquirers are weary of its darkness! Yet they are thankful for it, because it protects them in part from the sneer of a faithless faith, and gives them an opportunity of hiding the tears which daylight should never see. It is better that the night of the soul should not write its history. Let Christian men be mindful how they throw their weapons into the night. Some honest men may be struck, some anxious heart may be wounded, some who are coming to Jesus may be hindered. These who come by night should be encouraged. We know little more of Nicodemus, but what we do know is sufficient. Where do we last find him? We find him at the Cross and in the Light! He had found his way through the night to the morning, from the miracles to the Cross; and there shall all true inquirers be found at last—at the Cross and in the Light!—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

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THEY but half understand the gospel who dwell upon its sanctions of reward and punishment, and would seek to frighten men into goodness by brandishing the whip of law before them, and uncovering the lid that shuts in the smoke of a hell. And they misinterpret it almost as much, if there be any such, who find the chief motive for Christian obedience in the glories of the heavenly state. These are subordinate, and legitimate in their secondary place, but the gospel appeals to men, not merely nor chiefly on the ground of self-interest, but it comes to them with the one appeal, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." That is how the law is written on the heart. Wherever there is love, there is a supreme delight in divining and in satisfying the wish and will of the beloved. His lightest word is law to the loving heart; his looks are spells and commandments. And if it is so in regard of our poor, imperfect human loves,

had seemed to prove it. The audacity of the attack was its triumph.

Unmolested and unthreatened, Dan went back into the night.

Enoch Martins paid eighty pounds to the trustee who was overhauling the wheeler's affairs, and all Silover heard why. Amos alone could not be told. He was in Hartley Asylum, and waiting for leave to go to Shagg's Mill to see pretty Hester Ford, his love.

A clear, cold Sabbath morning came, and Enoch Martins drove in as usual from Knives Down. His face was sad and determined. He amazed the few bystanders by ignoring Frewin's Yard. The scanty congregation of St. Mark's were more bewildered yet, for the leading elder of the Turret worshipped with them. But Rector Tatton smiled softly. A recruit he had not gained, but he saw a new man shaped.

how infinitely more so is it where the heart is touched by true affection for His own infinite love's sake, of that "Jesus" who is "most desired"! The secret of Christian morality is that duty is changed into choice, because love is made the motive for obedience.—*Dr. Alexander MacLaren.*

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THE Christian life is the only life that will ever be completed. Apart from Christ the life of man is a broken pillar, the race of men an unfinished pyramid. One by one, in sight of eternity, all human ideals fall short; one by one, before the open grave all human hopes dissolve. The laureate sees a moment's light in nature's jealousy for the type; but that too vanishes.

"So careful of the type?" but no,

From scarped cliff and quarried stone

She cries, "A thousand types are gone;

I care for nothing—all shall go."

All shall go? No, one type remains. "Whom He did foreknow He did also predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son." And "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—*Prof. Henry Drummond.*

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"HE saves the sheep, the goats He doth not save."

So rang Tertullian's sentence on the side
Of that un pitying Phrygian sect which cried,
"Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,
Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave."
So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed,
The infant Church! of love she felt the tide
Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave,
And then she smiled; and in the Catacombs,
With eye suffused but heart inspired true,
On those walls subterranean, where she hid
Her head 'mid ignominy, death and tombs,
She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew—
And on His shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

Matthew Arnold.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG PREACHER.

By DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is easy to tell a preacher to adopt a figurative style of preaching; but what if he have no figures? This difficulty is not provided for by the rhetoricians who lay down rules, and illustrate them by borrowed examples. Most unquestionably the use of figures is to be highly commended, and it is because of a strong belief that a good deal can be done to improve what I may (for want of a better name) call the metaphorical faculty, that I urge you to insist upon your mind giving you something in the way of illustration. Look for figures; work for them; take them in their rudest outline, and improve them. It is hardly necessary to remind you that figures are not to be expected to meet all the points of a subject; let it suffice to have one main line of application, and to shed light on one particular point. I may confess to you in this confidential correspondence that I cannot do much in the way of metaphor; yet this confession, coupled with the fact that I use all diligence to turn my fraction of talent to account, does not deter me from urging you to glean even where you cannot reap. To provoke your criticism, to encourage the feeblest of your efforts, and to awaken your emulation, I venture to send you a sample of figures and illustrations which my poor fancy has yielded with infinite reluctance.

What do you do when, in reading the massive folios of ancient English authors, you meet passages written in an unknown tongue? Paragraph after paragraph you read with all possible fluency, instantly apprehending the author's purpose; but suddenly the writer throws before you a handful of Latin or a handful of Greek: what then? If you are absorbed by the interest of the book, you eagerly look out for the next paragraph in English, and continue your pursuit of the leading thought. Do likewise with God's wondrous providence-book. Much of it is written in your own tongue—in large-lettered English, so to speak. Read that; master its deep significance, and leave the passages of unknown language until you are further advanced in the rugged literature of life, until you are older and better scholars in God's probationary school. The day of interpretation will assuredly come.

You have seen an old man tottering with the gathered infirmities of a weary lifetime, and wandering in darkness on which no summer sun could shed the light of morning: blind! blind from his birth! never saw God's outer robe of many colours; never saw God's shadowed outline,—his own mother's face! You have seen such a man, led along the

thronged highway by a little child, to whose young, bright eyes he committed himself in hope and faith. I am that poor blind wanderer through the way of God's mysteries, and that little guide represents the benevolence, the mercy, the tenderness, with which God leads me from horizon to horizon, until I stand amid the encircling glories of the perfect revelation. The commonest mercy of the daytime flames up into a fire-guide, that lights men through the gloom and trouble of the night.

I am afraid that many of us are defective in moral symmetry. Some men are great Christians upon one point, and some are great Christians upon another. One man is a great Christian in the matter of Sabbath-school teaching, and another a stupendous Christian in the matter of total abstinence from all strong drink. We may be too much in the habit of singling out special virtues, to feed them up to a high pitch, in order to carry off the prize at the ecclesiastical show. This would give but a poor idea of the roundness, the completeness, and the inclusiveness of the Christian life. Suppose that next summer should grow little but sunflowers, and the following mainly abound in roses, and the third be chiefly distinguished for violets: however rich might be the product of each, the summer, as a whole, would be accounted poor and ill clad. Summer develops all the growing power of the soil, and so moral summer does not bring forth an isolated excellency, but clothes the human tree with "all manner of fruit."

Mysteries! What are they but as the earth at night-time, speeding on with swift wing to the all-revealing brightness of morning!

We say of some men: "They are not altogether bad; every now and then they come pretty right; so much so that it is hard to distinguish between them and Christians." It is much the same as if we should say of a clock that is not going: "Really, that clock is not so bad after all; every now and then, twice in the twenty-four hours, it is perfectly right; it may be right all day by and by." No; not until the mechanism is put in order, and the pendulum is started. So with man: the *heart* must be right before the life can be true.

Every man must bear his testimony in his own way. Standing in a watchmaker's shop near noon-day, I was surprised to find how many different ways there are of announcing twelve o'clock. One bell tolled it out in most solemn tones, leaving a considerable space between the resounding notes;

another rattled off the hour in a most flippant manner, and seemed to say to the first, "Get on with you; put some spirit into your work, don't stand droning there!" One clock spoke with a silvery voice; another gave its message with a shivering clang; a third repeated the hours as if burdened with the effort; a fourth, having struck twelve very cheerfully, began to chime most sweetly. Every man, like every clock, has his own way; the one important thing is to keep true time, and not to be ashamed to tell it.

I dream: far out on the waste of waters there moves a pirate vessel; day by day it preys upon the lawful commerce of all countries; its decks are wet with human blood, and its coffers laden with plundered gold. It is the terror of all navigators. Its every pursuit is destruction to the pursued. It fights no losing battles; the mightiest quail, the stoutest surrender. I dream still: over the yielding billows there rides in proud majesty another vessel—vaster, stronger, quicker; on board is a captain surpassing all in genius, in courage, in resources. Against his assaults all artillery is but as the rattle of a child's toy against the eternal granite. He strikes the pirate ark once, and again he strikes, and once more; until the timbers rend, and the enemy is engulfed in the great deep. What is the interpretation of my vision? What but that death is the great enemy coursing over on the seas of human life, slaying the strong, blighting the beautiful, plucking away the young, and striking dread everywhere? And that great counteracting force, what is that but Christ, who came to "abolish death," and give His saints full triumph? And ages upon ages hence, if men should inquire "Where is death?" they shall be answered as with the voice of many waters,—SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY!

Preachers and teachers of all degrees may know the way to heaven, yet never walk in it, just as a man may know every detail of the railway timetable, and yet never take a journey. Men who spend their lives in preparing other people for heaven, but never advance themselves towards it, may be likened to the inspectors, porters, and other railway servants, who are occupied in setting out travellers, but who themselves never see the ocean or the landscape.

It is right for you, young men, to enrich yourselves with the spoils of all pure literature: but he who would make a favourite of a bad book, simply because it contained a few beautiful passages, might as well caress the hand of an assassin because of the jewellery which sparkles on its fingers.

A great deal of misery would be prevented, if ministers would endeavour to form an honest esti-

mate of their qualifications, and, as a consequence, seek appointments for which they are specially qualified. If one might teach unpleasant doctrines through the medium of figure, one can imagine how inconvenient it would be, in the event of a great cathedral clock wearing out, for a neat Geneva watch to put itself forward as a candidate for the vacancy. The Geneva might be a beautiful little thing, and might keep the most exact time, and might be called endearing names by the ladies and little children; yet, to speak the language of charity, it might hardly be adapted to be set a hundred and fifty feet above the ground, in a circular vacancy at least ten feet in diameter. In such a case its very elevation would become its obscurity. On the other hand, it would be quite as inconvenient if a great cathedral clock, weary of city work, should ask to be carried about as a private timekeeper. There is a moral in the figure. That moral points towards the law of proportion and adaptation. One can imagine the petted Geneva looking up from a lady's hand, and calling the cathedral clock a great coarse thing, with a loud and vulgar voice, which indicated the most offensive presumption; and we can imagine the cathedral clock looking down, with somewhat of disdain, upon the little timekeeping toy. Oh that some sensible chronometer would say to the rivals, "Cease your contention; you are both useful in your places." The one as a private chaplain, the other as a city orator, may tell the world to redeem its flying time.

Though mysteries culminate in the Cross, yet there is enough revealed in the Cross for man's present pardon, and his final enfranchisement in heavenly immortality. The secret things are not ours,—the revealed things are. We have not so much to do with the top of the ladder, which is lost in the effulgence of the heavens, as with the foot of it, which rests on the earth; nor have we so much to do with the bright angel ministrants who throng it, as with the messages of mercy and hymns of hope which escape their tuneful lips. Fool is he who, in running from a town in flames, will not cross the river until he speculates concerning the architecture of the bridge, and makes inquiry into the origin and the date of its building. "Speed away from the pursuing flame," say you; "tarry not until you are far beyond its range, and afterwards, if you please, discuss your speculations concerning the bridge." The illustration may be applied to the sinner who wishes to escape from his sin. His first business is to reduce to practice all that he does understand, to manifest a disposition to accept all the arrangements of Divine wisdom, and in childlike trust to give himself up to God. The Cross has a side that is "secret," and a side that is "revealed,"—a side that shines towards God, and a side that shines towards a sinning world. It

lights the heavens as well as the earth, but man's whole business now is to accept the beam which falls upon himself, and in its light to penetrate his way to the higher and better spheres. . . . Do not anticipate the course of study. The volumes will be given by the great Librarian, one by one. Understand what you can, and in doing it you will increase in knowledge; understand that in all the wastes of folly there can be no greater fool than he who will not believe his Father's telegram, because he cannot understand the mystery of the telegraph.

Circumstances have much to do with the formation of opinions. I overlook from my window a field which in April looks like a desert; it is flat, sterile, and most dreary in aspect; not a green thing visible in all the breadth of its twenty acres; it looks like a plague-spot on the landscape, and the eye turns from it as from a repulsive spectacle. In August that same field is the richest, the grandest in the whole prospect, for *then* it is laden with golden wheat. It is the same field, yet how different the appearance! So I have observed that young men who modestly begin life with little or no demonstrativeness, often have a very luxuriant and substantial maturity. It is well to defer our judgments until August.

The gospel of Christ may be either the savour of life unto life to a hearer, or a savour of death unto death. How so? All depends upon the man himself. The sun brings life to some branches, and death to others. If a branch is on the tree, and the tree is properly rooted in the soil, the sun will bring life to it; but if the branch be amputated, the sun will wither it to death. It is the same sun, and the branches have grown in the same forest, or even on the same tree; and yet the shining of the sun means life to the one and death to the other. It is precisely so with the gospel: if a man will not put himself in a right relation to it, it will be his utter destruction.

I saw a man watering the roads this morning. He was very careful where he began and where he ended. Three hours afterwards a heavy shower of rain fell, and it blessed the whole neighbourhood with its impartial benediction. Thus it is with law and grace; and thus, too, it is with people who work from the point of duty, and the nobler people who work from the point of love.

From figure to parable is not a difficult transition. I have found in the course of my own ministry that parabolical representations of truth have excited a most healthful and profitable interest. All men have somewhat of the dramatic element in them; hence they watch with eagerness the development and consummation of a plot, or a plan, if you like that word better in this connection. *How will it*

end? is the anxious inquiry. If you keep your eyes open, you will see the working of this dramatic element in many of the common concerns of daily life. Dispute with a cabman about his fare, and the baker, the milkman, and the lamp-lighter will soon gather round you to see how the controversy will end; offer to put a hundred pieces of curiously shaped wood together, so as to make a complete figure of them, and all the children in the house will give up their lessons, and press upon you to see how the mystery is solved; tell a child that it is his duty to be honest, and he will infallibly pronounce you a bore; but give him a hint that you can tell a wonderful story about the hairbreadth escapes of a thief, and he will tease you to relate the tale, and will perhaps beg you to go over parts of it again and again. What of it—and especially what of it in relation to the ministry? We must seek the readiest entrance to the human mind, and through that entrance must convey Christian instruction. I know that you will ask whether this, that, or the other is legitimate, or is in keeping with the dignity of the pulpit. Enough for me to know that Jesus Christ dramatised truth: all the elements of a most exciting romance are to be found in the parable of the prodigal son; why therefore should we hesitate to follow, with such power as God may give us, the example of the Master? Everywhere there is keen interest in life, character, destiny; little children feel it, and old men are not superior to it. This interest has undoubtedly been debased by vicious novels and corrupt dramas, but this is no argument whatever against novels and dramas that are good. You can convey just as much solid truth through the medium of a drama as through the medium of an exposition or exhortation, with this most valuable advantage,—you carry the attention of your hearers with you from beginning to end, and are likely to give the subject an abiding-place in their recollection. Of course, if you construct a clumsy or inconsistent parable, you must bear the mockery which you deserve. I am speaking of parables that recommend themselves by a basis of strong common sense and a fair share of fancy and eloquence; such parables, delivered with a simplicity which is at the farthest possible distance from theatrical affectation, will never fail to secure the best results.

In writing thus, a great fear comes upon me lest you should be indiscreet enough to ask me to show you how such parables may be written. Perhaps I do you injustice in supposing that you would condescend to ask such a question; yet I feel some relief in being permitted to indulge a supposition so dishonouring to your proud powers. It would display sound judgment on my part, were I to try to bring the requisite fancy, wit, and wisdom to bear upon the outline and execution of your task; but I am afraid the advice would not be of much service to you. Frankly, then, I own that the power of

writing parables is not so freely distributed as the power of reading them. If you have not the power, don't waste your time in parable grinding. A poor sermon is bad enough, but a poor parable is intolerable. A parable that is cumbrous, mechanical, laboured, will offend and weary the unhappy victims on whose patience it is inflicted, and their maledictions will be the fit reward of the foolish speaker. There must be no display of mere cleverness in the construction of the parable; the moment the hearers are so far released from the grasp of the thought as to think anything about the forms, the highest object of teaching is lost. This being so, the Christian parabolist cannot allow himself to dally over points on which the mere artist may lawfully linger; the preacher is more than an artist, and is therefore bound to watch himself jealously lest art become a temptation to him. The preacher is an architect, it is true; but he is especially a *builder*. His plans may be good, what if he build nothing? He must build, and he must build *completely*. Each parable must have its own distinct lesson; if it be fragmentary, it will be distracting and useless, and truth will be dishonoured. The execution may not be polished, but the conception must be complete. The parable of the prodigal son is complete, though there is no attempt at literary embellishment. You must have an object, and towards that you must move steadily and fervently. Before beginning your parable, put to yourself the question, What end have I in view? Suppose the answer be, to prove that the way of transgressors is hard; or, to show that the paths of wisdom are pleasant; or, to point out what may be done by faith,—you have then to outline a narrative which will most graphically illustrate your meaning: you have the main point, and it remains to gather around it elucidatory material. This is perhaps an infelicitous way of insisting that your teaching must be *distinct*; it must not be simply allusive; people must not be thrown upon their skill in drawing inferences; the doctrine must be clear, the lesson must be emphatic.

I confess to some difficulty in giving advice about the use of anecdotes, as, in my opinion, nearly everything depends upon the taste and skill of the relater. The same anecdote told by two different men may produce two contrary effects,—it may disgust, and it may please. When there is drawing over unimportant points, or heaviness in the expression, or a long preamble before the story, the effect is sure to be bad. As soon as I hear a preacher say, "My beloved brethren, let us illustrate this by one of the most beautiful and affecting anecdotes which it was ever my privilege to hear,"

I make up my mind to endure a dreary recital of very painful nonsense. Anecdotes should not be prefaced. Anecdotes should not be long. Anecdotes should be true. I have heard of a preacher who in one discourse related twenty-seven anecdotes, yet they were so skillfully introduced and so pithily told as to be quite enjoyed by educated and critical hearers. This is an exceptional case; don't set it up as a model, or I shall never hear a good account of you. If you can now and again put a simple and telling anecdote into your sermon, do so; but be very careful not to go anecdote mad. People will believe in parables when they will distrust anecdotes. They know that a parable is imaginative, but they expect an anecdote to be literal; and if once they catch the relater tripping, there is an end to their confidence, not only in the speech but in the speaker.

In all our ministry we have to magnify Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world; and whether it be by figure and parable, or by the plain statement of doctrine, let us be sure that we reach the highest point of our vocation. At the base of your ministry let there be sound, enlightened, fearless, and reverent exposition of the Divine word; without *that*, your ministry will be a failure, you will never train men; you may please giddy and shallow listeners, but no manly host will prove the vigour of your teaching. Having laid your foundations, you may call up all your powers and attainments to give scope, massiveness, and beauty to the building. Don't lay an interdict upon your fancy; don't be afraid of the occasional service of humour; don't always put a seal upon your wit; let your whole nature preach; let fancy, humour, wit, sarcasm, contribute their share of help to your ministry; they will be of use as allies, if you be careful to have something stronger on the main line. If you honour Christ in your ministry, you will be honoured by Him in return. When the fisherman goes to the river, it is that he may attempt to take fish; are not you a fisher of men? Why not then go to every sermon with the one set purpose of bringing men to the Saviour? *That is the one object of the true ministry.* We have to bring men to Christ as a Saviour, and we have also to bring men to Christ as a *Teacher*. Repentance and faith are not the end, they are but the beginning of Christian life. We seek conversion first, then we aim at edification. Throughout the process we are the agents, the servants, the ambassadors of Christ,—He will honour those who wait upon Him, if they forget themselves in the glory of His blessed name.

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH PARKER.

The Home Messenger for November contains an article entitled "Home, Sweet Home!" by the Rev. J. G. Greenhough; a paper on "The Land of the Pharaohs," with illustrations by the late Lord

Leighton; a story by Grace Stebbing; a valuable article on "Rest and Sleep," by Dr. Gordon Stables; and many other contributions, besides beautiful and artistic pictures by distinguished artists.

"FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT."

CHATS AT THE CLUB.

NORBURY wondered what type of man was most popular with women.

"Fools," said Stanhope.

Henley observed that Stanhope's popularity was scarcely sufficient to justify his offering this as an axiom.

"Let us discuss it seriously," said Norbury.

"You cannot generalise about matters of taste," Henley argued.

"But we can deduce conclusions from observing the action of the majority," Norbury observed.

"Then a general deduction would be that we like in others the qualities we possess ourselves, or that we are attracted by our opposites, and neither is correct."

"I am not discussing the men whom women marry, because they may marry for other reasons than the sole one of individual attraction: as for position, or because nobody else has offered, and a celibate condition is considered undesirable. I merely wonder what type of man tends to be best liked by women."

"You had better generalise," said Henley, "and acquire the attribute which Stanhope says constrains admiration."

"Money seems rather a popular feature in a man," said Stanhope drily. "With very young women it may not count, but towards five-and-twenty they seem to regard it with favour."

"Well, I don't know," said Norbury. "Take a wealthy cad who has nothing to recommend him but wealth, and I don't think you will find the world of women at his feet. But where money means success, influence, prosperity, I can understand that they might appreciate it for other things than its purchasing power. You see woman's sphere is such a limited one, in spite of all the talk about new women, and masculine women, and women who, as far as I know, never have existed, and never will exist, that it is very natural that achievement of any kind in others should appeal to her imagination. Soldiers have been popular with women generally, since the beginning of time, unless individually they are cads; and I do not think this is because of their red coats, or their uniform, as the superficial might conclude, but because of the suggestion their garb carries of perils they have known and brave deeds they have done."

"A militia man would do just as well," said Henley with a little yawn.

"I don't think so; you put a man who has fought and been wounded, has lain in trenches and suffered cold and hunger, by the side of the sprucest young Guardsman that knows the intricacies of West

London and no more, and I tell you ninety-nine per cent. of womankind will find more beauty in his stained uniform and worn face, provided they know the history of the stains, than in all the other man's natural charm with Bond Street to increase it. Give one man an inherited million and another man the Victoria Cross, and with the average woman the million weighed against the other will kick the beam."

"Very like a whale," said somebody, quoting Shakespeare.

"I don't say that she will marry the Victoria Cross; as a matter of fact, I do not think there are enough *croisés* to go round; also people have to live, and crosses are not sustaining nourishment; also the hero may not want to marry and the less heroic may; but we were not speaking of marriage, we were speaking of what attracts, and I should be disposed to think that valour should take a foremost place."

"Then we shall tabulate valour A1," said Henley, "Or achievement of any kind," Norbury pursued.

"A successful venture in the region outside what is open to them will always appeal to the imagination of women."

"Then you think their tastes are modified by conditions, and cannot be called natural tastes?"

"You put your question in your usual nasty way," said Norbury. "What we like, what we value, what we strive for depends altogether on the circumstances amid which we have been born and have lived the years of our lives. In Russia not very long ago, hundreds of people died, accidentally certainly, to reach what others would not accept as a present, and doubtless because it appealed to their imagination too, as a souvenir of 'the little father.' Apart from this, and as a mere article of commerce in their own villages, they would probably not have given half a dozen coppers for it."

"We digress," said Stanhope.

"Not at all, circumstances form the tastes and opinions of races as well as of individual men and women. Were the social conditions all altered for the female sex, it is possible their choice in objects of love would become a good deal like that of men."

"And what may that be, may I inquire?"

"I imagine they would choose as partners, provided custom gave them the right of choice, good-looking men, mentally incapable of giving them much trouble."

"And where would the valour come in then?"

"They would practise it in their own persons."

"Just like men?"

"Quite like men;" and at that somebody laughed.

NORMAN FRENCH.

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: SOUTHEY'S "LIFE OF NELSON."

Of all the names in the long roll of England's worthies, there are few that have so seized and held the popular imagination as the name of Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar and the Nile. It may well be, in a land like ours, that the great sea-captain is at an advantage when compared with the military commander. Ours is a prestige naval rather than military; it is by sea rather than by land that our mightiest triumphs have been won. The seaman stands in the direct line of succession to Grenville and Drake, and Hawkins, and Frobisher, and Raleigh, and Blake,—the men who struck terror into the heart of the Spaniard and made England to be feared throughout the world,—and shares something of their lustre.

Mighty Seaman, this is he,
Was great by land as thou by sea—

so sang Tennyson of the Duke of Wellington. But even the "Iron Duke" himself never quite carried the imagination by storm as Nelson did. Wellington, it should not be forgotten, lived to a good old age, and became a politician; Nelson—in Southey's beautiful words—departed in a blaze of glory that could scarcely have been brighter "if the chariot and horses of fire had been vouchsafed for his translation." Had Wellington shared, on the field of Waterloo, when the French Guards broke and fled, the lot that befel Nelson on the deck of the *Victory*, the result might have been different.

But all considerations such as these apart, it is not difficult to understand the high place which Nelson has secured in the minds of his fellow-countrymen. There is nothing that the English love so dearly as fearless devotion to duty in the face of danger; and there is nothing that is so unmistakably stamped on every page of Nelson's life. One of his earliest recorded sayings as a child was his reply to his grandmother: "Fear, grandmamma! I never saw fear; what is it?" One of his last, his famous signal at Trafalgar: "England expects that every man will do his duty." In those two sayings lies the open secret of Nelson's public life. There was, too, a certain picturesqueness about the man, his sayings and doings, which was wholly irresistible. The very sight of him, with his blind eye and missing arm, told what he had suffered in his country's service. His superb self-confidence, which more than once put the telescope to the blind eye, but which the event never failed to justify, extorted admiration even where it sometimes compelled censure. Men never ceased to marvel at the imperious will which, while weaker men were wavering, clashed down its unhesitating decision,

the untiring patience which for more than two years could watch and wait for the opportunity to strike, and the dramatic swiftness of his movements when the time for action had come; while his quick generosity to his foes, and his simple, unaffected piety in the hour of victory appealed to the deepest instincts of his countrymen.

Moreover, the greatness of Nelson's services, alike to our own country and to Europe, will hardly be questioned even by the most ardent lover of peace. How the history of the last hundred years would have had to be written, had not the restless ambition of the first Napoleon been checkmated by a force mightier than his own, it is, of course, impossible to say. That it would have been greatly changed, and changed for the worse, few Englishmen at least will need to be convinced. And unquestionably to no one did there fall a greater share in the frustration of Napoleon's designs than to Horatio Nelson. Again and again was the scheming Frenchman utterly foiled by the tireless vigilance of our great seaman; and had his generalship by sea been backed by equal skill on the part of the Allies by land, Napoleon might have been utterly crushed long before the battle of Waterloo. He destroyed the French fleet in Aboukir Bay, and ended for ever Napoleon's dreams of a supremacy in the East. To the attempt to paralyze the commerce of this "nation of shopkeepers" he answered with the bombardment of Copenhagen. And in the very hour of Buonaparte's triumph at Ulm, Trafalgar was fought and won, and England gave to the winds her last fear of a French invasion of her shores. One may loathe with all his soul, as the present writer does, the rant of Jingoism, and yet recall with thankful pride the memory of exploits such as these.

In passing this eulogy on Nelson's services to the nation, of course I must not be understood to be expressing approval of all his actions public or private. His sentiments towards the French, for example, were they to be uttered by anyone in his position to-day, would rightly be regarded as foolish, fanatical, and vulgar to the last degree. "There is no way of dealing with a Frenchman," he said once, "but to knock him down." "I always was of opinion," he declared on another occasion, "have ever acted up to it, and never had any reason to repent it, that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen." "There are three things, young gentlemen, which you are constantly to bear in mind,"—these were his instructions to his midshipmen,—"first, you must always implicitly obey

orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy, who speaks ill of your King; and thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." But, of course, it would be grossly unfair to judge Nelson by modern standards in a matter of this sort. Happily for all of us, a great change has come over our relationship towards our neighbours across the Channel. But in Nelson's day, and long after, sentiments such as those which I have just quoted were common among all classes of the community. "Forgive me," Nelson wrote to a correspondent, after a characteristic outburst against his foes, "but my mother hated the French." Southey's animus against the Frenchman and all his works is manifest on every page of his story; and every reader of *Adam Bede* will remember how the soul of Mr. Craig the gardener was filled with contempt for "Bony" and all his "mounseers": "As for the mounseers, you may skewer half a dozen of 'em at once, as if they war frogs."

It is a charge of a very different character that is brought against Nelson by Southey in connection with the execution of Prince Francesco Caraccioli, a younger branch of one of the noblest Neapolitan families.¹ The true history of this incident, and especially of that "baneful passion"—Nelson's infatuated attachment to the wife of Sir William Hamilton—which according to Southey was at the bottom of it, seems to be involved in some uncertainty. Southey does not hesitate to condemn his hero in the strongest possible terms. Wordsworth would fain have let the world believe that in Nelson he had found that high ideal which he has drawn for us in his beautiful lines on the *Character of the Happy Warrior*; "but," he writes in his brief introductory note to the poem, "his public life was stained with one great crime, so that, though many passages of these lines were suggested by what was generally known as excellent in his conduct, I have not been able to connect his name with the poem as I could wish, or even to think of him with satisfaction in reference to the idea of what a warrior ought to be." And the writer of the article on Nelson in the last edition of *Chambers' Encyclopedia*, though he apparently exonerates him from all blame in the Caraccioli affair, sums up his judgment of Lady Hamilton and her relation to Nelson in these terms: "A woman of extreme beauty, winning manners, and shady antecedents, first the mistress and then the wife of Sir William Hamilton, she enslaved Nelson by her charms, and the two became bound by a liaison which death only severed." On the other hand, Mr. F. W. H. Myers, in his *Life of Wordsworth*,² declares the common judgment—

which the poet accepted—to be erroneous, and refers us to certain researches of Sir Nicolas Nicolas, which he says—with somewhat unsatisfying vagueness—"have placed Lord Nelson's connection with Lady Hamilton in an unexpected light." It is a subject upon which I cannot speak with one jot or tittle of authority; but it seems impossible to doubt that Nelson was the victim of an unholy passion. It is another illustration of that strange divorce of morality from religion, against which the prophets of God in all ages have protested, that the man who could send home despatches so religious in their tone that even Wilberforce thought they would have the effect of leading men to speak more of Providence,³ should at the very time that he was penning them have been living in an illicit union with another man's wife!

This, then, is the man whose life Southey has written with such beauty and simplicity, such candour and justice. Biography, as Professor Saintsbury has pointed out, falls naturally into two classes: "There is the biography pure and simple, in which the whole of the materials is passed through the alembic of the biography, and in which few if any of these materials appear, except in an altered and digested condition; and there is the 'applied' or 'mixed' biography, including letters from and to the hero, anecdotes about him, and the like, connected and wrought into a whole by narrative and comment of the author, or, as he sometimes calls himself, the editor." It is, of course, to the former class that Southey's *Nelson* belongs, and of that class in our language it is, by almost universal consent, the supreme example. "We greatly doubt," said Macaulay in 1830, speaking of Southey's Poems, "whether they will be read fifty years hence." The prophecy has been fulfilled and the poetry forgotten; but the *Life of Nelson* still affords to multitudes delight as keen as it gave to Macaulay himself. By it, if by it alone, its author has secured a sure if not conspicuous place in the company of the Immortals.

I close this paper with two brief suggestions: (1) The book should be read with a good atlas by one's side. To follow Nelson's various movements from point to point is to gain immensely in the clearness of one's impression of the whole narrative. (2) Those who wish to make a beginning with a study of the Poetry of Patriotism—one of the interesting byways of English literature to which I drew attention in an earlier paper—should make the following slight addition to the reading for this month: Wordsworth's *Happy Warrior*, Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic*, Mrs. Hemans' *Casabianca*, and F. T. Palgrave's *Trafalgar* (from that author's *Vision of England*).

* * * The book for December will be *The Acts of the Apostles* (in the Revised Version). Stalker's *Life of St. Paul* (T. & T. Clark's, 1s. 6d.) is recommended.

² *Life*, vol. ii. p. 319.

¹ In all the literature of realism is there anything quite so gruesome as the story which Southey tells of Caraccioli's corpse floating upright in the sea?

² In the English Men of Letters Series.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

As I have read the letters addressed to me this month, I have become impressed with the very important relation which health has to every form of human effort and ambition. In the early days of youth nature permits us to make very heavy drafts upon the bank of life apparently without any evil consequences. I can remember the time when I could sit up all night, take a bath in the dawn of day, and do a hard day's study with no more unpleasant result than a faint sense of weariness. But that day is past, and I have come to see that the body is a very delicately-organised piece of machinery, which must be treated properly if it is to accomplish its work perfectly. Not only so: as one grows older it becomes clear that brain-action is controlled by physical conditions to an extent that few suspect, and most people are reluctant to admit. I fancy that we have all permitted ourselves to be a good deal deluded by certain exceptional instances of literary men who have accomplished remarkable results under the most distressing physical conditions. We remember Heine's "mattress-grave," and Carlyle's dyspepsia: it does not occur to us to ask how much better Heine and Carlyle might have written had they been men of entirely robust health. We think a good deal of the physical frailty of Keats, and forget the perfect physical conditions under which Goethe and Wordsworth wrote. And the tendency of such reflections is that it does not much matter what sort of body we have if we have the right sort of mind. We may play any sorts of pranks with the body: the mind is a separate entity, and will go on working brilliantly all the same. Thus, it often happens that a young man outrages his body for years without knowing it, sacrificing it in the service of the brain, until some fine morning the body presents itself as creditor, forecloses, and reduces the brain to bankruptcy.

* * *

Dr. John Brown, the famous author of *Rab and his Friends*, once accused his father of being a prodigal son, on the ground that he had wasted his physical substance with the best of motives in the service of others. Dr. Brown insisted that there was such a thing as "physical prodigalism"; and great, pious, and good as his father was, he had been guilty of it. And Dr. Brown was right. Was not Spurgeon a physical prodigal, who wholly disregarded the claims of the body, setting himself to do an enormous amount of brain-work with a total disregard of the claims of the body, and was not the result death in the very prime of manhood?

I think the pulpit has a great deal to answer for in this matter. The old ascetic tendency which despises the body is not yet dead. Ministers often talk as though any care for the body was a pagan act, and as if the soul were something wholly independent of the body and capable of thriving without it. The cases of early breakdown among ministers are often due to this cause. It frequently happens that some brilliant young minister, in the first excess of pleasure in his work, far outruns his physical capacities; works at improper hours, turns night into day, takes no exercise, treats the body as a mere drudge bound to obey his will—and the result is that at forty his work is done. This is "physical prodigalism." It is not the less a sin because it is done from high motives, and may be called a magnanimous crime. And there is no justification for it in Scripture. St. Paul takes great pains to show that body, soul, and spirit are truly one. He counsels his followers to serve God with their bodies as well as with their spirits. He terms the body "the temple of the Holy Ghost." This ascetic tendency in the pulpit is not nearly so strong now as it once was, but it exists still, and still calls for protest.

* * *

The first thing the studious and ambitious youth has to remember, then, is that in all his plans of life he must reckon with the body. Up to twenty-five or thirty, perhaps, the body will be a very quiet and obsequious creditor, but later on it is apt to prove a very Shylock. Let us write it down as an axiom, that the sound mind and the sound body always go together, and that, all things being equal, the man of perfect physical health can do far more work, and much better work, than the man of sickly physique. One of my correspondents (*Wheldon*) complains that after a month's hard brain-work he is apt to become terribly depressed, and finds himself incapable of work for the subsequent month. He has been so alarmed by this condition of affairs that he feels tempted to give up a career in which continuous brain-work is demanded, and he asks me whether I can save him by suggesting a reasonable system of work. Manifestly I can suggest no "system" which will apply equally to all cases, but I think it is possible to lay down a few elementary rules. Early rising and early retiring is the first. I do not mean by this getting up at unearthly hours to study: I tried rising at five to study at one time, but I found that I invariably went to sleep in my study-chair before seven. But six in summer and seven in winter are

not unreasonable hours for a student. Then, again, all heavy brain-work should be done in the morning. The man who works steadily from eight to one has exhausted the best juices of the brain. The afternoon should then be given to outdoor exercise, and if any work is done in the evening it should be work that is not fatiguing. On no account should heavy brain-work be done at night. The theory of the "midnight lamp" is one of the most pernicious ever invented, and has slain its tens of thousands. Let the light be out at half-past ten or eleven. Such rules as these, with reasonable care in diet, sedulous use of the bath, and all the fresh air possible, will enable most men to do a great amount of brain-work with comparative ease.

* * *

The best justification I can find for such rules as these is the general practice of the greatest literary men. Almost any man of letters will tell you that the morning is the only really fruitful time for work. I do not know how far the experience of others may coincide with my own, but I remember once writing all night, and producing what seemed to me excellent work; and I was astonished on reading what I had written the next morning, to discover what very poor stuff it was. I was astonished, but a very moderate amount of reflection explained the matter. The fact was that I had been overdriving the brain; I had been working under unnatural conditions, and the product was inferior. I believe that if we called a symposium of brain-workers, almost all would agree in similar conclusions. Work done at night is very rarely as good as work done in the hours when the body is fresh, and the brain clear and bright after prolonged rest. There is, of course, one objection which we are sure to hear. Men will say, "But this system only gives at most five hours' brain-work in the day, and this is not sufficient." But you have to take quality into the account as well as quantity. The fact is that no human brain will or can do more than five hours of continuous first-rate work. Many writers have set three hours as the limit, some even less. The great question is, "Is the three or the five hours' work to be really *continuous*—that is, do you intend to maintain this output steadily for the six working days of the week?" Three hours' work one day, and none the next, will of course accomplish nothing. Spasmodic brain-work is useless. The brain obeys the law of habit as truly as the body; and the man who accustoms his brain to a daily and regular demand, soon discovers that the total results are far beyond his expectations. It is hardly possible to find a better illustration of the rich harvest which *continuity* of effort ensures than in the case of M. Zola, who never writes for longer than three hours per day, and by this moderate exertion has produced a score of lengthy books, which have been read in every corner of Europe.

The fact is that in this, as in many other matters, the great enemy of intellectual development is desultoriness. The desultory reader, thinker, or worker accomplishes nothing. I have known more than one man whose life has been entirely ruined by desultoriness. Twenty years ago, such men, with half a dozen other comrades, stood to the same mark, ready to start in the race of life. They had many advantages which their comrades had not. One would have said of them unhesitatingly, "They have genius, they will go far." Yes; they had the audacity, but not the pertinacity of genius; they had the impulse, but not the industry. Their friends expected, and rightly expected, great things from them. They made excuses for them, and said, "No doubt they will astonish us presently." But they did nothing of the kind, and as the years passed it became increasingly clear that they would never do so. And in the meantime the insignificant men, of whom no one took much notice at the beginning of the race, have been slowly creeping to the front. It is they who have written the books, secured the public ear, and achieved reputation. The explanation is simple. The dull men worked, the men of genius were desultory. The dull man is at his desk at eight o'clock, and the brilliant man is still lounging over his paper at eleven. The dull man has tilled every inch of his little patch of ground till it blossoms as the rose; the man of genius has let his great estate run to seed. Of course one does not say these things pharisaically; if they are said at all it can only be with pity and regret. But they are facts which are vouched for by an observation of life. It is impossible to put your hand upon any successful man who is not a worker. The desultory artist, the desultory writer, the desultory man of business, is foredoomed to failure. Continuity of effort is the one unalterable condition of success, and the finest impulse and even the finest gifts count for little without patience, method, system, and pertinacity.

* * *

W'heldon touches another point of interest when he asks what can be done to make the memory a faithful servant. Well, memory is of two kinds: verbal, and eclectic. Many men say they have no memory simply because they are unable to recite a poem or quote a prose passage with accuracy. But the sort of memory needed for such an achievement is not of a very high order. Every child possesses it, and every actor. Sometimes, of course, it is developed to a miraculous degree, as in the case of Macaulay, who could have rewritten from memory the *Paradise Lost*, and said that any schoolboy could recite the names of the Archbishops of Canterbury backwards. Macaulay so trained his verbal memory that he took in a page at a glance, and could repeat it without a single error; and such a feat leads one to conclude that any child can be trained to learn quickly and recite accurately, if

sufficient patience is given to the task. But after childhood it is very difficult, if not impossible, to develop a strong verbal memory. Yet there is much that can be done. The eclectic memory is still capable of development. The eclectic memory proceeds entirely by association of ideas. You read a passage that strikes you, and instantaneously file it in the brain for reference. It may be years before the occasion comes to use it, but when the occasion comes the brain will automatically produce it. It will not be produced accurately or verbatim; but you will recall where you read it, and you will turn to it, and use it. This sort of memory is, I believe, capable of great development in every thoughtful man, and the man who cannot recite a poem at will often possesses, unknown to himself, this most useful faculty of storing facts and producing them.

* * *

Personally, I have little faith in any memory system which works by catchwords or the like, because it is purely artificial. Nor have I much faith in elaborate systems of commonplace books in which all sorts of odd bits of knowledge and quotations are filed for reference. My experience is that you can't find the commonplace book when it is wanted, and you can't find the quotation you need, even if you discover the book. Ten chances to one you have filed the quotation under a misleading heading, and when you have wasted an hour in finding it, it proves hardly worth the search. But the trained eclectic memory never fails. It acts, as I have said, almost automatically. A train of suggestion is started in the mind, and instantly the doors of the brain swing back, and the illustrations stored away years ago present themselves. And not only is this the higher sort of memory, but it is incomparably the more useful. To be able to recite a poem at will is no doubt a pleasure and an advantage; but to be able in the very heat of speech or writing to strike upon the exact fact you want, the very illustration which is most felicitous and pertinent, is a far greater advantage. And I am sure that there are very few persons who cannot develop this sort of memory. It simply means an effort to retain at the moment the outline of what you read, or the impression of what you see or hear. At first the effort will be a little severe, but later on this too will become automatic; so that insensibly you will be storing the mind day by day with facts and illustrations which will be ready to your hand in the hour when you need them.

* * *

There is another hint on this theme, which I may venture to make, although I am afraid that people of neat habits, who profess a delicate reverence for books, will dissent with pious

vehemence. The question is often asked what is the best way of reading books so as to remember what you read, and particularly those passages which you think will be of use to you. Well, my plan is a very simple one: it is to mark all such passages with a lead-pencil, and turn down the leaf. For a passage of first-rate importance I turn the leaf at the top of the page; for a passage of secondary interest, the leaf at the bottom of the page. I make no effort to commit these passages to memory; I read them over once or twice, and trust to the automatic action of the brain for the rest. In the meantime the book is securely indexed for me in the best possible way. I can take it up at any moment, and by merely running through the marked passages, can get at its marrow, and lay my hand on all that is valuable in it. Some day, as I am writing, the association of ideas will suggest this book to me. I shall remember, with more or less distinctness, that it contains certain passages which bear upon the subject of my thoughts. In five minutes, by merely referring to the turned-down pages, I can usually find what I want. Thus, without loss of time, and by the simplest possible method, the results of my reading are secured to me, and are an available treasure on which I can draw at any moment. Of course, the neat people, who like to keep their books clean and respectable, will complain that such a system ruins a book. But what is a book? It is simply the weapon of the thinker or writer, just as the sword is the weapon of the soldier. The sword which never leaves the scabbard can easily be maintained in immaculate brightness; but the sword which is used must necessarily contract some stain and soil. Surely the noblest respect which can be shown to a book is to use it, and the marks of use are honourable defacements.

BRIEF ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ambitious (North Wales). There is no reason why you should not qualify yourself for the post you name. In some respects the practical training you have had is the best of all training. Industrious study will do the rest. As to the right methods of such study, you must consult someone who knows the subject better than I do. — *T. M. R.* (Wales). I have ceased to reply to such inquiries as yours. The proper person to apply to is a duly qualified medical man. — *R. D.* (Carlisle). The Morning Hymn is good; I cannot say much for the other verses. You have an ear for melody and true feeling. — *J. G.* (Edinburgh). A good style can only be acquired by carefully reading all the great authors. Study their methods of expression, analyse their sentences, pay attention to their literary artifices. Read Defoe, in order to learn the art of simplicity and directness; Jeremy Taylor for eloquence; any of the great Elizabethan authors for pomp and majesty of diction; Ruskin and R. L. Stevenson for felicity of fancy and epithet. Your own taste must be your guide in selecting your authors. Above all, study with care all the great poets. No one can teach you the art of language so well as a really great poet. — *C. B. C.* (St. Helens). You must ask for what branch of study you have the greatest natural predilection. I would suggest science.

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THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

HAROLD FREDERIC: NOVELIST AND JOURNALIST.

By WILLIAM CLARKE, M.A.

WITHIN the last three or four years Mr. Harold Frederic has suddenly and honourably leaped to a very prominent place among our living writers. I use the word "our" advisedly, for though Mr. Frederic is an American by birth, he has lived in London so long that he has become quite acclimatised among us, and he does not admit the theory that, in the eyes of an American, an Englishman is a foreigner, in the same sense that a Frenchman or a German is. In particular, he regards the domain of the literary man, as Professor Huxley once said to an American audience, as being bounded only by the Pacific Ocean. All good English books (and some that are not) are read on the other side of the Atlantic even more generally than they are here, and we repay the compliment by diligently reading many of the works produced on that side. There are certain writers who immediately find a wide audience in both countries as soon as their books appear, and in this favoured category may be reckoned Mr. Frederic.

Harold Frederic, though residing so long in England, and though he likes the country so much, including even its grey and gloomy skies, and its cold rains, so unlike the brilliant climate of America, is still a typical American. He allows no one to abuse his country but himself; he has all the genuine democratic spirit of the true American; he is generous and open-handed; he possesses a keen sense of humour, and complains of a certain lack of gaiety in our sombre, jaded London; and he has the American newspaper man's facility for telling a good story. I never in all my life met with anyone who has such a collection of stories as Mr. Frederic, although I have more than once sat up with American

journalists at the club till the small hours of the morning, listening to those droll stories which they alone can tell. There is a delightful *camaraderie* about the pressmen of the United States which is, I venture to think, greater than here; and more kindly, helpful human creatures there are not on this planet. Mr. Frederic has all the genial virtues of his class, and he has a bigger stock of good stories than any of them. The tales of political, social, and journalistic life in America which he does not know, are not worth knowing.

A tall, well-built man, with a strong, shrewd but withal kindly face, firm jaw, large mouth, bright eyes, with a somewhat slow and lounging gait, sometimes dressed in frock coat of the most fashionable cut, but more often in an easy loose attire, and generally with a cigar between his lips—such is Frederic. To see him casually, you would suppose that he had nothing particular to do. Never was there a man who took life so easily. His vitality is unusual, his nerves are more than ordinarily strong—a singular fact in our nervous age, when men of letters are suffering from insomnia, dyspepsia, and various other tortures. I suppose Frederic is occasionally run down or knocked up, but I have never seen him in that condition: he has always impressed me with a sense of exuberant vitality. It is not, however, vitality of the kind that manifests itself in loud or boisterous demonstrations of power. The American is generally quiet, more so than the Englishman. His speech is far slower and more measured, he thinks more of what he is going to say, and endeavours to give his remarks a more artistic setting. This habit in speech is, I venture to think, largely the explanation of the fact which

Mr. Howells has observed, that the American novel is apt to be a more careful and more artistic piece of work than the English, for the novel must be, in some measure, the outcome of the methods in thinking and expression of daily life, just as early poetry was only a more heightened expression of the emotional and poetic speech of the common people among whom it was produced. When Mr. Frederic, for instance, tells a story (and that will be very soon after he joins any circle at his club or wherever he may be), he tells it very slowly, so much so that you would think at times he had forgotten the point he was going to make. Not a bit of it. He is thinking of the most effective way of rendering the story even more amusing than it is inherently by the careful choice of words. He will not rush through the story, impatient for the outburst of laughter. He lingers lovingly over every detail, he makes little incursions into by-paths, he leads up by processes of most effective artifice to the *dénouement*, knowing of a certainty that the laugh will come in all right at the end. And it does, it comes in roars and volleys, so that the smoking-room echoes from end to end, and at the farther corner the chess-players wonder what is the matter, and the faces of the waiters are wreathed in smiles, showing that they too are men and brothers. The slow drawl, the funny Americanisms, the deliberate handling of the theme, it may be, the genius for making up as he goes along, render Harold Frederic's stories inimitable. You feel that, like Kipling, he has so many cards up his sleeve, so many stories to tell, that you are confident about him, certain that he will not soon run dry, but that he has indefinite resources.

Mr. Frederic's life has been marked by greater variety than most of us can boast of in our more prosaic careers. This indeed was not unusual in America when he was a boy, though every year the United States offer a more restricted field in this respect. He left school at twelve years old, and was initiated into the art and mystery of cutting wood and looking after cows at Utica, his native town in the State of New York. This classically named place is now a large town, at which all the express trains on the New York Central Railway stop. But it was then, just after the Civil War was over, a small place, and life was simple. Frederic knows the central part of New York State as few, if any, persons know it, as the readers of some of his novels may easily discover. Perhaps the most elaborate of these, *In the Valley*, which called forth the discerning eulogies of Mr. Gladstone, deals with incidents in the Revolutionary War extending all over this region. After cutting wood and selling milk, Frederic took to drawing and photography, and earned his living as a negative re-toucher till he was seventeen. Then he became proof-reader on the *Utica Herald*, and afterwards first reporter, and then editor of the *Utica Observer*. For this paper

he has a peculiar affection even now, and it often forms the subject of amusing jests between him and his friends. I once heard him say, in his humorous way, that, if he were in solitary confinement, he would prefer for reading the *Utica Observer* and the *Cork Archaeological Journal*. Frederic soon made the *Utica Observer* a power, and he received an invitation to become editor of the *Albany Evening Journal*.

Albany, a delightful city on the Hudson, along whose leafy avenues I have wandered with pleasure, recalling the old Dutch times there, is the capital of New York State, whose Legislature meets in the palatial but still unfinished pile on which the State has spent such enormous sums. The *Albany Evening Journal* has always been an important newspaper, and Mr. Frederic's post was one of responsibility. Heretofore a Democrat, Mr. Frederic had allied himself with the "reform" wing of the Republican party, and ultimately developed into what, in American political slang, was called a "Mugwump." He had converted the *Albany Journal* into a tariff reform organ, when a crisis took place in the Republican party in the State. A candidate for the governorship was nominated, for whom many Republicans would not vote—among them Mr. Frederic. His independent attitude and his prompt habits of decision became at once apparent. He was away at Saratoga, but he instantly telegraphed to his paper, instructing it that the nomination was to be denounced and the party opposed. The proprietors were frightened, for they were keen party men, but Frederic was stronger than they, and he had his way. But it was little use "bolting" from his own party unless he could secure some worthy nomination on the other side. At that time the city of Buffalo, at the extreme west of the State, had a certain Mr. Cleveland for mayor, a lawyer in that city, and a lifelong Democrat. He was not much known outside his own town, but Frederic and some of the younger and more reforming Democrats knew him, and determined to push his claims before the Democratic Convention which was sitting at Syracuse. They went there and made a forty hours' fight, and at the end Mr. Cleveland was the accepted nominee of the party for Governor of New York. As the Republicans were divided, and many of them would not support their own man, Mr. Cleveland was elected by an unprecedented majority, and thus his fortunes were made. Within two or three years of that time, this then unknown man was President of the United States, and so Mr. Frederic may be credited with cutting the first steps by which Mr. Cleveland climbed to the dazzling altitude he has kept so long.

Between the President and his journalistic supporter a close friendship was struck up. I have heard Frederic describe the appearance of Cleveland after he became governor. He had to hold official receptions as well as transact the more serious duties

of his office. Cleveland did not mind the working side of his office, for he was used to work, but he disliked the ornamental, and he was at first as awkward as a bull in the proverbial china-shop, for he had never been used to "society" before. But in time he accustomed himself, with that quickness of perception which is so common in America, to his new functions; and now he is as much at home in receiving senators and ambassadors at the White House as if he had been born in the purple. It does not fall to the lot of every man to make a president, but to Mr. Frederic that honour may freely be accorded.

For had not the eyes of the whole country been drawn at the time to the peculiar political situation in New York, and therefore to the candidate who won so striking a victory, Mr. Cleveland would, in all human probability, never have been thought of for the presidency. And the man who secured Cleveland's nomination for the office from which he stepped to the presidency was Harold Frederic. Ever since that time Mr. Frederic has been attached to the wing of the Democratic party represented by Mr. Cleveland. He has watched his leader's double triumph, and now he sees the down-

fall of what may be called the Cleveland section, the rise of a new combination, and the final split of the old Democratic party as he knew it in his younger days. But Frederic is not so serious a politician as to lie awake at nights on this account—at least, not if I have read his character aright.

Serious or not, however, Mr. Frederic devotes very much of his time to politics. How he contrives to keep up with all the political moves, and yet turn out such excellent literary work as he does, is a problem I have not yet solved. His political activity is necessitated by his position as London corre-

spondent of the *New York Times*. He first came over to Europe as a *Times* representative a dozen years ago, to report on the terrible cholera visitation in Spain and the South of France. He knew no Spanish, and at that time but very little French either, and yet he succeeded in sending the best accounts which appeared in any American newspaper. The fact is he is a born journalist, with an eye for "points" and a remarkable facility for terse expression. No "school of journalism" will ever turn out such men as he, for the true journalist, like an effective constitution, is born and not made.



MR. HAROLD FREDERIC.
[From a new Photo taken by himself.]

Instead of going back to New York, Mr. Frederic settled down as regular correspondent in London; and here he has been, excepting for a short visit to his native land, a tour in Ireland, and two or three important missions on the Continent, ever since. Mr. Frederic's letters in the *New York Times* are more often quoted in the American press than any others since Mr. Smalley ceased to represent the *Tribune* in London. They are always bright, interesting, and up to date, though Mr. Frederic has earned the reputation of being somewhat of an alarmist in regard to European affairs. As an

American journalist put it to me, "He generally proclaims a European war about once a month." Happily the Powers have not yet obliged Mr. Frederic by confirming his prophecies. Of the inner side of English politics he has always given a very accurate account. He was from the first a keen opponent of Lord Rosebery as Liberal leader, and most of his predictions regarding what was likely to happen in the Liberal party have been fulfilled.

Mr. Frederic has been in very close touch for years with the Irish movement. He was originally

rather opposed to Home Rule, but was converted by a careful investigation of things in Ireland itself. He has been for some time on the Healy side of the internal controversy in the Irish party, and he is a close personal friend of Mr. Healy, of whose abilities he has a very high opinion. Mr. Frederic's intervention in Continental affairs has not been so successful as his investigations into English politics. He conceived some years ago, when in Berlin, an immense regard for the German Kaiser, seeing in him a young man of energy who would, he thought, put himself at the head of the reforming movement in Germany. The outcome of his German political studies was a book about the Kaiser, in which Frederic indulged a little too much in hero-worship and in predictions not destined to be fulfilled. His hero has turned out, in the opinion of most people who are competent to judge, but a sorry one, and Mr. Frederic himself admits with sorrow that things in Germany are not going as he expected. His theory about the change is that the Kaiser began well, but has been got at by the reactionists, and has become a Bismarckian of even a more rigid type than Bismarck himself. I cannot say that I regard Mr. Frederic's campaign in Russia as then a very happy one. He went to that country to give an account for his newspaper of the way in which the new laws against the Jews were being carried out, and he embodied the results of his observations in a work called *The New Exodus*. Like all he writes this book is graphic and interesting, but it is vitiated by a too hasty observation and by a very strong bias against the Russian people. The truth is that, though there was doubtless much hard treatment of the Jews by the Russian Government, the agitation then directed against Russia was largely a fictitious one got up by the Semitic newspapers of Vienna and Berlin, and the remonstrances addressed to the Tsar by public meetings in England and the United States were most impertinent. What have Englishmen and Americans to do with an internal administrative policy framed in the interests of the Russian Empire? Suppose the Russian Government were to remonstrate with us for the drunkenness and crime of this country, or with America for her cruel treatment of negroes? Perhaps one reason why Mr. Frederic disliked Russia so much was because of the weather, which happened to be hot and dry in the extreme during his stay, and he missed the rains and dull grey skies of England, so dear to his heart. He told me that when it rained once at Moscow he was so delighted that he walked out for the express purpose of being soaked through, and was happy for a time again. I can commend his record of what he saw as interesting, and, as far as it goes, I doubt not, accurate reading, but I do not regard it as serious politics.

So much for Harold Frederic as a journalist. I must now say a few words about him as a novelist.

We have had much discussion during the last few years as to the respective claims of realism and romanticism in the novel. Mr. Frederic is resolutely on the side of the realists. Most recent American work in the realm of fiction is on the same side. Mr. Howells is a realist, so is Miss Wilkins, so is Mr. Hamlin Garland, so is young Mr. Stephen Crane. The analytic American mind, with its determination to see things as they are and to report with almost photographic accuracy what it does see, is quite naturally and inevitably realistic. But whereas much of what is called realism is merely the activity of the man with the muck rake, probing into all the cesspools and dung-heaps of human nature, and is therefore not realism at all but a deliberate attempt to prove that man is really as vile as the hymn says, the true realism, like the great poet whom Matthew Arnold celebrates in well-known lines, "sees life steadily, and sees it whole." Frederic's realism is of this latter kind. He is not writing under the guise of a novel a treatise on ethics or sociology, but he is describing what he has seen and known. He does not shrink from what are considered risky subjects, but he always treats these in due proportion, and in subordination to his main design. He is, in short, always an artist, not only in his handling of method but in his feeling, in his tone. Though he has done such a good volume of work for a man of only forty, his work is all of it careful. He writes the most delicate picturesque hand I ever saw, and I keep his letters as curious specimens of chirography. His treatment of his theme is analogous to his handwriting, in that it is minute, careful, accurate, delicate and yet strong, the work all through of a genuine literary artist. The pains he has taken with his work is wonderful. He once showed me his notebooks for *In the Valley*, a collection of notes made over a period of nine years dealing with the most minute points of topography, of history, of measurements, of distances, of dates, all written in his remarkable writing, and testifying to an industry incredible to a casual acquaintance who should see him lounging over a cigar and telling in his quaint, drawing way some story which would raise a smile on the face of an undertaker. It is not true, as Carlyle said it was, that genius is the capacity of taking infinite pains. But most men of genius do take pains, and Harold Frederic is of the number.

Up to a recent period, I believe that American opinion regarded *The Lurton Girl* as Mr. Frederic's most successful work, in that it best expressed his methods and was most generally interesting; though, of course, *In the Valley* was seen to be a more elaborate and important work. *Seth's Brother's Wife*, however, seems to me the most powerful book which Mr. Frederic had written up to that time. It appeared first, in serial form, in one of the American magazines, and it is as vivid and

realistic a treatment of actual life in the interior of New York State as any story of Mr. Howells' is, with regard to life in and about Boston. It is interesting, by the way, to observe how the American novelists are dealing with their huge country by sections. Mr. Cable gives us an insight into the vanishing Creole life of Louisiana; Miss Wilkins into the more remote country life of New England; Mr. Howells into the streets and markets and boarding-houses of Boston; Miss Murfree into the back country of Tennessee; Mr. Garland into the new and raw life of the West, which is even better perhaps depicted in a book by Mr. Edward Howe, not very well known in England, called *A Country Town*. It is impossible for any one writer to cover the whole of so vast an organism as the United States in the way in which English life, so comparatively homogeneous and compact, can be covered; though even in our small land the most successful novels, as those of George Eliot and Hardy, for instance, deal with specific forms and modes of local life in limited areas.

In the opinion of the critics, all Mr. Frederic's previous works have been surpassed by his novel, called *Illumination* in England, though known by a different title in America. This work, tracing the downward career of a preacher in one of the small towns of New York State, is, indeed, a powerful piece of work. It has the quality of what Matthew Arnold termed "inevitableness" about it, the characters developing as the story proceeds, by no arbitrary rule evolved out of the author's mind, but by the natural bent of their inherent qualities. This means very true and clear character-drawing, and that is the essential

nature of the book, which also is marked by a very fine and careful artistic treatment. No wonder that Mr. Gladstone should have found this work of deep interest, and it is a tribute of no small import to Mr. Frederic's powers that Mr. Gladstone should have taken such interest in two of his works. Another of Mr. Frederic's more important stories is *The Copperhead*, a title which needs explanation to English readers. A copperhead was one of those Northern democrats who were really sympathetic with the Southern cause in the American Civil War. This is, in some respects, a political study of a past phase of American life, and to me it is full of interest; though to many readers in this country it will perhaps not be found so. For an insight into the sprightly and humorous side of Mr. Frederic's writing, the reader may be referred to the *Return of the O'Mahony*, an Irish story, full of fun from beginning to end. And here it may be said that Frederic is not only acquainted with the Ireland of to-day, but with the Ireland of history, as few living persons are. One of the rare books he possesses is a copy of *The Four Masters*, that minute and tragic record of the condition of Ireland. He knows all about the septs and clans, and their fightings and migrations, just as if he had been brought up in Cork and had attended to nothing else all his life.

In common with all who know him, I expect even greater work from Frederic than anything he has yet done. His existing work is so good, that he will, I hope, do yet better. But whether he does or not, his friends will always like him, and where he is, there they will be gathered together to listen to his quaint stories and to bask in his genial society.

THE new volumes of THE YOUNG MAN, *The Young Woman*, and *The Home Messenger* are now ready, handsomely bound in cloth; the two first at 5s. and the last at 2s. There can be no better or more acceptable Christmas present than a good magazine volume. As the supply is very limited, early orders should be given to local booksellers.

Few more interesting biographies have appeared this season than *The Life and Correspondence of William Connor Magee, Archbishop of York*, by Canon Macdonnell (Isbister & Co., 2 vols., 32s.). These two handsome volumes are full of good reading, for Archbishop Magee was a born letter-writer. Many of his letters sparkle with wit, while they are also inspired with sound sense and genuine piety.

A good tree, a strong tree, strikes its roots deep down. The temple in Jerusalem was built upon a rock, and it is said that the foundation was as deep as the building itself was high. It must be so with us if we would be established. We must work, but

we must also pray, and the more work we have to do the more prayer we must make. We must think of this world, but we must also think of the next. We must do what is right by men, but we must also do what is right by God. When we "get on" in this world, get riches, get more mercies, get more comforts, then we must get a deeper, deeper trust and hold on Jesus Christ. If we don't do that, if we don't get in deeper with Jesus as we get on more in the world, one day we shall be found adrift, for we have had too shallow a grip, we have not been established. Be established, settled on Jesus, for life and for death, once and for ever.—*J. Reid Howatt.*

THE Rev. W. L. Watkinson has a very clever article in *The Home Messenger* for December, entitled "The Perils of the House." All our readers should see it. There is also a fully-illustrated article on "The Pilgrim Fathers in England," besides the usual stories and brief papers on Home Topics, and the excellent pictures by well-known artists.

THEIR CHRISTMAS GUEST.

By MARY ANGELA DICKENS.

Mrs. Brown cast a last hurried glance about the little basement sitting-room.

"I do 'ope as there won't be no words, to speak of, between them while I'm away," she said. "They'll be comfortable enough, I know that! Sarah!"

"Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown!"

Mrs. Brown turned to her companion.

"There!" she said, "that's the drawing-room, Miss Eden. And the dining-room he can't bear to hear her call, and it's my belief as that's why she's always adoin' of it. He'll ring his bell directly; see if he don't. There!" she concluded triumphantly, as a bell pealed furiously. "And they haven't neither of them got nothing to say, I'll be bound. I won't be a minute, 'Liza."

"Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown!"

It was an alert and musical voice; and alertness was perhaps the most prominent characteristic of the woman who awaited Mrs. Brown in the hall. The bright face was full of energy; the glance of the well-opened grey eyes was quick and keen. The colouring was clear pink and white, and the hair, under the becoming little hat, was as plentiful and curling as a young girl's. As a matter of fact, she was considerably over five-and-thirty.

She was drawing on her gloves; and near her stood Sarah, Mrs. Brown's factotum, holding a smart little valise. At her feet, watching her movements with eager eyes, was a wiry Scotch terrier. Miss Eden met Mrs. Brown with a sunny smile.

"You are just off, Mrs. Brown," she said. "That's right. I only wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas, you know."

"Thank you, miss, I'm sure," responded Mrs. Brown, casting uneasy glances towards a fast-closed door just beyond Miss Eden. "The same to you, and many of them."

"Oh, and the landing window, Mrs. Brown," continued Miss Eden. Her voice had grown a trifle clearer and more emphatic. "I really must ask you!"

"Mrs. Brown, how often am I to tell you that talking in the passages— Oh, I beg pardon, Miss Eden. I was not aware who it was."

The fast-shut door had flown precipitately open, and the first words had been hurled from the threshold. The new-comer's tone had changed to one of icy politeness as he concluded, and Miss Eden flashed round on him on the instant.

"Good day, Mr. Cunliffe," she said lightly. "I'm sorry to hear that your hearing is not sufficiently acute to allow you to recognise voices

through a closed door! However, I wanted to speak to you, so it's all right. The landing window, you know. The hall ventilator was to be left to your discretion and the landing window to mine. And you don't play fair!"

"Really!" was the frigid response. "I am at a loss!"

"Oh no, you're not!" with a light laugh. "You shut my landing window this morning—a sunshiny morning as warm as September. And another thing: I've found your cat in my room several times lately when I've got home in the evening, and I don't like cats. I think I've said so before."

The "dining-room" saw his opportunity, and jumped at it.

"The remedy in this case lies in your own hands," he said. "When the landing window is open my cat invariably gets out on to the leads. And when she finds the window of your room open she walks in at it. If you will have the goodness to shut!"

But Miss Eden was not so easily to be routed. She changed the subject.

"Take care!" she cried warningly. "If you don't shut your door, Nipper will be in, and there will be a scrummage."

The terrier was, indeed, in the very act of dashing wildly between the "dining-room's" legs, having just caught a glimpse of a too well-known tabby fur. To Mrs. Brown's indescribable relief, the "dining-room" promptly shut the door and shut himself into the room.

He had not intended this; and when it was done he saw the device of his enemy. But the door being fairly shut, it seemed hardly worth while to reopen it; and he shuffled slowly across to his arm-chair and his books.

There was no reason why John Cunliffe should shuffle, or why he should adorn his head with the skull-cap of an octogenarian. He was just forty-three. But eighteen years' work in a department of the British Museum, eighteen years' monotony acting upon a too methodical and somewhat circumscribed temperament, had proved the reverse of youth-preserving. John Cunliffe considered himself a distinctly elderly person, and he much preferred that it should be so. He prided himself on being an old-fashioned man—old-fashioned in his manner of life; old-fashioned in the precise neatness of his habits; old-fashioned, above all, in his distaste for all the ways and works of the end of the century. He was well read and much respected in his own line—Egyptian sculpture:

but his attitude towards his fellow-creatures—nineteenth-century productions, whether they liked it or no—was not such as to gain him many friends. And the comparative isolation of life into which he had gradually drifted had not tended to widen his views.

It was John Cunliffe's deliberate opinion, at this period of his existence, that fate was using him ill. He had occupied the "dining-room set" in Mrs. Brown's house for ten years; for nine of these the drawing-room had been tenanted by an elderly invalid, whose habits had never varied, whose face he had never beheld, whose voice he had rarely heard. If there was one type of human being more entirely obnoxious to him than the up-to-date man, it was the up-to-date woman—it may be mentioned, in passing, that his acquaintance with both these varieties was theoretical, wholly. And he considered that Destiny was not dealing fairly by him when, on the departure of the invalid, the drawing-room was taken by Miss Sedgewick Eden, sanitary inspector, lady journalist, and society woman.

Nor was this all. The position was further complicated by an old acquaintance between himself and Miss Eden.

"Dear me!" she had said when they met for the first time—the meeting having been brought about by an unseemly scuffle between his cat and her dog—"it must be—oh, don't let me say how many years since we met. You hadn't long left college, I remember."

She had looked him over with an odd expression in her eyes as she spoke, and it presented itself to Cunliffe as part of her general "unwomanliness" that she should exhibit no hesitation whatever in thus remembering. She had been a most disappointing girl in those old days, though the fact had not revealed itself to him until somewhat late in their acquaintance; a dreadful young woman, with "views" as to independence, and so forth. And her development, he told himself, was in strict keeping with her early promise.

He had seen no reason to modify this decision during the five months which they had subsequently spent under the roof of the unhappy Mrs. Brown. It seemed, indeed, to rankle in his mind, fertilising the subjects of disagreement which arose between them. Miss Eden, for her part, had shown a cheerful readiness to enter into single combat on all occasions. And the result, as Mrs. Brown truly stated, was that the lodgers were on terms only to be adequately described as "cat and dog."

John Cunliffe established himself once more in his arm-chair, and took up a book. But he was keenly alive to the sounds in the house, nevertheless. He heard Miss Eden's cab arrive, and he heard her depart. A little later he heard the exit of Mrs. Brown and her niece, who were going together to spend Christmas with the parents of

the latter; he heard Sarah return to the kitchen and poke the fire vigorously; and then a profound stillness descended upon the house.

This stillness had lasted perhaps a quarter of an hour when John Cunliffe lifted his head and gazed absently before him.

"I wonder whether she has gone away for Christmas," he said to himself. He paused a moment, and then he heaved a deep sigh of relief. "The house is a different place without her," he said. "What a sensation of quiet and repose!"

The next day was Sunday and Christmas Eve. He had neither duties nor pleasures which called him from the house until the evening, when he was to dine out. The "quiet and repose" of Mrs. Brown's home remained unbroken; and it is possible that their devotee began to find them monotonous, for he sat looking into the fire, as twilight drew on, with an unusual expression of vague dissatisfaction. Sarah, as she removed Cunliffe's tea, expressed herself plainly on the subject.

"The house is that dull and quiet, sir," she said, "that I was thinking I'd run out for an hour this evening, if you didn't see no objection. Mrs. Brown she gave me leave, if so be you was willing."

It was an innovation; and innovations were contrary to all John Cunliffe's principles. But as he looked at the woman, he relented.

"It is an unusual request," he said. "But, on consideration, I have no objection."

It was a deplorable thing, though, he thought, this craving for excitement in the lower classes. In the women particularly it was much to be lamented; and it was doubtless part and parcel of that disastrous deterioration in womanhood which was rapidly depriving the sex of all its charm. He enlarged upon the subject to the lady who fell to his share at dinner, and he looked upon her as quite one of the women of the day when he found that his conversation obviously bored her.

"The same distressing characteristics are to be met with everywhere," he observed to himself as he went home—"frivolity, shallowness, total lack of the domestic instinct. Appearance, too, and manner! It is positively improper that a woman of—well, she can't be much younger than I am, should look and behave like a mere girl. Scandalous! Scandalous!"

John Cunliffe was not alluding to his dinner companion. He was approaching Mrs. Brown's house at the moment, and he glanced absently up at the drawing-room windows. They were quite dark. He opened the door with his latch-key, hung up his coat and hat in the hall, and went into his room.

Grave doubts as to the stability of the universe would have arisen in John Cunliffe's mind if he had failed to lay his hand on the matches when he felt in their accustomed home. He did not so fail now. He lighted his lamp, put on his slippers, and

then prepared to help himself to the modest glass of whisky-and-water with which he was wont to end each day. But the tray which should have awaited him upon the table was conspicuous by its absence.

Such a lapse in the unalterable sequence of events was for the moment almost too much for John Cunliffe. Was it possible, he asked himself, that Sarah had forgotten? He looked at his watch. It was only half-past ten, and he sternly pulled the bell, and waited. Then he pulled the bell again.

Not even to this second summons, however, was there any response whatever. Moved by a righteous indignation, Cunliffe opened his door and listened. Not a sound met his ear. There could be no doubt that Sarah had gone to bed. The stillness of the house struck him as almost oppressive. He was just going to turn back into his room when he paused abruptly.

He had heard something. It had died into silence almost before he had recognised it as sound. But he had heard something from downstairs. Before he had time to formulate any theory it came again. This time it was by no means momentarily, and there was no mistaking it. It was the crowing, gurgling laugh of a baby.

A faint flush of wrath crept over John Cunliffe's face. Obviously Sarah was deliberately neglecting him, while she entertained visitors. He strode back to the bell and pealed it furiously, returning to his position in the doorway.

The only perceptible effect produced was that the baby stopped laughing for an instant, and then broke out again, as if the bell had been rung expressly for its amusement. No other sound of any kind was audible.

John Cunliffe's feelings are not to be described. That Sarah should take advantage of her mistress's absence to defy him thus was a state of things hardly conceivable. He walked to the top of the kitchen stairs and called severely—

"Sarah!"

No answer, except from the baby, who hailed the observation with the greatest glee, and then relapsed into sudden silence.

"Sarah!"

No answer whatever. An extraordinarily dead silence.

It was broken by a faint whimpering. Was the child being coerced into quiet? The vaguest suspicion had gradually been waking in John Cunliffe, and he now walked deliberately down the stairs. A half-open door presented itself as his goal. He pushed it open, and came to a sudden standstill.

He was standing on the threshold of Mrs. Brown's little sitting-room. It was perfectly neat and orderly; the fire was almost out, and the gas was turned low. And the only human being to be seen was seated in the middle of a table which stood

under the window, facing the door, wrapped in an old shawl—the baby.

The whimper ceased as John Cunliffe appeared, and the whimperer regarded him steadily and dubiously. It was an exceedingly pretty child, of about two years old, with short golden hair curling tightly over its head, and great dark-blue eyes. Then the baby lip dropped, the blue eyes filled with tears, and the child broke into a dismal wail.

It was not to his dishonour, perhaps, that Cunliffe's first impulse led him to beat a retreat. He leant back against the passage wall and gasped. Where was Sarah? he asked himself wildly. Where had the child come from? Was it even remotely possible that he and it—were alone together?

The wail from the sitting-room was becoming more pitiful moment by moment; and with the last question the sense that it behoved him to do something thrust itself upon John Cunliffe. With a blind impulse which only a truly kind heart could have originated, he stumbled back to the sitting-room.

"Chuck-a-choo!" he said feebly. Where he had heard or read the observation—he hardly thought he could have invented it—he could not remember; but he hoped it was appropriate, and he was proportionately disappointed when its only result was to change the wail into a roar. He reverted to his own language.

"What is the matter?" he inquired desperately. "Who are you? Where's Sarah? Hush-a-bye! Peep-bo! Tick-tick! Good gracious me, what in the world am I to do?"

"You had better turn up the gas first, Mr. Cunliffe."

John Cunliffe remembered afterwards that he was too deeply relieved at the moment even for surprise, as he turned, in the suddenly brightened light, to behold Miss Eden. For her part, she wasted no further time on him. She came quickly up to the table and gathered the screaming child into her arms. Her observations were not articulate, but in two minutes, as it seemed to her bewildered watcher, the roar had subsided into a feeble plaint, as the golden head nestled confidently against her shoulder.

"He's as cold as ice, poor mite," Miss Eden said. "And he's hungry too, I'm sure. Where did he come from? Where is Sarah? There, there!" as the crying showed signs of breaking out afresh. "Is there a fire in your room? I had better take him there. Look and see if you can find some bread and milk and a saucepan, and bring it up to me."

She was gone as she spoke.

"I had no idea," he said to himself feebly. "I—had no idea!"

"Then what is your theory?"

John Cunliffe uttered the words with remarkable

meekness, considering to whom they were addressed. It was Christmas-morning, and Miss Eden's sitting-room—frequently characterised as “disgracefully untidy” by John Cunliffe as he passed its open door—looked very bright and pretty. Miss Eden herself sat in a low chair by the fire, and on her knees was the little golden-haired child, a picture of content, carrying on an animated conversation, apparently, with Nipper. John Cunliffe stood just within the doorway. He was gazing abstractedly at the gentle movement of Miss Eden's hand as she stroked the curly head.

“HE PUSHED IT OPEN
AND CAME TO A SUDDEN
STANDSTILL.”

“Well,” she answered gravely, “as far as our guest goes, I'm afraid the explanation is simple. Somebody wanted to get rid of him, and managed to put him in at the window when Sarah was out last night. Perhaps they thought Christmas Eve a good time. And as to Sarah,” she continued, “I'm afraid there is no doubt as to what has happened to her—an accident of some sort, poor thing.”

A search of the house on the previous night had elicited the fact that Sarah was not within it; and she had not returned since. The tone of neutrality observable there on the foes this morning was perhaps not wholly surprising. Miss Eden had spent nearly two hours in John Cunliffe's sitting-room the night before, absorbed in her task of feeding and soothing the child; and Cunliffe himself had been kept busily occupied in obeying her behests. They had parted for the night in whispers, because the child lay asleep in Miss Eden's arms; and it is not easy to be frigid in whispers.



WILL MORGAN

There was a moment's pause after Miss Eden spoke, and then John Cunliffe said—

“And—what did you think of doing?—about—er—about the child, you know. Would you—should I—shall I take it to the workhouse this morning?”

Miss Eden lifted her head with a start, and looked full at John Cunliffe. The bright, keen eyes absolutely flashed fire.

“The workhouse?” she cried. “Take him to the workhouse, the darling? What an abominable idea! Don't imagine for a moment that I should allow such a thing.”

No man likes to find himself suddenly regarded

as a monster, even by a woman he detests. John Cunliffe was not, at bottom, at all convinced of the desirability of the step he had proposed. He assured himself that Miss Eden was very certain to range herself on the side of rigid practicality, and that it was desirable, for the preservation of the necessary supremacy of man over woman, that he should take the initiative. Her reception of his suggestion had a singular effect upon him. He flushed angrily, and found himself suddenly hotly in favour of it.

"I fail to see that the idea is in the least abominable," he said stiffly. "It seems to me to be the only reasonable possibility. What are work-houses for, in your opinion?"

Miss Eden gathered the child into her arms and covered the rosy face with kisses.

"Not for every poor little child who has the misfortune not to be wanted!" she cried. "Besides, he may have been stolen. He may be traced. What do you think his mother would say to me if she knew I had let him go?"

There is nothing more annoying to the truly methodical mind than inconsistency. Such a burst of sentiment from one whom he knew—he did not ask himself how he knew it—to be essentially hard and unwomanly was more than John Cunliffe could stand.

"May I inquire what alternative you propose?" he inquired, with angry sarcasm. "You do not contemplate keeping the child here, I presume?"

With one swift, indignant movement, Miss Eden turned her back upon him.

"Don't be alarmed," she said. "He shan't disturb you in the least, I promise you."

The insinuation stung John Cunliffe to the quick.

"The thing is preposterous!" he said, addressing Miss Eden's back hotly. "There is but one sensible course of action in the matter, and that I have suggested to you. I must beg to wash my hands of any further responsibility in the matter."

"Quite so," responded Miss Eden frigidly. "And I shall be obliged if you will shut my door at the same time."

There was no alternative. Nothing was left to John Cunliffe, on this acceptance of his ultimatum, but to withdraw as haughtily as might be, shutting the door after him.

He went downstairs to his own room, hot with indignation. The inconsistency of the woman! The unreasonableness! The injustice! It was now past eleven o'clock—too late to go to church. He flung himself into his arm-chair, and snatched up a book.

John Cunliffe's visit to Miss Eden's room had been inspired by the apparent necessity of comparing notes with her as to the further conduct of the affair and of inquiring after their guest, and also by a desire to express his thanks for the breakfast which he had found in his sitting-room, obviously placed there by her hands. That breakfast had

been partaken of at nine o'clock; and as the hours wore on nature began to force upon John Cunliffe the necessity for arranging his plans for the day.

John Cunliffe rose, and walked to the window. A stream of people were flocking home from a late service; family groups, with happy Christmas faces; and the sight annoyed John Cunliffe.

It made him feel that his room was quiet to the point of dreariness. He could hear the quick, light foot-steps overhead; and then the sound of the baby's laugh floated faintly down to his ears. John Cunliffe felt more annoyed still. After all, he said to himself indignantly, the child was much more his than hers. He had found it first. Why should he be expected to go off by himself to a dull dinner at a deserted club, not knowing what steps she might choose to take in his absence? And what was she going to do with herself? Was she going to take the child with her to the house of a friend? Or was she going to remain there dinnerless?

"A cup of tea, I suppose, and some toast!" he said savagely. "Just like a woman!"

It was at this stage of his meditations that a peremptory little rap fell on the door. Before he could respond it was opened, and Miss Eden appeared.

"I wanted to know what you are going to do," she said brusquely. "You were going to dine here, weren't you?"

"I—I—have not decided," answered John Cunliffe distantly. "I was thinking of—the club."

She paused a moment, looking at him.

"That does not sound very cheerful," she returned.

"You—I presume you are engaged to dine out?" inquired Cunliffe.

"I was," she answered. "But of course I can't go. I couldn't take my guest, and I couldn't leave him."

"Of course, it is not of the least consequence," interposed Cunliffe, hastily and stiffly; "but I really cannot see that it is more your guest than mine."

A curious little smile broke over Miss Eden's face.

"Oh!" she said. "Well, I shall be having a Christmas dinner with him myself, and perhaps you would like to join us? There are your provisions in the larder. Suppose I cook them?"

"You are very good," said John Cunliffe. "Really I—shall be—greatly obliged."

"Then I think you had better just go up and entertain my—your—the guest," Miss Eden rejoined. "He doesn't care about solitude. I shan't be long."

It was the strangest Christmas afternoon John Cunliffe had ever passed. He spent it principally on the hearthrug in front of Miss Eden's fire, with "the guest" crawling gaily over him. There

were intervals when Miss Eden looked in upon them, notably one when she gave him tea and the "visitor" milk-and-water. And at half-past six she appeared with a tablecloth and various appliances for dinner.

John Cunliffe rose.

"I wonder whether I couldn't do that!" he said awkwardly. "I've seen the club waiter."

Miss Eden cast a quick glance at him.

"You may try," she said brightly. "I want to go and make myself tidy."

Cunliffe became suddenly conscious that "the visitor's" attention to himself had not been without disavelling consequences.

"I too," he said. "If you will excuse me, when I have done this I will go and—and—dress."

So when they met again they were both in evening dress; hers, very dainty and quiet; his, irreproachably neat. He looked, indeed, younger by many degrees than he usually appeared. There was a boiled turkey before him, with all the desirable accompaniments, and as they sat down his face expressed the feelings which he did not find easy of utterance.

"You didn't think I could cook," said Miss Eden gaily. "I've been wondering what kind of dinner you expected. I did not attack the fish, but I have achieved mince-pies, and there is your plum-pudding, of course."

They fetched up the pudding together in extraordinary amity, and John Cunliffe actually ate a piece, though he shuddered as he thought of the morrow. And as he laid down his fork he looked across at Miss Eden and said reflectively—

"I do not think I have eaten Christmas pudding—no—not since the old Christmasses at Fretton."

"No?" said Miss Eden easily. "Ah, those were Christmas puddings, weren't they? Some more, Mr. Cunliffe?"

John Cunliffe shook his head absently.

"No, thank you," he said. "Fretton is sold, Miss Eden. You heard of that, I suppose?"

An eloquent gesture from Miss Eden. "Ah, yes," she said softly. "I was so sorry. I was so fond of them, Mr. Cunliffe—your uncle and aunt."

"They were—good people," he answered. His voice was a trifle husky. "I missed them very much." He paused a moment, and then went on dreamily: "I went there every Christmas until they died, but—you never came night."

"No," said Miss Eden; her voice was rather low.

"They used to lament," he said, "that you had

so many claims upon your time. That was the reason why you never came, I suppose?"

"Partly."

There was a short silence. Miss Eden was looking at "the guest," fast asleep now, on the rug.

"You told me," said John Cunliffe, "you told me when—you know when—that you wanted to do something to make a place for yourself in the world. You have been successful, I know. I—I hope it has been—satisfactory?"

"Yes," she said. "I—think so." There was another pause, and this time she broke it.

"Things have been satisfactory to you too, I hope," she said.

John Cunliffe sighed.

"No," he said. "I think—not, Selgie."

Miss Eden rose hurriedly, and kneeling down, began to arrange the baby's pillows.

"Do you mind clearing the pudding plates?" she said. "There is"—

But John Cunliffe went on as if she had not spoken.

"I have not proved myself a pleasant neighbour to you," he said. "I have not behaved well. I—must we go on as enemies?"

He also had risen now, and was standing on the other side of the little sleeping child. But Miss Eden did not look up at him.

"Surely not," she said.

He paused a moment.

"I have been—jealous," he said; "that has been at the bottom of it. Jealous, Selgie. I suppose—it is no more use now than it was eighteen years ago? We can't be—more than friends?"

Miss Eden's head bent yet lower.

"I am a middle-aged woman now," she murmured. Then quite suddenly she lifted her face. "Oh!" she cried, "I have been so sorry for you. That's why I've been so horrid to you, because I knew you ought to be so different: and I was so sorry, so sorry, because—I think I've always cared."

John Cunliffe knelt incontinently down on the hearthrug; the baby, roused by the voices, opened his eyes at the moment with a little crow, and flinging out both his chubby fists, drew the two faces above him together—at last.

"The guest" was never claimed, nor was he ever sent to the workhouse. He is the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cunliffe. And Sarah, limping from the accident which led to a three months' sojourn in a London hospital, is his nurse.

OUR valued contributor, Mr. Reid Howatt, is one of the most indefatigable writers, and yet all his books show careful thought and preparation. His latest work is entitled *Jesus the Poet* (Eliot Stock, 6s.).

It contains "brief readings on the metaphors and similes uttered by our Lord in the Gospels." We scarcely know a more useful book for Christian workers and Bible students.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE NOVELISTS.

V.—THACKERAY.

ONE may be pardoned the doubt whether Thackeray is much read to-day. In spite of numerous assertions on the part of competent critics that *Esmond* is the finest historical novel ever written; in spite of the many published preferences of men of letters, in which the name of Thackeray is often found at the top of the list; in spite of the general agreement that no novelist of the Victorian era is his equal in certain rare and remarkable qualities of genius, it seems pretty certain that his readers are relatively few. He is the novelist's novelist, as Spenser is the poet's poet. Something in his style, his method, and the very nature of his genius repels the ordinary reader. In a certain degree this was the case even when his fame stood highest. He never had a great vogue with all classes of readers as Dickens had. He was a great novelist, but never in the widest sense of the word a popular novelist.

This is accounted for in part by the nature of his style, in part by his method as an artist, and his general attitude towards life. It is a tolerably plain fact, though a disagreeable one, that style has very little to do with the popularity of a novelist, though it may be the one element which gives him permanent fame. Dickens wrote atrociously, yet his popularity knew no bounds. Scott thought nothing of style; he wielded the easiest and most careless of pens; he was a slovenly giant. But nevertheless both Scott and Dickens were great artists, who possessed in the highest perfection the power of creating living figures and dramatic situations. And in a drama—at all events, in a melodrama—the audience usually cares a great deal more for the movement than the dialogue. It pays little attention to scholarliness and crispness of phrase; it asks only that the characters shall seem to be alive. Indeed, it may be said with truth that the more refined the dialogue the less is it appreciated. A rough and slovenly style will often serve the purpose better than a style in which every phrase is carefully chiseled, and turned with a minute and balanced precision. Now and again, as in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, we have both brilliant dialogue and dramatic situation; but, after all, even such a play as the *School for Scandal* depends for its success not upon its fine literary workmanship, but its situations. Thackeray was by no means deficient in the power of creating fine situations, but in the main his books depend more on style than situation. He wrote the finest English of any Victorian novelist. Through all the twenty-six volumes which he has given us there is not a page that is not technically perfect. He was a master of phrasing—always lucid, nervous, and effortless. He wrote like an educated

gentleman with the finest of ease, like the university man he was, with the nicest attention to the subtle shading of words. The result has been that the very perfection of his style has alienated the ordinary reader. A style more vulgar and less finished would have served him better. It is no doubt humiliating to make this admission, but there are a hundred instances to prove that the very qualities which count for most with the student and the critic are those which are of least importance to the general reader.

But there is also something to be said about Thackeray's method as an artist, and still more about his attitude to life. As an artist he practised habitually the art of irony. The very title of his greatest book, *Vanity Fair*, is steeped in the spirit of irony. Compare again Scott and Dickens, the only great writers of the nineteenth century with whom comparison is possible. Scott tells a plain tale, and has scarcely written a sentence which is not simple and natural. His humour and pathos are both quite artless. He writes like a healthy and vigorous man, quite content with life as it is, and incapable of seeing any mystery in it. He never troubles himself with complicated motives; still less does he attempt to ransack the human heart, and anatomise the subtleties of human impulse. Dickens does sometimes make this attempt, and always with conspicuous failure. He has not the slightest genius for psychology. The moment he attempts a scientific analysis of character, he becomes unspeakably tedious, and even absurd. His great gift was an extraordinary vividness of observation, a power of taking note of all that was odd, curious, and grotesque in the outside of men—that is, in their habits, speech, and appearance. The comparison between Macaulay's power of accumulating details about the persons of men and Carlyle's prophetic power of reading their hearts has often been made. The same parallel is suggested by the comparison of Dickens with Thackeray. Dickens never gets very far beneath a man's coat; Thackeray lays bare the working of a man's soul. And he does not do it kindly. He probes it, but we are half ashamed of the elaboration of the process. He says in effect, "See what a mean, wriggling, despicable little soul this is beneath all the fine show of lace and velvet and brocade." His irony is like the surgeon's knife, admirable, and wonderful, but also keen, glittering, and pitiless. And, as a rule, the ordinary reader does not like irony. He does not understand it. He is afraid of it. It either wearies or confuses him. And hence, in the main, the ordinary reader does not like Thackeray.

Thackeray's method of irony was not a pose; it was the direct and inevitable result of his attitude towards life. It is difficult to put into a sentence or two what that attitude really was; but most readers feel that for some reason life was painful to Thackeray. He was not a happy man, and he writes with none of the buoyancy of the man at ease with himself. Even in his wildest burlesque and no man ever wrote burlesque so well—there is often an insistent undernote of sadness. Like Figaro, he makes haste to laugh for fear that he may weep. In the gayest scene he is uneasily conscious of painful things, which are visible to no one else. And the pain he suffered was what Mrs. Humphry Ward has called "the horrible pain of sympathy"; and we may add the noble pain too.

The secret both of the character and writings of Thackeray lay in this acute sensitiveness. He gives the impression of a man whose heart had been badly bruised in boyhood. If the world is a happy place, he would tell us, it is only happy to the unthinking. For his part, he knows too much. He has been behind the scenes, and his thoughts are always there. It is no uncommon spectacle in daily life to find the shy and sensitive man doing himself gross injustice by mere incapacity to reveal his real thoughts and feelings. Magnanimity, tenderness, nobleness of heart are his, but he conceals them as though they were the qualities of guilt. He does more than conceal them, he belies them. He puts on the armour of a meretricious worldliness in order to guard himself from impertinent scrutiny. He talks as though all men were liars, as though tenderness were an unknown element in human relations, and magnanimity an extinct virtue. The undiscerning believe him, and are deceived by the pretence. They do not see "the fire of unshed tears" in the eye; they do not hear the thrilling harp-note of pain through the brilliant banter. Only here and there a friend knows the truth, and recognises in him a man who suffers. Thackeray answers to this description. He has all the shy and sensitive man's horror of a scene, of any sort of emotional outbreak. There is a vein of something morbid in him, and he knows it. There is a little black pool in his heart which is apt to overflow, and poison all the channels of life. He is conscious of a certain hysteric tendency to weep against his will; the pain of the world moves him too deeply, therefore he makes irony his friend. He wears it as an invisible chain-armour against the world. He conceals his real, passionate, and terrible sensitiveness to the incessant tragedy of life beneath the mask of a man to whom all life is but a play.

No doubt this is the reason why Thackeray has been so often and persistently called a cynic. Not only does the general reader not understand irony, but he is wholly incapable of describing aright that which is so confusing to his own mind, and by

mere poverty of expression falls back upon the word "cynic." It is a convenient word, and covers a multitude of ignorant impressions. Yet it can hardly be said, much as one would wish to say it, that it is wholly misapplied in the case of Thackeray.

Thus, for example, Thackeray does undoubtedly leave the impression on the mind that he is more at home in describing the foibles, follies, and meanesses of human nature than its magnanimities. At least it is certain that his bad people are far better done than his good folk; they are more vital and complete, and far more impressive. Colonel Newcome is one of the noblest characters in fiction; but noble as he is, his nobility too often verges on a simplicity which lessens our respect for him. Amelia, with all her virtues, is silly, and Dobbin is a good deal of a fool. But where are any characters in fiction drawn with such superb art as Becky Sharp and Beatrix Esmond? Without controversy, Becky Sharp is the supreme creation of modern fiction. We see her under every variety of circumstance, and in all she is absolutely consistent and artistically impressive. Her cunning, daring, greed, her contempt of principle, her wonderful skill in acting any part that serves her ends, her quickness and subtlety of mind—all are rendered with a sort of dreadful truth. It is as though her creator flung a searchlight into the innermost recesses of her nature, and showed us the crawling vileness of the woman. We follow her, repelled and yet fascinated, from first to last. Of course, this is a great triumph for the literary artist. And, in extenuation, we ought to remember two things: first, that the character of Becky Sharp is absolutely consistent with the scheme of the book; and secondly, that all great artists have found it easier to make an impression with a bad character than a good one. The last observation is self-evident. There is no student of Shakespeare who will not admit that Iago is a more powerfully sketched character than Othello, and that Lady Macbeth is much more impressive than Desdemona. There are few novels in which the villain does not hold the stage; and even George Eliot, with all her will to put ethics before art, cannot help making Hetty Sorrel more fascinating than Dinah Morris, and Tito Melena more interesting than Romola. It is almost of the nature of things that it should be so. We know all about goodness, but we know little of the subtleties of sin, and it excites our utmost curiosity. It calls out all the psychological power of the true artist. It affords him the raw material of tragedy. And thus, in spite of himself, it often happens that as an author develops his book such a character as Becky Sharp's fascinates his own mind, gradually usurps the stage, and from a moral point of view throws the whole picture out of perspective.

But if the ordinary reader does happen to perceive this much in *Vanity Fair*, and does recognise

it as inevitable, he often forgets the nature of the book itself. And yet the very title might put him on his guard. The book does not pretend to be an adequate picture of life as a whole, but of one section of it only. It is, as Mr. Frederic Harrison has justly called it, "a long comedy of roguery, meanness, selfishness, and affectation. Rakes, ruffians, bullies, fortune-hunters, adventurers, women who sell themselves, and men who cheat and cringe, pass before us in one incessant procession, crushing the weak and making fools of the good. Such, says our author, is the way of Vanity Fair—which we are warned to loathe and shun." We may admit that it is not pleasant; but is it true? Was Thackeray, writing when he did, and living in the world that then existed, justified in so seething a piece of satire? It is quite beside the mark to say that we do not like satire. It is equally beside the mark to say that we have never known such a world as this. The thing to be remembered is that in all ages the satirist of manners has been of the greatest service to society in exposing its follies and lashing its vices. It is the work of the great satirist to apply the caustic to the ulcers of society; and if we are to let our dislike of satire overrule our judgment, we shall not only record our votes against a Juvenal and a Swift, but equally against the whole line of Hebrew prophets. And again, it is a recognised rule of literature that we must make allowance for books according to the age in which they were written, and this effectually disposes of the objection that we know no such Vanity Fair as Thackeray painted. We make this allowance in the case of Shakespeare and Fielding; the life they knew was often brutal, manners were coarse, and speech outspoken, and we admit that books written in such a time could not but reflect the nature of their age. Thackeray claims, and has a right to, the same literary charity. He professed to know by heart a certain corner of the world, and he described it as it was. It is no concern of ours whether we like the description or not; the thing is, is it correct, is Becky Sharp a true picture of the scheming and unprincipled woman of keen brain and weak morals, and is this indeed *Vanity Fair*?

To that question any dispassionate critic is bound to reply in the affirmative. The vital force with which Becky Sharp seizes on the mind is a proof of the truth of the conception, and the same remark applies to the whole book. It is an almost absolute rule that no book makes a great impression on the general mind that is not true to life. Failing in that, it fails in everything. It is passed on to the limbo of the artificial and fantastic, and is quickly forgotten.

But a larger question is, Does such a book enlist our sympathies on the side of vice or virtue? The whole debate on the claims of realism of which we hear so much to-day, ought to turn—though often it is very far from doing so—on the answer to this question. We have a right, and a just right, to

expect morality in the creations of art. There is much nonsense talked on the legitimacy and illegitimacy of novelists writing with a purpose. But all great artists are bound to have a purpose in their writing. Could *Hamlet*, could *Macbeth*, could *Othello*, have come into existence without some deliberate purpose in the mind of Shakespeare, some intention to use a human motive for moral ends? Every play of Shakespeare's has its purpose deliberately written on it. It is written in accord with supreme moral instincts, and is thus what a play was often called in the dawn of dramatic art—"a morality." It is the same with novels, and in our age novels have taken the place which the drama held in Elizabeth's day. They are not, and cannot be, mere irresponsible and unrelated transcripts of life. To put it at the very lowest, they are written from some point of view; they express the writer's sense of what human life is like; and thus they unconsciously express also his moral ideas—or the absence of them. The chief matter about a novel, then, is not so much what it is composed of; what elements of life and what transcripts of human character are included in it; whether it deals with high life or low life, picturing for the most part men of character and virtue, or on the other hand rogues and profligates: the chief question is, Does it finally and irresistibly enlist our sympathies on the side of goodness or evil, of virtue or vice?

In Thackeray's case the answer to this question is quite beyond cavil. Not only has he no sympathy with vice, but he is quite pitiless towards it. In all his books the moralist shares the honours with the artist, and that man must be possessed of a very curious temperament who can read Thackeray without a sense of moral invigoration. No doubt Thackeray does show us a terrible "comedy of roguery, meanness, and selfishness"; quite as certainly he makes us loathe and shun the vices which he dissects with such pitiless elaboration.

Probably no one will ever again write like Thackeray. His art is a peculiar and unique thing, and is incapable of reproduction. It stands alone in the delicacy and skill of its expression, the vividness of its effects, the brilliance of its irony, the almost savage force of its satire, above all in its moving pathos, its extreme and exquisite tenderness. For the final and best word about Thackeray is not said till we remember his tenderness. One sometimes wonders whether any English writer except Shakespeare has possessed such a penetrating gift of pathos.

"I felt my heart strangely softened," said Thackeray once, as he spoke of an evening walk he took in Edinburgh. The heart of Thackeray often knows that mood. And when these divine gusts of tenderness pass over him, and memory, sympathy, and regret unseal the fountains of his emotion, no English novelist writes with so manly a pathos and piety, and none moves us so deeply.

THE YOUNG MEN OF LEEDS.

Of late years Leeds has not loomed very large in the eyes of the nation. Its municipal government has not given it the distinction of Birmingham and Glasgow; it cannot boast, with Manchester, of a great industrial undertaking like the Ship Canal; from politics it has not gained the prominence of Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is with some amount of eager interest, therefore, that one looks among the younger men of Leeds for some evidence of movement or activity which, in the future, may give their city renewed prestige. I cannot say that success has rewarded the quest. Among the young men of Leeds there is doubtless all the business shrewdness and hard common sense which are supposed to be characteristic of Yorkshire, and these qualities have good moral effect. But of any deep, strong movement in education, religion, social reform, they give no sign.

This impression, which occasional visits to the Yorkshire capital make upon one, is confirmed by the words of a Leeds man, who speaks with an exceptional authority on the subject, although it must be added that his personal experience has been chiefly among the young men of the working class. "As a body," he said, when I consulted him, "they have no keen intellectual interest. There is no lack of brain-power. In matters in which they take an interest they show grasp and shrewdness of no mean order. There is infinite difficulty in arousing any love of literature or any active pursuit of social questions. Abstract problems have no fascination for them. It is hard to get a Leeds lad to take deep interest in matters that do not affect his wages or his pleasures. For the most part they are strong Trade Unionists, but they are not under the spell of any new social ideals. There is a spirit

of cheerful acquiescence in things as they are. Work from six in the morning to half-past five at night, a game of bagatelle or draughts, or an hour in the gymnasium in the evening, an occasional 'social,' and a football match on Saturday, make up the round of weekly routine. It is significant that while they all excel in draughts, scarcely any of them play chess. Reading of first-class books is unknown. George Eliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward,

and even Sir Walter Scott, would be voted dry; but a simple, pathetic story, like Annie Swan's or Silas Hocking's, would be read with considerable delight. As I indicated, all this refers more particularly to the young working-men of Leeds, and it would certainly need modification as we ascend the social scale. But there is no reason to suppose that the highest and the lowest are farther apart in Leeds than in other cities.

In the Yorkshire College, which "comes of age" this year, the young men of Leeds have certainly one great centre of intellectual activity, and of this the most would seem to be made.

It has about 1100

members, of whom about 400 pursue their studies in the evening, and 200 are entered in the medical department. It is significant of the dominant spirit in Leeds life that a large place in the College curriculum should be given to such subjects as weaving, dyeing, leather manufacture, coal-mining, and other subjects closely connected with the material prosperity of the city. The classes in these subjects account for something like a fourth of the total student-roll. On the other hand, some effort has been made to give to the College the attributes of University life. There is a Hall of Residence within five minutes' walk of the College, where most of the students live whose



REV. CHARLES LEMOINE.

[From a Photo by H. J. WHITLOCK, Birmingham.]



MR. FRANCIS WRIGLEY, B.A.

[From a Photo by Brooks, Dewsbury Road, Leeds.]

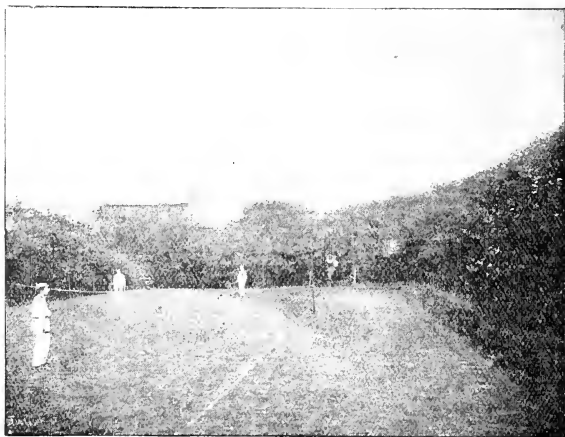
homes are distant from Leeds. The students have not a Representative Council, but they have a Union,—the “Athletic Union,” it is really called,—which makes provision for cricket, football, and tennis, the games being played on the College’s own ground, and also organises debates and various social gatherings.

It is not without significance that the Mechanics’ Institution—a name which takes us back to the time of Lord Brougham—should still occupy in Leeds much the same place as the Midland Institute has made for itself in Birmingham or the Athenæum in Glasgow. Not that it can be compared with these institutions in size if it rivals them in scope. The subscribers—mostly young men, I believe—to the library, reading-room, and weekly lectures number about 1300, and about the same number attend the commercial classes and science and art schools which are an outgrowth of the Mechanics’ Institute. The School of Art in Cookridge Street at present “holds the field,”

the Leeds Corporation not having seen fit so far to establish a municipal school, such as have been established at Birmingham and Glasgow, although it contributes largely to the income of the Mechanics’ Institute and other educational agencies in the city. Another old-fashioned place of resort in Leeds for young men—as well as “greybeards”—of a more severe mental taste is the Philosophical and Literary Society. It has an excellent library and museum, and a course of lectures every year by such well-known men of special knowledge as the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy and Dr. W. M. Flinders Petrie. It may be observed that most of the lectures delivered under the auspices of the Society have a scientific bearing.

Science, rather than art, would seem to be in favour, indeed, with the young men of Leeds. An important factor in promoting their study of science is the Naturalists’ Club and Scientific Association. Established about thirty years ago, this body was greatly strengthened by the building of Yorkshire College, several of whose professors are among its most active members. It is the parent society of the Yorkshire Naturalists’ Union, whose activity extends over the greater part of the county, and it has also given birth to the Leeds Geological Association and the Leeds Photographic Society. In addition to its meetings in the Town

Hall, where its library and collections are taken charge of by the Public Librarian, the Club carries out a number of scientific excursions, and provides many young men in the summer-time with some delightful Saturday afternoons. I am



THE RECREATION GROUND OF THE LEEDS Y.M.C.A.

told that many young men, who joined the Club out of mere love of natural history and science, have made such good use of the facilities it offers for study, that largely—and in some cases entirely—through the instruction thus obtained they have been able to abandon business vocations in favour of more congenial scientific pursuits. It was in this way, for instance, that Professor Prince qualified himself for the position of Inspector of Fisheries to the Canadian Government; that Mr. W. E. Clarke became an authority on the migration of birds, and secured the appointment of curator to the Edinburgh Museum; and that Mr. E. R. Waite, curator of the National Museum at Sydney, Mr. W. E. Collinge, curator of Masons College, Birmingham, and Mr. P. Grimshaw, assistant curator of the Edinburgh Museum, found the way to their present lot in life.

Undoubtedly the broadest educational movement among young men in Leeds is that carried on by the School Board in evening continuation schools, science and art classes, and classes in commercial subjects. Of the 5000 or so on the roll probably a good majority are young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four, the advanced character of much of the instruction given being such as would not disgrace a University. In less than five years the attendance at these evening classes has more than doubled—a fact which is full of eloquence as to the mental and moral advancement of young men in Leeds.

On the other hand, the Y.M.C.A. as a direct educational factor is almost a *quantité négligable*. But with the comparatively small membership of 500 it manages to sustain a good deal of activity of various kinds, an activity which is even recorded in a monthly magazine published by the Association. This activity is of comparatively recent date, however, and as the roll has already been very largely

increased since the appointment of the present secretary, Mr. T. Molfett, two or three years ago, we may hope that he will be able to bring the Association to the front and greatly enlarge its scope and influence. In that event Mr. Molfett's great hope for a new building will doubtless be realised before very long; Shaftesbury Hall, in South Parade, has seen better days, and is now hardly worthy of the Christian young men of Leeds. There is probably more hope for the future of the Association in the broader spirit by which it is now animated. On a recent occasion, for instance, the Literary and Debating Society, which numbers about 150

members, undertook to maintain the proposition, "that the influence of the theatre is, on the whole, beneficial," against the contrary view of the members of a Methodist Chapel.

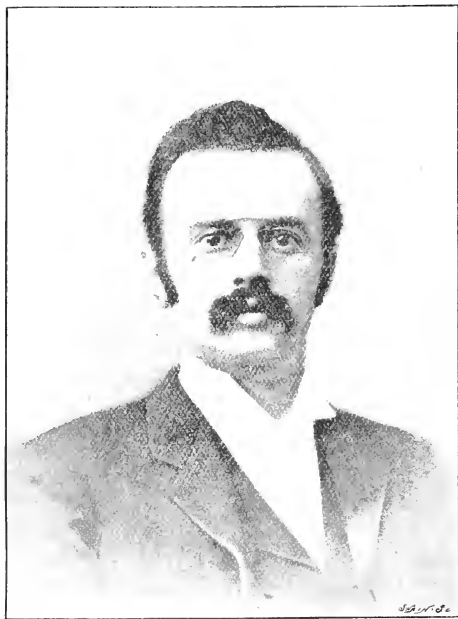
In the religious world of Leeds young men have two exceptionally interesting representatives in Mr. Bernard Smith and Mr. F. Wrigley. Although young men, they have jointly entered upon what, at one time, their fellow-ministers regarded almost as a "forlorn hope"—the rallying round a Baptist Church the "lapsed masses" of Hunslet. Their success may be gauged from the fact that on Sunday afternoons they have men's



THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, LEEDS (BAINES MEMORIAL WING).

meetings of nearly a thousand strong, and that 300 young fellows are in "more or less active association with the church." They have established an institute in connection with the church, open every night for literary, social, and athletic recreation. With the enthusiasms and sympathies of youth Messrs. Smith and Wrigley have succeeded where probably older and more experienced men would have failed.

The Rev. Charles Hargrove, of the Unitarian Church, and the Rev. Charles Lemoine, of East Parade Congregational Chapel, are probably the only two ministers in the town whose congregations



MR. BERNARD SMITH.

[From a Photo by Brooks, Levenshulme Road, Leeds.]

usually contain an exceptionally large proportion of young men. Mr. Hargrove is a man of very cultured utterance, whose reputation as a scholar and thinker among his fellow-townsmen is indicated by his presidency of the Philosophical and Literary Society. With the more intellectual young men of Leeds, Mr. Hargrove is personally in high favour, and his influence over them, in political, social, and religious movements, is considerable. Mr. Lemoine may almost be considered a young man himself—at any rate in comparison with the veteran Dr. Eustace Conder, whom he succeeded about two years ago. On the first Sunday evening of each month Mr. Lemoine makes a point of preaching specially to young men. On these occasions a “reception” is held after the service, at which refreshments are served and a selection of sacred music given, Mr. Lemoine making good use of the opportunity to become better acquainted with the young men and others attending the church. It may be added that in connection with the Y.M.C.A. special services for young men are held from time to time in nearly all the churches of Leeds.

In its way, the Leeds Parish Church Recreation Club is significant of much in the life of the young men of the city; it indicates on the part of the Episcopal body, at any rate, a strenuous and general

effort to turn to account the keen love of sport which, it goes without saying, prevails in the Yorkshire capital. By showing practical sympathy with “the ruling passion” for football and cricket, several Leeds clergymen, taking the hint of Dr. Talbot, late Vicar of Leeds and now Bishop of Rochester, have drawn into their churches young men of a type that they had long regarded as hopeless. The Leeds Parish Church has one of the best known athletic clubs in the West Riding. It has an excellent clubhouse near the church, and a membership of several hundred young men.

The enthusiasm shown in Leeds for pretty well all kinds of athletic sport has been fostered by the excellent recreation grounds with which in recent years the Municipality has provided the city. One of the best of these—Woodhouse Moor—the young men of Leeds owe to the public spirit of one of their number more than a generation ago. It was originally merely a piece of waste land—in winter a swamp, in summer little better than a dust-heap. Again and again a young Leeds journalist urged that the Moor should be made available for the purposes of recreation. The idea was ridiculed, when it was not ignored. But the young man’s heart was set upon it, and at last he was provoked into attempting the reclamation

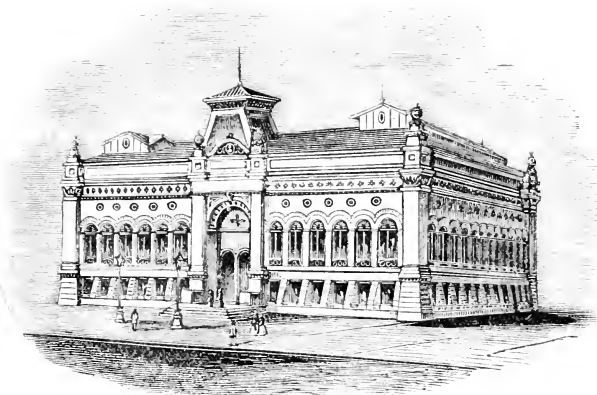


MR. T. R. LEUTY, M.P.

[From a Photo by Heslop Woods, Leeds.]

of the Moor by the labour of his own hands. He made his home close to the Moor, and early and late—before and after the day's mental labours—he plied pick and shovel. This extraordinary perseverance in a month or two won over influential members of the Corporation, who admitted that the young enthusiast had demonstrated the practicability of his scheme. In the following summer—in 1857—

by the younger men on the Town Council. Chief among these was Mr. T. R. Leuty, M.P., who entered the Council in 1882, before he had reached his thirtieth year. Although he had a large business on his hands, Mr. Leuty for many years gave about two days a week to municipal work, and it is largely due to his efforts, I believe, that Leeds now possesses a more extensive system of public



LEEDS MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

he had the satisfaction of witnessing the completion of his work by the Corporation. In such fashion did Leeds obtain its first public park.

This striking example of civic patriotism might well have had its effect on the young men of the city. Until comparatively recent years there was no notable "forward movement" in the municipal life of Leeds, but when it came, it was directed and engineered

libraries and reading-rooms than any other city in the kingdom. I have said that at present one cannot speak with any confidence of the future of public life in Leeds from the present-day disposition of its young men. But there is probably most ground for hope in the arena from which Mr. Leuty has stepped into the House of Commons.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

The Table Talk of Jesus, and other Addresses, is the title of a new book by the Rev. George Jackson, B.A. (of Edinburgh). (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) Mr. Jackson is well known to our readers, many of whom have read with interest and profit his book for young men, entitled *First Things First*—a book which is now in its seventh thousand. His new book is not specially addressed to young men, but they will find his pithy, forceful addresses singularly helpful and inspiring. The volume is full of bright thoughts, happily and vigorously expressed, and there is a manly tone about the book that will make it very attractive to the young. The address on "Patience with God," which was delivered at the City Temple and afterwards at our Summer Gathering at Davos Platz, is an earnest and powerful discourse, well suited to the times in which we live.

L. T. MEADE's thrilling stories of London Life in *The Young Woman* are becoming increasingly popular. The third and best story of the series is entitled "The Nest-Egg," and appears in the December number. We recommend our readers to buy this number, if only for L. T. Meade's story. Amongst other attractive features we may mention "Dorothy Drew and her Mother," a delightful and fully illustrated sketch of home-life at Hawarden, by Hulda Friederichs; a Christmas Story by Adeline Sergeant; a paper on "Untidy Girls," by Rev. H. R. Haweis; "The Story of Savonarola," by W. J. Dawson; "The Art and Science of Courtship," by Rev. J. Reid Howatt; and a story by Alan St. Aubyn. This does not by any means exhaust the list of contents, but it gives some idea of what *The Young Woman* offers for threepence.

THE NEW IRISH NOVELIST.

A SKETCH OF SHAN F. BULLOCK AND HIS WORK.

THE AUTHOR OF OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

THE green mantle which once sheltered the ample shoulders of Charles Lever need lie disused no longer. Ireland and Irish people have been watching this many a year for a worthy claimant upon whom to bestow it, and now two Irish novelists are before the public, both of whom have proved themselves worthy of taking up the pen which Lever long since laid down. That two such exquisite collections of Irish stories as *Irish Idylls* and *Ring o' Rushes* should have appeared within a year or two of each other, is the best of possible signs that the much-talked-of Irish Literary Revival is likely to be lasting, not ephemeral. Miss Barlow and Mr. Shan F. Bullock have much in common. Some critics may claim for the former that her pathos is more subtle than the latter's; other critics will contend that Mr. Bullock has a sunny humour which makes his pages more cheerful reading than Miss Barlow's. That, however, is a question which need not be here discussed.

A new novel by Mr. Bullock commences in the January number of THE YOUNG MAN, and the purpose of this article is not to institute a comparison between two such distinguished Irish authors as Jane Barlow and Shan F. Bullock, but merely to acquaint the readers of this magazine with such facts about Mr. Bullock and his work as should help towards a better enjoyment and understanding of his story.

About Mr. Bullock himself, the writer of the paper can in all sincerity say that rarely has he met a man of greater personal charm.

"It is very pleasant to see some men turn round," says George Eliot in *Adam Bede*,—"pleasant as a sudden rush of warm air, or the flash of firelight in the chill dusk." Mr. Bullock might have inspired the passage. The warm hand-clasp, the steadfast and honest eyes, the hearty and sincere ring in the voice, and the unaffected and manly modesty of his bearing, make one feel instinctively that here is a man to trust—a man whom one cannot help but like, and might soon grow to love.

Tall—six feet high—Mr. Bullock looks less like an author than an athlete—which indeed he is. It is true that he has been obliged to give up football, and describes himself as "a creak with a football knee," but he is still fond of swimming and cricket, and has been known to say that he would rather make his "century" than write "the book of the season." A man more innocent of anything like literary affectation one could not meet, and notwithstanding his great success he is singularly unspoiled and modest. When his second

book, *By Thrasna River*, came out, the chorus of praise with which it was received was quite out of the common. It is a rare thing indeed for the *Athenæum* to wax enthusiastic, but even that staid and judicial journal admitted in the lengthy review which was devoted to Mr. Bullock's book that *By Thrasna River* afforded "the best picture of Irish rural life which we have ever read." That one review in itself was enough to turn the head of any young author, and when Mr. Quiller Couch ("Q") followed it up in the *Speaker* by a long and most appreciative article upon the same book, it had been small matter for wonder if Mr. Bullock had succumbed to that malady so incidental to the writing fraternity—"swelled head." But the author of *The Charmer* has too much sense of humour ever to fall a victim to the complaint in question. Just as he was too sunny-natured a fellow ever to be soured by failure in the days before he came into his own, so now, when he has taken his rightful place in the very front rank of Irish novelists, he has too keen a sense of "proportion" ever to give himself airs.

Mr. Bullock was born in 1865 at Crom, on the shores of Lough Erne, in Fermanagh, Ireland. He describes the neighbourhood in his books, and frankly confesses that to him the scenery is the most beautiful in the world. He was educated at Farra School, Westmeath. The great feature of the school was mathematics, and as this was a subject for which young Bullock had as much aptitude as "a cow for a clean shirt," the future author did not develop into a Fellow of Trinity. While at Westmeath he made so close a study of the Bible that he had almost the whole of it by heart. This he now considers—and quite apart from the religious influence it had upon him—was the finest possible training for the School of Letters.

All this time he was mixing freely with the peasantry, not in any patronising sense, but meeting them on their own ground and as man to man. He has no belief in "getting up a subject" by going to visit—very much in the way that a fashionable lady goes slumming—the people of whom he means to write. Instead of staring critically at them through a gold eyeglass, as a scientist scrutinises some curious creature he is studying, or cross-examining them in regard to their lives and habits, Mr. Bullock made it his business to live among them, to enter into their simple joys and sorrows, and to look at life precisely as it looks from their eyes. This is the secret of the marvellous accuracy with which he has painted the Irish peasantry.

Every character in his pages lives and breathes before us. The very atmosphere of the place, the smell of the peat-fire, and the brooding sadness of the mountains are all there. *By Thrasna River* has been called "An Irish Thrums," and the phrase is scarcely less a compliment to Mr. Barrie than it is to Mr. Bullock.

In 1883, Mr. Bullock came to London, and at once set to work in earnest to make his way in literature, writing humorous and sporting articles for periodicals, and any number of sketches for an Irish local publication—not to mention reams of verse, which he now devoutly thanks

his stars never got published. All this, however, brought him no recognition and but little money, and it was not until after a long course of study of the English novelists that he took to fiction, and scored his first success. In 1892, *Macmillan's Magazine* accepted

and published a story by Mr. Bullock entitled *The Aukward Squads*. This story, considerably revised and extended, he offered to Messrs. Cassell & Co., after its serial appearance, and much to his joy the great house at La Belle Sauvage consented to bring it out. What added immeasurably to the young author's exultation was the knowledge that his story had been accepted on the recommendation of Mr. Quiller Couch, for whose strong and beautiful work Mr. Bullock has, from the very first, had the most enthusiastic admiration. Mr. Bullock holds, and his opinion is shared, almost without an exception, by every one of his fellow-authors whose opinion is worth having, that great as has been the success Mr. Quiller Couch has attained, his recognition is—even now, and in spite of his immense popularity—by no means adequate to his merits.

The Aukward Squads made its appearance in 1893, but though it was most favourably received by the press it did not have any

considerable sale. In the meantime the author had been at work on his first novel, *By Thrasna River*, which was offered in due course to Messrs. Cassell & Co., and, for some unaccountable reason, declined by them. Just at this time Mr. Bullock sent a short story to Mr. Clement Shorter (to whom, by the bye, he dedicates *Ring o' Rushes*, and of whose unvarying kindness to him he speaks in most grateful terms). It was published in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and in that way came under the eye of Mr. Coulson Kernahan, who was at that time literary adviser to Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Bowden. Mr. Kernahan was at once convinced that the writer of this short story could do great things, and wrote straight away to Mr. Bullock expressing his appreciation, and inviting him to send any work he had for disposal. *By Thrasna River* was forwarded in response, and when published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Bowden, on Mr. Kernahan's warm recommendation, achieved an immediate success. Readers of *THE YOUNG MAN* who are ambitious for the honour of authorship but have been disheartened by rejection, will no doubt take heart at this example of a novel being declined by one well-known firm only to score an unqualified success when issued by another publishing house.



SHAN F. BULLOCK.

[From a Photo by SUPER & STEINMAN, 147 Strand W.C.]

Mr. Bullock's third volume was *Ring o' Rushes*—a work of which it is safe to say that no more exquisite pictures of Irish life have ever been drawn for us than are to be found in this collection of short stories. Not many will read the book without tears; no one will read it without hearty laughter, for alike in tenderness of pathos and buoyancy of humour the book is from first to last almost unique.

The Charmers, Mr. Bullock's new story, which Mr. Atkins has secured for publication in *THE YOUNG MAN*, is, the author informs us, the outcome of a holiday spent some years ago at a seaside resort, which he thinks all Irishmen who read the story

will easily recognise. Hence it bears the sub-title, "A Seaside Comedy." Having been privileged to read it in proof, the writer of this article may add, by way of comment, that it is not only a seaside comedy, but will also prove a fireside delight, for a more enjoyable companion during the winter evenings which are now upon us can hardly be imagined. Mr. Anthony Hope at his best has given us nothing more delicious in humour. The pages of the book ripple—as we turn them—with fun

as sparkling and spontaneous as the ripple of the salt water upon the sandy beach whither Mr. Bullock leads us. May he lead us thither again and that right soon, will be the comment of every reader after finishing the story; for surely no more delightful picture of Irish life, and of the Irish people—whom we love while we laugh at, and laugh at while we love—has been drawn than is to be found in Shan F. Bullock's Seaside Comedy, *The Charmer*.

ON THE UNSTABLE MIND.

BY THE REV. JAMES THEW.

THE evil that is indicated by the above heading is probably one of the most serious with which an earnest mind can be afflicted. Many are the dangers—in our way through life—to which the strongest of us are exposed; many are the mistakes and extremes into which the wisest of us may fall; but I think it may be shown that mental instability, on the great themes and doctrines of religion, is the crowning calamity of a thoughtful mind.

Nothing of a respectful kind can be said of the too hasty adoption of religious opinions—as *opinions*, or of an unreasoning determination to shut the ears to fair argument, or the eyes to new light. It is unbecoming, to say the least of it, to leap to sudden conclusions on questions that have tried the most imperial intellects of the race. It is positively injurious and wrong to remain "willingly ignorant" of many things that may be advanced from an opposite side. There is, however, one thing that is worse,—one thing that is frequently attended by consequences more disastrous—one thing that plays greater mental havoc with us,—and that is the easy way in which some minds respond to every vagrant "wind of doctrine" that chances to find them out. There are men in advanced life whose minds are no clearer than they were in early days, and it is largely owing to the fact that they have allowed themselves to become the sport of such wandering visitors.

One common cause of this certainly deserves to be alluded to with respect. It is what I may call a nervous extreme of fine conscientiousness. Of course there are minds that are constitutionally not over-strong, and perhaps the less such people have to do with the *intellectual* difficulties of religion the better. But there are minds that are finely strung, clear in their perceptions, broad in their sympathies, but embarrassed with a fear, which has considerable torment in it, of making profession of religious beliefs on insufficient grounds. "Must we not," such persons will ask, "hear or read both sides

of the question? Can we really know what is to be said of a thing till in some sort we know what is to be said against it? Is it right—is it fair—to profess a belief before we have looked at it in every possible light?" Thus the mind is kept in a state of protracted uncertainty; and *character*, which can only be nourished on positive beliefs, is made to suffer loss.

In the course of a ministry which cannot be described as a short one, I have hardly come across a class of minds more difficult to deal with. The attitude of such seems so reasonable, and withal so admirable, that one looks upon it, in many instances, with a kind of helpless reverence. I take the liberty, however, of pointing out one or two serious considerations.

1. Whatever the duty of perfect intellectual candour, the undue encouragement of this habit of mind means mental chaos. It means, if it be continued for a number of years, that we shall feel ourselves becoming less and less sure of *anything*. For the position has yet to be occupied which is not open to attack of *some* kind. We cannot start the simplest question, which has not more sides than one, which does not admit of a variety of statements, which does not lend itself to "doubtful disputation." So that if this attitude of nervous, I might almost say of morbid, honesty be continued, "chaos" is not too strong a word for the condition into which we must be plunged, and in which we will be kept.

2. However binding the obligations of perfect fairness, are there not other obligations that are binding too? Men owe duties to themselves as well as to their fellows, and is not one of the first of these—on intellectual, moral, and practical grounds—to believe *something*, to have something settled, to have at least some groundwork of positive belief which we do not feel called upon to be perpetually reviewing or readjusting? There are many things that make for mental and other enfeeblement, but there is nothing

half so potent in these directions as a mind that cannot be sure of itself, as a constant liability to a change of front. It is a hazardous game to play on a field of battle. It is no safer elsewhere.

For these and other reasons that might be adduced, I say there ought to be found a way out of this difficulty. This spell—for that is what it comes to—ought to be broken. It cannot be necessary, from any high moral point of view, for a man thus to allow himself to be "carried about." No consistency, intellectual or other, requires it at our hands. There is a point beyond which this kind of thing is a form of weakness, like that which causes some men at critical times to do nothing, for fear they should do wrong.

It is only a development of the foregoing to say there are minds, and they are usually of a high order, that suffer themselves to become far too impressionable. They lose control of their own reins, and their steed carries them whither it will. But surely this is both unwise and unnecessary. Let us have reverence for undoubted authority, feeling and imagination that will create sympathy with varied views of truth; but the habit of unconditional surrender to every new-comer—well, the real masters of thought would be the last to desire it. They will tell us to a man that they do not wish to dominate our own judgments, but to stimulate, to guide, and to inform them.

Let me indicate one practical reason for cultivating a little judicious thickness of mental texture. It is this—without it, we are simply at the mercy of every man of ability we come across. Observe, I say not one word against the practice of wide reading or wide conversation on these matters,

nor against acquiring knowledge of, and cultivating sympathy with, very different schools of thought. It is the mind that is unduly influenced in its religious decisions by other minds that I deprecate. And it is not necessary to be a man's equal in mental power to exercise the moral right of saying, "I see your position, I see what may be said from your point of view, I should find it difficult to answer your arguments—but I am unmoved."

In this day of changing creeds we really must learn to put our foot down. Otherwise, we are helpless as the slave who is carried from market to market and sold from master to master.

3. Another reason for guarding resolutely against this kind of instability is this—the unbelief of this nineteenth century unduly impresses some of us. This is not the only age in which men have said, There is no God, or if there be, we cannot know it. Even Athens had her altar "to the Unknown God." This is not the only age in which the miracles of the Redeemer have been denied, in which the inspiration of the Scriptures has been attacked, in which the immortal hopes have been called in question. If opportunity and reading led some of us into a larger field, we should not be so deeply influenced and moved by these things. In many instances the charge that is made against the foundations of the Christian faith is only differently delivered. It is an old foe wearing a new face!

Wherefore I exhort young men to a greater steadfastness. We may rely upon it, for a man who would lead a high and noble life a settled faith is a prime necessity. Doubt and uncertainty never yet made a human being morally strong. "I believe," lies at the foundation of all healthy character.

A PARCEL OF BOOKS.

Kate Carnegie and those Ministers (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) will be as widely circulated and as eagerly read as Ian Maclaren's former works, but it will not produce the same impression on its readers. It is a fine book,—skillfully written, and full of masterly character sketches,—but it does not touch the best emotions like the author's first book, and it lacks that delicate, irresistible humour which has come to be associated with his name. *With Open Face; or, Jesus Mirrored in Matthew, Mark, and Luke* (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) is the title of a valuable and inspiring work by Prof. A. B. Bruce. All students of the Bible will be grateful for these delightful sketches of the spirit and teaching of our Lord. *The Land of the Leal* is the title of a volume of Scottish Idylls by "David Lyall" (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.). We will not say that the Scottish Idyll is played out, but we will say that we have been so liberally supplied with this kind of literature that in future only the best will be welcomed—and these simple, homely sketches are not of the best. They are wholesome and readable, but they are not powerful or artistic—or even cheerful. We offer a warm welcome to *The Old Testament and Modern Life*, by Mr. Stopford Brooke (Isbister & Co.). For strong wisdom, clear thinking, and fresh, attractive writing, this book will be hard to beat. *Charlotte*

Brontë and her Circle, by Clement K. Shorter (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), is a great book. It deserves a more prominent and lengthy notice, but our space will only allow us to say that in the opinion of the best critics Mr. Shorter has achieved a rare success—he has written a biography that will live. Every young man who can afford it should go at once and buy this book; and if he cannot afford it, let him start on a "self-denial month." Mr. W. J. Dawson's new book, *The Story of Hannah* (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.), is admirably written, like all Mr. Dawson's work, but it would have been a greater success if the obvious aim of the book—to attack the itinerancy system in the Methodist Connexion—had been kept in the background. Mr. Dawson draws a distressing and almost revolting picture of the worst side of church life. There is another and a better side, and probably we gain but little by fixing our attention upon the few hypocrites who disgrace the Christianity they profess. When will Mr. Dawson give us another book like *The Makers of Modern English*, or *The Threshold of Manhood*—the books he wrote when he was a Methodist preacher? One page of Mr. Dawson's Literary Essays is worth all the fiction he has ever written.

OUR READING CIRCLE.

CONDUCTED BY THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

BOOK FOR THE MONTH: "THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES."

"I BELIEVE," says Robert Louis Stevenson, writing of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, "it would startle and move anyone if they could make a certain effort of the imagination, and read it freshly like a book, not drowsily and dully, like a portion of the Bible." It is just that effort of the imagination that is lacking in the average reader of the *Acts of the Apostles*. The sacred writer makes no attempt to lead us captive by mere verbal cunning; he is very sparing in his use of literary devices; he has no happy tricks of speech, no studied elegancies of manner; his story is told throughout in the simplest, most straightforward fashion possible. And yet to anyone with so much as a spark of historical imagination, his brief and modest recital is unsurpassed in its interest. Even to a man who is a student and nothing more, this little document, taking us back, as it does, to the beginnings of the Christian era, and showing us the original impulse and first direction of that mighty movement which has changed the face of the modern world, must always be of priceless worth. But to many of us who are Christians, alas! it is only "a portion of the Bible" from which to read or to hear read an occasional chapter. The fine enthusiasm of the historical student never touches us; we make no attempt to see the history as a whole, to place the movement of which it is the record in its true relation to the world's past and future, to mark its great turning-points, to grasp its real inwardness and significance. Of course, we may do all these things and yet may never see the deeper something that is so often hidden from the wise and prudent. None the less, it remains true that the richest results of Bible study are only to be gathered when the imagination of the student is joined to the piety of the Christian. And as I date my own intelligent reading of the Scriptures from the day when I first learned how profitably to read the *Acts of the Apostles*, it is with the greater pleasure that I invite my readers to join with me again in the study of this little book.

Into the question of the authorship of the *Acts* it is not, I think, necessary to enter at any length. It was the judgment of Renan that "the author of the Third Gospel and the *Acts* was verily and indeed Luke, a disciple of St. Paul." "And this view of the authorship," writes our own Bishop Lightfoot, "I cannot doubt will be the final verdict of the future, as it has been the unbroken tradition of the past." With this so weighty twofold judgment I must be content just now to leave the

question; those who desire its full discussion should turn to the learned and lively pages of Dr. Salmon in his trenchant *Introduction to the New Testament*. But every reader should carefully mark at once what to biblical scholars are usually known as the "*we* sections" of Luke's narrative; for it is upon these that the argument for the most part turns. The facts to be noted are briefly as follows:—Until we come to chap. xvi. 10, the narrative is written throughout in the third person; but at that point, without any word of explanation, the first person plural suddenly appears ("straightway we sought to go forth into Macedonia," etc.). It is continued through several verses which describe Paul's departure from Troas, and his missionary labours in Philippi; then in the seventeenth chapter the former style of narrative is reverted to, and it is not until the apostle's return to Philippi, and we reach chap. xx. 5, 6, that the "*we*" again appears. From this point onward—with only apparent exceptions that may be easily explained—the story is told in the first person. How are we to account for these curious changes? The simplest explanation which commends itself to most New Testament scholars is this: the writer of the *Acts* joined the apostle's company at Troas, journeyed with them as far as Philippi, where for some reason he remained behind; then, when at the close of his third journey Paul passed through Philippi again, he rejoined the party, continuing as the apostle's companion until their arrival together in Rome. The change of pronoun is thus easily explained; a writer describing events in which he had himself taken part would as naturally use the first person as in narrating what he had only heard of from others he would use the third. That this fellow-traveller of St. Paul was the Evangelist Luke we have already seen good reason to believe; and all else we can learn regarding him is in perfect accord with that which in this indirect fashion he tells us concerning his movements, and with the revelation which it gives of his faithful and unobtrusive service.¹

The familiar title "*Acts of the Apostles*" is not of Luke's choosing, it possesses no special authority, and as a matter of fact it is a singularly inexact description of the contents of a book of which it is the now generally accepted designation. After the opening chapter most of the "*apostles*" are not even so much as named. Peter alone fills a conspicuous place in the narrative; and of those

¹ 1 Co. Col. iv. 14; Philem. 24; 2 Tim. iv. 11.

of whose "acts" we do read—Stephen, Philip, James "the Lord's brother," Barnabas and Paul—not one belonged to the apostolic group. Luke's history is rather an account of the first planting of the Christian Church from the year of our Lord's ascension up to the arrival of the Apostle Paul in Rome—that is, from 33 A.D. to 63 A.D. It falls naturally into two sections: (1) chaps. i.-xii., which describe the rise and progress of Christianity throughout Palestine; (2) chaps. xiii.-xxviii., which tell of its spread to the parts beyond as far as distant Rome. Our Lord's charge to His disciples (i. 8) might indeed be taken as a kind of summary of the whole book: "Ye shall be My witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." Luke's story is the story of the detailed fulfilment of this command. It may further be observed—as an examination of the opening verses of the *Acts* will clearly show—that in the mind of the Evangelist this narrative was regarded as a kind of sequel to the story that he had already told in the Third Gospel. That was a record of "all that Jesus began both to do and to teach until the day in which He was received up"; this, of what He continued to do and to teach by His servants through the Holy Spirit that He gave to them.

One other question may be briefly referred to—is Luke a trustworthy historian? Setting aside for the moment altogether the matter of "inspiration," and judging his work simply by such tests as we should apply to any ordinary historian, what is the result? A Christian man should not shrink from putting the question in that form; others will not if he does. Now, it so happens that the *Acts of the Apostles* is a document that almost challenges the investigation of the historical student. It is very much more than the record of a merely local or even Palestinian movement; its pages bristle with reference to contemporary life and history; it touches at innumerable points the history of the great Roman civilization. There are thus abundant data for checking and comparing its statements; and though we may wince at the freedom with which the work of criticism is sometimes carried on, it is vain to protest; scholarship will insist that in this respect at least the *Acts* shall be treated "like any other book," and if its author is demonstrably a slovenly and inaccurate writer, no theory of inspiration will avail to save him or his work from the discredit that must inevitably follow. The truth is, the most searching investigations have so far only resulted in placing St. Luke's narrative on a higher pinnacle of historical trustworthiness than ever.

Unfortunately, it is not possible within the narrow limits of this paper to give detailed illustrations in confirmation of this. I can only refer the student to Bishop Lightfoot's essay on the subject in the *Contemporary Review* for May 1878,¹ and the recent works of Professor Ramsay.² Concerning the latter, Professor Sanday says: "I know nothing in German comparable for thoroughness and solidity of investigation to the parts which concern the Acts in Professor Ramsay's *Church in the Roman Empire*." And inasmuch as Ramsay himself frankly confesses that he commenced his investigations a disciple of the Tübingen school, and with the fixed idea that the *Acts* was essentially a second-century composition, his final verdict, which gives to St. Luke a place among historians of the front rank, is entitled to the greater consideration. This is not equivalent to a claim of absolute inerrancy,—Luke nowhere makes such a claim for himself,—but it is an assurance of the strongest possible character that we, like those for whom the Third Gospel and the *Acts* were first written, may learn from the same writings the certainty of the things wherein we have been instructed.

A good map indicating the various journeys of St. Paul is indispensable, and should be in constant use. To those who are able to read their Greek Testament, Mr. Page's little volume³ may be warmly commended; while Stalker's *Life of St. Paul*⁴ should be read and re-read by everybody. The latter volume—see especially the chronological table on page 138—will enable the student to give the Epistles their true historical setting, apart from which it is impossible rightly to understand them. And finally—though it belongs to another order of literature altogether—I cannot resist the temptation of once more putting in a word for F. W. H. Myers' exquisite poem, *St. Paul*,⁵ my first discovery of which I count among the red-letter days of my literary calendar.

. The subject for January will be the *Poetry of Patriotism*. Either Henley's *Lyra Heroica* (Nutt, cheap edition, 2s. 6d.) or Langbridge's *Ballads of the Brave* (Methuen, 2s. 6d.) may be obtained. Both are volumes of selections, with brief notes; the latter is much the larger, the former more scholarly and the selections more "select."

¹ Now reprinted in *Essays on Supernatural Religion*.

² *The Church in the Roman Empire*, and *St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen* (Hodder & Stoughton).

³ *Acts of the Apostles* (Macmillan's, 3s. 6d.).

⁴ T. & T. Clark's, 1s. 6d.

⁵ Macmillan's, 2s. 6d.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK have once more sent us specimens of their Christmas and New Year cards, and we are glad to recommend their tasteful and

artistic productions to the notice of our readers. We have seen no better cards than these, and they are as cheap as they are good.

CHATS AT THE CLUB.

OUR DEMORALISATION.

"STUPID fellows are very unfortunate," said Norbury.

"Self-pity is very unwholesome," said Henley.

Norbury threw himself back in his chair and thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat. He did not intend that Henley or anyone else should divert him from his point of view.

"The amazing cleverness of human beings over-awes one at times," he said. "I think it is mechanical cleverness that surprises me more than any other kind, because I am deficient in that."

"You are deficient in several other kinds too," said Henley absent-mindedly.

"I was in an optician's this morning," Norbury went on, "and an instrument they had for testing the density of glasses mechanically, and registering it after the manner of the automatic weighing machines, sent me away in a state of humble-minded depression."

"Once in a while that's rather a saving experience," said Henley.

"Oh, shut up," Stanhope interrupted impatiently.

"I asked who invented the instrument," Norbury continued, "and they didn't know. It seemed so curious that a wonderful invention like that should drop in among the mass of other inventions and be scarcely noticed. It made one think what a mass of brain power is needed nowadays to enable one to make his mark, or even to get on at all. Then I took the other point of view, and began to wonder why more men do not labour and invent and discover and achieve, and, looking round me, it seemed that most of us are dreadfully commonplace."

"Speak for yourself," said Henley.

"Many great discoveries have been made by the merest accident," said Stanhope. "Chance certainly supplies the germ of most ideas, and intelligence elaborates it. I believe a knowledge of all explosives, beginning with gunpowder, and coming down to nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton, as well as the humble lucifer match, was due to accident. I am quite sure the magnifying power of glass was discovered thus. I fancy nature offers many of us the chance of making discoveries, but we are not intelligent enough to observe them."

"It may be we are too lazy," said Henley, rousing himself. "I think there is more difference in the industry of men than in their brain power. One man holds on to a plan or an idea like a bulldog, while another is diverted by every wind that blows. Do you know that other nations are beating us at everything everywhere, and that we don't seem to care? Germany is taking all our industries out of our hands, Colonial agriculturists are driving both themselves and the home farmers to starvation, while we look on placidly and talk with fatuous contentment about abundance and the low price of commodities!"

"Now, I wonder why that is?" said Stanhope thoughtfully; "because for once I think you are right."

"As a nation we are too prosperous, as individuals we are overfed and lazy."

"Speak for yourself," said Norbury.

"I am speaking for myself. As the only son of well-to-do people, I did not get the best start. It is pretty hard to bestir yourself when you know that your bread and water are secure. As a matter of fact I do not know one man who enjoyed a comfortable time in his youth that has become of what I call any account. They just lounge down on their wool cushions and do nothing. I have been told, and I believe it, that half the sandwich men in London were at one time prospective heirs to various kinds of property, which in most cases was mortgaged before it fell due, and ultimately sold as reversions. Do you know what I think?" said Henley.

Somebody answered that it was impossible to imagine.

"Well, I think that hard things are just the life of us. I do not think a nation, a sect, or an individual was ever made great by prosperity. There is nothing more certain than that plain living and high thinking are usually convertible terms."

"Then we should look in the workhouses for our great men," said Norbury.

"By plain living I do not mean destitution, that robs a man of force and dignity. I mean only the severe, simple life that makes for serenity and strength. Just as the Spartans had a simpler, rougher life than ours, so had they higher ideals of duty, patriotism, justice, and, we may be sure, purer pleasures. They kept their bodies hardy and their minds serene. We think luxury will satisfy us till we try it; but it does not, it only teaches us to covet more luxury. When pleasures become cheap and easy of attainment they cease to seem desirable. We despise them because they have become so common. I don't say it of individual misfortunes, because they seem unjust, and they make us impatient and indignant, and worst of all self-pitiful; but I am quite sure that a national misfortune, like a great war, or a racial misfortune, like persecution, benefits the spirit."

"That is exactly what Abdul Hamid has been thinking."

"It certainly is most curious," said Stanhope, "that it has always been persecuted peoples who have kept alive the fire of religious faith. Leave us our commerce and our prosperity and our pleasant surroundings, and self becomes the centre of our little world, we talk agnosticism and think atheism; but strip us of these, let us hold our life in our hands as it were, and we go back to God and say with Job, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' The Huguenots, the Waldenses, and the Covenanters thought religion worth dying for; while their descendants, who indolently philosophise in the schools, call it superstition, or at best demand a new and vigorous prophet."

"Capua was harder on Hannibal than the Alps," said Henley.

"Then I suppose it is the prosperous who need our prayers most?" said Norbury.

"Where they are not past praying for," Henley answered, as he took his hat and went out.

NORMAN FRENCH.

IDYLLS OF THE CHILTERN HILLS.

By WILLIAM J. LACEY.

XII.—PASTOR GLAD'S LOVE STORY.

It so befell that when a Silover man of the younger generation talked of the trouble at the Turret Chapel he meant the wife-taking of Pastor Glad and things before and after. Patriarchs in the place remembered the grievous shaking in the first year of the penny post. New pewing was necessary, and a stubborn knot of innovators, who had perhaps caught infection from light letters no longer checked by wholesome charges, demanded comfort in worship. Cushions were conceded after a fight, and to such as brought or bought their own. But on the question of straight back-boards or sloping, nineteen frivolous adherents went out and returned no more. On which occasion the magnanimity of Pastor Whepperill was much extolled.

"They go," he said, "because they plainly are not with us, and in the deep matters of the Spirit have not been. But we will not judge them harshly, nor deliver them as we might to Satan, that they should learn not to misapprehend the true ease of the sanctuary. And we who stay will endure hardness in the bond of peace."

It seemed that the meek forecast was fulfilled, inasmuch as the pew-backs were still uncompromisingly perpendicular, and there was no further breach at the Turret during the Whepperill dispensation.

But the older men and women who could live that stormy time over again in door-side gossip agreed with their juniors that for a minister to wed out of the "Connexion" was much more serious. There was principle involved, no doubt, in retaining good, honest, spine-exercising angles in chapel seats. If you were weary from lawful week-day labour, it was at least as practicable to tit an inch or two forward, elbows on knees and face on fists. The adepts said that it saved a public shame, whereas if sleep sealed the eyelids in any other than such true thinker's posture the pulpit would need to sound an alarm-bell. It had been done in the case of old Saul Pinchpenny and Charlotte, afterwards his wife. Saul had a cushioned corner, and was a little man, and thoughtfully dropped down a big Bible to bolster out the baize. His hands folded and his head went back as a supply exhorted on the eve of Pastor Whepperill's installation; and thunders found him and a purple face and choler. The minister had sight at once sharp and awkwardly short of complete and saving service. A level finger pointed.

"If yonder youth hasn't respect to the Word it must be taken from him," he said, and sternly paused.

Whereat there was an awed silence, and a woman sitting in the pew with the delinquent quivered visibly, not being imaginative.

"For I knew," she remarked afterwards, "that Saul were fixed main an' comfortable on a five-and-ninepenny-half-price-large-print, an' I couldn't see how 'twas to be took away."

"Will some elder remove that irreverent youth?" demanded the Solomon who preached. "I will see him at the end of worship."

But he did not. Saul Pinchpenny rose in his corner, and Charlotte Hale in the women's gallery, and walked out of Turret. And a man of substance was lost to the community.

Inflexible attention and square seats to ensure it were the due of the pulpit, but a minister's fidelity to rule written and accepted was not less the due of those who fed the treasury.

The impending disaster dawned on an ingenious people slowly, and it must be acknowledged that suspense of judgment was general until the signs multiplied. But it was rapid at the crisis. The outlook became so grave that the most unwilling had to believe and confess that they were disconcerted.

Free Hood was not one who owned either to surprise or to temporary blindness. Nor did any accuse him. But he had been chosen elder to fill the gap left by the tragedy in Church Place, and it was the custom even for grey heads thus clothed with new and momentous authority to speak and act as tyros might. They should not clutch power greedily, as a world's bauble. But at last the leash slipped, and he went to George Alloway.

"Isn't it time, and a deal past t' chime mark, when we ought to move in Passon's business?" he began, his zeal sombre and deadly, but not sacrificing the gift in metaphor that was nature's way of differentiating a type.

"It's on my mind day and night, I'm free to admit it," said the draper, with answering gloom; "but the question's this: how are we to interfere? Is it an engagement? None of us are downright sure, and if you ask Glad you may do mischief and push it on. There's mettle in the man, and I'm not for any such venture. And though you've boldness more than many, I know, Brother Hood, and the church has done well to honour it, I doubt if even you'll call round by the Gables and ask to see Miss Smallpiece, and when she comes say, 'Are you promised wife of Pastor Glad, Miss?'"

A very small flicker played at the corners of

George Alloway's mouth. The picture stood out: the gardener valiant as the Turret knew him in the Gables—until Agatha appeared; then beating about for words, stammering, lost. The picture pleased a humorous fancy that was sometimes as defiant as Jason Dewley's ruder wit. He was confident that it must have been true also to fact. Agatha was emphatically her father's daughter.

Free Hood showed the hurt and querulous mind upon that.

"The things' noways for laughing stuff," he said. "It's clean contrary to my idees if not to yours. I'm main concerned for Turret, an' if so be I stand alone I'll hold up a standard faithful."

"I am sure of it, brother," said the draper, with careful soothing and a funereal face. "But the church must be one and act as one—when we quite know."

"Tisn't new," was the gloomy retort,—"'tisn't new. My boy Obed bought a hat at Dalesbury Fair. Fine and cheap, he reckoned. Said I, an's mother, 'Tisn't new.' An' first rain washed ridges in 't—grease, all of 'em. 'Tisn't new. I've seen Passon on t' waver a long while. I never trusts a light minister. But I left it t' work out like a black knot in sappy wood. An' here 'tis now. He wants to wed a woman who bows in t' temple o' Rimmon, an' who's been brought up wi' that hoary old unbeliever, t' doctor."

George Alloway whistled gently, and remembered how Dr. Smallpiece and Agatha had been first to take a weary home-flown bird's hand, and with only faith and fair liking on their faces. A little fact, but written on a father's heart.

"You are a thought hard, brother Hood," he said. "If St. Mark's is what you have just called it, brother Martins did the very same not so long ago. And I think no worse of him—none. Nor of Miss Smallpiece for going where it is natural for her to go. Not that I approve of Glad's choice, if 'tis settled. I'm with you there. We must wait. I can't imagine how it began."

Which was all that the self-appointed conscience of the Turret Church could obtain in this quarter for several weeks. He sulked accordingly, as even animated corporate consciences may, being unjustly burdened.

How and when did the glamour begin? Silover was baffled there first and last, and not less John Glad. Perhaps Agatha Smallpiece also, though a capable woman nearing thirty and netted by Cupid, the mocker, will sometimes hark back in strange unrest to a point, a place, a thought that may serve as well as another for the gold initialing of romance. There are moments that you cannot fix, yet they are as fateful and fruitful as any, and joy is with them and beauty crowns them. When does the first scent of spring suffuse the winter-cold air, or the brown frond strike on the fern, or the earliest touch of damask stay with the rounded peach, or the

yellow meet the green in the cornfield? Love shines upon the face of interest as subtly, perhaps as suddenly, always with the strangeness and the glory.

Dr. Smallpiece found it out and pretended to object.

"This comes of dabbling in the occult arts," he said grimly,—"*which a doctor shouldn't, having no time for nonsense. And matchmaking is that, and the most occult of them all, the witchcraft which they used to burn in these hills included. I wash my hands of it. Never again! I'll send into Dalesbury for sackcloth and a higher stool than Silover wants to make at my money. 'Twill be a spectacle, but the patients mustn't come. I set Glad and you to straighten a coil in a sad tangle for Hetty Hood; who got her man and drills him. And the two of you must twist a new one, and trip up all my prejudices and all poor Glad's prospects. Why, his bigots will infallibly drum him out. I believe I must put my foot down.*"

"Very well, papa," said a soft voice in which laughter rippled, "*but please not on Queen Vashti.*" And a flossy ball that lived and purred was coaxed by the mistress from the hassock and from peril.

But in truth the doctor was well pleased, for he knew his man as the Turret congregation did not. He knew, too, that John Glad had not returned from County Devon quite as he went in a wild week far past. Money had been left the preacher, and there would be more one day from Mrs. Dasant. Birth and breeding and a bookman's gifts, the doctor loved them all. To be sure, there was the creed and the narrowness and the absurd chapel. But these were mainly Agatha's affair, and for himself he could tender witty apology to Rector Tatton and stand aloof.

John Glad could not tell when he first thought fondly of the bright, vivacious girl in another sphere than his. But he did know where he shut his teeth and determined like a reckless rider to take the prohibitory fence be it never so high. The purpose, the rash, presumptuous resolve was fashioned in a narrow chamber to which David Hough had brought him. Cold clay was there, and the strange shine on the poor dead face of the man who had—failed, said his fellows. And, dressed for the grave, a book was on Asaph's bosom, and John Glad touched it with a reverence not due to the writing, or the russet and the gold; for indeed he had heard of the rhymer's last delusion. David Hough spoke low.

"It seems 'twas Miss Smallpiece's book by rights," he said; "*an' one she fancied mightily, though 'tis but poor tale stuff—trash, trash! T' doctor left it here unknowns. An' Miss Smallpiece, she's a lady and a loving woman and a Christian, I hope,*"—but even Dave expressed doubt by his emphasis, for at Brasiers Row neither saints nor sane business folk read trash,—"*an' she came wi' jellies an' things the very morning Asaph went home to glory.*" Her

father had to bring her, though I believe he knew how 't would turn, for he's main clever, is Dr. Smallpiece. An' I showed her in here same as I'm showin' you, sir, and there was the book an' Asaph's smile at 't; dead, you'm to understand, sir?"

John Glad nodded gravely.

"I am sorry we are too late, father," she said in that eager-like voice of her'n,— "an' the book. I'm sorry a little, too. But not that he was happy. Oh no, no! Only I wanted it,—as if 'twere worth a bunch o' beast's fodder, sir. 'Now,' she said, 'I'll leave the dreamer with his dream, an' let no one take it from him.' An' we haven't, sir. Ah! Miss Smallpiece hasn't her eq'al in Silover, she's that sweet."

The minister went down Shaw Cross over the hard snow track, and he said to the menacing firs at Twist Corner—

"I will ask her; she can but say me nay."

But even then a month elapsed, for he was diffident, as a writer of "trash," if not a poor Calvinist preacher had need to be. And it was then that the Turret talked, and the town, and very widely. At last he took a vellum-bound copy of his trivial *Arcady*, fresh from dilatory people in London, and offered Agatha the book and the man, and was simple from a bottomless disesteem of both.

"I am what I am," he said, with a catch in his bass voice, "and I do not pretend that I shall change. I try to set duty in a hard place, and as I see it, first. The people of my charge have called me, and I stay. But I love you—hopelessly, perhaps; truly, I know."

Curiously he left it and waited, not joining challenge to avowal.

The lithe form moved but slightly, yet it was nearer. Quick woman's vision viewed the field of the present and the future in a flash, and something from the standpoint of this most unusual lover. Agatha's hand went out, and she drew *Arcady* over the table in the hush.

"This is your gift, and your great kindness," she said, "and I—will you take me—John?"

And nothing prettier had this man seen, nor would he see.

Two Sabbaths later, Agatha gaily declared that she would go to the Turret Chapel, as it was her full intention to do after marriage, and that at her own reading of the fitness of things and not at John Glad's persuading. The minister smiled proudly, but with a sad countenance. The rumbling of the storm was in his ears. He was not sure that at this stage the measure was wise, but to demur was impossible.

Agatha sat with Janet Peppin, the minister's housekeeper, in the minister's pew, and comedy as well as the serious drama accompanied her introduction to Turret homeliness and zeal. She was scarcely established in the corner least commanded

by critical eyes, when old Master Wisdom tottered up the aisle, and the ancient had a fat roll in paper, brown and grease-spotted. He halted at the pew head and surveyed in turn Agatha and stern Miss Peppin, which to say the least was uncommonly disconcerting. At last the choice fell, and the roll was Agatha's, and the great gruff whisper which pierced a matter of six deep at least down the pew lines, and, if Agatha had divined it, a not inconsiderable victory also.

"T' minister's had a cold on's chest these three First Days," said the patriarch, with lugubrious head-tossing. "I've a heerd him cough cruel when a' was in vestry, though a' would ha' lozengers sartin, an' very proper, in t' pulpit while t' hymns is going. But I've gotten a fine and snug cure i' this here passil. 'Tis flannel, missy, an' main an' thick. I've had it washed up t' Almshouses by Widdy Weeks, an' so 'tis shrunk an' all. An' I've sewed a loop like, this side an' that, up t' neck, an' put a yird o' tape in, an' a'm sure as mornin' as if Passon 'll tak' to 'im an' wear 'im reg'lar, 'twull do a mint o' good. But a' must wear 'un reg'lar, not off an' on, like t' ditcher's glove; 'e un'erstand, missy?"

"Thank you very much for your thoughtfulness," said Agatha graciously, and with admirable self-possession. She accepted the uncouth roll with not even a shudder of repugnance. Whereas Janet Peppin scowled in indignation impartially divided between the old man and the flighty maid.

"Laughing behind all our backs, t' minx!" said Janet later.

"A leddy, an' a main kind spoken one, an' no stuckupness, though she's to marry Passon, an' I's hope will," said Master Wisdom.

It was admitted all round—excepting the aggrieved serving-woman—that Agatha bore herself well in a juncture strange and trying, for she could not be supposed to have forewarning of a dotard's eccentricities.

The thing was remembered when a special church meeting sat to hear the minister's announcement, and perhaps act thereupon.

"I have carefully searched the trust deeds," said John Glad quietly, "and I find that whereas you would not be able to elect a minister whose wife had not already submitted to baptism—that is, if he had a wife—yet there is no provision whatever for a case like mine. I do not coerce the conscience of the lady whom you all expect to see at my side. Neither do I coerce your consciences. I wait for leading—the highest leading. If I see the way, I will try, God helping me, to take it. This may be the season of direction. I am in your hands, brethren. If you require it, I will resign."

He withdrew, and the cabal organised by Free Hood was loud in the demand that he should be taken at his word. A dozen brief and fiery speeches left the impression that the minister had no friends.

But these were the whole strength of the foe, and

a lull fell, and then a face rarely seen was on the floor. Richard Hood pretended to no argument. He only told of a brown flagon and love and clemency. But his brother saw the tide turn; and more when Enoch Martins spoke.

"I have judged hardly in this house and God has rebuked me," he said, "and I will not do it again. I love the minister. Yes, I do."

He subsided suddenly, and a buzz ran, for the untold thing was here, and the massive face had tears as of a little child.

Two speeches against twelve, and yet the feeling of the church was clear—stormed, battered, beaten by the two, and they simplest of all. George Alloway stood in his place and essayed twice to begin.

"'Twas the minister saved my Nell," he said.

"I take shame that I have heard some things said this night in silence. They have wanted charity; I feel sure they have been said in haste. Let them go, brethren, let them go. Let us forget them. The minister has been sent by God here—sent to save my Nell, and Dick Hood yonder, and how many others his Master knows and we do not. Let him stay with us his Master's time, and wed as he sees well. He knows the Word, and I will not believe—though I have wavered—that he would wed unworthily. I move that the church is satisfied."

The vote was overwhelming; but Free Hood walked out. He did not secede immediately, though he threatened it. And the Turret went bodily to St. Mark's to see Agatha Smallpiece become Agatha Glad.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

"But thank God there is a pleasure in seeking after knowledge for its own sake," writes one of my correspondents, and such a thesis ought to carry immediate conviction with it. But before we are able to receive this doctrine it is necessary to divorce the idea of profit from knowledge. What I mean is this. Many men pursue certain forms of knowledge only as a means to an end. They study certain subjects because their advancement in life is bound up with a knowledge of them. Very often their study degenerates into mere cram. Generally their interest in the subject immediately expires when the examination is over, and the end for which they used it is gained. Thus, for example, how many men keep up their acquaintance with the Latin authors they read at school? In most cases educated men are far less able to construe Cæsar or Horace at thirty than they were at thirteen. Now, this is really making a base use of knowledge. It is making truth a drudge but not a friend. The idea of worldly profit in relation to knowledge has destroyed the joys of knowledge. And, you will observe, such a use of knowledge as this has no relation to culture. What, then, is culture? we ask. Culture is precisely the love of knowledge for its own sake. The cultured man keeps up his classics because he finds in them something that charms his taste and fortifies and invigorates his mind. He reads books—perhaps he writes them—from the same point of view. Profit does not enter into his calculation; a book is to him, as it was to Milton, "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit"; and if he himself writes a book it is because there is something in his own spirit that craves expression. Thus we see two things: first, that knowledge is really a joy only when it is divorced from the idea of profit, culture being the love of knowledge "for its own sake"; secondly, that a true book is a book written to express a genuine spiritual need, and

that all other printed matter, especially that which is obviously contrived for the ends of pecuniary profit, is a mere affair of the printer and the paper-maker, and has no relation to literature.

* * *

For the man of letters this choice is continually presented. There is nothing more abhorrent than the general way in which literary success is regarded in our day. It is an affair of "booms," of sales, of cheques. The chief item of gossip in the literary papers is the amount that such and such an author has received for his last book. The chief test by which the public measures the merit of a volume is the number of its sales. To say the least of it, such a habit is unspeakably vulgar, and is degrading to the true interests of literature. For if we are to make profit the one real test of merit, we have to dismiss a great deal that is most noble in the traditions of the past. What about Wordsworth publishing his poems at a loss for forty years, and Browning waiting for success till mid-life was passed, and even Tennyson, with all his later popularity, not earning bread and butter by his pen till he was past forty? "What porridge had John Keats?" asks Browning satirically. Hitherto we have seen something noble and inspiring in these examples. We have admired the sublime patience and fortitude of the men. But to men of the modern temper they would appear mere benighted asses. Just as the reviews once ridiculed Wordsworth for the absurdity of his message, so to-day the journals calling themselves literary would deride him for the unworldliness of his temper. And the great peril of literary men to-day is this vulgarisation of the literary ideal. Everyone recalls Kipling's warning to one of his characters: "If you don't take care, you'll fall under the damnation of the cheque-book." We may also profitably recall Coleridge's saying that poetry had been to him "its

own exceeding great reward." But Coleridge loved knowledge for its own sake. He once refused a thousand a year, saying that he dared not possess more than three hundred, because he found that the lesser sum was better adapted to the life of the scholar. And Wisdom is justified of all her children. The man who loves truth and knowledge for their own sakes is the only sort of man capable of producing what the world will finally call literature. The man who makes knowledge subservient to profit makes a base use of knowledge, and never by any chance produces work that endures.

* * *

There is a novel of Mr. George Gissing's, *New Grub Street*, which is a notable sermon on this theme. Mr. Gissing is an exceedingly powerful and impressive writer, who has by no means attracted the attention he deserves. It is easy to explain his lack of popularity: he is much too grim, too indefatigably realistic, and too gloomy in temper for the average reader. But he is a man of genius, and his writing has great qualities. In this book all that is mean, vain, and mercenary in literary life is remorselessly dragged to light. He makes us feel more than once that if this is literary life, no life can be more contemptible. Jasper Milvain, who represents the type of man to whom literature is merely a means of profit, is vain, vulgar, odious, selfish, mercenary in all he says and does. He frankly tells us that the art of success in literature is to creep and crawl at the doors of those able to help us; and there is no doubt of the truth of the picture. But Mr. Gissing adjusts matters by a powerfully executed sketch of a poor author called Biffen. Biffen knows how to live on a shilling a day; knows what it means to pawn his coat, and debate anxiously over farthings. But nevertheless Biffen is not merely a nobler, but in every way a happier man than Milvain. Why? Because he loves knowledge for its own sake. In his miserable garret he touches a felicity never dreamed of by Milvain. He has his Sophocles, his Euripides; he lives in an intellectual world beyond the wave of earthly commotion; he knows the joy of thought, and the joy of literary expression unpolluted by the craze of gain. The whole book may be said to resolve itself into a powerful sermon on the ancient text, "Man liveth not by bread alone"; and although the last chapter ends with Milvain rich and prosperous, at the height of his ambition, we instinctively feel that Milvain's success is defeat.

* * *

It seems to me that no subject has a more cogent relation to a young man's life, and for that reason I allude to it. It is within the power of every young man to create for himself imperishable interests in life by a genuine passion for literature. For most of us life will never give what we covet. There is no more appalling consideration than the

great number of lives in which no call is made upon the best qualities of the mind. How many men feel that there is nothing in the daily round of work that calls for the exercise of their best powers! They do to-day precisely what they did yesterday, and what they will be doing in ten years' time. They will sit at the same desk, add up the same figures, go through the same routine day by day for years. They are merely so many cogs in the wheel of the great machine we call civilisation. No one wants them to think; all that is required of them is to use one little section of their brain in earning daily bread. It is an unspeakably depressing life. There is nothing that so weighs on the soul as monotony, especially the grey monotony of a mechanical life. But it is in the power of every youth to break this spell of monotony. He can live an intellectual life of his own. He will find the hospitable doors of literature always open. He can make his narrow lodgings a temple of truth and wisdom. If only one little section of his brain is employed in earning money, all the more cause and opportunity for the rest of his brain to address itself to nobler tasks. If this is not done, the brain will become atrophied. He will literally become a mere calculating machine, a cog in the mechanism of life. But so long as books exist, so long as certain hours of the day are a man's own, this need not be; and there is no young man who cannot make himself a comrade of the wise by a right use of leisure. This is what my correspondent means when he says, "Thank God there is a pleasure in seeking after knowledge for its own sake." He has found the secret of how to live a nobly-conceived life in the midst of an environment which is hopelessly dreary and monotonous: and a life lived thus is one of the happiest, and even most heroic, that can be conceived.

* * *

Someone sends me a little pamphlet on "Hobbies," which is pertinent to this subject. The writer points out with truth that the hobby-hunter often indulges in the most foolish fads; that he is apt to be extravagant and absurd; that sometimes an unrestrained passion for hobbies has led men into crime. But nevertheless it is still true, "Blessed is the man who has a hobby," and this the writer of the pamphlet cheerfully admits. For what is a hobby? It is a recreation of the taste or intellect; it provides the hour of leisure with an interest, and it often implies the acquisition of a great deal of curious and important knowledge. One man has a hobby for rare books, another for woodcarving, another for entomology. The first man probably lives in a city, and his hobby provides him with a constant interest. He turns over the sixpenny box outside the door of the second-hand bookseller with eager and delighted hands. He never passes through certain streets without a sense of adventure.

Who can tell what rare treasure is hidden under the rubbish of a coster's bookstall in Farringdon Street? At any moment he may come upon a book which is worth its weight in silver, if not in gold. And the hunter for gold or diamonds knows no more romantic life than this man can invent for himself in the grimy streets of London. The second man has no literary tastes, but he has the trick of manual dexterity. A trifling expense on tools starts him on a career of happiness. His evenings are never dull, for he has an absorbing occupation. The third man lives in the country, and his hobby leads him into close acquaintance with Nature. He learns something of her ways, ponders them, and wonders over them. He forms his collection, and the scientific spirit grows keen in him. The whole thing is a pleasure, but it is also an education; and such a man has found out a secret whereby the dulness of life is dissipated, and a new edge is put upon his thoughts and tastes. And each of these men has found a resource, a right use for leisure, and an occupation which is a perpetual delight.

* * *

Such hobbies as these also have tangible and appreciable results. I myself know a man who has acquired a rare and valuable library by frequenting the cheap bookstalls. Mr. Watts, the celebrated painter, has told us of the wonderful change that

has come over the lives of village youths when they have acquired under his tuition the art of woodcarving. From loutish, lounging youths, hanging round the doors of the tavern, they have been turned into self-respecting workmen, with a real appreciation of art, and a power of producing artistic work. Mark Rutherford in one of his books has drawn a pathetic picture of a man who was saved from madness, from the agony of thoughts that brooded over what seemed irreparable disaster, by a sudden taste for entomology. He is attracted by the beauty of a butterfly, and a curiosity grows up in him to know more about a creature so fragile and so wonderful. This curiosity draws him out of himself, and he finds to his own surprise life once more growing interesting to him. I have often said that most of the sins of youth spring from inability to use rightly the leisure hour. The leisure hour is the most perilous of hours. But this peril any youth can avoid if he is only sensible enough to provide himself with some pursuit which develops his tastes and enlarges his intellectual horizon; and who of us cannot do that? At all events, we shall agree that anything is better than the vacant and unoccupied mind; and any hobby, however insignificant in itself, becomes worthy if it leads men to learn something, and saves them from the sloth of mere dulness.

"THE YOUNG MAN" IN 1897.

OUR ELEVENTH YEAR.

WITH the present number we close our tenth year, and it encourages us to know that *THE YOUNG MAN* not only maintains its position, but makes solid progress every year. We are not without hope that our eleventh volume may be our best. From the very first we have been eager to welcome new writers, and we had the honour years ago of publishing stories by Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett, long before they arrived at general popularity. During the coming year we hope to introduce many new and promising young authors to our readers, but at the same time we shall have the help of some of the most eminent and popular writers of the day. We do not propose this year to issue a detailed programme; we shall simply mention a few of the good things we have provided, and then leave our readers to do their part in persuading their friends to order *THE YOUNG MAN* for January. If they do this, we know by past experience that we shall have them with us all through the year.

In our January number we shall print the opening chapters of a new serial story entitled "The Charming: a Seaside Comedy," by SHAN F. BULLOCK. We need not refer to this delightfully humorous and clever story, as it is described elsewhere by a well-known novelist and literary critic. This number will also contain complete stories by ROBERT BARR and W. PETER RIDGE (fully illustrated); a remarkable article by Prof. A. B. BRUCE, D.D., on "The Modern Neglect of the Bible"; a character sketch of the Editor of the *Times*, a brilliant young man of whom very little is known; a fully illustrated article on "Young Men in the House of Commons" (the first of a series of papers on Young Men in Public Life); and an article of rare interest, entitled "A Salvation Detective Agency," in which

some strange stories are told of the work of the largest detective agency in London—the one that is worked by the Salvation Army. All our present features will be continued; and in our Reading Circle, Mr. JACKSON intends to deal with some exceptionally interesting subjects, such as, "The Poetry of Patriotism," the Biographies of F. W. Robertson and Charlotte Brontë, "The Scarlet Letter," Stevenson's Essays, etc., etc.

Our arrangements for the New Year also include many important illustrated interviews with eminent men; stories by G. B. BURGIN, C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A., FERGUS MACKENZIE, R. MURRAY GILCHRIST, etc.; some Lancashire Idylls by J. MARSHALL MATHER; an article on "The Ideal Newspaper," by A. E. FLETCHER; a series of papers, by the Rev. R. E. WELSH, on such subjects as "Good Men out of Church," "God's Gentlemen," "Dreams and Disenchantments," "The Pharisee," "The Cynic," "Chambers of Imagery," etc.; a series of brilliant dialogues by Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER, the clever daughter of Sir H. H. Fowler, M.P.; some helpful and inspiring articles by the Rev. J. H. JOWETT, Rev. HUGH BLACK, and Mr. W. J. DAWSON; two or three sketches of a very interesting kind by the Rev. J. G. GREENHOUGH (of which we hope to say more another time); some bright, chatty papers on "Balaam: a Mingled Yarn of Good and Evil," by the Rev. J. REID HOWARTH; an article on "Religion and Recreation," by Professor GEORGE ADAM SMITH; and many other useful and attractive features, of which we have no space to write. For threepence a month we offer a feast of good reading—entertaining as well as stimulating. Will you order *THE YOUNG MAN* for 1897, and try to persuade at least one friend to follow your example?

All Editorial Communications should be addressed to MR. FREDERICK A. ATKINS, TEMPLE HOUSE, TEMPLE AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. Telegraphic address, "OPENEYED, LONDON."

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